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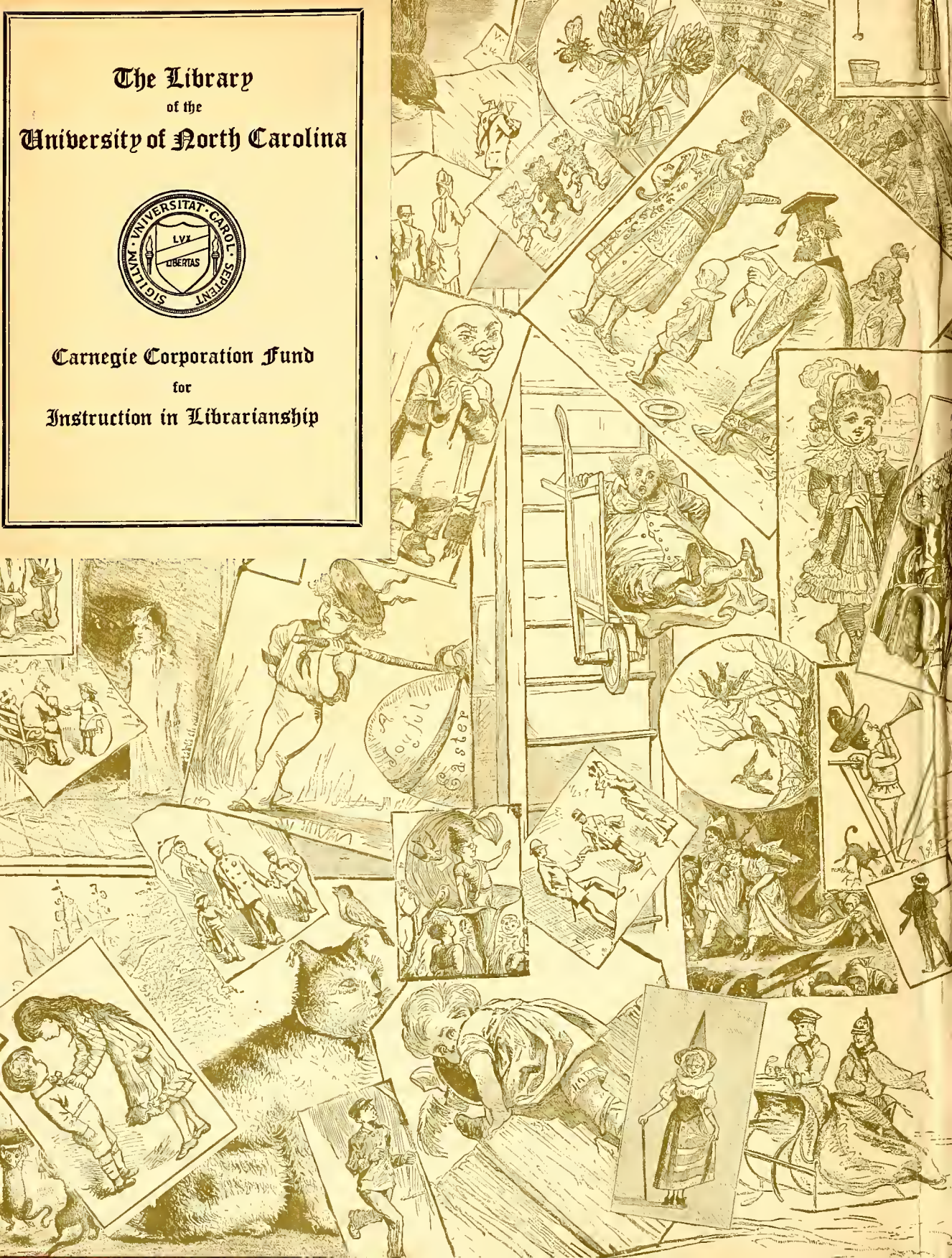
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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XVIII.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1890, TO APRIL, 1891.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XVIII.

PART I.

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LITTLE VEMBA BROWN.

FROM A PAINTING IN PASTEL BY IRVING R. WILES.

(SEE PAGE 21.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

NO. 1.

THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

I.

THE OLD SIGN, "TRAFFORD & TAZWELL."

THAT was the name of the firm, lettered on the broad sign over the door, and Toby Trafford was the boy who stood gazing ruefully at it from the opposite side of the village street.

The man in the blue frock-coat, with a pink in the buttonhole, who stopped to speak with him, was Mr. Frank Allerton, the new schoolmaster at Lakesend.

"The old sign could stand a new coat of paint as well as not,—is that what you are thinking?" he asked. And without waiting for Toby to reply, he added, "Trafford is your uncle, I believe?"

"Oh! no, Mr. Allerton!" Toby faltered a little as he added, "My father."

"Indeed! I think I've never seen him about the store,—have I?" said the schoolmaster, with a curious downward glance at the boy's changing countenance.

"No, sir; probably not," said Toby through close lips.

"Ah! I see! A silent partner, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir,—that is,—"

The boy winked hard, and held his quivering lips closer still for a moment. His father was in the saddest sense of the word a silent partner, and had been for two years. "He is dead," he added, resolutely, after a pause.

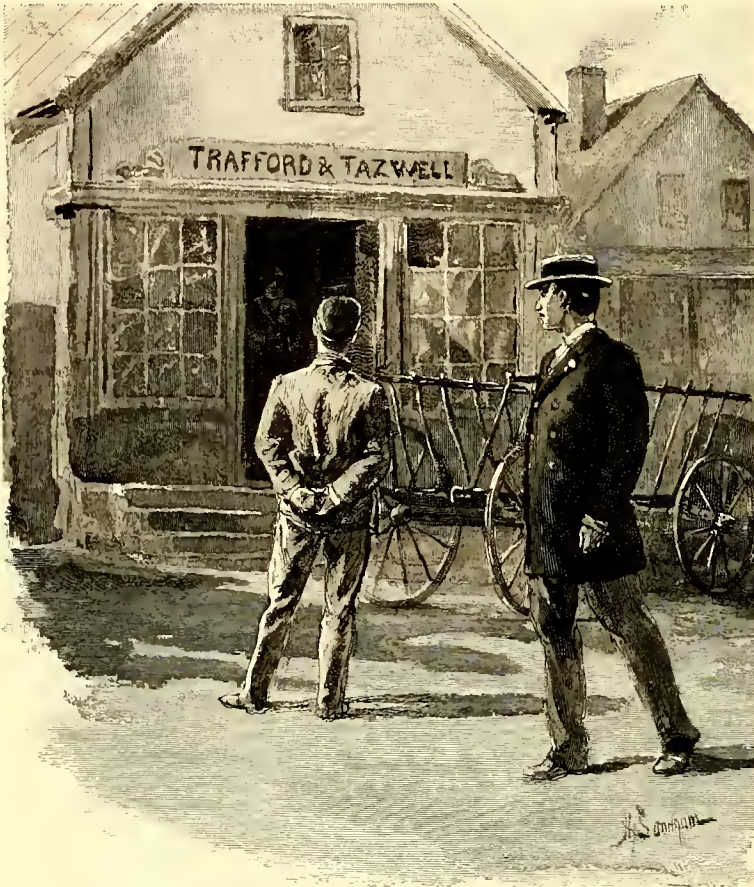
"Oh! I sincerely beg your pardon, Tobias!"

There was a painful pause in the conversation, during which Mr. Frank Allerton, a man not above thirty, but slightly bald, lifted his hat and arranged a little mat of thin blond hair combed up carefully from the sides of his head to cover a bare spot on the crown. He was always arranging that funny little twist, in school or out, in church and house and street, often to the amusement of the boys and girls who took note of the unconscious habit. Toby himself had often made fun of it. But he did not feel at all like making fun of it now.

"I was n't aware, I assure you!" Mr. Allerton gave the precious knot a final pat with his palm, under the uplifted hat, before covering himself. "I've been so short a time in the

place, you know. Your father was formerly in business here, I infer?"

"Yes, sir. He and Mr. Tazwell were partners for many years. The business is still carried on with his name."



"TOBY TRAFFORD WAS THE BOY WHO STOOD GAZING RUEFULLY AT THE SIGN."

"That fact must have a peculiar interest for you?" remarked the schoolmaster, watching the boy's face with deepening sympathy.

"More perhaps than you think," said Toby, with a troubled smile. "I've got to make up my mind about keeping the name on that sign; it won't be repainted till I do."

"How so?" Mr. Allerton inquired, saying to himself at the same time, as he watched Toby's working features,— "There's a great deal more to this boy than I ever supposed, from merely seeing him in school."

The pupil he had thought indifferent to his studies and careless of the serious duties of life, was certainly capable of some feeling.

A subject had been touched that Toby had longed to talk about with somebody besides his mother; and it occurred to him that here perhaps was a chance to get some good advice.

"It has been expected that I should go into the store when I am sixteen; and I shall be sixteen next month," he said. "But I hate the store!"

"That's a little strange," replied Mr. Frank Allerton. "A store is generally thought an attractive opening by boys of your age."

"Yes; I know many a farmer's son who thinks it would be a fine thing to stand behind a counter, with white hands and a clean collar, and smile at the girls, and do up parcels. If I had been brought up to milk cows and dig potatoes, I suppose I should think so too."

"And what is there about it that you es-

pecially dislike?" the teacher inquired.

"I suppose the truth is, I don't care to settle down to any business at all," Toby confessed. "Anyhow, I hate confinement, and the store is like a prison."

"Would you like a farmer's life? There's nothing very confining about that." Toby shook his head. "Or one of the professions? Come," said the master, "let's take a stroll down by the lake, and talk this matter over."

His tone and manner, as they walked on together, were so kind and sympathetic that a

warm glow kindled in Toby's heart. It was now his turn to reflect:

"He 's something besides the ridiculous dandy we fellows have imagined him; there 's a good heart buttoned under that blue frock-coat." And he blushed to think of the nickname the scholars had given him.

"Old Topknot!" he repeated to himself. "Well! there 's more sense under that little wisp of hair than in all our foolish pates put together."

Teacher and pupil were soon on excellent terms; and Toby told his troubles freely.

No, he would not like one of the professions; too much study was required in preparing for them.

"I see your difficulty," said Mr. Allerton. "You are like most boys. They want the good things of life without paying the price for them; they forget that work itself, the struggle for success, the satisfaction of accomplishing something, the employment of our faculties: that these, too, are the good things of life,—the best things, I sometimes think! One likes to have an easy time for a few years, and then take a man's place in society, having an income and influence, without earning them by honest endeavor. That 's the case with the most of us. How is it with you, Toby?"

"It is my case precisely! I should think you had known me all my life," said Toby. "I don't think I 'm a very lazy boy. But I like a good time and hate anything that interferes with it. I know it is wrong; I know I 've got to settle down to something soon. Nearly all the property my father left was in his business,—in the store and the bank; it is there yet, waiting for me to work into his place, and keep the name on that old sign."

"Then why not do it? Was it his wish?" the teacher inquired.

"Yes, it was always the talk that Tom Tazwell and I should go in with our fathers, before anybody dreamed that my father would—"

Toby hesitated again. He could never speak of his father's death, even after so long a time, without painful emotions.

"I am glad you have such tender memories of him," said the schoolmaster.

"I never knew what a father he was, while

he was alive," replied Toby. "Then, how I missed him! I dream of him now sometimes. He talks to me in his old way,—so good and kind!" he added, with dimming eyes.

The schoolmaster hardly knew what to say, feeling as we all feel sometimes, in the presence of grief too sacred to be intruded upon by commonplace words.

After a little while Toby went on.

"I miss his advice so much! But I never seemed to care for it when he was alive, and I am afraid I should n't follow it even now."

"Maybe not," said the teacher, "since you know what his wishes were, and yet can not make up your mind to act accordingly."

This argument struck the boy forcibly.

"I suppose I shall have to come to it," he said. "But though I never cared for school, the thought of leaving it makes me feel how foolishly I have been wasting my time all along, and how little education I shall come out with!"

They had reached the lake, and were standing on the pebbly beach which the bright ripples washed. It was an afternoon in May; the apple-trees in the village orchards were still in pink and white bloom, while the ground under the pear-trees was sprinkled with the snow of fallen blossoms. All along the shore were gardens and farms and open fields, and, in the distance, high wooded banks, behind which the sun was going down.

The two remained silent for a few moments, watching the reddening tints of the western sky reflected in the water, beneath the mass of black pines; then Mr. Allerton resumed:

"I 've an idea, Toby. I 'm not one of those teachers who seem to think it their duty to drive every boy through a course of Latin and Greek and mathematics, whether he likes it or not. But even if you think of going into business, or becoming a farmer or a mechanic, a certain amount of education is necessary, for your own satisfaction, as well as for success in life. You've been a year in the High School,—can't you keep on a year or two longer, and enter the store a little later if you mean to enter it at all? Just wake up to the real use and meaning of study, and I guarantee you 'll never regret it, whatever work you do afterward!"

He spoke with enthusiasm, and at the same

time gave Toby an inspiring tap on the shoulder. The boy's heart beat with renewed courage and ambition. He was about to reply; but just then the appearance of a young fellow coming

stylish hunting-jacket, and carried an empty game-bag. A good-sized dog trotted by his side.

The dog was as noticeable as the boy. He belonged to some shaggy species, which it was not easy to determine, he was so fantastically shorn. He was closely clipped, from a huge ruffle of hair about his neck to an enormous tuft on his tail, which looked at a distance like a stick with a bad hat on it.

"How are ye, Tom?" said Toby.

The tall boy gave him an insolent stare as he passed, and divided between him and the schoolmaster a puff of smoke from a short pipe, which he took from his mouth.

"Is n't that young Tazwell?" the teacher inquired, after he had passed.

"Yes, that's Tom,—Tom all over!" said Toby, with a mortified air.

"The boy who was to go into the store with you? He's wanting in one very important qualification, I should say, if he was to be my partner."

"What's that?"

"Politeness," said Mr. Allerton, following



"HE GAVE TOBY AN INSPIRING TAP ON THE SHOULDER."

along the shore, with a dog and a gun, put a stop to the conversation.

II.

THE BOY WITH THE GUN.

HE might have been a year or two older than Toby. He was quite tall; he wore a

the figure of the young hunter with an indignant look.

"Tom does make a fool of himself sometimes," Toby replied, blushing for his friend. "I don't see what makes him. Our fathers being partners, we have been about as intimate as any two boys you ever saw. And yet, when

he meets me in company, he will often put on airs and treat me — as you saw him.”

“That ’s an abominable trait in an acquaintance,” said Mr. Allerton. “What right has he to set himself above you?”

“I don’t know of any, unless it is that his folks are a little more stylish than mine, live in a finer house, and indulge him in some things which mine have never thought good for me,” said Toby.

“Is he in the store?”

“No; he has always said he would wait and go in with me.”

“Then why is n’t he at school?” the master inquired.

“And there ’s another thing,” said Toby. “His folks have always felt, and of course have made him feel, that he was too good to go to a public school, with common people’s children. So he goes to a private school, when he goes at all; which is when he feels like it, and the weather is fine. He could never quite forgive me for not going with him; and that ’s perhaps one reason why he feels above me.”

Meanwhile the smoke had been seen, and the report heard, of Tom Tazwell’s gun, a short distance up the lake; and the dog had made a dash into the water, in which he swam around with his shaggy head and tail showing like two balls of dark wool above the surface.

“That ’s just like Tom, to fire and send his dog in, just as if he had killed something! But there was n’t anything; I ’ve been watching,” laughed Toby.

“He seems to be coming back now; I think I ’ll take a little walk the other way,” said Mr. Allerton, with a smile. “That ’s your house, I believe, on the short street running down to the water?”

“Yes,” replied Toby. “Won’t you come home with me? Mother will be glad to make your acquaintance.”

“Not this evening, thank you.” And giving the mat of hair under his hat a little caress, the schoolmaster walked briskly away.

Toby was sauntering homeward, lost in thought, with his head down, when by a glance from under his cap front, he saw approaching Tom Tazwell and his dog.

Remembering the recent affront, Toby re-

solved to resent it, and turned aside up the bank to avoid another encounter.

“Hallo! What ’s the row? Where you bound?” Tom called after him, in the friendliest manner. “Come down here, won’t you? and have some fun firing at a mark. We ’ll set this tin can afloat on a chip, and see which will knock it off with a bullet.”

“I ’ve something else to think of just now,” Toby replied sulkily,—although the tin can on a chip was a temptation.

“What ’s come over you?” cried Tom. “Come, Toby! I ’ve plenty of cartridges.”

“I ’ll tell you what has come over me!” said Toby, turning and confronting him. “You may as well know that I ’m not going to put up with this sort of thing any longer!”

“What sort of thing?” Tom demanded, staring with real or feigned surprise.

“Why, this, if you care to know!” exclaimed the indignant Toby,—“looking down on me so pompously one day, and then making friends with me the next; or all in the same day, or even in the same hour, as you ’ve done just now!”

“Hey? Blest if I know what you ’re talking about!” replied Tom, with a foolish sort of smile at Toby’s flushing face and earnest manner.

“Then it ’s time you did know, and I am going to tell you,” said Toby. “At the reunion the other night, when I spoke to you in the presence of some girls and asked you a question, instead of answering like a friend, or even a gentleman, you looked straight over my head and merely muttered ‘H’m!’ just as if I had been some impudent fellow claiming your acquaintance.”

“Oh, Toby! you ’re too sensitive. I don’t believe I did that,” Tom feebly remonstrated.

“You know you did,” said Toby. “And the same thing at the cattle-fair, last autumn. Once when I came up to you, what did you do but coolly turn your back and walk off with your nose in the air, never giving me a look of recognition the whole day? Why was that?”

“Why, you know, Toby,” the accused one stammered guiltily, “I ’m awfully absent-minded sometimes.”

“Very well! I don’t like that sort of absent-mindedness in anybody I call a friend; and I

wish you to understand that if I'm not good enough to be treated civilly by you at one time, I can dispense with your palaver at another time," said Toby, turning to go.

"See here, Toby!" Tom called after him. "What 's the use of our misunderstanding each other?"

"I don't see any use," Toby replied. "I'd like to be friends with you, if we can be friends all the time, and not by fits and starts, just when you happen to take a notion. I know I'm not such a swell as you are, and I don't try to be."

"I don't know just what you mean," said Tom. "But now we're talking rather frankly to each other, let me say—may I, Toby?"

"Say whatever you please," Toby answered, wondering what was coming.

"I've wanted to tell you for some time, for your own good," said Tom, with ill-concealed spite.

"Out of pure benevolence?" laughed Toby.

"Well, be benevolent, and go on."

"It's about your personal appearance," continued Tom. "You are never up with the times, Toby. Always a little below par."

"Oh! that is it?" said Toby. "I am not *nobby* enough, as you fellows say, to be recognized by you in society! Don't I dress decently?"

"That is n't the question," Tom replied. "Take that necktie, for instance."

"What 's the matter with the necktie?" Toby desired to know. "It was a present from Mildred; and I thought it a very pretty one."

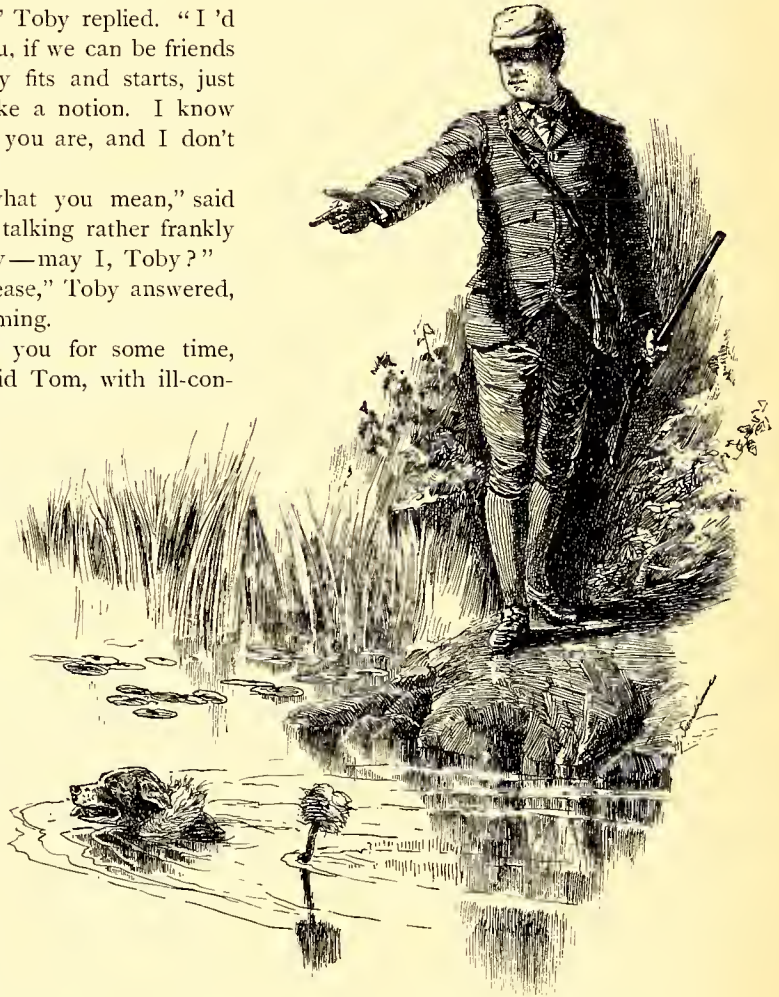
"Pretty enough," Tom admitted. "But pretty is n't the question. The style has all gone by. Nobody wears it now; nobody."

"I do," Toby retorted bluntly; "but perhaps I'm nobody."

"I'm talking for your own interest, though

you don't believe me," Tom continued. "You and I, Toby, ought to hold up our heads higher than ever, just at this time. After what has happened—"

"What has happened?" Toby's curiosity was roused.



"THE DOG HAD MADE A DASH INTO THE WATER."

"Don't you know? Well, it's hardly out yet. But it will be, to-morrow. The whole town will buzz with it."

"Something that concerns you and me?"

"Well, rather. But you need n't be in a hurry to hear it. Bad news can wait."

"Bad news?" queried Toby anxiously, while Tom continued to tantalize him. "Why don't you tell me, if you are going to?"

"Of course I 'm going to tell you. There 's my father just going away from your house now!" said Tom. "He has been to tell your mother what he said I might tell you."

And with astounding coolness he launched his little thunderbolt.

If Toby was not quite stunned by the news, it was because he was incredulous.

"It can't be!" he exclaimed.

"You 'll find out!" said Tom, with a provoking nod, as he turned to go.

"But, Tom!" Toby called after him. "You would n't be out with your gun—you would n't be asking me to fire at a tin can on a chip—if such a thing as that had happened."

"Oh, well! I 'm not going to let it trouble *me*," replied Tom. "As I said before, you and I ought to hold our heads higher than ever. *I* am going to!"

And, suiting the action to the word, Tom stalked away with his chin up, followed by his fantastically shorn dog.

III.

THE BAD NEWS.

TOBY stood bewildered for a moment, gazing after him; then started to walk rapidly in the other direction.

The Trafford home was in an old-fashioned house standing a little back from the street, with a grassy front yard, then beginning to be green, a garden and a fruit-orchard on one side, and on the other a broad bank sloping down almost to the water. On that bank grew a solitary pine-tree, just far enough away, and tall enough, not to cast the shade of its majestic top on the roof in the afternoon, nor to intercept the view of the lake from the upper windows. Out of one of those windows a girl's bright young face was looking, as Toby hurried up from the shore, panting with haste and his burden of bad news.

"You 're a pretty fellow, to keep supper waiting in this way!" the girl called out, in silvery tones, as soon as he came within hearing. "What was your quarrel with Tom Tazwell?"

"Has Tom's father just been here?" Toby asked, anxiously.

"Answer my question and I will answer yours," the silvery voice replied, with a provok-

ing laugh, from the open casement. "Was that Mr. Allerton with you before Tom came? Why, how cross you look, Toby!"

"Where 's mother?" demanded Toby. And without waiting to hear her evasive reply, he pushed through the half-open gate and entered the house.

An expression of concern came over the girl's face as she withdrew from the window. A very amiable, sweet face it was, I hasten to say, lest the reader should rashly conclude, from witnessing this little scene between brother and sister, that Mildred Trafford was somewhat of a vixen. She was no more vixenish than he was quarrelsome. There was a tie of sincere affection between them, as you would quickly have discovered if ever you had spoken ill of one in the presence of the other.

But they were like many brothers and sisters, such as we have all known, but have never ourselves been, of course. Who of us ever hectored a sister or teased a brother? That was what Toby and Mildred Trafford did to each other almost every day of their lives, not from downright ill nature, for they were good-hearted children, but from early habit, which they should long since have outgrown. Mildred was a year and a half older than Toby, and he was almost sixteen.

"It is something serious," she said to herself, with a twinge of regret for the irritating words she had flung out when he turned up at her that disturbed face. What was the trouble between him and Tom? And what had been, just now, the elder Tazwell's solemn errand to their mother?

She presently went down-stairs, and found Toby, alone as she thought, seated by a window, with the sunset light from over the lake shining upon his agitated face.

"Why, Toby," she said, "what 's the matter? I did n't think there was anything, when I answered you in that funning way."

"Ask *her*," said Toby, in a choked voice.

Then Mildred turned and saw, in a shadowy corner, a small dark figure that, with the western light in her eyes, she had not observed before. It was her mother, silently weeping.

"For mercy's sake, what is it?" Mildred asked, now thoroughly alarmed.

"It is nothing it will do any good to cry about," said Mrs. Trafford, resolutely drying her eyes. "We have met with a misfortune, my child. I was excited by what Mr. Tazwell had been telling me before Tobias came in. Will you tell her, Tobias?"

Toby sat silent, with gloomy brows. Mrs. Trafford drew a deep, quivering breath. Mildred turned her scared looks from one to the other, and entreated them to speak.

"You know," said Toby, "I have been thinking of going into the store along with Tom."

"Yes," replied Mildred; "only you could n't quite decide about it."

"Well," said Toby, "it has been decided for me. Some other things have been decided too. Trafford & Tazwell have failed."

"Failed?" repeated Mildred. She evidently did not understand.

"The firm is bankrupt," said Toby. "It can't pay its honest debts."

"But we are not to blame for that, are we? I am sure worse things might have happened," she replied, with a dazed look.

"That is bad enough," said Toby. "Mother never had a settlement with Mr. Tazwell. Almost everything we had was in his hands. And now, what are we going to do? What am I fit for? And mother,—she can't go to making dresses or keeping boarders. What would father say?" he went on, bitterly. "Think of its happening with his name on the old sign!"

"Does it leave us without anything?" asked Mildred in dismay.

Mrs. Trafford hoped it was not quite so bad as that. She was dressed in black, a slight, sensitive, nervous woman, with small, fine features, and bright hazel eyes that shone with spirit now that she had dried her tears. She had meant to dry them before they were seen by the children for the sake of whom they were shed.

"We own this place," said Toby.

"If it cannot be taken to pay the debts of the firm," his mother replied, "and Mr. Tazwell assures me it cannot. But he has assured me of so many things that have not turned out quite as he has said they would, I am beginning to lose confidence in him. I ought not to say it to you, children; I ought not to say it at all;

perhaps I ought not to think it. But there has been gross mismanagement—to say the least."

"How long has it been going on?" Toby demanded.

"I don't know. Never till this day has he given me a hint that the business was not flourishing," she explained. "True, it has been hard for me to get much money from him, for a year or more; I have had barely enough for our expenses as you know."

"While look at the way the Tazwells have lived!" exclaimed Toby.

"In their new house, which they have built within two years!" struck in Mildred; "while we have had to be content with our old one!" She had felt that. "Why has n't he told you what was coming?"

"Because he says he wished to spare my feelings; and because he hoped the firm might pull through."

The widow was accustomed to speak of the "firm," although Mr. Tazwell had had no partner since her husband's death. She had continued to feel that the main interest of the family was in the business which the father had built up, and which the son was expected to work into in his turn.

"He built it up," she said, "and took Thomas Tazwell into partnership,—he was only his clerk, before—and trusted him as he would a brother. In his will he left everything to me, as you know,—to be used for your benefit, of course. It was his wish that I should keep an interest in the business for you, Toby; and that I should consult Mr. Tazwell on all important matters. I have done so; and as long as we have had a comfortable income, I have been satisfied."

"What does the man say for himself?" Toby asked, impatiently.

"He says the business of the store has fallen off since the railroad was completed, instead of being helped by it as was expected. People who used to do all their trading here, now find it convenient to do a large part of it in the city. But it is the banking business that has suffered most. Your father was very cautious in that, and he always meant to keep it subordinate. But Mr. Tazwell enlarged it; and hard times and bad loans have ruined him."

"And the West Quarry bonds?" Toby asked.

"That is one of the transactions that have caused me to lose confidence in Mr. Tazwell. It was by his advice that I bought them."

"From him?"

"Of course," said the widow. "That was a year and a half ago. I took them in place of money due me, on his assurance that they were perfectly good. But the interest has been paid on them only once since, and I fear they are worthless. He has promised to make good to me the final loss, if there should be any,—which he would never admit; so I have felt easy about them. But now what can I think? It is all a tangled affair. I have been very much to blame," the widow declared.

"No, Mother!" cried Mildred, dropping on a hassock beside her and clasping her hands. "How can you say that, since father advised you to be guided by Mr. Tazwell's advice? How could you know? She shall not blame herself. Shall she, Toby?"

"What's done can't be helped," said Toby, gloomily. "How about the lake-side lot?"

"That came to me like the bonds," replied the widow. "Mr. Tazwell turned over to me a mortgage, which has had to be foreclosed. So I have that unproductive piece of land. He has promised to make that good, too, but what can all such promises be worth to us now? I should have guarded your interests better!" she went on, with keen self-reproach, "but I have been as ignorant of business as a child."

"How could you be otherwise?" returned Mildred, still on her knees, holding both her mother's hands and looking up lovingly and anxiously into her face. "Toby! why don't you say something to comfort her?"

"It is for *me* to comfort *you*, my dear, good children," said the widow, her tears starting again at these words of sympathy.

"Of course, you're not to blame," Toby muttered, running his fingers fiercely through his hair,—a dark auburn, to which the western light gave a reddish tinge, as he rumbled it over his forehead. "That Tom!" he added, as if thinking aloud. "Going to hold his head higher than ever, is he? The whole family will, I suppose, for that matter."

"Don't say a word against Mrs. Tazwell, I

beg of you!" exclaimed his mother. "It is n't her doings, nor dear little Bertha's, nor Tom's."

"Think of him out gunning this very afternoon!" Toby couldn't get over that. "And telling me the news almost as if it was a joke!"

"Never mind him now," said Mildred. "I want mother to feel that she is not to be worried on our account. We can manage to live. You and I can do something, can't we, Toby?"

"My darling, darling child!" said the widow with a gush of grateful affection. Releasing one hand, she gave the beautiful young head in her lap a passionate caress. "You make me very happy!"

Toby, still grumbling and glowering over Tom's treatment of him that afternoon, had to turn his face to the window and wink away a tear. Then he rose and walked excitedly about.

"If only the business had been what we supposed it was, then I should know what I would do!" he said.

How little had he thought that he would ever regret *not* going into the store! But now it seemed to him that he had missed such a chance as might never come again.

IV.

MR. TAZWELL'S ERRAND.

AFTER a meeting of the creditors, Mr. Tazwell called again upon the widow. He was a tall man, very neatly dressed, with a decided stoop in the shoulders, and a genial, persuasive manner. He stooped still more, in the most expressive, sympathetic way, taking her passive little hand in his cordial grasp, when she received him in her small parlor.

"You did wrong," he said, "not to attend the meeting to-day."

"It would have done no good for me to be present," Mrs. Trafford replied. "I know nothing about business. And the whole thing is too distressing."

"There you are wrong again," he said, dropping his gloves in his hat, which he placed on the table. "You ought not to take it so to heart, as I said to you the other day. My dear woman!" he continued, with moist, sympathetic eyes, "it will all come out right; never fear. I made the creditors a proposition, which

will undoubtedly be accepted; if it is, the business will go on as before. Then, if I live, my dear Mrs. Trafford, everything shall be made right, to the last dollar. I wish you could have been present, if only to see how carefully I guarded your interest."

A sad, incredulous smile was her only reply.

"Although you have kept, in a certain sense, an interest in the business," he proceeded, flooding her with the sunshine of his friendliest smile, "I convinced the creditors that you are in no way responsible for the failure—"

"I should say not!" she exclaimed, with a sparkle of her bright brown eyes.

"Which was easy enough," he admitted; "and that your husband's estate should not be held liable for any of the debts. That was not so easy. But I urged the point on the grounds of humanity; and it was conceded. 'Not one, not one of you, I am sure,' I said, 'would wish to distress a poor widow.' So, in the settlement, you will be regarded simply as a creditor, not as a partner."

"I don't pretend that I understand it all," Mrs. Trafford replied. "But it does seem only just that our little inheritance should not be seized for debts incurred since my husband died, and which I have known nothing about."

"Absolutely just, Madam. Yet some of the creditors might make trouble for you, if I had not created so warm a feeling in your favor."

"I am certainly obliged to you," said the widow, wondering whether, after all, she had not done this man injustice. "You spoke of a proposition. I don't suppose I can understand it, but I should like to know what it was."

"It was this," Mr. Tazwell replied, putting the fingers of his two hands together, to help him along in his explanation; the upshot of which was, that he had offered to settle with his creditors by paying thirty cents on a dollar.

"That seems very little!" she exclaimed.

"But it is more than they could get if they should force me into bankruptcy," he smilingly argued. "I can pilot the wreck into port better than any other man; in other words, by going on with the business, I can do better for the creditors than they can do for themselves. They see that. And, my dear woman! —"

Then came out the real motive of his visit, which was, to induce her to accept his thirty cents on a dollar. He took the agreement from his pocket; however, she declined to sign it.

"Not now," she said. "I must know more about the matter first. I fear I may be wronging my children."

"I thank you for mentioning them," Mr. Tazwell blandly replied, making a tube of the paper in his delicate hands. "It brings me to a matter which I wish to speak to you about. Your son Tobias. What is he going to do?"

"I don't know! Of course, he has given up all idea of going into the store."

"Why so? You are really taking this affair too seriously, Mrs. Trafford. I shall always consider," he went on, "that you have an interest in the business, and that the son of my old partner and best friend belongs in that store. There will be a change, under the new organization. I shall have to cut down expenses by taking Thomas in; — why not have Tobias go in too? He will begin with a small salary, and end—I have no doubt—as a partner. I don't believe he can find anywhere a better opening," he concluded, making a confident gesture with his roll of paper.

This was a new surprise to the widow.

"But if the business is falling off, as you have said, —"

"I see ways of building it up again," he interrupted her. "Are you aware of the fact that Lakesend is destined to become a great summer resort? This season there will be more visitors here than ever before. They all bring business; and we propose to keep the cream of it, as we have always done. Where is Tobias? I wonder what he will say to the plan?"

Tobias was in the adjoining room, and could not help hearing a large part of this conversation; but he did not come forth to answer the visitor's question.

"So you don't feel quite ready to sign this agreement?" Mr. Tazwell remarked, as he was about to go. "I think you had better. You will be doing only what all the rest do; for unless all sign it, of course it will amount to nothing. Come, my dear woman!"

And Mrs. Trafford signed.

(To be continued.)

THE SEQUEL.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

My rudeness, as usual, was entirely unintentional; I meant to have given him my undivided attention. But the long roll of the steamer, the soft ocean breeze, and the flapping wings of the sea-gulls must have overpowered me. At all events I slept, and heard only the sequel.

The steamer ran between Calcutta and Liverpool, and was on her return voyage. Among the passengers was Mr. Chubaiboy Mudjahoy, supposed to be an East Indian gentleman from the interior. Attracted by his quiet and intellectual face, I had become well acquainted with him, and our acquaintance had grown, during the long voyage, almost to intimacy. Upon the day of which I am speaking we had been much together. He grew communicative, and at last proposed to tell me the story of his life.

To my surprise, he said that the impression that he was an East Indian was without foundation in fact; that he came from Thibet, from an unknown district of that unexplored region.

If I remember correctly, he related a marvelous story of having entered into competition for the hand of a neighboring princess. This part, so far as I recall it, was quite in the old-fashioned fairy-tale style; and the tests required of the candidates were certainly astounding. One I remember vaguely was to bring the favorite uncut pigeon's-blood ruby from the Rajah of Camaraputta, a cruel Indian magnate.

Here it was, however, that the sea began to gently roll, the breeze to soothingly blow, and the sea-gulls to drowsily flap their limber wings. I slept some time, for when, thoroughly refreshed, I blinked hazily to waking, all I heard was:

"And so I married the Princess!"

I was sorry to have lost the story, for it was, no doubt, just the sort I like. But I did not dare to confess my doze, so I said as brightly as I could:

"And lived happily ever after!"

Mudjahoy moved uneasily and replied:

"Well, hardly. Of course I expected to; but then you know that real life is often different from what the kindly story-tellers would have it. No. I can't say we lived happily



"WHAT DOES THE CELESTIAL ORB REQUIRE?' SAID THE VIZIER." (SEE PAGE 17.)

ever after. Nor was it Dorema's fault. I have met a number of princesses, and I really can not see that my Dorema has any superiors."

"How then do you explain it?" I asked. (Of course I had to be a little cautious in my questions, for fear of bringing up references to points I had missed during my nap.)

"I'll tell you the story, if you have not heard too much already?"

"Oh, no!" I replied; "not at all too much. Pray go on."

So Mudjahoy told me the second part. I have always regretted that I heard only this sequel. I tell it in his words:

You can see that after having accomplished such a series of tasks I was sure to be respected and envied at court. We passed the honeymoon in the mountains, and as we took but a small retinue, several thousands, Dorema often spoke of the strange solitude as a delicious rest after the bustle and turmoil of court life.

For my part, even in my happiness with Dorema,—she was really charming!—I found the retinue something of a bore. At home, I had never been attended by more than three or four servants, while here I had to find employment and use for a hundred times as many. It was really one of the minor nuisances of my new dignity.

If the old King had not abdicated, it would have been easier; but now all his servants were added to the new ones purchased or given as wedding-presents to me.

It was like this:

If I wished to shave in the morning in the old days, I would heat some water, strop my razor and whip up some lather, and shave away; but as a king it was very different. As a king, I had first to clap my hands. Enter a small boy in white linen. To him I intimated my desire to see one of the high officials. High official arrives, and I say: "We wish to shave our effulgent self." High official says: "Oh, very good, Most Particularly Noble Cousin of the Dog-star," and so on. Then he disappears and sends the Chamberlain to tell the Seneschal to tell the Chief Barber that his Imperial Master wishes to be shaved. Not to weary you, after some more, many more, wholly unnecessary and irritating ceremonies, behold me ready to be shaved!

I am extended at length in a chair, being lathered by the First Latherer in Waiting, while the Bowl-holder or one of his assistants stands by with the lathering mug, and is supported by the Brush Receiver. The Chief Barber sits in state, fanned by two slaves, while the Razor-Stropper Extraordinary (a very powerful and much courted personage, as expert ones are rare) is getting the razor to an edge. He also is fanned by a fan-bearer or two. The Lord-High-Wielder of the Towel, and the Bay-Rum Custodian, also with attendants, are near, and in the ante-room I hear a confused murmur of voices, showing that the Court Surgeon and Court-Plaster-Bearer are, with their retinues, within call.

It was not so much the crowd of people that annoyed me, but then it took so long to be shaved. We would begin at, say, ten o'clock,—they would n't hear of my getting up earlier!—

and frequently when the last bit of lather was removed from my royal ear, it would be half-past one in the afternoon!

I give this only as a sample part of my day. It is vividly recalled because it was one of the earliest of the inconveniences attaching to my newly acquired royalty. Of course it is only a specimen brick—there were dozens of a similar clay.

It was only after I returned to the capital and took up my residence in the palace, that I felt sufficiently at home to make an objection.

One memorable day, a Thursday, I betook myself to my dressing-room and clapped my hands thrice. The linen-wrapper boy entered. I hated the sight of him already.

"Bring us a new turban," I said shortly.

"O Brother-in-Law of the Pleiades—" said the boy in a trembling tone.

"Speak up, copper-colored child," I answered a little impatiently. "What are you afraid of?"

"O your Imperial Highestness of the Solar System, your rays need clipping!" replied the boy violently making salams.

"I was shaved yesterday," I said.

"But—" began the boy.

"By the royal Palanquin!" I broke out. "send in the Master of Ceremonies!" The boy vanished, and soon with a sound of bugles, shawms, and tubas (several out of tune, too), the Master of Ceremonies, and his retinue, came in. This took about half an hour. When they were all settled I said:

"O Master of Ceremonies and—and such things" (I forgot the proper titles for a moment), "we would hold converse with thee apart, as it were."

Again the wind instruments were wound, the brass band and retinue took its devious course along the corridors, and the music and marching gradually died away. This took about twenty minutes.

"Now that we are alone," said I to the Master of Ceremonies, "let's have a reasonable talk."

"O Nephew of—!" he began.

"Never mind the astronomy," I broke in, "but proceed to business."

"Yes, Sire," he answered in a terrible fright, no doubt expecting the bowstring.

"Don't be a fool!" said I. "I'm not going

to hurt you. Stand up and have some style about you!"

So he did, somewhat reassured.

"Now," I said, "I'm tired of all this fuss. Bring me a razor, and I'll shave myself."

"But, your Serene Imperialness —"

"See here!" I said positively; "there's not a hearer around. Just drop the titles and call me Mudjahoy or I'll have you beheaded!"

"Well, Mudjahoy," said the Master of Ceremonies easily. "I'm afraid that it can't be done!"

"Can't be done? Am I the Emperor of this place, or — what am I?"

"Why, of course, Mudjahoy, you're Emperor, and all that," he answered with an ease of manner that surprised me; "but then there are a great many things to be considered."

"Well, go on," said I; "but I'd like to have this thing settled one way or the other. Speak freely."

"It's just this way," said the Master of Ceremonies: "what would you do with the Chief Barber?"

"Do with the Chief Barber? Why, nothing. He could do with himself."

"But his salary is enormous."

"Cut it down."

"But he is a very influential man; he has dependent upon him, directly or indirectly, about twenty thousand men, and these men with their families are a



THE SHAVING OF MUDJAHOY.

powerful faction. Then, too, the officials whose duties are similar—such as the First Turban-Twister, the Sandal-Strapper and his under-

same way you could justify any foolishness whatever. You would prevent all reforms.”

“Oh, no!” said the Master of Ceremonies;



“ENTER A SMALL BOY IN WHITE LINEN.”

strappers, and so on—would make common cause with him. You see?”

“Yes, I see,” I said thoughtfully; “but in the

“oh, no, Mudjahoy. Not reforms, but revolutions. You can very easily institute reforms;

but you must go slowly.”



“‘AND WHERE ARE MY ADHERENTS?’ I SHOUTED. ‘HERE!’ SAID DOREMA.” (SEE PAGE 18.)

"But," I objected, "you as the official in charge of ceremonies may well be prejudiced. Let us have the Grand Vizier summoned."

"That will take an hour, at least," answered the Master of Ceremonies, who really seemed a very nice fellow when you knew him well.

"Well, you slip out and get him on the sly," I answered, with an unofficial wink.

"All right, Mudjahoy," he said, and out he went whistling a popular air.

While he was gone, it occurred to me that I was now a married man, and that Dorema was certainly entitled to know of the step which I was contemplating. So, by the aid of four or five assistants, I caused her to be summoned.

She arrived a moment before the Grand Vizier made his appearance.

"I have called you, my dear Mrs. Mudjahoy —" I began, but she interrupted me.

"You must n't call me that!" she said, looking shocked.

"Why not?" I asked.

"You must say, 'my Imperial Consort,'" she replied, taking a seat upon a divan.

"Oh, no. Mrs. Mudjahoy is a pet name," I explained. She was pacified, and I proceeded: "I have called you, Mrs. Mudjahoy, to be present at the beginning of a Great Reform. I am about to make our life simpler, more enjoyable, and less burdensome in every way."

"Do you find it burdensome so soon?" she asked reproachfully, turning away her lovely head and trying to coax out a sob.

I saw I had made a mistake. "Not at all," I answered hurriedly; "but — here comes the Grand Vizier; you listen attentively, and you will soon understand it all."

The Grand Vizier entered. He seemed ill at ease, and I saw that he had a scimitar under his caftan.

"What does the Celestial Orb require of the humblest of his slaves?" said the Grand Vizier, prostrating himself.

"Oh, get up!" I said wearily. Then I asked the Master of Ceremonies to explain how the interview was to be conducted. So while Dorema and I exchanged a few tender nothings about the weather, the Master of Ceremonies explained to the Grand Vizier the nature of the conversation I had held with him that morning.

The Grand Vizier seemed much impressed. I saw him tap his forehead inquisitively and feel for his scimitar. But the Master of Ceremonies soon reassured him. Then they turned to me.

"See here, Mudjahoy, old man," began the Vizier, with a refreshing absence of conventionality. Dorema looked horrified. She was about to clap her hands, undoubtedly to order the Vizier's instant execution, but I restrained her.

"Vizier," I said, "I do not care for ceremony, but civility is a *sine quâ non*." (That staggered him; he was weak on Latin.) "So drop the titles, but proceed carefully. Now go on."

He went on: "Mudjahoy, sire, I have been told of your contemplated reforms, and I am bound to tell you, as an honest adviser, that they will not work. You propose to dismiss the Chief Barber?"

"I do," said I firmly.

"And, I suppose, the Turban-Twister, and so on?"

"Yes."

"And to live in a simple and businesslike way?"

"I do," I replied.

"Well," said he, spinning his turban upon his forefinger and looking at it with one eye closed, "it will never do in the world — never! There was formerly an autocrat who tried to run this government on business principles, and —" he paused and sighed.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"The Garahooly contains all that is mortal of him, — in a sack!" said the Grand Vizier meaningly.

Dorema clung to me and looked at my face imploringly.

"No matter," I said determinedly; "I shall carry out these reforms."

"You will fail," said the Master of Ceremonies, and the Grand Vizier nodded solemnly.

"So be it!" I said. "Kismet. I shall therefore request you, Grand Vizier, to give public notice of the abolition of all useless offices, of which I will give you a list after dinner."

"But consider!" said Dorema, in a low, frightened tone.

"Would you rather be the Imperial Consort Dorema, Queen and Empress of King Chubai-boy the First," I asked her proudly, "and have

to be at the beck and call of all these palace nuisances,—or would you rather be my own Mrs. Mudjahoy, free to do as you please?”

For a moment she hesitated, and I trembled. But, brightening up, she asked: “And travel *incog.*?”

“Certainly,” I answered; “nay, more: live *incog.* wherever we choose!”

“I’m for Reform and Mrs. Mudjahoy,” replied my lovely bride.

The Vizier and Master of Ceremonies remained respectfully silent during our interview. Then the Vizier asked me: “Do you intend to abolish the Royal White Elephant?”

“Precisely,” I answered. “That albino sinecure will be the first to go on the list.”

“Is your life insured?” asked the Master of Ceremonies politely but impressively.

“No,” I said. Dorema sighed. “But,” said I, “you will see that the whole people will hail me as their deliverer.”

“We shall see,” said the Vizier, but I did n’t like the inflections he chose.

Declaring the interview at an end, I dismissed my ministers, said farewell to my brave queen, and gave the rest of the day to the preparation of the List. It was comprehensive and complete.

“There!” said I, as I laid down my reed pen and corked the inkhorn; “to-morrow will look upon an enfranchised people!”

But the Grand Vizier was a man of considerable wisdom. We were awakened the next morning by a confused sound of murmuring beneath the palace windows. I rose and threw open the flowered damask curtains.

The whole courtyard was filled with a tumultuous mob armed with an assortment of well-chosen weapons. They carried banners, hastily made but effective, upon which I read at a glance a few sentences like these:

“Down with the Destroyer of our Homes!”

“Chubaiboy to the Garahogly!”

“We must have our White Elephant!”

“The Chief Barber or Death!”

“Turban-Twister Terrors!” and so on. Before I could read more, I saw the Chief Barber on the back of the White Elephant at the head of the mob. He was a Moor.

“O Chubaiboy!” said he, wielding a bright razor so that he reflected the rays of the morn-

ing sun into my eyes. “Will you abdicate, or shall it be the sack and the gently flowing Garahogly?”

“Where is the Grand Vizier?” I said, after a moment’s hesitation.

“Here, your Majesty,” answered that official. I saw he was in command of the right wing of the mob. He looked very well, too.

“And the Master of Ceremonies?”

“Here, your Highness,” was the answer. He apparently led the left wing.

“And are you both against me?” I asked.

“We are!” they answered respectfully, but with considerable decision.

“And where are my adherents?” I shouted.

“Here!” said a sweet voice at my side. It was Dorema.

“Here!” said another soft voice. It was the boy in starched linen. I almost liked him at that moment.

“Any others?”

Then there followed a silence so vast that I could hear a fly buzzing derisively on the window-pane above me.

“And you are not in harmony with the Administration?” I asked the mob.

“No!” It was unanimous.

“Very well,” I said. “Then I resign, of course. Let me thank you, my late subjects, for your prompt and decisive interest in public affairs. I had meant to carry out some much-needed reforms, and I had some thoughts that they would fill a long-felt want. Thanking you for this early serenade, and with the highest respects for you all and for all your families, from myself and from Mrs. Mudjahoy, I abdicate. Good-bye!”

There were some cheers, I think from Dorema and the linen-coated boy. Then the mob cheered for the Chief Barber, and I saw that my successor was already chosen.

We left that afternoon, and purely as a matter of humanity took the linen-coated boy with us; for I felt sure that he would not be popular nor long-lived if he should remain at home. He is a little afraid of me, but is useful.

We made our way to Calcutta, and took the steamer for Liverpool.

At this moment Mr. Mudjahoy was inter-

rupted. His graceful wife came to his chair and touched him on the shoulder.

"Come," she said. "It is chilly on deck."

"Certainly," answered Mudjahoy, rising; "but let me first present my friend to you."

I was presented; and soon after said:

"Mr. Mudjahoy disbelieves the fairy-tales."

"I do not understand?" said Mrs. Mudjahoy.

"He thinks that the hero and princess are not always 'happy ever after,'" I said.

"Why,—but they *are*!" said Mrs. Mudjahoy.

"Are n't they Chubaiboy?"

"On reflection, I think so too!" said he.

Then they bade me good-night.



"I 'LL DESS PULL 'EM ALL YIGHT OFF SO POOR MAMMA WON'T HAVE TO DO IT EVE'Y DAY."



November

Now the cold wind rattles
In the icy sedge,
And the sparrows ruffle
In the leafless hedge .

Past the wood and meadow,
On the frozen pool
All the boys go skating,
When they come from school .

The river too was frozen ;
I saw it far away ,
And wished that I could trace it ,
Skating night and day ,

Up to where the ice-bergs ,
On the polar sea ,
Float, like glittering castles ,
Waiting there for me .

K. Pyle .



K.P.

LITTLE VEMBA BROWN.

By M. M. D.

VEMBA was a new name in the Brown family; and, very properly, it was given to a brand-new girl, the sweetest, prettiest mite of a girl, in fact, that ever had been given to the Brown household. To be sure, six years before they had welcomed a Morris Brown nearly as small and sweet and pretty, and, later on, a Harris Brown, who began life as a baby of the very first quality; but they, both, were boys. And here was a girl! She was so new that she did not know Morris and Harris were in the house. Think of that! And if she *had* noticed them, she would not have had the slightest idea who they were. Dear me! How very well acquainted the three became after a while! But at first, when the little girl was only a few weeks old, she was still quite a stranger to the boys and had no other name than Miss Brown; yet she had the air of owning not only Mr. and Mrs. Brown, but all the family, and the very house they lived in. Why, the King of the Cannibal Islands himself could not have made her change countenance unless she chose to do so.

Well, there they were,— Morris Brown, aged six years, Harris Brown, aged three, and Miss Brown of hardly any age at all. These were the Brown children.

“A bonny little lady,” said Uncle Tom, who had come all the way from Philadelphia to take a look at the baby. At this point of time, as he gazed at her through his spectacles, all the family crowded around; the boys, proud and happy, stood on either side of him to hear what his opinion might be.

“A bonny little lady,” repeated Uncle Tom; “and now, Stephania, what are you going to call her?”

He turned so suddenly upon Mrs. Brown, in his brisk way, that it made her start.

“Dear me! I—I—don’t know,” she answered. “Some novel, pretty name, of course; something fanciful; but we have n’t settled upon one yet.”

“Why not call her Stephania, after you and me?” asked Grandmamma, brightly.

“Oh, dear, no,” sighed Mrs. Brown; “I’d like something not so horri—, I mean, something more fanciful than *that!*”

“Well, I declare!” exclaimed Grandmamma, and she closed her lips as if resolved never to say another word about it.

“We have thought of Marjorie,” remarked Mr. Brown, with a funny twinkle in his eyes, “and, ahem! two or three others,— Mabel, for instance, and Ida, and Irene, and Clara, and Jean, and Olivia, and Francesca, Florence, too, and Lily, and Alice, and Elinor, and Anita, and Jessie, and Dora, and Isabel, and Bertha, and Louise, and Candace, and Alma; but Stephania condemns every one of them as too plain or too hackneyed. The fact is, all the pretty names are used up.”

Just then the wind howled dismally; scree and yellow leaves whirled past the windows.

“Goodness, what weather!” exclaimed Grandmamma. “Bleak even for November— is n’t it?”

“Here’s sunshine, though,” murmured Mrs. Brown, cheerily. “You’re a ’ittle pessus bit of booful sunshire, so you is, even if you *is* a poor ’itty ’Vember baby!” and she fell to kissing Miss Brown in the most rapturous manner.

“Ha! there it is!” cried Uncle Tom. “Vemba’s her name. Her mother has said it. Let us call her Vemba!”

Every one laughed, but Uncle Tom was in earnest; besides, he had to take the afternoon train back to Philadelphia,— and you know how they always rush matters through in Philadelphia.

“It’s a good name, and new,” he said, nodding his head in a rotary way that somehow took in Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Grandma Brown, Morris Brown, Harris Brown, and Miss Brown. “It’s a good name. Think it over. I must be off!”

“Vemba, from November?” cried Grandma. “What a bleak name! Do you want the poor child to be a shadow on the house?” and the dear old lady flourished her knitting as she spoke.

Whether it was the gleam of the long needles, or Uncle Tom’s frantic but slow way of putting on his coat,—or whether Miss Brown, catching Grandma Brown’s words, had suddenly resolved to show them that she had n’t the slightest intention in the world of being a shadow on the house, I do not know. But certain it is she smiled,—smiled the brightest, sunniest little smile you can imagine.

All the family were delighted. The boys shouted, Papa laughed, Mamma laughed, Uncle Tom laughed, and Grandma exclaimed, “Well, I never!”

“She’s answered you, Grandma,” cried Uncle Tom, bending down with only one sleeve of his overcoat on,—and actually kissing the baby,—“she has answered you. Ha, ha! No clouds about *her*; you see she’s a sunshine-girl. Well,

good-bye, little Vemba! good-bye, all,” and he was out of the room and on his way to the train before the baby had time to blink.

Well, to make a long story short, the more they thought about the new name, the better they liked it. Besides, Morris and Harris, who adored Uncle Tom, would hear of no other. Papa declared it was not “half bad,” and even Mamma admitted that at least it was not commonplace. Meantime, the baby fell into a pleasant sleep.

When she awoke her name was Vemba Brown.

That was four years ago, this November, and now every one says that of all the sweet, sunny, bright little girls in New York, Vemba Brown is the sunniest, brightest, and sweetest. She is now thoroughly acquainted with Morris and Harris; and as for Uncle Tom—well, you should have seen her hug and kiss him the other day when that gentleman told the wee maiden that bleak November would soon be here, and gave her a beautiful new Fall walking-suit and a soft white muff to keep her little hands warm!

A QUEER BOY.

By W. H. S.

HE does n’t like study, it “weakens his eyes,”
 But the “right sort” of book will insure a surprise.
 Let it be about Indians, Pirates, or Bears,
 And he’s lost for the day to all mundane affairs;—
 By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.
 Now, is n’t that queer?

At thought of an errand, he’s “tired as a hound,”
 Very weary of life, and of “tramping around.”
 But if there’s a band or a circus in sight,
 He will follow it gladly from morning till night.
 The showmen will capture him, some day, I fear,
 For he is so queer.

If there’s work in the garden, his head “aches to split,”
 And his back is so lame that he “can’t dig a bit.”
 But mention base-ball, and he’s cured very soon;
 And he’ll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.
 Do you think he “plays ’possum”? He seems quite sincere;
 But — *is n’t* he queer?

“DAVID AND GOLIATH” IN NAVAL WARFARE.

BY JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.

IF you take your Bible and turn to Chapter xvii. of 1. Samuel, you may read just the sort of story I am about to tell: Of two great nations facing each other in battle array,—the army of one cowed and despairing because in the other there is a mighty creature who is so gigantic and so strong that he can taunt and harass and crush any of them without fear of being hurt himself. He is big and powerful, he wears impenetrable armor, and his weapons are so heavy that none can withstand them.

Reading on, you will see how one day there went out from the despondent army to meet this terrible warrior, a youth—a mere boy—with-out shield or breastplate, and carrying an untried weapon. It was a forlorn hope, but the youth was stout of heart and full of confidence. What was the result? The lad approached his gigantic adversary, and unmoved by his taunts and threats adjusted a missile coolly and with care. The lad's aim was perfect; the giant was struck; the giant fell dead!

Now I shall tell you how just such a thing is done on the sea in a modern naval war. The mighty giant is a battle-ship. Its iron sides are thicker than stone walls. Its enormous guns can throw a shot ten miles. Its small guns can fire so fast as to cover the water with bullets plenty as hail. In all its arrogant majesty and might, it steams about in front of a wealthy seaport. The guns of the defending forts are firing continually, but out of hundreds of shells not a dozen hit the mark, and even these few seem to fall harmless from the invulnerable sides. With the unconcern of perfect confidence in its strength and safety it ignores the flaming fortresses. The great guns swing slowly around until they bear upon the defenseless city. Smoothly and easily they lift and train, till presently with a roar like thunder a sheet of flame belches forth and the mighty ship is hidden for a time in great white mounds

of smoke as completely as if enveloped in a cloud.

The deadly missile has left the gun. It goes tearing and screaming through miles of air. It rises, curves, falls with terrible swiftness, strikes!

Why is that cruel monster ship destroying defenseless men and innocent women and children? Because its country is at war with their country, and has demanded from them an enormous ransom in money, which they have refused to pay.

Had they not better pay it than be killed? you will ask. Yes; but in their harbor they have a forlorn hope and they wish to try it. A little steamboat lies hidden there. It is long and narrow, but so small that the huge ship outside could hoist it on board like a rowboat. Its sides are of iron, but hardly thicker than those of a pasteboard box. It has no guns, but in the bow is a big round tube which looks threatening—as if it carried some terrible weapon.

It is biding its time. The thin sides could not stand the rain of shot which that braggart enemy could throw upon it, so it must steal up in secret—in a fog or in the darkness of night—till near enough to deal an unexpected blow.

The opportunity comes,—a night dark and tempestuous. The clouds have covered the stars like a pall, and there is a howling wind which drowns all other sounds. The pygmy vessel makes ready and puts to sea. It rushes along as swift as the wind and as silent as a calm. Big waves sometimes sweep over it from end to end as it plunges through the darkness, but they are not heeded. Small as it is, it is stanchly built and can stand the strain of storm as well as its adversary. All men save one are snugly shut inside, tending the flying engine and preparing the missile of destruction. This is a strange bolt, shaped like a cigar, over ten feet in length; and the

crew place it in the bow tube. The man on deck stands behind a little iron tower which shields him from the shock of the waves, and there he steers the boat.

In the darkness they seek their adversary determinedly, and with deadly purpose, since they are the protectors of their native land. The boat searches for a time in vain, for the big ship has covered all lights and is lying like a sleeping monster upon the waves, awaiting morning to renew the havoc. Perhaps if the ship remained thus, the little boat would never find her; but "Goliath" becomes uneasy; he fears "David" will make an attack, so he has determined to watch. A dazzling cone of white light suddenly starts from a point in the darkness and broadens upon the water. Slowly it sweeps about over the sea in circling arcs. All at once the little boat is bathed in a brilliant, blinding glare. The monster's eye finds it! But in finding the enemy the battle-ship has disclosed itself, and the dauntless little adversary steams straight forward at utmost speed. Streaks of flame are now shooting from under the white light, while the rattling reports of rifles and machine-guns rise sharply above the wind's roar. Shot and small shell are falling about like hail upon the water, but the monster can not keep the range of the on-rushing boat, and the missiles fly wide of the mark.

Suddenly the great ship looms up,—tall, long, shadowy, overpowering. It is not far off, almost near enough to be attacked. Yet a little closer and the intrepid pygmy, still unharmed, slows and steadies, with that ominous black tube pointing toward the monster's blazing side. Shots are falling upon the boat, and the man who was steering has taken refuge in his iron tower; but inside there is a whcel, and he can steer as well as before, for around him on a level with his eyes are little slits through which he can see. Now seconds are precious, if the fragile little craft is to escape destruction. The moment has come! A lever is pulled, and from that black tube comes a short hoarse roar. At once the little boat begins to turn, ready to escape with the speed of the wind.

But before the boat can turn, a dull heavy shock has jarred the sea. A gigantic column of white water rushes upward toward the black

clouds. In it the tall masts of the monster ship seem to sway about and clash together. The banging of guns is sharply succeeded by cries of human terror.

The mass of water falls back into the sea with a roaring crash and scatters over the waves in great wisps of glistening foam. The wind, sweeping on again, forms new waves over the disturbed water. The monster ship has disappeared—the Goliath of the Deep is conquered by his pygmy antagonist.

This little David of the Sea, which can thus annihilate the greatest ironclad at a single blow, is a torpedo boat. It costs less than \$100,000 to build one, and at a stroke it might destroy an enormous battle-ship costing one hundred times as much. For this reason, although peace has reigned so long that there has been little opportunity to test the value of these boats or their weapons, they are being constructed for the navies of every nation. Four great builders now compete for the best and fastest boats; and others, as yet of less note, are building them. Two of the former, Yarrow and Thornycroft, are in England; a third, Normand, is in France; and the fourth, Schicau (pronounced *she cow*), is in Germany. All but the last-named build boats of three sizes. The smallest, called second-class torpedo boats, are little larger than an ordinary pleasure launch, and are intended to be carried by the big ironclads themselves, and to be hoisted out in battle to fight other ironclads. They can serve, too, in times of peace the ordinary purposes of carrying officers and men between a large ship and the shore. Their usefulness in war time has never been tried. It would be an extremely awkward matter to lower them in even a slight sea, and in a heavy gale they might be swamped; but a big ship must have steam launches to communicate with other ships or with the shore, so these launches might as well be torpedo boats.

The next size, or first-class torpedo boat, is larger than a tug, at least in length, but very low in the water. These are the boats which are to protect harbors in the way I have just described—these, and the "deep-sea" torpedo boats. The latter are as large as pleasure yachts, and are built to make long sea voyages, even across

the stormy Atlantic. Many have been built in England for South American countries. Of course they can carry little coal and they must therefore make the trip under sail, and it is a very trying one. The big seas sweep over them from end to end, and they have to keep "battered down," *i. e.*, all hatches, skylights, and air ports must be tightly closed, for days at a time.

Now let me tell you some peculiar differences in the boats of these rival builders. They

as it was launched from the tube. Then look at the French boats of Normand (below), and note how their sides are rounded in to meet the deck till they have backs like whales. This is to shed the heavy seas that sweep over them. A few years ago one of these boats started out to sea with two others of different models, on a trial trip from a Russian port. They were to reach a certain headland, and a man-of-war accompanied them as an umpire. There arose a ter-



NORMAND TORPEDO BOAT.

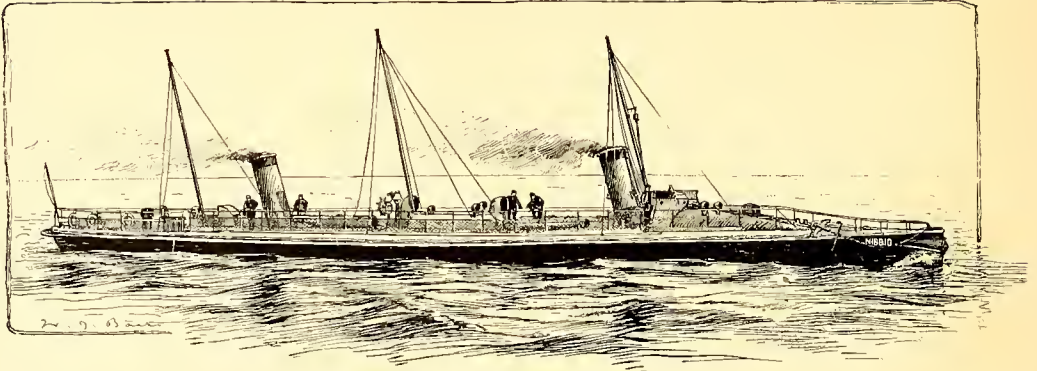


MAKING A NIGHT ATTACK.

are all built long, low, and narrow, with little iron steering-towers and long, rounded decks over their bows to throw off the water. These decks are called "turtle-backs," and the iron towers are called "conning-towers." Looking closely at the pictures, however, you will see some marked differences. Notice the German boat of Schicau (the *Nibbio*), with its long, sharp bow and straight stem, which cut the water like a knife. He builds his boats thus, that they may run through the water smoothly, without piling up a great wave in front of them which might show where they are by its phosphorescence, or might turn aside the torpedo

rible storm; and one after another the little boats went back, till only the French boat was left with the man-of-war following behind, unable to keep up. At last even the big ship had to seek a convenient harbor. But the little Normand torpedo boat kept straight on to the finish, not even slowing the engines to make the trip less trying.

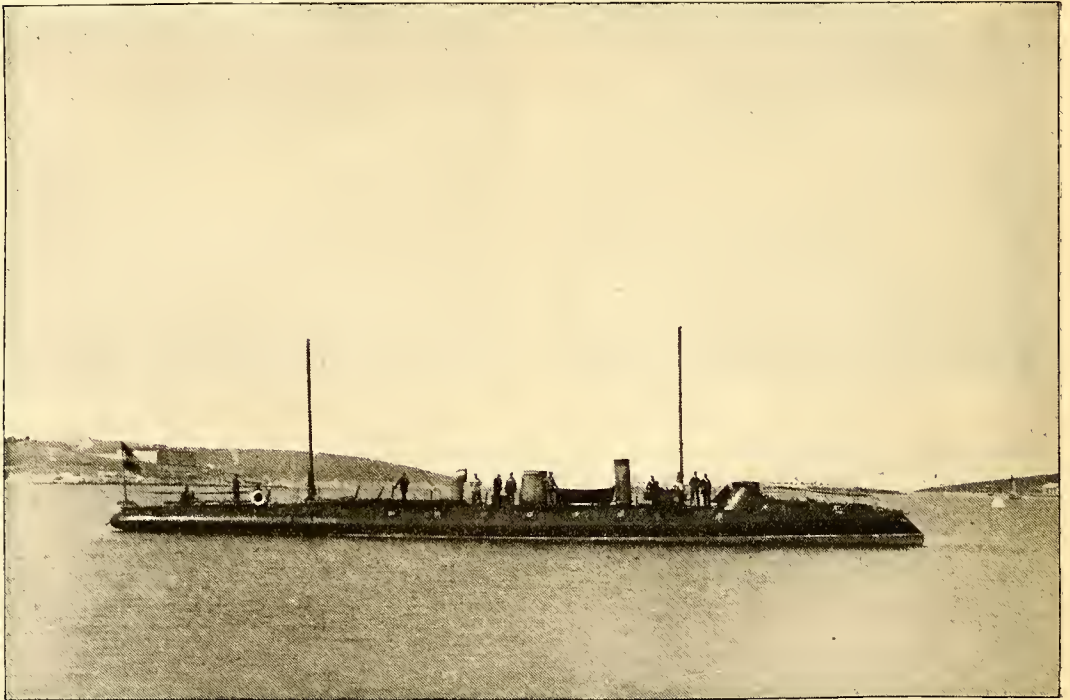
Of course all builders strive for the greatest speed, and each year has seen a boat built which is faster than any before. The palm for the highest speed seems at present to lie between an English boat built for France by Thornycroft,—the *Coureur*; and a German



THE "NIBBIO." BUILT BY SCHICAU, FOR ITALY.

boat built for Italy by Schicau,—the *Nibbio*. Each of these boats can run nearly twenty-seven knots an hour.* A knot, you know, is a *sea* mile, which is one and one-seventh land miles, so these boats can make about thirty miles an hour, or about the average speed of a railroad passenger-train. Just think of a boat

The next most important thing in a torpedo boat is quick turning; and for this purpose the larger Normand, Schicau, and Yarrow boats have two rudders, one in the usual place at the stern, and one under the bow. Mr. Thornycroft has another device. He puts two curved rudders near the stern and the propeller is



YARROW DEEP-SEA TORPEDO BOAT.

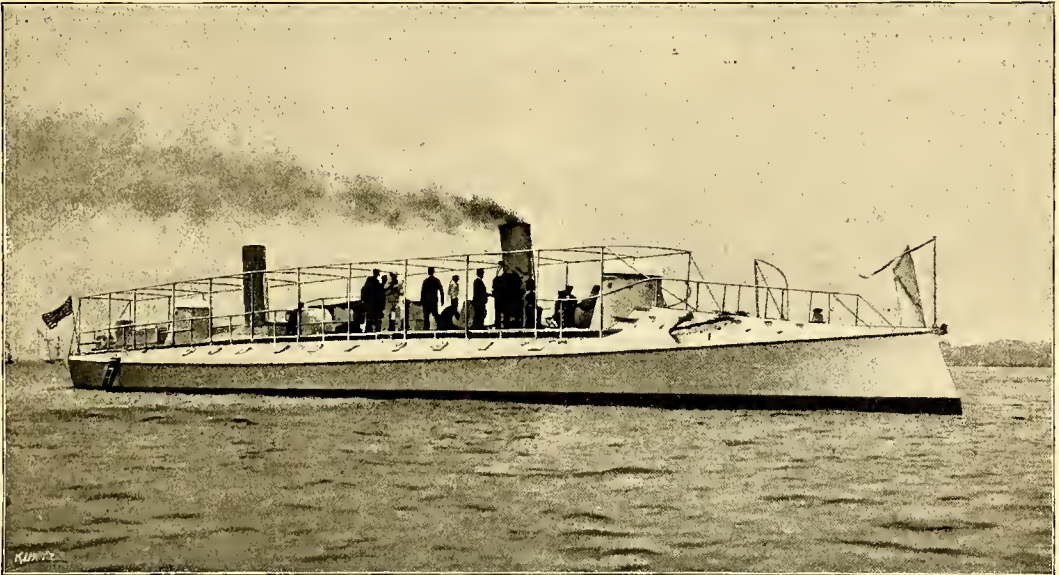
rushing through the water as fast as a train of cars runs over the land! turned together, the water which the pro-

* Since this article was written, a sister-boat to the *Nibbio*, the *Adler*, built for Russia, has broken the record for speed, by making about 27.5 knots.

PELLER is driving astern is turned a little to one side and helps to push around the boat.

The latest idea in torpedo boats is to have their launching tubes mounted on turn-tables on deck instead of being fixed in the bow. With this improvement a boat will not have to steam straight at her enemy, stop, launch its torpedo, and then turn to run away; but it can train its tube on the big ship as if the tube were a gun, and launch the torpedo while rushing past at full speed. This would be less

only one worth mentioning is to have a big net stretched around the ship, hanging down into the water from the ends of long booms which stand out from her sides. The net is weighted to hang down to the level of the keel, and surrounds the ship like a huge cage. A torpedo caught in its meshes would be exploded too far from the ship to do her any harm. When not in use these nets are folded in close to the side by swinging in the booms, and furled on the booms themselves; but they are clumsy things



THE AMERICAN TORPEDO BOAT. THE "CUSHING."

dangerous for the torpedo boat, for it would not afford the men on the ship a good aim at her.

The most approved weapon as yet used in these boats is the Whitehead torpedo. It is a long, cigar-shaped projectile which runs under water by machinery after it is launched from the tube. It goes in a straight line for about five hundred yards, so that the torpedo boat must get within that distance before launching it. Its front end is filled with one hundred pounds of gun-cotton (an explosive much stronger than gunpowder), and this will explode when the torpedo strikes a ship's bottom and would probably tear a hole big enough to sink the largest man-of-war.

Many schemes have been suggested to keep a torpedo from reaching a man-of-war; but the

at best. They can not be used when the ship is under way, for they would retard her speed and might become tangled in her propellers. A ship blockading or bombarding a port would never lie at anchor; for, in the one case, she must be always ready to chase the ships which try to run in or out, and in the other, she must not give the big guns on shore an opportunity to take deliberate aim at her. Yet these are the occasions when she must expect an attack from torpedo boats; so you see a net could hardly be used at the very times when most needed.

European countries have built large numbers of these boats. Italy has now about 200; England, 175; France, 150; Russia, 130; Germany, 100; and Spain, 20. On this side of the Atlantic

the Argentine Republic has 18; Brazil, 15; and Chili, 10.

Of course you wish to know how many our own nation has. Well, we have ONE. It was recently launched, and if you read the papers you will no doubt see accounts of its trials for speed. It is a big one,—a "deep-sea" boat,—very much like the Italian *Nibbio* in appearance, but not in any way designed after that boat. It was built by the Messrs. Herr-eshoff at Bristol, R. I. This firm has built some very fast launches and yachts, and can no doubt prove equal to the best foreign builders in constructing torpedo boats should others be demanded.

Our torpedo boat is named the *Cushing*, after a famous naval officer who during the Rebellion sank a Confederate ironclad with a torpedo rigged out on a spar projecting from a steam launch. Torpedo boats are not always named. It is the custom of foreign countries to give names only to their "deep-sea" torpedo boats. The smaller ones are simply numbered.

I know you are wondering why we have only one torpedo boat and would like to ask me if we don't need more. Perhaps we do. The United States has a longer sea-coast and more important sea-ports to protect than any other country; but the United States is deliberate and thoughtful.

We are not in danger of a fight at any moment, so we can afford to look on while other countries are testing new-fangled ideas, and wait until we see them succeed before we adopt them. Thus we have watched this torpedo-boat invention until the experiments, trials, and naval manœuvres have proved (as far as anything but a war can prove) that these little boats would probably be the cheapest and most effective defense for our sea-ports. So we are beginning to build them. The present Secretary of the Navy has asked Congress to appropriate money for five torpedo boats in addition to the *Cushing*, and no doubt successful trials of these will bring about the immediate building of many more.

THE OLD MAN-OF-WAR AND THE NEW.

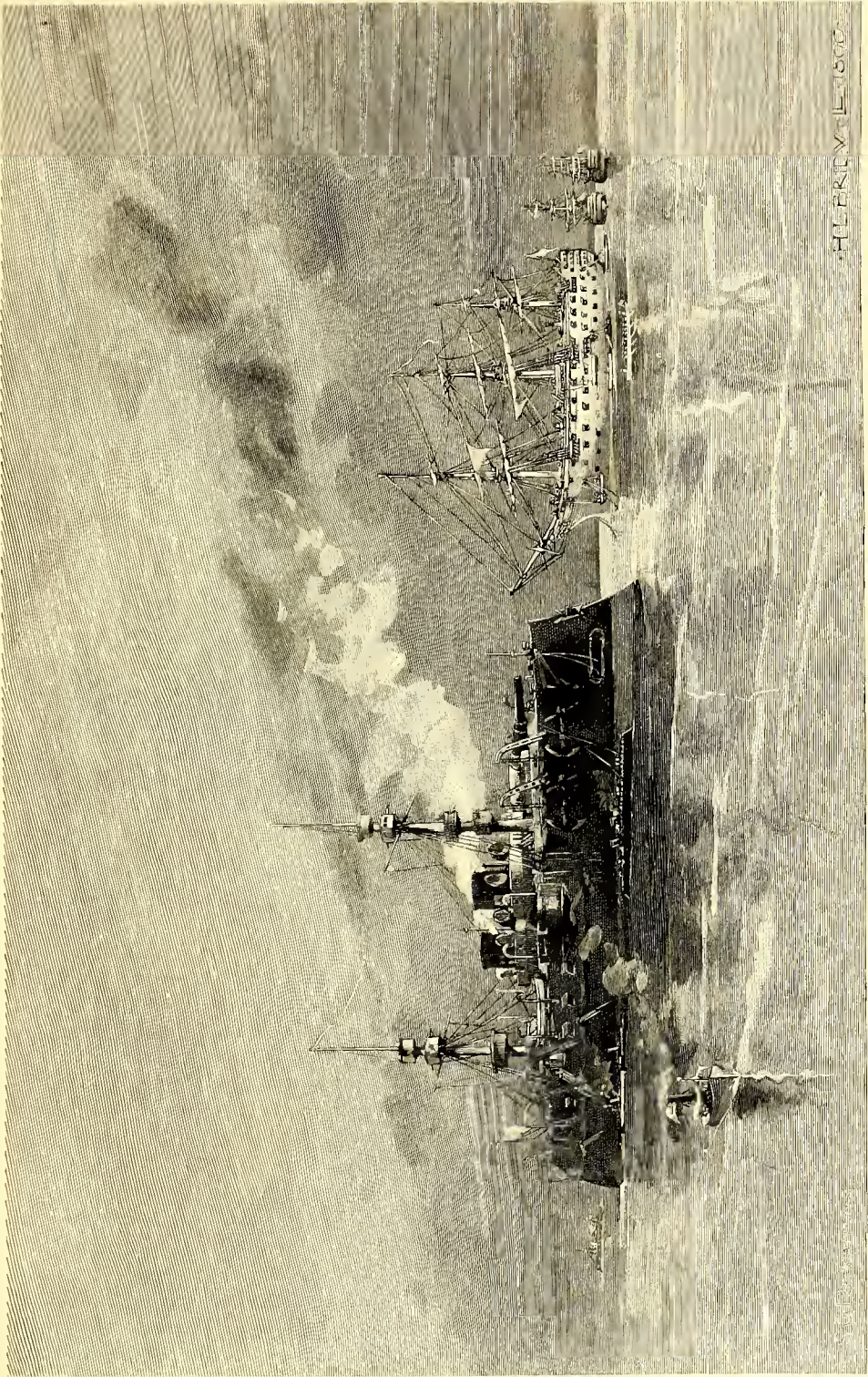
EACH step forward in the peaceful arts is at once made useful in the art of war. Improvements in metal working suggested that armor might be made large enough to cover ships, and by rendering guns more effective made such protection necessary.

When the *Kearsarge* fought the *Alabama*, cable-chains were hung along the sides of the former to shield her boilers and machinery. The *Merrimac* was protected by doubled iron plates, and the *Monitor* was covered completely in plate mail.

Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, was in active service within the lifetime of men still living,

and the *Kearsarge's* victory is not beyond the memory of young men; but in twenty-five years the progress of invention has produced the great contrast so strikingly and artistically shown in the picture opposite, which puts side by side the old *Victory* and a modern French line-of-battle ship.

The contrast, however, is no greater than that between the unarmored soldier of to-day and the knight of old in full mail; and perhaps, as armor for the soldier became useless and was abandoned, the ironclad may likewise give way to something more like the type familiar a century ago.



HERNIMAN

BATTLE-SHIPS.—1890 AND 1800.



THE CROWS AND THE FARMER.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

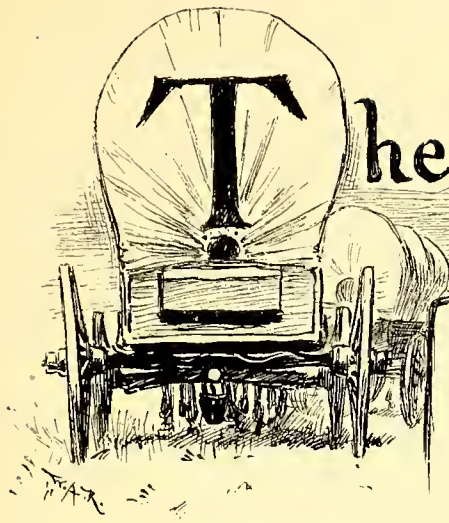
THE farm-house was cozy and sweet as
 could be ;
 The green fields and orchards were pleas-
 ant to see—
 Then why, do you think, was the farmer
 so glum ?
 His good wife looked out, saying, “ Why
 does he stand
 Like a stock or a stone, with the hoe in
 his hand,
 When it ’s supper-time, quite, and the cows
 have n’t come ? ”

The farmer stood thinking, “ There ’s nobody
 knows
 The life a poor farmer is led by the crows !
 It ’s much if they leave me a morsel to eat.
 ’T was the pease, and the beans, and the oats,
 and the rye ;
 They did n’t spare cherries enough for a pie,
 And now I ’ll be blest if they ’re not at the
 wheat !

“ And I really believe that before I am older
 They will come to that scarecrow, and light
 on his shoulder,
 Or build them a nest in the crown of his hat !
 If I live till to-morrow, we ’ll some of us see—
 I ’ll take the old gun, and hide up in this tree.
 I ’ve buckshot enough ; we ’ll try how they
 like *that* ! ”

How they liked it, however, he was not to see.
 Though all the next morning he hid in the tree,
 Not a crow was on hand, save one wary old
 scout,
 Who crept through the bushes, flew close to
 the ground,
 And took word to the flock, “ The old gentle-
 man ’s ’round
 With a gun in his hand, and we ’d better clear
 out !

“ When he puts up a scarecrow we ’re certain
 at once,
 And if we were not we should each be a dunce,
 That there ’s lots of good eating, and nothing
 to pay ;
 But a man with a gun ’s so unpleasant a sight
 It destroys the most ravenous crow’s appetite,
 And when we ’re not hungry, pray why should
 we stay ? ”



The Boy Settlers

By
NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER I.

THE SETTLERS, AND WHENCE THEY CAME.

THERE were five of them, all told; three boys and two men. I have mentioned the boys first because there were more of them, and we shall hear most from them before we have got through with this truthful tale. They lived in the town of Dixon, on the Rock River, in Lee County, Illinois. Look on the map and you will find this place at a point where the Illinois Central Railroad crosses the Rock, for this is a real town with real people. Nearly sixty years ago, when there were Indians all over that region of the country, and the red men were numerous where the flourishing States of Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin are now, John Dixon kept a little ferry at the point of which I am now speaking, and it was known as Dixon's Ferry. Even when he was not an old man, Dixon was noted for his long and flowing white hair, and the Indians called him Na-chu-sa, "the White-haired." In 1832 the Sac tribe of Indians, with their chief Black Hawk, rose in rebellion against the government, and then there happened what is now called the Black Hawk war.

In that war many men who afterwards became famous in the history of the United States were engaged in behalf of the government. One of these was Zachary Taylor, afterwards better known as "Rough and Ready," who

fought bravely in the Mexican war and subsequently became President of the United States. Another was Robert Anderson who, at the beginning of the war of the rebellion in 1861, commanded the Union forces in Fort Sumter when it was first fired upon. Another was Jefferson Davis who, in the course of human events, became President of the Southern Confederacy. A fourth man, destined to be more famous than any of the others, was Abraham Lincoln. The first three of these were officers in the army of the United States. Lincoln was at first a private soldier, but was afterwards elected captain of his company, with whom he had come to the rescue of the white settlers from the lower part of the State.

The war did not last long, and there was not much glory gained by anybody in it. Black Hawk was beaten, and that country had peace ever after. For many years, and even unto this day I make no doubt, the early settlers of the Rock River country loved to tell stories of the Black Hawk war, of their own sufferings, exploits, hardships, and adventures. Father Dixon, as he was called, did not choose to talk much about himself, for he was a modest old gentleman and was not given, as they used to say, to "blowing his own horn," but his memory was a treasure-house of delightful anecdotes and reminiscences of those old times; and young and old would sit around the comfortable stove of a country store, during a dull winter evening, drinking in tales of Indian warfare and of the "old settlers" that had been handed down from generation to generation.

It is easy to see how boys brought up in an atmosphere like this, rich in traditions of the long past in which the early settlement of the

country figured, should become imbued with the same spirit of adventure that had brought their fathers from the older States to this new region of the West. Boys played at Indian warfare over the very ground on which they had learned to believe the Sacs and Foxes had skirmished years and years before. They loved to hear of Black Hawk and his brother, the Prophet, as he was called; and I can not tell you with what reverence they regarded Father Dixon, the white-haired old man who had actually talked and traded with the famous Indians, and whose name had been given him as a title of respect by the great Black Hawk himself.

Among the boys who drank in this sort of lore were Charlie and Alexander Howell and their cousin Oscar Bryant. Charlie, when he had arrived at his eighteenth birthday, esteemed himself a man, ready to put away childish things; and yet, in his heart, he dearly loved the traditions of the Indian occupation of the country, and wished that he had been born earlier, so that he might have had a share in the settlement of the Rock River region, its reclamation from the wilderness, and the chase of the wild Indian. As for Alexander, commonly known as "Sandy," he had worn out a thick volume of Cooper's novels before he was fifteen years old, at which interesting point in his career I propose to introduce him to you. Oscar was almost exactly as many years and days old as his cousin. But two boys more unlike in appearance could not be found anywhere in a long summer day. Sandy was short, stubbed, and stocky in build. His face was florid and freckled, and his hair and complexion, like his name, were sandy. Oscar was tall, slim, wiry, with a long oval face, black hair, and so lithe in his motions that he was invariably cast for the part of the leading Indian in all games that required an aboriginal character.

Mr. Howell carried on a transportation business, until the railroads came into the country and his occupation was gone. Then he began to consider seriously the notion of going further west with his boys to get for them the same chances of early forestalling the settlement of the country that he had had in Illinois. In the West, at least in those days, nearly everybody

was continually looking for a yet further West to which they might emigrate. Charlie Howell was now a big and willing, good-natured boy; he ought to be striking out for himself and getting ready to earn his own living. At least, so his father thought.

Mr. Bryant was engaged in a profitable business, and he had no idea of going out into another West for himself or his boy. Oscar was likely to be a scholar, a lawyer or a minister, perhaps. Even at the age of fifteen, he had written "a piece" which the editor of the Dixon *Telegraph* had thought worthy of the immortality of print in his columns.

But about this time, the Northern States were deeply stirred by the struggle in the new Territory of Kansas to decide whether freedom or slavery should be established therein. This was in 1854 and thereabout. The Territory had been left open and unoccupied for a long time. Now settlers were pouring into it from adjacent States, and the question whether freedom should be the rule, or whether slaveholding was to be tolerated, became a very important one. Missouri and Arkansas, being the States nearest to Kansas, and holding slavery to be a necessity, furnished the largest number of emigrants who went to vote in favor of bringing slavery into the new Territory; but others of the same way of thinking came from more distant States, even as far off as South Carolina, all bent on voting for slavery in the laws that were to be made. For the most part, these people from the slave States did not go prepared to make their homes in Kansas or Nebraska, for some went to the adjoining Territory of Nebraska which was also ready to have slavery voted up or down. The newcomers intended to stay just long enough to vote and then return to their own homes.

The people of the free States of the North heard of all this with much indignation. They had always supposed that the new Territories were to be free from slavery. They saw that if slavery should be allowed there, by and by, when the two Territories would become States, they would be slave States, and then there would be more slave States than free States in the Union. So they held meetings, made speeches, and passed resolutions denouncing

this sort of immigration as wrong and wicked. Then immigrants from Iowa, Illinois, and other Northern States, even as far off as Massachusetts, sold their homes and household goods and started for the Promised Land, as many of them thought it to be. For the men in Kansas who were opposed to slavery wrote and sent far and wide papers and pamphlets, setting forth in glowing colors the advantages of the new and beautiful country beyond the Missouri River, open to the industry and enterprise of everybody. Soon the roads and highways of Iowa were dotted with white-topped wagons of immigrants journeying to Kansas, and long lines of caravans, with families and with small knots of men, stretched their way across the country nearest to the Territory.

Some of these passed through Dixon, and the boys gazed with wonder at the queer inscriptions that were painted on the canvas covers of the wagons; they longed to go with the immigrants and taste the sweets of a land which was represented to be full of wild flowers, game in great abundance, and fine streams, and well-wooded hills not far away from the water. They had heard their elders talk of the beauties of Kansas and of the great outrage that was to be committed on that fair land by carrying slavery into it; and, although they did not know much about the politics of the case, they had a vague notion that they would like to have a hand in the exciting business that was going on in Kansas.

Both parties to this contest thought they were right. Men who had been brought up in the slave States believed that slavery was a good thing—good for the country, good for the slave-owner, and even good for the slave. They could not understand how anybody should think differently from them. But, on the other hand, those who had never owned slaves and who had been born and brought up in the free States could not be brought to look upon slavery as anything but a very wicked thing. For their part, they were willing (at least, some of them were) to fight rather than consent that the right of one man to own another man should be recognized in the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska. Some of these started at once for the debatable land; others helped their neighbors

to go, and many others stayed at home and talked about it.

Mrs. Bryant, Oscar's mother, said: "Dear me, I am tired and sick of hearing about 'bleeding Kansas.' I do wish, Husband, you would find something else to talk about before Oscar. You have got him so worked up that I should n't be the least bit surprised if he were to start off with some of those tired-looking immigrants that go traipsing through the town day by day." Mrs. Bryant was growing anxious, now that her husband was so much excited about the Kansas-Nebraska struggle, as it was called, that he could think of nothing else.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRE SPREADS.

ONE fine morning in May, Mr. Bryant was standing at his front gate watching for his brother-in-law, Mr. Howell, to come down the street.

He held a newspaper in his hand, and with this, loosely rolled, he was impatiently tapping on the gate as Mr. Howell drew near. Evidently, something had happened to disturb him.

"See here, Aleck," he exclaimed, as soon as his brother-in-law was within the sound of his voice, "I can stand this sort of thing no longer. I'm bound to go to Kansas. I've been thinking it over, and I have about made up my mind to go. Brubaker will take my store and the good-will of the concern. Oscar is wild to go, and his mother is perfectly able to take care of the house while I am getting ready for her to come out. What d' ye say? Will you go too?"

"Well," said Mr. Howell slowly, "you nearly take my breath away! What's happened to stir you up so?"

"Just listen to this," cried the other. "Just listen"; and, unfolding his newspaper, he read, with glowing cheeks and kindling eyes, an account of an attack made by some of the "pro-slavery men," as they were named, on a party of free-State immigrants who had attempted to cross the river near Kansas City. His voice trembled with excitement, and when he had

finished reading, he asked his companion what he thought of that.

Mr. Howell looked pensively down the street now embowered with the foliage of early summer, noted the peaceful aspect of the village and the tranquil picture which gardens, cottages, and sauntering groups of school-children presented, and then said slowly: "I never was much of a hand at shooting, Charles, leastways, shooting at folks; and I don't know that I could take steady aim at a man even if I knew he was a Border Ruffian out gunning for me. But I'm with you, Charles. Charlie and Sandy can do a heap sight better in Kansas, after things get settled, than they can here. This place is too old; there's too much competition, and the boys will not have any show if they stay here. But what does Amanda say?"

Now, Amanda was Mr. Bryant's wife, Mr. Aleck Howell's sister. When Aleck asked this question, the two men looked at each other for a moment queerly and without speaking.

"Well, she'll hate to part with Oscar; he's the apple of her eye, as it were. But I guess she will listen to reason. When I read this piece in the paper to her, this morning at the breakfast-table, she was as mad as a wet hen. As for Oscar, he's so fired up about it that he is down in the wood-shed chopping wood to blow off steam. Hear him?" And Mr. Bryant laughed quietly, notwithstanding his rising anger over the news of the day.

At that moment Sandy came whooping around the corner, intent on overtaking a big yellow dog, his constant companion—Bose by name—who bounded along far in advance of the boy. "See here, Sandy," said his uncle, "how would you like to go to Kansas with your father, Oscar, Charlie, and myself?"

"To Kansas? Shooting buffaloes, deer, Indians, and all that? To Kansas? Oh, come now, Uncle Charles, you don't mean it."

"But I do mean it, my laddie," said the elder man, affectionately patting the freckled cheek of the lad. "I do mean it, and if you can persuade your father to go along and take you and Charlie with him, we'll make up a party—just we five—that will scare the Border Ruffians' way into the middle of next year." Then, with a more serious air, he added: "This is a fight for

freedom, my boy, and every man and every boy who believes in God and Liberty can find a chance to help. I'm sure *we* can." This he said with a certain sparkle of his eye that may have meant mischief to any Border Ruffian that might have been there to see and hear.

As for Sandy, he turned two or three hand-springs by way of relieving his feelings; then, having once more assured himself that the two men had serious thoughts of migrating to Kansas, he rushed off to the wood-shed to carry the wonderful news to Oscar. Dropping his ax, the lad listened with widened eyes to the story that Sandy had to tell.

"Do you know, Sandy," he said, with an air of great wisdom, "I thought there was something in the wind. Oh, I never saw father so roused as he was when he read that story in the *Chicago Press* and *Tribune* this morning. Why, I thought he'd just get up and howl when he had read it out to mother. Jimmini! Do you really suppose that he will go? And take us? And Uncle Aleck? Oh, would n't that be too everlastingly bully for anything?" Oscar, as you will see, was given to the use of slang, especially when under great excitement. The two boys rushed back to the gate, where the brothers-in-law were still talking eagerly and in undertones.

"If your mother and Aunt Amanda will consent, I guess we will go," said Mr. Bryant, with a smile on his face as he regarded the flushed cheeks and eager eyes of Sandy and Oscar. Sandy's father added: "And I'll answer for your mother, my son. She and I have talked this thing over many a time, more on your account and Charlie's than for the sake of 'bleeding Kansas,' however. I'm bound to say that. Every man is in honor bound to do his duty by the country and by the good cause; but I have got to look after my boys first." And the father lovingly laid his hand on Sandy's sturdy shoulder. "Do you think you could fight, if the worst comes to the worst, Sandy, boy?"

Of course the lad protested confidently that he could fight; certainly he could protect his rights and his father's rights, even with a gun, if that should be found necessary. But he admitted that, on the whole, he would rather

shoot buffaloes and antelope, both of which species of large game he had already learned were tolerably plentiful in Kansas.

"Just think of it, Oscar, we might have some real Indian-fighting out there, like that Father Dixon and the rest of the old settlers had in the time of the Black Hawk war."

His father assured him, however, that there was no longer any danger from the red man in Kansas. The wild Indians were now far out on the frontier, beyond the region to which they would probably go in search of homestead lands for settlement. Sandy looked relieved at this explanation. He was not anxious for fighting with anybody. Fun was more to his liking.

The two mothers, when they were informed of the decision of the male members of the family, made very little opposition to the emigration scheme. In fact, Mrs. Howell had really felt for some time past that her boys would be better provided for in a new country. She had been one of the "old settlers" of Dixon, having been brought out from the interior of New York when she and her brother were small children. She had the same spirit of adventure that he had, and, although she remembered very well the privations and the discomforts of those early days, it was more with amusement than sorrow that she recalled them to mind, now that they were among the traditions of long-past years. The two young Howells were never weary of hearing their mother tell of the time when she killed a wild-cat with her father's rifle, or of her walking fifteen miles and back to buy herself a bonnet-ribbon to wear to her first ball in the courthouse. Now her silent influence made it easier for the Kansas Exodus (as they already called their scheme) to be accepted all around.

The determination of the two families to migrate made some stir in the town. It was yet a small place, and everybody knew every other body's business. The Bryants and Howells were among the "old families," and their momentous step created a little ripple of excitement among their friends and acquaintances. The boys enjoyed the talk and the gossip that arose around them, and already considered themselves heroes in a small way. With envious eyes and eager faces, their comrades sur-

rounded them, wherever they went, asking questions about their outfit, their plans, and their future movements. Every boy in Dixon looked on the three prospective boy settlers as the most fortunate of all their young play-fellows.

"I wish my father would catch the 'Kansas fever,'" said Hiram Fender, excitedly. "Don't you suppose your father could give it to him, Charlie? Do you suppose your uncle would take me along if Dad would let me go? Oh, would n't that be just gaudy, if I could go! Then there would be four of us boys. Try it on him."

But the two families resolutely attended to their own business, asking help from nobody, and not even so much as hinting to anybody that it would be a good thing for others to go with them to the Promised Land. The three boys were speedily in the midst of preparations for their migration. It was now well along into the middle of May. If they were to take up land claims in Kansas and get in a crop, they had no time to spare. The delightful excitement of packing, of buying arms and ammunition, and of winding up all the small concerns of their life in Dixon made the days pass swiftly by. There were all the details of tents for camping-out, provisions for the march, and rough clothing and walking gear for the new life beyond to be looked after.

Some of the notions of the boys, in regard to what was needed and what was to be expected from the land beyond were rather crude. And perhaps their fathers were not in all cases so wise as they thought themselves. The boys, however, cherished the idea that absolutely everything they should require in Kansas must be carried from Illinois. "Why," said the practical Mr. Howell, "if we cannot buy plows, cattle, and seed, cheaper in Missouri than we can here, we can at least save the labor and cost of transportation. We don't want to haul a year's provision either. We expect to raise something to eat, don't we?"

Charlie, to whom this remonstrance was addressed, replied, "Well, of course we can raise some garden truck, and I suppose we can buy bacon and flour cheaper in Missouri than here."

"Then there 's the game," interrupted Oscar

and Sandy, both in one breath. "Governor Robinson's book says that the country is swarming with game," added Sandy, excitedly.

The boys had devoured a little book by Mr. Robinson, the free-State Governor of Kansas, in which the richness of the Promised Land was glowingly set forth.

"Much time we shall have to shoot buffaloes and antelope when we are breaking up the sod and planting corn," Mr. Howell answered with a shade of sarcasm in his voice.

"And we may have to fire at bigger game than either of those," added Mr. Bryant grimly.

"Border Ruffians?" asked Sandy with a feeble attempt at a grin. His mother shuddered and hastily went out of the room. The Kansas scheme seemed no longer pleasant to her, when she read the dreadful stories of violence and bloodshed with which some of the Western newspapers were teeming. But it was settled that most of the tools needed for farming could be bought better in Missouri than in Illinois; the long haul would be saved, and the horses with which they were to start could be exchanged for oxen to good advantage when they reached "the river." They had already adopted the common phrase, "the river," for the Missouri River, then generally used by people emigrating westward.

"But perhaps the Missourians will not sell you anything when they know that you are free-State men," suggested Mrs. Bryant timidly, for this was a family council.

"Oh, well," answered Mr. Howell sturdily, "I'll risk that. I never saw a man yet with anything to sell who would n't sell it when the money was shaken in his face. The newspapers paint those border men pretty black, I know; but if they stop to ask a man's politics before they make a bargain with him, they must be queer cattle. They are more than human or less than human, not Americans at all, if they do business in that way." In the end they found that Mr. Howell was entirely right.

All was settled at last, and that, too, in some haste, for the season was rapidly advancing when planting must be attended to, if they were to plant that year for the fall harvest. From the West they heard reports of hosts of people pouring into the new Territory, of land being in

great demand, and of the best claims near the Missouri being taken by early emigrants. They must be in a hurry if they were to get a fair chance with the rest and a fair start on their farm, — a farm yet existing only in their imagination.

Their wagon, well stored with clothing and provisions, a few books, Oscar's violin, a medicine chest, powder, shot, and rifle-balls, and an assortment of odds and ends, — the wagon, so long a magical repository of hopes and the most delightful anticipations, was ready at last. It stood at the side gate of Mr. Bryant's home, with a "spike team" (two horses at the pole, and one horse for a leader) harnessed. It was a serious, almost solemn, moment. Now that the final parting had come, the wrench with which the two families were to be broken up seemed harder than any of the members had expected. The two mothers, bravely keeping up smiling faces, went about the final touches of preparations for the lads' departure and the long journey of their husbands.

Mr. Howell mounted the wagon with Sandy by his side; Mr. Bryant took his seat with the other two boys in an open buggy, which they were to drive to "the river" and there trade off for a part of their outfit. Fond and tearful kisses had been exchanged and farewells spoken. They drove off into the West. The two women stood at the gate, gazing after them with tear-dimmed eyes as long as they were in sight; and when the little train disappeared into the first swale of the prairie, they burst into tears and went into the house which was now left unto them desolate.

It was a quiet party that drove over the prairie that bright and beautiful morning. The two boys in the buggy spoke occasionally in far-off-sounding voices about indifferent things that attracted their attention as they drove along. Mr. Howell held the reins, with a certain stern sense of duty on his dark and handsome face. Sandy sat silently by his side, the big tears coursing down his freckled cheeks.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.

THE straggling, unkempt, and forlorn town of Parkville, Missouri, was crowded with stran-

gers when the emigrants arrived there after a long and toilsome drive through Iowa. They had crossed the Mississippi from Illinois into Iowa, at Fulton, on the eastern shore, and after stopping to rest for a day or two in Clinton, a pretty village on the opposite bank, had pushed on, their faces ever set westward. Then, turning in a southwesterly direction, they traveled across the lower part of the State, and almost before they knew it they were on the sacred soil of Missouri, the dangers of entering which had been pictured to them all along the route. They had been warned by the friendly settlers in Iowa to avoid St. Joseph, one of the crossings from Missouri into Kansas; it was a nest of Border Ruffians, so they were told, and they would surely have trouble. They must also steer clear of Leavenworth; for that town was the headquarters of a number of Missourians whose names were already terrible all over the Northern States, from Kansas to Massachusetts Bay.

"But there is the military at Fort Leavenworth," replied Mr. Bryant. "Surely they will protect the citizens of the United States who are peaceful and well-behaved. We are only peaceable immigrants."

"Pshaw!" answered an Iowa man. "All the army officers in this part of the country are pro-slavery men. They are in sympathy with the pro-slavery men, anyhow, and if they had been sent here to keep free-State men out of the Territory, they could n't do any different from what they are doing. It 's an infernal shame, that 's what it is."

Bryant said nothing in reply, but as they trudged along, for the roads were very bad, and they could not often ride in their vehicles now, his face grew dark and red by turns. Finally he broke out:

"See here, Aleck," he cried, "I don't want to sneak into the Territory. If these people think they can scare law-abiding and peaceable citizens of a free country from going upon the land of these United States, we might just as well fight first as last. For one, I will not be driven out of a country that I have got just as much right to as any of these hot-headed Missouri fellows."

His brother-in-law looked troubled, but be-

fore he could speak the impetuous and fiery Sandy said: "That 's the talk, Uncle Charlie! Let 's go in by the shortest way, and tackle the Border Ruffians if they tackle us. Who 's afraid?" And the lad bravely handled his "pepper-box," as his old-fashioned five-barreled revolver was sportively called by the men of those days; for the modern revolver with one barrel for all the chambers of the weapon had not then come into use. "Who 's afraid?" he repeated fiercely, looking around. Everybody burst out laughing, and the valorous Sandy looked rather crestfallen.

"I am afraid, for one," said his father. "I want no fighting, no bloodshed. I want to get into the Territory and get to work on our claim, just as soon as possible; but if we can't get there without a fight, why then, I 'll fight. But I ain't seeking for no fight." When Aleck Howell was excited, his grammar went to the four winds. His view of the situation commended itself to the approval of Oscar, who said he had promised his mother that he would avoid every appearance of hostile intention, keep a civil tongue in his head, have his weapons out of sight and his powder always dry.

The emigrants decided to go into Kansas by way of Parkville.

At Claybank, half-way between the Iowa line and the Missouri River, they encountered a drover with a herd of cattle. He was eager to dicker with the Kansas emigrants, and offered them what they considered to be a very good bargain in exchanging oxen for their horses. They were now near the Territory, and the rising prices of almost everything that immigrants required warned them that they were not far from the point where an outfit could no longer be bought at any reasonable price. The boys were loath to part with their buggy, for, although they had been often compelled to go afoot through some of the worst roads in the States of Iowa and Missouri, they had clung to the notion that they might have a pair of horses to take into the Territory, and, while the buggy was left to them, they had a refuge in times of weariness with walking; and these were rather frequent. The wagon was exchanged for another, suitable for oxen.

The immigrants drove gaily into Parkville. They were in sight of the Promised Land. The Big Muddy, as Missourians affectionately call the turbid stream that gives name to their State, rolled sluggishly between the Parkville shore and the low banks fringed with cottonwoods that were the eastern boundary of Kansas. Looking over, they could see long lines of white-covered wagons, level plains dotted with tents, and the rising smoke of many fires, where people who had gone in ahead of them were cooking their suppers; for they entered Parkville late in the afternoon. It was a commonplace-looking view of Kansas, after all, and not at all like what the lads had fancied it would be. Sandy very emphatically expressed his disappointment.

"What would you have, Sandy?" asked his uncle, with some amusement. "Did you expect to see wild honey dripping out of the cottonwoods and sycamores, buffaloes and deer standing up and waiting to be shot at, and a farm ready to be tilled?"

"Well," replied the boy, a little shamefacedly, "I did n't exactly expect to see all those things; but somehow the country looks awful flat and dull. Don't you think so?"

For answer, Mr. Bryant pointed out a line of blue slopes in the distance. "Those are not very high hills, my boy, to be sure, but they are of the rolling prairie beyond, and as soon as we get away from the river we shall find a bluff and diversified country, I'll warrant you."

"Yes; don't you remember," broke in Oscar eagerly, "Governor Robinson's book told all about the rolling and undulating country of the Territory, and the streams that run under high bluffs in some places?"

Sandy admitted that this was true of the book; but he added, "Some books do lie, though."

"Not Governor Robinson's book," commented his brother Charlie, with a slight show of resentment. For Charlie had made a study of the reports from the Promised Land.

But a more pressing matter was the attitude of the border-State men toward the free-State emigrants, and the question of making the necessary purchases for their farming scheme. Parkville was all alive with people, and there were many border-State men among them. Some of these regarded the newcomers with

unmistakable hostility, noting which, Sandy and Oscar took good care to keep near their two grown-up protectors; and the two men always went about with their weapons within easy reaching distance. All of the borderers were opposed to any more free-State men going into the Territory; and many of them were disposed to stop this by force, if necessary. At one time, the situation looked very serious, and Sandy got his "pepper-box" into position. But the trouble passed away, and the arrival of fifteen or twenty teams, accompanied by a full complement of men, checked a rising storm of wrath.

From Platte City, a short distance up the river, however, came doleful and distressing stories of the ill-treatment of the free-State men who had gone that way. They were harassed and hindered, and, in some cases, their teams were deliberately turned about and driven back on the road by which they had come. It was useless to remonstrate when the rifles of a dozen men were leveled at the would-be immigrants. But our travelers in Parkville heard a good story of the bravery of one free-State man who had been refused transportation across the ferry at Platte City, kept by an ardent pro-slavery man. The intending immigrant, unconscious of any hindrance to his crossing, was calmly driving down to the ferry-boat, a flat-bottomed craft propelled by long oars, or sweeps, when the ferryman stopped him with the question, "What hev ye got into yer waggin?"

"Oxen," sententiously replied the newcomer.

"And what 's them thar cattle follering on behind?" he asked, pointing to a drove of milch-cattle in the rear.

"Caouws," answered the immigrant, in the broad pronunciation peculiar to provincial people of the New England States.

"All right," was the rejoinder; "a man that says 'caouws' can't go over this yere ferry withouten he's got the tickets." No argument would induce the ferryman to explain what the tickets were and where they could be procured. Finally, his patience exhausted, the free-State man suddenly drew from the big pockets of his frock a pair of tremendous pistols, ready cocked, and, holding them full in the face of the surprised ferryman, he said:

"Here are my tickets, and I'm going across

this ferry right off, caouws or no caouws!" And he went.

Even at Parkville, where there was very little difficulty in crossing, as compared with what there had been earlier in the struggle for Kansas, they were advised by discreet friends and sympathizers to be on the lookout for opposition. Every fresh arrival of free-State men angered yet more the borderers who were gathered there to hinder and, if possible, prevent further immigration. Mr. Bryant chafed under the necessity of keeping his voice hushed on the topic that engaged all his thoughts; and Oscar and Sandy were ready to fight their way across the river; at least they said so.

They did find, however, that the buying of provisions and farming tools required for their future use, was out of the question in Parkville. Whether it was the unexpected demand, or the refusal of the Missourians to sell to free-State men, they could not determine. But the prices of everything they wanted were very high. What should they do? These articles they must have. But their cost here was far beyond their most extravagant estimates. When Mr. Howell was reminded by his brother-in-law how he had said that no politics could interfere with trade and prices, he was amused.

"Of course," he said, "it does look as if these Missourians would not sell at fair prices because they want to hinder us; but don't you see that the demand is greater than the supply? I know these folks are bitterly hostile to us; but the reason why they have so small a stock of goods on hand is that they have sold out to other free-State men that have come before us to buy the same things. Is n't that so?"

Mr. Bryant was obliged to admit that this was a reasonable explanation; but as he had begun by thinking that every borderer hated a free-State man and would do him an injury if he could, he did not give up that notion willingly. He was certain that there was a plot in the high prices of bacon, flour, corn-meal, and plows.

In this serious dilemma, Charlie came to the relief of the party with the information that a free-State man, whose team had just recrossed the river for a load of supplies sent him by a wagon that was to return to Iowa, brought news that a large trading-post had been opened at a

new Kansas town called Quindaro. He said that the Iowa man told him that prices were just now lower in Quindaro than they had ever been in Parkville.

"Quindaro?" said Oscar musingly;—"why that must be an Indian name,—feminine Indian name, too, unless I miss my guess."

Mr. Bryant had heard of Quindaro. It was a brand-new town, a few miles down the river, settled by free-State men and named for a young, full-blooded Indian girl of the Delaware tribe. The town was on the borders of the Delaware reservation, which in those days came close to the Missouri River. Charlie, also, had gathered some facts about the town, and he added that Quindaro was a good place to start from, going westward. The party had laid in a stock of groceries—coffee, tea, and other articles of that description—before leaving home. Now they needed staple provisions, a few farming tools, a breaking-plow, and some seed corn. Few thought of planting anything but corn; but the thrifty settlers from Illinois knew the value of fresh vegetables, and they were resolved to have "garden truck" just as soon as seeds could be planted and brought to maturity.

"And side-meat?" asked Sandy wonderingly, as he heard his father inquiring the price of that article of food. Side-meat, in the South and West, is the thin flank of a porker, salted and smoked after the fashion of hams, and in those parts of the Southwest it was (and probably is) the staple article of food among the people. It is sold in long, unattractive-looking slabs, and when Sandy heard its name mentioned, his disgust as well as his wonder was kindled.

"Side-meat?" he repeated, with a rising inflection. "Why, I thought we were going to live on game,—birds and buffalo and the like! Side-meat? Well, that makes me sick!"

The two men laughed, and Mr. Howell said, "Why, Sandy, you are bent on hunting and not on buckling down to farm work. How do you suppose we are going to live if we have nothing to eat but wild game that we kill, and breadstuffs and vegetables that we buy?"

Sandy had thought that they might be able to step out into the woods or prairie, between times, as it were, and knock down a few head of game when the day's work was done, or

had not begun. When he said as much, the two heads of the party laughed again, and even Charlie joined in the glee.

"My dear infant," said his father seriously, but with a twinkle in his eye, "game is not so plenty anywhere as that; and if it were, we should soon tire of it. Now side-meat 'sticks to the ribs,' as the people hereabouts will tell you, and it is the best thing to fall back upon when fresh meat fails. We can't get along without it, and that is a fact; hey, Charlie?"

The rest of the party saw the wisdom of this suggestion, and Sandy was obliged to give up, then and there, his glowing views of a land so teeming with game that one had only to go out with a rifle, or even a club, and knock it over. But he mischievously insisted that if side-meat did "stick to the ribs," as the Missourians declared, they did not eat much of it, for, as a rule, the people whom they met were a very lank and slab-sided lot. "Clay-eaters," their new acquaintance from Quindaro said they were.

"Clay-eaters?" asked Charlie, with a puzzled look. "They are clayey-looking in the face. But it can't be possible that they actually eat clay?"

"Well, they do, and I have seen them chewing it. There is a fine, soft clay found in these parts, and more especially south of here; it has a greasy feeling, as if it was a fatty substance, and the natives eat it just as they would candy. Why, I should think that it would form a sand-bar inside of a man, after awhile; but they take to it just as naturally!"

"If I have got to choose between side-meat and clay for a regular diet," said Sandy, "give me side-meat every time."

That night, having made their plans to avoid the prying eyes of the border-State men, who in great numbers were now coming in, well-armed and looking somewhat grimly at the free-State men, the little party crossed the river. Ten dollars, good United States money, was demanded by the ferryman as the price of their passage; it looked like robbery, but there was no other way of getting over the river and into the Promised Land; so it was paid, with many a wrench of the patience of the indignant immigrants; and they pitched their tent that night under the stars and slept soundly on the soil of "bleeding Kansas."

Bright and early next morning, the boys were up and stirring, for now was to begin their camp life. Hitherto, they had slept in their tent, but had taken their meals at the farm-houses and small taverns of the country through which they had passed. They would find few such conveniences in the new country into which they had come, and they had been warned that in Kansas the rule was "every man for himself."

They made sad work with their first breakfast in camp. Oscar had taken a few lessons in cooking from his mother, before leaving home, and the two men had had some experience in that line of duty when out on hunting expeditions in Illinois, years before. So they managed to make coffee, fry slices of side-meat, and bake a hoe-cake of Indian-corn meal. "Hog and hominy," said Sandy's father. "That's the diet of the country, and that is what we shall come to, and we might as well take it first as last."

"There's worse provender than this, where there's none," said Mr. Bryant cheerfully; "and before we get through we shall be hungry more than once for hog and hominy."

It was an enlivening sight that greeted the eyes of the newcomers as they looked around upon the flat prairie that stretched along the river-side. The tents of the immigrants glistened in the rising sun. The smoke of many camp-fires arose on the summer air. Groups of men were busily making preparations for their long tramp westward, and, here and there, women and children were gathered around the white-topped wagons, taking their early breakfast or getting ready for the day's march. Here, too, could now be seen the unkempt and surly-looking border men who were on the way to points along the route that were to be occupied by them before too many free-State men should come in. An election of some sort, the newcomers could not exactly make out what, was to take place in a day or two, and the Missourians whom they had seen flocking into Parkville were ready to vote as soon as they got into the Territory.

Breakfast over, the boys sauntered around through the camps, viewing the novel sights with vast amusement. It was like a militia muster at home, except that the only soldier

element they saw was the band of rough-looking and rough-talking men who were bound to vote and fight for slavery. They swaggered about with big pistols girt at their hips and rifles over their shoulders, full-bearded and swarthy, each one a captain apparently, all without much organization, but very serious in their intention to vote and to fight. It really seemed as if they had reached the fighting-ground at last.

"Oh, well; I can't bother about poetry, now," said the father hastily. "I have some prose work on hand, just about this time. I'm trying to drive these pesky cattle, and I don't make a very good fist at it. Your Uncle Aleck has gone on ahead, and left me to manage the team; but it's new business to me."

"John G. Whittier is the name at the top of these verses. I've heard of him. He's



IN CAMP AT QUINDARO. THE POEM OF "THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS."

"See here, Daddy," said Oscar, as he came in from the camps when the Dixon caravan was ready to move; "see what I found in this newspaper. It is a piece of poetry, and a mighty fine piece, too"; and the boy began to read some lines beginning thus:

"We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!"

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a regular-built poet,—lives somewhere down East."

"I can't help that, sonny; get on the other side of those steers, and see if you can't gee them around. Dear, dear, they're dreadful obstinate creatures!"

That night, however, when they were comfortably and safely camped in Quindaro, amid the live-oaks and the tall sycamores that embowered the pretty little town, Oscar again

brought the newspaper to his father, and, with kindling eyes, said :

"Read it out, Daddy; read the piece. Why, it was written just for us, I do declare. It is called 'The Kansas Emigrants.' We are Kansas Emigrants, are n't we?"

The father smiled kindly as he looked at the flushed face and bright eyes of his boy, and took from him the paper folded to show the verses. As he read, his eyes, too, flashed and his lip trembled.

"Listen to this!" he cried. "Listen to this! It is like a trumpet call!" And with a voice quivering with emotion, he began the poem :

"We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!"

"Something has got into my eyes," said Mr. Howell, as the last stanza was read. "Great Scott! though, how that does stir a man's blood!" And he furtively wiped the moisture from his eyes. It was time to put out the light and go to sleep, for the night was now well

advanced. But Mr. Bryant, thoroughly aroused, read and re-read the lines aloud.

"Sing 'em," said his brother-in-law, jokingly. Bryant was a good singer, and he at once tuned up with a fine baritone voice, recalling a familiar tune that fitted the measure of the poem.

"Oh, come now, Uncle Charlie," cried Sandy, from his blankets in the corner of the tent, "that's 'Old Dundee.' Can't you give us something lively? Something not quite so solemn?"

"Not so solemn, my laddie? Don't you know that this is a solemn age we are in, and a very solemn business we are on? You'll think so before we get out of this Territory, or I am greatly mistaken."

"Sandy'll think it's solemn, when he has to trot over a piece of newly broken prairie, carrying a pouchful of seed corn, dropping five grains in each sod," said his father laughing, as he blew out the candle.

"It's a good song; a bully good song," murmured the boy, turning over to sleep. "But it ought to be sung to something with more of a rig-a-jig-jig to it." So saying, he was off to the land of dreams.

(To be continued.)



LADY JANE.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

CHAPTER XX.

MADAME JOZAIN CALLS UPON MAM'SELLE DIANE.

It was not long after the time when Paichoux bought the watch, that Mam'selle Diane was surprised one morning by a visit from Madame Jozain, who entered the little green gate with an air of haughty severity and insolent patron-

"My bill, Madame Jozain! What bill?" said Mam'selle Diane, looking at her with cold surprise. "I am not aware that you owe me anything."

"I owe you for teaching Lady Jane music. You've been giving her lessons now for some months, and I'm sure you must need your money."

"Oh, Madame," gasped Mam'selle Diane, "you are laboring under a mistake; I never

thought of receiving money for the pleasure I have had with the child. I offered to teach her; it was my own wish. You surely did not think that I expected to be paid?"

"I certainly did. Why should you teach her for nothing when I am able to pay?" returned Madame, haughtily, while she drew out a roll of notes. "In your circumstances, you can't afford to throw away your time, and I'm quite willing to pay you the usual price. You're a very good teacher, and I'm very well satisfied with the child's progress."

For a moment, Mam'selle Diane was quite overcome by the woman's insolence; then remembering that she

was a d'Hautreuve, she drew herself up, and said calmly and without the least hauteur:

"I regret, Madame, that you thought I expected any pay for teaching Lady Jane; I make no claim to any professional knowledge, there-



"MAM'SELLE DIANE SAID CALMLY, 'I REGRET, MADAME, THAT YOU THOUGHT I EXPECTED ANY PAY FOR TEACHING LADY JANE.'"

age that was insufferable. She had evidently come on business; for after the first formalities had passed between them, she drew a well-filled purse from her pocket, and asked, in a lofty tone, if Mam'selle Diane had her bill prepared.

fore I could not take the pay of a teacher. I thank you very much, but I am not a teacher."

"It does n't matter; I insist on paying you," and Madame held out a bank-note for so large an amount, that Mam'selle Diane's eyes were fairly dazzled.

"I assure you it is impossible," said Diane, gently. "It is useless to discuss the matter. Will you permit me to open the gate for you?"

"Very well, then," exclaimed Madame, hotly; "I sha'n't allow my niece to come here again. I won't accept favors from any one. If she is to be taught, she shall have a teacher who is n't too proud to take her wages."

"I hope you will not deprive us of the pleasure of seeing Lady Jane. We are very fond of her," said Mam'selle Diane, almost humbly, while the tears gathered on her eyelashes; "of course, however, you must do as you think best about the lessons."

"I sha'n't allow her to run about the neighborhood any more," replied Madame, tartly; "she 's losing her pretty manners. I shall keep her with me in the future," and with this small parting thrust and a curt good-morning she went out of the little green gate, and left Mam'selle Diane to close it behind her. Poor Mam'selle! — her heart was heavy.

The interview had taken place on the gallery, and Madame d'Hautreuve had heard but little from her bed. "Diane, what did that woman want? What sent her here at this hour?" quavered the old lady, sharply.

"She came on business, Mamma," replied Mam'selle Diane, brushing away a tear.

"Business — business? I hope you have no business with her!" said her mother.

"She pretended to think I expected to be paid for the lessons I have given Lady Jane."

Madame groaned. "I told you we would regret opening our doors to that child."

"Oh, Mamma, I don't regret it. I regret only that I have lost the pleasure of seeing her. Madame Jozain will not allow her to come any more," said Mam'selle.

"Ungrateful creature, to insult you after your condescension!"

"Mamma, she did n't insult me," interrupted Mam'selle Diane, proudly. "Must I remind *you* that I am above her insolence?"

"True, my dear, true; and I hope you made her feel that she is but a Jozain."

"I did n't wish to be unkind to her, Mamma; perhaps she is not so wrong after all. Sometimes I think it would have been better to have let our friends know our real circumstances. Then they would have helped me to get pupils. I could have earned more by teaching music than I can by making penwipers, and I am sure it would be more respectable and more agreeable."

"Oh, Diane, you surprise me!" cried Madame d'Hautreuve, tremulously. "Think of it, a granddaughter of the Counts d'Hautreuve and d'Orgenois teaching the children of grocers and bakers to play the piano! No, no; I would rather bury myself here and die in poverty than disgrace the name in that way!"

Mam'selle Diane made no reply, and after a few moments Madame turned on her pillow to finish her morning nap. Then the last of the d'Hautreuves went into the little garden, and drawing on a pair of old gloves, she dug, and trimmed and trained her plants for some time, and afterward gathered up the small piles of seeds from the white papers.

"Ah!" she said, wearily, seeing how few these were, "even the flowers refuse to seed this year!"

After she had finished her work in the garden, she went dejectedly back to the little room where her mother still slept, and opening a drawer in her armoire, she took out a small box. She sighed heavily as she raised the lid. Inside on a blue velvet lining lay a slender bracelet set with diamonds and turquoises. "It must go," she said sadly to herself. "I have kept it till the last. I hoped I would n't be obliged to part with it, but I must. I cannot let poor Mamma know how needy we are. It 's the only thing I can spare without telling her. Yes, I must give it up. I must ask Madame Jourdain to dispose of it for me." Then she sat for a long time looking at it silently, while the hot tears fell on the blue velvet.

Then Mam'selle Diane bravely wiped away her tears, and laid the little box under the ducklings in the black basket.

For more than a week Mam'selle Diane did not see Lady Jane, and the poor woman's eyes

had a suspicious look of tears as she went about her duties, silent and dejected. Her only pleasure was no longer a pleasure; she could not go near the piano for some days.

At last, one evening, she sat down and began to play and sing a little song she had taught the child, when suddenly she heard outside the window the sweet *trèble* voice she loved so well.

"It's Lady Jane!" she cried, and springing up so hastily that she upset the piano-stool, she grappled with the rusty bolts of the shutters, and for the first time in years threw them boldly open. There stood the child, hugging her bird to her breast, her wan little face lighted by her sparkling eyes and bright, winsome smile.

Mam'selle Diane went down on her knees, and Lady Jane clung to her neck and kissed her rapturously, over and over.

"Diane, Diane, what are you thinking of, to open that shutter in the face of all the world?" cried the old lady, feebly.

But Mam'selle Diane did not hear her mother; she was in an ecstasy of happiness, with the child's loving lips pressed to her faded cheek.

"Tante Pauline says I must n't come in," whispered Lady Jane, between her kisses, "and I must mind what she says."

"Yes, darling," said Diane.

"I've been here every day listening, but I have n't heard you sing before."

"Dear child, I could n't sing. I missed you so I could n't sing," Mam'selle answered.

"Don't cry, Mam'selle Diane. I love you dearly. Don't cry and I'll come every day to the window. Tante Pauline won't be angry at that."

"I don't know, my dear; I'm afraid she will," said Diane, with a sad smile.

"Diane, close that window instantly!" cried Madame d'Hautreuve, quite beside herself. "A pretty exhibition you're making, before all the neighbors — on your knees crying over that child!"

"Good-bye, darling; come sometimes. Mam-ma don't like me to open the window, but I'll open the gate and speak to you," said Diane, hastily remembering herself and the exigencies of her station.

"Forgive me, Mamma — I really could n't help it. I was so glad to see the child"; and Mam'selle Diane closed the window with a brighter face than she had shown for many days.

"I think you must be insane, Diane! — I think you surely must be, to let all these common people know that a *blanchisseuse de fin* will not allow her child to come into our house, and that you are obliged to go on your knees and reach out of the window to embrace her. Oh, Diane, Diane, for the first time you've forgotten that you're a d'Hautreuve!"

CHAPTER XXI.

RASTE, THE PRODIGAL.

ABOUT this time a noticeable change took place in Madame Jozain. She did not seem nearly so self-satisfied, nor so agreeable to her customers. They remarked among themselves that something had certainly gone wrong, for Madame was very absent-minded and rather cross, and was always talking about business being poor and about the quarter growing duller every day, while the neighbors were a set of curious gossips and busybodies.

"As soon as they find out that one has had trouble, they blacken one all they can," she said, bitterly, to Madame Fernandez, who was her only intimate friend.

She spoke cautiously and vaguely of her troubles, for she did not know whether the news of Raste's escapade had reached Good Children Street. "I dare say that they have seen it in the papers," she thought angrily to herself. "Locked up for thirty days as a suspicious character! If he had listened to me, and sold that watch at first, he would n't have got into this trouble. I told him to be careful, but he was always so headstrong, and now I don't know what may happen any moment. The whole story may get out through that watch being talked about in the papers; and perhaps the man that bought it was a detective. Raste did n't even find out who the buyer was. I shall never feel easy now until Raste is out of the way; as soon as his thirty days are ended, I shall advise him to leave New Orleans for a while. I'm disgusted with him, for

disgracing me in this way, and I don't want him here. I can hardly make enough to support myself and that child. If it was n't for the money I 've hidden away I should feel discouraged, but I 'll have that to fall back on. I 'm thankful Raste don't know anything about it, or he 'd beg it from me in some way. I 'm glad I 've got rid of all those things; I 'd be afraid to have them by me now. There 's nothing of any consequence left but that silver jewel-box, and I 'll get that off my hands the first time I go out."

Then she thought of the child. Suppose some one should recognize the child? She was becoming cowardly. A guilty conscience was an uncomfortable companion. Everything frightened her and made her suspicious. Madame Paichoux had asked some startling questions; and, besides, she did not know what the child might tell. Children were so unreliable. One would think they had forgotten everything and did not see nor hear; then, suddenly, they would drop some word that would lead to wonderful revelations. Lady Jane was becoming an intelligent, thoughtful child, and such people as the d'Hautreves could find out many things from her. Then she congratulated herself that she had been clever enough to get her away from Mam'selle Diane, and the Paichoux, too. And that cunning little hunchback, Pepsie; and old Gex—he was a sly old villain, and no doubt her enemy, for all he was so affable and polite. Yes; she would keep the child away from them all as much as possible.

Sometimes she thought it would be best to move away from that quarter of the city; but then, her going might excite suspicion, so she waited with much anxiety for further developments.

When Raste's thirty days were up, he came to his mother, very sheepish and, apparently, very penitent. To her angry reproaches, he replied that he had done nothing; that there was no crime in his having the watch. They did n't steal the watch; they did n't ask the poor woman into their house and rob her. She came there sick, and they took care of her; and instead of turning her child into the street, they had treated her as if she belonged to them.

As for the watch, he had been keeping it only until the child was old enough to have it, or until her relatives were found; he had never intended to sell it, until he found that it was getting him into trouble, and then he was obliged to get rid of it as best he could.

Madame listened to the plausible arguments of her handsome scapegrace, and thought that perhaps there was no real cause for anxiety after all; and when he treated his thirty days with fine scorn, as a mere trifle, a mistake of which no one knew, she felt greatly comforted.

"Respectable people," he said, "never read about such matters, and consequently none of our friends will ever know of it. It won't happen again, for I mean to cut loose from the fellows who led me into that fix. I mean to go with respectable people. I shall begin all over, and earn a living in an honest way!"

Madame was delighted; she never knew Raste to talk so reasonably and to be so thoughtful. After all, his punishment had not done him any harm. He had had time to think, and these good resolves were the result of his seclusion from the *friends* who had nearly proved his ruin. Therefore, greatly relieved of her anxieties, she took the prodigal back into her heart and home, and cooked him an excellent supper, not of a fatted calf, but of a fatted pig that Madame Paichoux had sent her as a preliminary offering toward closer acquaintance.

For several days Raste remained quietly at work around the house, assisting his mother in various ways, and showing such a helpful and kindly disposition that Madame was more than ever enchanted with him. She even went so far as to propose that they should form a partnership and extend their business.

"My credit is good," said Madame, proudly; "I can buy a larger stock, and we might hire the store on the corner, and add a grocery department, by and by."

"But the capital? We have n't the capital," returned Raste, doubtfully.

"Oh, I 'll provide the capital, or the credit, which is just as good," replied Madame, with the air of a millionaire.

"Well," said Raste, "you go out among the merchants and see what you can do, and I 'll stay here and wait on the customers. There 's

nothing like getting used to it, you know. But send that young one over to the 'countess,' or to some of her swell friends. I don't want to be bothered with her everlasting questions. Did you ever see such a little monkey, sitting up holding that long-legged bird, and asking a fellow a lot of hard questions as serious as old Ducro himself? By the way, I saw Father Ducro; he's just back from Cuba. He asked me when you were coming to church again."

With Father Ducro's name ringing in her ears, Madame went out to see about the new venture, and was absent for several hours. When she returned she found the house closed and Raste gone.

In a moment Lady Jane came running with the key. Mr. Raste had brought it to her, she said, and had told her that he was tired tending shop, and was going for a walk.

Madame smiled and said, as she took the key: "I thought so. I thought he'd get tired of it; but I can't expect him to keep closely to business, just at first."

She took off her bonnet and veil, and put them away. Then she went limping about the room, putting it in order. From time to time she smiled. She had met Madame Paichoux and Marie in the Bon Marché, on Rue Royal, and they had been very agreeable. Madame Paichoux had even invited her to come and dine with them to meet Marie's fiancé. At last they were beginning to see that she was worthy of some attention, she thought.

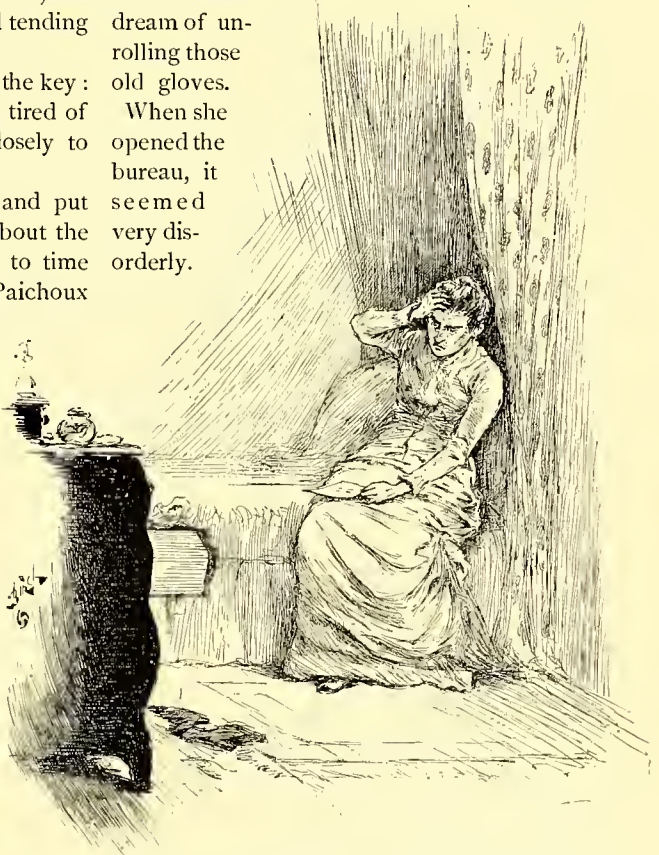
Now, if Raste would only behave himself they could do very well. With the ready money she had hidden away, and by using her credit, she could buy a large stock of goods. She would have more shelves put up, and a counter, and a fine showcase in the window; and there was the store on the corner which Raste could fit up as a grocery. Suddenly, she remembered that her rent was due, and that it was about time for her landlord's visit. She took out her pocket-book and counted its contents. She had been rather extravagant at the Bon Marché, to impress

Madame Paichoux, and had spent far more than she intended. She found that she lacked a few dollars of the amount due for rent.

"I must borrow it from the private bank," she said, jocosely, as she unlocked her bureau.

With the peculiar slyness of such people, she thought her hoard safer when not too securely concealed. Therefore she had folded up the whole of her year's savings, with the amount taken from Lady Jane's mother, inside of a pair of partly worn gloves, which were thrown carelessly among the other contents of the drawer. It was true, she always kept her bureau locked, and the key well hidden, and, besides, she seldom left her house alone. But even if any one should break it open, she thought, they would never dream of unrolling those old gloves.

When she opened the bureau, it seemed very disorderly.



"STAGGERING TO THE BED, SHE SAT DOWN ON THE EDGE, AND READ THE LARGE CHARACTERS."

"Surely, I did n't leave my things in such confusion!" she said, nervously clutching at the gloves, which were startlingly conspicuous.

With beating heart and trembling hands, she unrolled them, but instead of the roll of notes, only a slip of paper was found.

The gloves dropped from her nervous hands, and staggering to the bed, she sat down on the edge, and read the large characters, which were

CHAPTER XXII.

THE JEWEL-BOX.

THE next day after Raste's sudden departure, Madame Jozain sat in her doorway looking very old and worn; her face was of a settled pallor,



MADAME JOZAIN BARGAINS FOR HER MOVING. (SEE [NEXT PAGE.])

only too familiar and distinct, although they danced and wavered before her eyes:

DEAR MAMMA: I've decided not to go into partnership with you, so I'll take the capital and you can keep the credit. The next time that you secrete from your dutiful son money that's as much his as yours, don't hide it in your old gloves. It is n't safe. I'm going away on a little trip. I need a change after my close application to business. Your inquisitive neighbors won't mind my taking a vacation. What could be pleasanter than my *uncle's ranch in Texas*? Your affectionate and devoted son,

ADRASTE JOZAIN.

and her eyes had a dazed, bewildered expression, as if she had received a heavy blow that had left her numb and stupid. At times, she put her hand to her head and muttered, "Who would have thought it? Who would have thought it? His mother, his own mother!— and I've always been so good to him!"

Suddenly, she seemed to have lost her interest in her business, her customers, and even her domestic affairs. Her little store was more untidy than any one had ever seen it. When a

neighbor entered to buy a trifle or to gossip for a few moments, Madame made an effort to appear cheerful and chatty, but that it was an effort was evident to all. At last some one asked if she were ill.

"Well, not exactly," she answered, uneasily, "but I might as well be. The fact is, I'm fretting about that boy of mine; he took it into his head yesterday to go away to his uncle's ranch. I miss him very much. I can't get along without him, and I should n't wonder if I should go too."

When Pepsie asked what was the matter with her Tante Pauline, Lady Jane answered, as she had been instructed, that Tante Pauline had headaches because Mr. Raste had gone away, and was n't coming home for a long time.

"Madame Jozain is fretting about her son's going away," observed Madame Fernandez to her husband, looking across the street. "She's been sitting there all the morning so lonesome and miserable, that I'm sorry for her. But there's some one coming to see her now,—a stranger, and so well dressed. I wonder who it can be?"

The newcomer was a stranger to Madame Fernandez, but Madame Jozain welcomed her as an old friend; she sprang up with sudden animation and shook hands warmly.

"Why, Madame Hortense," she exclaimed, "what chance brings you to my little place?"

"A happy chance for you," replied Madame Hortense, laughing. "I've come to bring you money. I've sold the little jewel-case you left with me the other day, and sold it very well, too."

"Now, did you? How good of you, my dear; I'm so glad—for the child's sake!"

"Would you believe that I got twenty-five dollars for it? You know you said I might sell it for ten; but I got twenty-five, and I think I could have sold it for more, easily. It is solid silver and an exquisite thing."

"Yes, it was of the best workmanship," sighed Madame.

"But I must tell you how I happened to sell it for such a high price. It's very strange, and perhaps you can throw some light on the matter. One of my best customers happened to come in last evening,—Mrs. Lanier of Jackson Street. You know Lanier the banker? They are very rich people. She was looking over the things

in my showcase, when she suddenly, as if surprised, exclaimed:

"Why, Madame Hortense, where did you get this?" I turned around, and she had the little jewel-case in her hand examining it closely, and I saw that she was quite pale and excited.

"Of course, I told her all I knew about it: that a friend had given it to me to sell, and so on. But she interrupted me by asking, where my friend got it, and all sorts of questions; and all the while she was looking at it as if she could n't imagine how it got there. I could only tell her that you gave it to me. Then she asked other questions so excitedly that I could n't help showing my surprise. But I could n't give her all the information she wanted, so I wrote your name and address for her, and told her to come and see you, and that you would be able to tell her all about it."

During Madame Hortense's hasty and rather confused narrative, Madame Jozain turned an ashy white, and her eyes took on a hunted expression, but with a set ghastly smile she followed every word of her friend's story.

At length she found strength and composure to say:

"Why, no wonder you were surprised! Didn't she tell you why she wanted to know?"

"I suppose she saw that I was very much puzzled, for after looking at it sadly for some time, she said that it was a mystery how the box came there; that she had given that little casket to a schoolmate ten years before, while at school in New York; that she had had it made especially for her; and that her friend's initials, J. C., were on it."

"Dear, dear, only think! An old schoolmate, I suppose," said Madame Jozain, hastily.

"Then she asked me if I would sell her the little box; and I said, certainly I would; that it was put there to sell. Seeing how anxious she was to get it, I thought I would put the price at twenty-five dollars, although I did n't really think she'd give it. But she never said a word about the price; she paid it in a dazed way, took your address that I'd written down for her, and went out, carrying the little casket with her. I suppose she'll be here to-day, or to-morrow, to see you; and so I thought I'd hurry down and tell you all about it."

"And your commission?" said Madame Jozain with a visible effort to appear calm, as the milliner laid the money on the table.

"Oh, *par exemple*, Madame Jozain! As if I would! No, no, we 're too old friends. I cannot take pay for doing you a little favor. And besides, I 'm glad to do it for the dear child. She must be a great anxiety to you?"

"She is!" returned Madame, with a heavy sigh. "But she has some property in land, I believe. My son has just gone away, and I 'm thinking of going too. I 'm very lonely here."

"Ah?" said Madame Hortense, surprised. "Why, you 're so well placed here. Shall you go soon?"

"Before very long," replied Madame, who did not care to be more definite.

"Well, come and see me before you go."

Madame Hortense drew down her veil and rose to leave.

"I 'm sorry I can't stay longer to chat with you; I 'm busy, very busy. Now, mind, be sure to come and say good-bye," and with a cordial *au revoir*, the little milliner hurried down the steps, and out of sight around the corner.

For some time after her visitor had gone, Madame Jozain stood quite still in the middle of her little shop, with her hands pressed to her head, and her eyes fixed on vacancy. At length she muttered to herself:

"She 'll come here; yes, she 'll come here! I *can't* see her. I *can't* tell her where I got that box! I must get away at once. I must go out and find another place. There 'll be no more peace on earth for me! My punishment has begun."

Then Madame hurriedly put on her best gown and bonnet, and calling across to Lady Jane, who was with Pepsie, she said she was going out on business, and that she might not be back for some time.

Late that same afternoon, Madame Jozain was limping slowly and wearily through a narrow street at the other end of the city, miles away from Good Children Street, when she saw an old negro sitting on a furniture wagon to which two mules were harnessed.

"Is that you, Pete?" she asked, stopping and looking at him.

"Why, law, yes, it 's me, Miss Pauline; an' I is mighty glad ter see yer," said the old man, climbing down.

"And I 'm glad to find you, Pete. I see you 've got a wagon. Is it yours?"

"Well, 't ain't edzactly mine, Miss Pauline. I is hired it. But I is a-drivin' it."

"I was just looking for some one to move me to-night, Pete," Madame went on.

"Ter-night, Miss Pauline? Why, we does n't often work a'ter sundown, an' it 's mos' dat now."

"What do you charge for a load, Pete, when you move furniture?"

"I mos' gen'ly charges two dollars a load, when it ain't too fur, Miss Pauline," he answered slowly.

"Well it *is* far, Pete. It is from Good Children Street."

"Oh, Miss Pauline, I can't do dat ter-night. My mules is too tired fur dat."

Madame stood still and thought for a moment.

"See here, Pete," she said at length in a tone of decision, "I want you to remember that you belonged to our family once, and I want you to listen to me and to do what I say. You 're to ask no questions and answer none. Mind that! You 're to keep your tongue still. Take your mules out now, and give them a good feed, and let them rest awhile. Then be at my house by ten this evening. That will be soon enough, for I 've got to pack. If you 'll move me quietly, and without any fuss, I 'll give you ten dollars for the load."

"Ten dollars, Miss Pauline?" and the old darky grinned. "Bress yer, Miss, I is a mind ter try it, but it 's a mighty long road!"

"You 've got plenty of time; you need n't hurry. Bring a man to help, and leave the wagon in the side street. I want the things taken out the back way, and no noise. Mind what I say, *no noise!*"

"All right, Miss Pauline, I 'll be dar, *shore*. An' yer 'll gib me ten dollars?"

"Yes, ten dollars," replied Madame, as she limped away to take the street-car.

Some of Madame Jozain's neighbors remembered afterward that they slept badly that night, had uneasy dreams and heard mysterious noises; but as there was a thunderstorm about daybreak, they had concluded that it

was the electricity in the air which caused their restlessness. However, Pepsie afterward insisted that she had heard Lady Jane cry out, and call "Pepsie!"—as if in great distress or fear, and that about the same time, there were sounds of hushed voices, rumbling of wheels, and other mysterious noises. But her mother had told her she was dreaming.

So upset was Pepsie by the night's experience that she looked quite pale and ill as she sat by her window next morning, waiting for Madame Jozain to open the shutters and doors.

How strange! It was eight o'clock, and still no sign of life in the house opposite! The milkman had rung his bell in vain; the brick-dust vender had set his bucket of powdered brick on the very steps, and shrieked his discordant notes close to the door; the clothes-pole man had sung his dismal song; and the snap-bean woman had chanted her three syllables, not unmusically; and yet, late as was the hour, no one appeared to open the door of Madame Jozain's house.

At last Pepsie could no longer endure her suspense.

"You go and see what's the matter," she said to her little handmaid.

So Tite zigzagged across the street, flew up the steps, and pounded vigorously on the door; then she tried the shutters and the gate, and finally even climbed the fence and peeped in at the back windows. In a trice, she was back, gasping and wild-eyed:

"Bress yer, Miss Peps! W'at I done tol' yer? Dem's all gone. Ain't a stick or nofin' in dat dar house! Jes' ez empty ez a gourd!"

At first, Pepsie would not believe the dreadful news; but finally, when she was convinced that Madame had fled in the night and taken

Lady Jane with her, she sank into the very depths of woe and refused to be comforted.

Then Paichoux and Tante Modeste were called into a family council, and Paichoux did his very best to solve the mystery. But all he could learn was from Madame's landlord, who said that Madame Jozain had paid her rent and given up her key, saying that she had decided, very suddenly, to follow her son. This was all the information the landlord could give, and Paichoux returned dejectedly with this meager result.

"I had my plans," he said, "and I was waiting for the right moment to put them in operation. Now, the child has disappeared, and I can do nothing!"

The next day, Pepsie, sitting sorrowfully at her window, trying to find consolation in a game of solitaire, saw a private carriage drive up to the empty house and wait, while the servant made inquiries for Madame Jozain.

"Madame Jozain *did* live there," said M. Fernandez, politely, "but she went away between two days, and we know nothing at all about her. There was something strange about it, or she never would have left without bidding her friends good-bye, and leaving some future address."

The servant imparted this scanty information to the lady in the carriage, who drove away looking greatly disappointed.

The arrival of this elegant visitor, directly succeeding Madame's flight, furnished a subject for romantic conjecture.

"I should n't wonder," said Pepsie, "if that was Lady's mamma, who has come back after all! Oh, how dreadful that she was n't here to see her!" and then poor Pepsie cried, and would not be consoled.

(To be continued.)

A GIANT WITH A SWEET TOOTH.

BY CARYL D. HASKINS.

AN elephant may be taught to dance, to ride a velocipede, to stand on his head, and to do other wonderful things; and his keepers have found, by long experience, that one of the most effectual methods of teaching these feats is to reward the great pupil with some dainty bit to eat. He will work hard and long for a single lump of crisp, white sugar, and push aside, with scarcely a glance, food which other captive animals would be only too glad to receive.

Nor is his taste for tidbits the result of life in captivity; the wild elephants of the far-away East are quite as fond of dainties as their more civilized brethren, and almost every day of their lives, to obtain their much-loved sweets, they perform feats nearly as wonderful as those taught the trained elephants by their keepers.

With the exception of Ceylon, which seems to be truly an elephants' paradise, full of everything that even the most particular of the monsters could desire, the haunts of the elephant, both African and Indian, are far from well-stocked with the sweet bits for which they seek; and even such as there are, may be hidden away under the earth or hung far up overhead, in such a situation as to make their possession quite impossible, except by the use of skill and intelligence.

One favorite food of the African elephant is the tender, juicy roots of the mimosa-tree, which grows in scattered groups through most of the meadows and lowlands of central Africa.

When an elephant finds a young tree of this sort, it is not difficult, as a rule, for him to get at the roots, especially if the surrounding soil is moist and loose, as is often the case after it has been soaked by the heavy rainfalls of the tropics.

If the tree is loose, the elephant, knowing his strength, winds his trunk firmly round the tree, and plucks it from the earth, a feat which is no harder for him than the pulling up of a flower is for a child.

But the elephant does not stop here; experience has taught him the most comfortable way of enjoying his prize, so without relaxing his hold, he turns the tree completely over, and stands it with its upper branches thrust down into the place where the roots were. Then the earthy roots, now replacing the branches, remain within easy reach of the strong and deft trunk.

African travelers tell us of great tracts of country almost covered with these inverted trees. Seeing the dry trees turned upside down one would be more likely to think a wood had been reversed by mischievous fairies, than to suppose hungry elephants had been feeding there.

Sometimes an elephant will find a tree which defies his greatest efforts, and absolutely refuses to be uprooted. But the elephant does not give it up. Not at all. He either brings another elephant to help him—a thing they often do when the work is too much for one—or, if he cannot find a friend, he sets his own wits to work. He makes use of his tusks as levers, thrusting them, as if they were crowbars, deep under the roots, and pries away slowly and steadily until the tree is loosened; and then with a great wrench he completely uproots it and it goes toppling over, leaving the clever elephant victorious.

But the elephant does not feed on roots only; the fruits of several trees are much preferred to the tenderest roots or juiciest leaves and grasses, and to secure these fruits the elephant can be both intelligent and persevering.

In the northern part of Central Africa, almost as far north as these animals are now found wild, grows an enormous tree, the fruit of which is perhaps the favorite food of all known to these fruit eaters. But the elephant can not deal with this sturdy forest monarch as he would with other trees, for in size and strength it holds among fruit-trees almost the rank that the elephant does among the beasts, and it defies him to do it harm. Its wiry roots, deep planted in

the warm soil, are too firm to be torn up, and its mighty stem successfully resists any attempt to break or even to bend it.

But far up in the air among the lofty branches hang at the proper season great masses of fruit, a temptation to every passing elephant, and a prize to be possessed at any cost.

Devising ways to secure this fruit placed thus just out of reach, has, without doubt, given rise to much thought among the clever elephants; for, unquestionably, waiting for the fruit to fall unassisted, in that land where the wind so seldom blows, would be very weary work, since the fruit is scarcely larger than a plum. And even were a score to fall at a time, they would not go far toward satisfying an elephant's appetite.

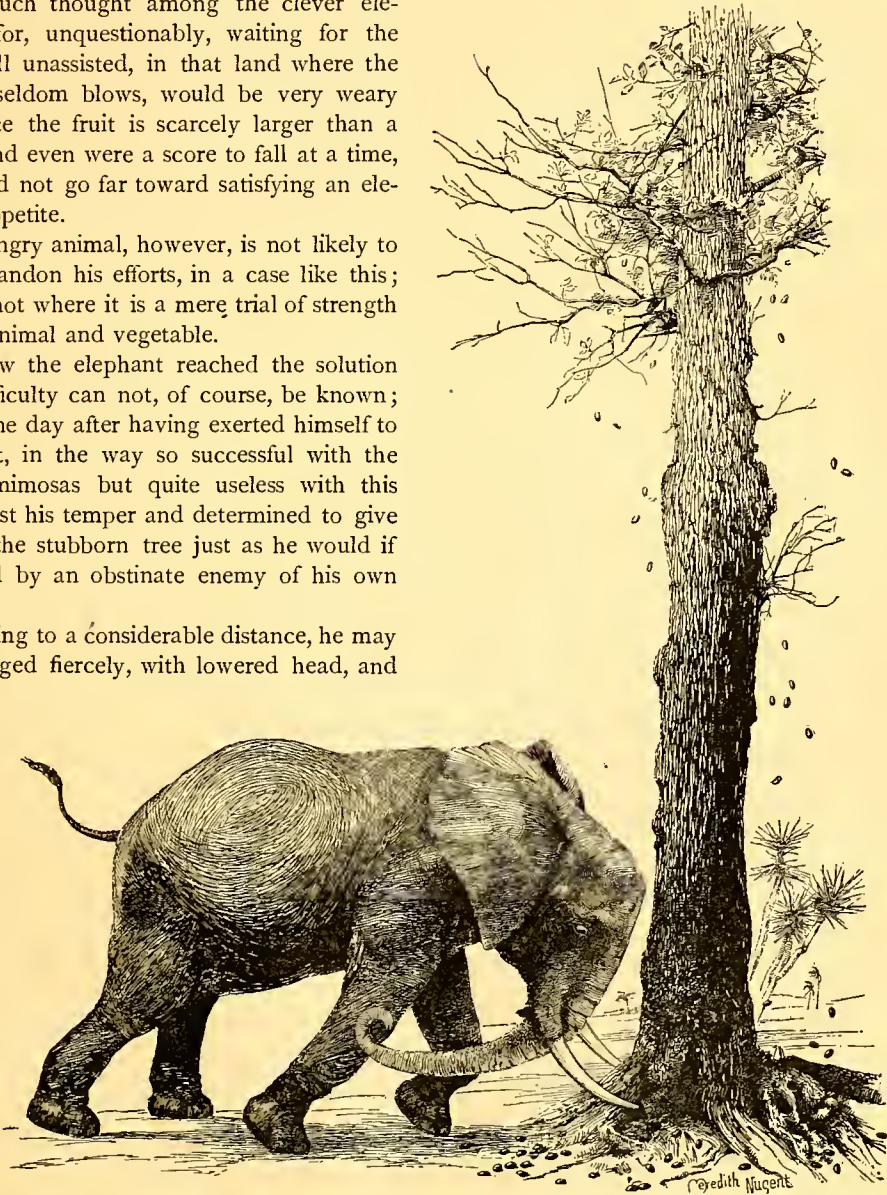
The hungry animal, however, is not likely to tamely abandon his efforts, in a case like this; certainly not where it is a mere trial of strength between animal and vegetable.

Just how the elephant reached the solution of the difficulty can not, of course, be known; perhaps one day after having exerted himself to his utmost, in the way so successful with the yielding mimosas but quite useless with this tree, he lost his temper and determined to give battle to the stubborn tree just as he would if confronted by an obstinate enemy of his own kind.

Retreating to a considerable distance, he may have charged fiercely, with lowered head, and

struck the forest king so heavy a blow with his great forehead, that the tree trembled and shook in every branch, and the fruits, jarred from their resting-places far above, came rattling down in a perfect shower, a peace-offering likely to appease the enraged animal.

But, however the lesson was learned, it was not forgotten,—for all the elephants understand



A CLEVER ELEPHANT.

the trick, and can secure the dainty sweets with very little more effort than they would bestow on obtaining any other fruit.

Trees, however, are not the only sufferers from the appetite for dainties and the ready wit of these great forest rangers.

In some parts of Africa, one may come upon large spaces of land which have exactly the appearance of newly plowed fields in far-away lands of civilization, land which seems to await the coming of the sower; but this "plowing" is again the work of the ever-industrious elephants, who with the sturdy plows of ivory

which nature has bestowed upon them for so many uses, turn up the soil almost as well as the farmer with his patent plow.

But the elephants do not tear up the earth in this way as a preparation for planting, but to gather a harvest. Their delicate sense of smell has assured them that here lie buried in the friendly soil quantities of a certain delicious and juicy bulb which forms one of the elephants' most plentiful and best-prized foods. These bulbs they unearth, and gathering them up with their sensitive trunks, reap a delicious reward for their labor and intelligence.

AN ALPHABET OF RIVERS.

By "THE TRAVELER."

A STANDS for the AMAZON, mighty and grand,
 And the B 's BERESINA, on Muscovy's strand,
 The placid CHARLES River will fit for the C,
 While the beautiful DANUBE is ready for D.
 The E is the ELBE in Deutschland far North,
 And the first F, I find, strange to say, is the FORTH.

The great river GANGES can go for the G,
 And for H our blue HUDSON will certainly be;
 The quaint IRRAWADDY for I has its claims,
 And the J is the limpid and beautiful JAMES.

The K is for KAMA, I know in a jiffy,
 And the L is the LOIRE and the prosperous LIFFEY.
 For M we have plenty to choose from, and well,
 There 's the noble MISSOURI, the gentle MOSELLE.
 For N we have NILE, and the ONION is O,
 While for P you can choose the gray PRUTH or the PO.

The Q is the QUINEBAUG, one of our own,
 But the R comes to front with the RHINE and the RHONE.
 For the S there 's the SHANNON, a beautiful stream,
 And the T is the TIBER where Rome reigns supreme.
 The URAL, I think, will with U quite agree,

And the turbulent VOLGA will fit for the V.
 The W 's WESER, and XENIL is X
 (You may find it spelled with a J, to perplex).
 Then for Y, YANG-TSE-KIANG is simple and easy,
 And to end the long list with a Z, take ZAMBESI.

JACK AND JILL REYNARD.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.



ACK and Jill Reynard, before I became acquainted with them, lived in a deep dark valley in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Southern California; a cañon that was a green river in its beauty of foliage, as it wound away for miles through the heart of the mighty range.

Jack and Jill were mountain folk, having their home in the thick growth of

greasewood and manzanita* that covered the slopes; perhaps lying on isolated rocks in sunny places during the day, and only occasionally venturing down into the lowland at night, when their human enemies were sound asleep.

If foxes talk, I have no doubt that Jack and Jill were cautioned about these lowland expeditions by certain old and gray foxes, and warned that there was danger even at night. Be this as it may, Jack became the unfortunate possessor of the secret, brought perhaps on the wind itself, that in a certain ranch yard there were some dainty young chickens.

Jack, apparently, did not trust his secret to anyone, not even to his friend Jill; and one night, when it was very dark and even the coyotes did not care to venture out, he strolled down the mountain, crept through the manzanita brush to a trail, and gaily trotted down into the valley.

Jack failed to appear the next morning, or the next thereafter; and Jill, in all probability,

decided to look for him. At all events, on another night when the moon was but a faint crescent against the sky, she stole quietly away, following the same trail over which Jack had passed a few nights before until she saw a ranch house where lights were gleaming; then she stopped, raised her pointed nose high in air and sniffed, looked about her and sniffed again. As she stepped around a tall yucca, she made out in the darkness a chicken roosting on a limb of greasewood. Here was a supper; and with a quick jump Jill seized the fowl. Then came a sharp quick sound, and, uttering a cry of fear, poor Jill found herself caught in the jaws of a steel trap that held her fast. Struggles, tears (if foxes cry), moans, and howls were of no avail, but Jill fought fitfully for freedom throughout the long night. In the morning the rancher appeared, smiling as if he knew where Jack had gone. He released poor terrified Jill, and, instead of killing her, handled her injured paw carefully; so gently, in fact, that she made no attempt to bite. Taking her under his arm he strode down to the ranch, jumped into his carriage, and an hour later drove into an orange-grove in Pasadena. Here the first thing Jill saw, when released from the bag in which she had been carried, was Master Jack sitting under an orange-tree, with a fine collar about his neck, and looking as comfortable as you please except that he was holding up one paw. So he, too, had fallen a victim to the trap!

Jill was soon provided with a collar and chain and tied to the same tree; and so they met again.

Exactly what they said, I can not pretend to tell; but what I think they said, as I watched them from my window, was this:

“Did you come down to find me, Jill?” Jack seemed to ask.

* A dense, mahogany-colored shrub which grows in the western United States.

"Yes, and I was caught in a trap," was Jill's answer.

"So was I," he must have said, for he held up his paw and groaned dismally.

"Ah! if you had not made such a secret of it, if you had been generous and told me about the ranch, I could have gone with you and we should not have been here," was what Jill had to

glossy fur and brushes, and became members of the family. Occasionally there was a little trouble. Mouse and Dinah, the two greyhounds of whom you have read in *ST. NICHOLAS*, grew jealous of the attention of their mistress. To stand by and see a fox, or worse, two foxes, have a whole chop and then be offered the bones, was too much to bear; so, as



TAKING THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

say next. "You were going to eat that chicken alone, Jack. You know you were."

"Did you bite that man coming down?" asked Jack, probably being quite willing to change the subject.

"No," Jill replied.

Though Jack had been very savage at first, Jack and Jill grew tamer each day, and never attempted to bite their mistress. They ate from her hand, liked to have her stroke their fine

soon as their mistress was out of sight, Mouse or Dinah would draw near, and while one attracted the foxes' attention, the other would steal the chop. This went on for some time, and Jack had almost made up his mind to bite some one,—in fact, he did give his mistress one little nip,—before the reason was discovered.

Jack and Jill grew fatter every day, and I often saw them looking in the direction of the little stream, with ears up, evidently listening to

the sound of waters that came from their mountain home.

As a rule they were taken to the barn at night. Once, however, they were forgotten, and a coyote roamed up through the grove and undoubtedly would have made a late supper; but here a curious trick of Southern California foxes came into play and saved them. They both climbed the tree and from the top branches looked down on Don Coyote, who could but stand upon his

were so attractive, it was decided that they must have their pictures taken. So one day a very patient photographer succeeded in making the accompanying picture of them.

Now, whether they thought that the picture might be used in identifying them in case of an escape I do not know; but neither fox would look up when placed on the piazza railing; and it took three grown persons, beside boys and dogs, to keep their attention; then, just as the



JACK AND JILL REYNARD.

hind legs and give utterance to his weird laughing bark. How Jack and Jill gained the top of the tree might be a mystery to my readers in the East, for foxes there, as a rule, do not climb trees; but this pair shinned up in a way well known to active boys. In fox-hunting here, I have known the sly Reynards to leap into a tree, climb and reach from its branches the limbs of a tall sycamore, and, by following the masses of vines which interlace the arroyo, or little stream, travel for some distance without touching the ground, to the confusion of the fox-hounds, who sought in vain for the scent.

Jack and Jill soon regained their spirits, and when the lame paws were cured, they were as bright foxes as ever stole a chicken; and as they

photographer was ready, Jack would look down again and Jill would follow suit. Finally, the photographer imitated the cries of dogs, cats, and various animals, the boys shouted, I snapped the whip and threatened them with the pack of fox-hounds (only too willing to dine upon them), their mistress waved a white banner from the balcony above, until, amid a perfect pandemonium, Jack and Jill looked up, the camera clicked — and here they are.

But one day Jack escaped. Whether frightened by the photographer, or the Valley Hunt fox-hounds, or overcome by homesickness, no one knows; but the following morning he was gone, and the truth of history requires the statement that Jill "went tumbling after."



NOT AN APPLE LEFT!

FOUND IN THE FORECASTLE.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.



“GOOD MORNING, Papa,” said little Violet, running across the deck; “this is my birthday, you know.”

“So it is, my little girl,” said Mr. Davidson, lifting

the flaxen-haired child in his arms and kissing her; “and here we are in the middle of the Atlantic. Is n’t that about right, Captain?”

“Yes,” said Captain Bedford, balancing his short rotund body on his stout legs and sending a cheery smile out of his keen gray eyes over his plump red cheeks and across his straight little nose. “We shall be about half way across, this afternoon. And so it’s your birthday, is it, little one? Well, God bless you, and may you have many of them.”

“Thank you, Captain,” said the child; “and I wish you many of them too.”

“And what is my little girl going to do to celebrate her eighth birthday?” asked Mr. Davidson.

“I am going all over the ship,” she said, “and if I find any sick or poor people I’m going to give them some money.”

“Where are you going to get the money?” asked her father.

“Why, from you, of course!” she exclaimed. Mr. Davidson laughed. He was very close with his money and seemed an unhappy man; but Violet could have had the earth if it had been in his gift.

“Captain,” she said, “will you let me go all over the ship?”

“Yes,” he replied, “but I must send some one with you.”

“Oh, I can take care of myself,” she said.

“You might get lost, though,” said Captain Bedford, laughing. “Quartermaster, go with this little lady and show her over the ship.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the old seaman, smiling with pleasure at his task.

The child placed her tiny hand trustfully in the sailor’s big, gnarled fist, and went tripping along beside him, chattering as if she had known him ever since her brown eyes opened on the world.

The big ocean liner, “City of Albany,” was plowing her way westward. She was not one of the ocean greyhounds, and although five days out from Liverpool, she had five days ahead of her before Fire Island light would heave up over the “distant purple rim of the sea.” Mr. Davidson was a very rich man. He had been traveling in Europe for two months in quest of needed recreation, for he had fairly worn himself out with hard chasing after the fleeting dollar. Violet was his only comfort, for her mother was dead; and he had taken the child with him because he could not bear a day’s separation from her. She was the one being whom he loved, the only creature who could find the way to the soft spot in his heart. He gratified her every wish, and had she not been a child of the loveliest disposition, she would have been hopelessly spoiled. But her sweet nature seemed to be above all thoughts of selfishness, and Mr. Davidson, as he realized this, felt that his daughter was much less like him than like her noble mother, who was lying at rest in the shadows of Woodlawn.

Down in the forecandle, a swinging ship’s lantern was throwing a fitful and unsteady glimmer of light across a bunk in which lay a sick sailor boy. He was a slight young fellow, with fair hair that hung in curls about his hot and throbbing brow. He did not look strong enough for the bitterly hard life of a sailor; yet he was on the ship’s papers as an able seaman. One would have fancied him better suited to the helm of a pretty little yacht than to the grimy forecandle of an ocean steamer.

There was a head-sea on, and the sick lad could feel himself suddenly lifted and swung high up with an irresistible rush. Then he would

go plunging down again, and the next sea would meet the descending bows and smite them a mighty blow, which would ring through the iron hollows of the hull with clanging reverberations. As some sea heavier than its fellows would strike a more than usually powerful blow, the boy would turn restlessly on his pillow and mutter :

“ Lay aloft there ! Man the fore-topsail clew-lines and bunt-lines ; weather fore-topsail brace ! No, Father, I can't stand it. Settle away the halliards ! Brace in and clew down ! I 'm going now ; good-bye, good-bye. Ease off the weather sheet ! Clew up to windward ! Ease away the lee sheet ! Clew up to leeward ! It 's going to blow harder to-night. No, Father, it 's no use. I can't.”

“ Here, take a drap o' this,” said a voice beside him ; and a spoonful of medicine was held against his lips. “ The boy 's got somethin' onto his mind.”

And old John Bloater, having returned the medicine bottle to its place and made a record of the time, sat down again on his three-legged camp-stool and resumed his watch. He had been

detailed to nurse the sick boy, because they had been shipmates before in a sailing-ship, and had become attached to one another. The lad had shipped in Liverpool on the previous voyage of the “ City of Albany,” and just after returning to that port had fallen sick. His case did not appear to be serious, and he was not sent to a hospital ; but when the ship was clear of the Channel, he became much worse and was put to bed.

Old John Bloater was not a handsome man. He had a low, bulging forehead and bushy gray

eyebrows, beneath which his little black eyes gleamed like coals half smothered in ashes. His cheeks were very red and flabby, and his nose was round, small, and purple, betraying the fact that its owner had engaged in many fierce bouts with that common enemy of the sailor, old John Barleycorn. But John Bloater had



“ THE CHILD PLACED HER TINY HAND TRUSTFULLY IN THE SAILOR'S BIG, GNARLED FIST, AND WENT TRIPPING ALONG BESIDE HIM.”

many good qualities, in spite of the fact that he was not the sort of man whom you would invite to a dinner party. He was honest, and he was loyal to his friends ; and he had nursed the sick boy as faithfully as a woman, if not quite so tenderly. Very particular he was about the medicines, too. There were three kinds, one of them being plain whisky, which John loved ; but he would n't have touched it for the world, because it was for the sick boy. The old sailor had made three becketts—little loops of rope—on the bulkhead beside

the bunk, and had slung the three bottles in them. The bottle upon the left hand had a piece of red flannel tied around its neck, and that on the right had a piece of green bunting. The center bottle was unadorned. Under the bottles was pinned a long slip of dirty paper, on which was written in a quaint, cramped hand the following

TIME TABLE.

Port.	Grog.	Starboard.
Cronometer.	Cronometr.	Cronometr.
10:28:52	1:00:05	11:30:10
12:29:36		1:30:00
2:29:14	3:00:15	3:29:57
4:29:22		5:29:48
6:28:59	7:01:00	7:30:18
8:28:56		

"What on earth have you done to those bottles?" asked the ship's doctor when he first saw these arrangements.

"Marked 'em so 's there can't be no mis-tooks," said old John Bloater. "Starboard an' port medicals, an' grog. Starboard medical, green; port medical, red; grog, nothin'. 'Cause why? Any sailor man wot can't tell grog with-out no mark onto it ought'er be a marine."

And the doctor perceived that old John's arrangement of the bottles, together with his time-table kept to the very second, insured accuracy in the administration of the medicines; and he departed, thoroughly confident of the strange nurse's carefulness and of his full ability to discharge his duties.

Old John Bloater was sitting in silence, shaking his head sadly over the mutterings of his patient, when the quartermaster and Violet, in making their rounds of the ship, at length reached the fore-castle.

"Oh," exclaimed Violet, "what an ugly place!"

John rose to his feet as quickly as he could, and, seeing the beautiful child, involuntarily took off his cap and made an awkward bow.

"Yes, Missy," he said, "it ain't a putty place; but it 's where sailor men lives, for all that."

"But you have a sick man here."

"Wal, he ain't hardly wot you might call a

man, seein' as how he 's only twenty years old an' don't look that; an' yet he 's be'n to sea fur four year, an' he 's as good a sailor man as ever I see, Missy."

"He 's terribly sick, is n't he?" asked the child in a subdued tone.

"Yes, Missy, he 's just about as sick as he kin be without goin' below hatches; but yet I reckon as how he 's a-goin' to pull through. 'Cause why? He 's young an' strong an' a mighty good boy, an' I — I — well, blow it all! he ain't a-goin' to die ef I kin help it!"

And old John Bloater turned away and drew his hand across his eyes.

"But he 'll never get well in this place. It rocks so."

"T ain't edzackly wot you might call rockin', Missy," said John. "Don't you see we 're right up in the eyes of her here? But every time she jumps a sea, she takes him right along toward home."

"Does he live in New York?"

"I could n't rightly say that. 'Cause why? Ever since I knowed him he 's be'n a-livin' in fore-castles, like this one; but he come from New York, I b'lieve, Missy."

"Well, I 'm going to ask the captain to put him in a better place than this."

"Lor' bless you, Missy, there ain't no better place fur sailor men aboard ship."

"I don't care. He ought to have a state-room."

Old John Bloater's eyes grew as round as saucers, and he stood shaking with laughter as the child took the quartermaster's hand and went out.

"Papa," said Violet, entering Captain Bedford's room, where her father was engaged in a game of chess with the skipper, "I 've been all over the ship, and it 's not nice at all."

"I was afraid that you would n't like it much, dear," said the captain.

"I don't. But, Papa, I 've found a poor sick sailor, and I want him put in a better room."

"But, my dear child —" began Mr. Davidson.

"Now, don't talk like that, Papa. He 's only a young boy. 'He ain't hardly wot you might call a man,'" she said, unconsciously re-

peating old John Bloater's words; "and he 's an American, too."

"Well, I 'm very sorry for him, Violet," said Mr. Davidson.

"All right," replied the child, decisively; "then you 'll come with me and see him."

greatly surprised by the entrance of these three distinguished visitors.

"How 's your patient, Bloater?" asked the captain.

"Wal, sir, he don't seem no better nor no wuss to me; but the doctor says as how he 's doin' as wal as might be supposed."

At this moment the ship's doctor entered, and immediately paused on seeing the sick boy's visitors.

"Now, Papa," said Violet; "here 's the doctor. I want you to ask him if this sick man would n't get well sooner if he was in a better place."

The doctor looked at Mr. Davidson and shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say that it would be a good thing for the patient, but that he did not see how it could be done.

"Lay aloft!" the sick boy cried out. "Man the boom tricing-lines! Trice up! Lay out and loose! Oh, I can't stand it, Father; I *must* go."

Mr. Davidson started and turned very white. "Bring the lantern," he said in an unsteady voice, "so that I can see his face."

Old John Bloater wonderingly obeyed, and Mr. Davidson stepped up to the bunk and bent over the sufferer.

"It is!" he exclaimed, staggering back and dropping into John's camp-stool.

For a moment he was silent;

then, lifting his head, he said:

"Captain Bedford, that boy is my son!"

"Holy mackerel!" exclaimed old John.

The others were silent with astonishment.

"He ran away from home at the age of sixteen," said Mr. Davidson. "I drove him to it; I was too hard with him, just after his mother's death. I tried to force him into business, when all his tastes ran to art. He had talent, and I tried to crush it. I pray that he may be spared



"'HERE, TAKE A DRAP O' THIS,' SAID OLD JOHN BLOATER."

Mr. Davidson looked at Captain Bedford, who said in reply to the look:

"The young fellow is very sick, but I believe he is very well taken care of. However, there is no objection to your going to see him, if you wish to humor her."

"Come along then, Violet," said Mr. Davidson. "I 'll go with you."

"I 'll go too," said the captain.

A few moments later old John Bloater was

to me now, or my punishment will be too great for me to bear."

Before evening the sick boy was removed to a comfortable stateroom, and old John was de-

For answer the boy put his arm lovingly around his father's neck.

"And is this dear little girl," he asked, "my sister?"



"YES," SAID VIOLET, "I 'M YOUR LITTLE SISTER."

tailed by the captain's special order to continue nursing him. Violet, who had been but three years old when the boy ran away, could hardly understand that this young sailor was the big brother whom she hardly remembered. In two days, however, he had made such progress that he was able to recognize every one.

"Harry," said his father bending over him, "come home, and be my son again!"

"Yes," said Violet, "I 'm your little sister."

"It's more than I deserve," he said, kissing her.

Harry's sailing is now confined to summer cruises in his handsome little sloop yacht. Old John Bloater has left the sea, and is janitor of Mr. Davidson's place of business. But his chief delight is to act as crew of that little yacht in the summer.

AN OLD FRIEND.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

OH, whom did you meet, my children sweet, as out of the door you ran
This sparkling autumn morning? — Now tell me if you can!
What is it you say? “Not a living thing, except high up in the blue
We saw the white gulls sailing as we came down to you.”

But surely somebody met you as you ran skipping out,
With your merry morning laughter and many a joyous shout,
And kissed your lips and cheeks and chin — “Thea, we tell you true,
We did n’t meet any living thing as we danced down to you.”

But who then has made your cheeks so red, and nipped each dear little nose,
And kissed your lips till they glow as bright as my crimson Burgundy rose?
You did n’t see but you felt the stranger,— did n’t you? Well, he came
Last night across the ocean, and Jack Frost is his name!



Aha, you did n't remember him, did you, my darlings twain !
 A year ago he brought the snow, and here he is again ;
 And he 's always ready and waiting as soon as the summer 's done,
 Full of his tricks and his antics, just brimming over with fun.

He frightens the poor little flowers to death, but you don't mind him at all !
 He cracks the chestnut-burs in the woods and lets the brown nuts fall ;
 He covers the laughing little brook with a lid of sparkling ice,
 And he hunts for cricket and grasshopper and hushes their noise in a trice.

He was riding on the wind, full tilt, when you came out of the door,
 And he said to himself, " Here are some friends I think I 've seen before !
 Here are two little girls I met last year, and I 'll toss their yellow hair,
 And paint their cheeks, and pinch their ears, and follow them everywhere."

Ah, dear round cheeks so fresh and pink with the touch of gay Jack Frost,
 My little girls with the shining eyes and gold hair lightly tossed !
 I laugh to think you could n't guess who met you on your way,
 As you danced down to your Thea, this bright October day.

THROUGH THE BACK AGES.

BY TERESA C. CROFTON.

SEVENTH PAPER.

An Ice World.

THE ice period properly belongs in the middle of the last age ; but it is of such importance that it deserves a place all by itself.

Hitherto our beautiful old world had never had a touch of frost. The poles were beginning to cool, for the crust was thickening and the earth was depending upon the sun for heat ; but there had been no such thing as ice — no frost. The giant mammals did not know what cold meant. Suddenly it came, and probably they never knew what killed them. It seems from the way the bodies are found, that they were overwhelmed by water which froze instantly ; otherwise the bodies would not be so perfect. What caused this sudden change, no one can tell. Different causes are suggested. Something may have happened to move part of

the earth farther away from the sun, thus lessening the heat. You know what is meant by the earth's axis, and that the ends of the axis are the poles. It is known for certain that the poles have not always been where they are now. Some great shock may have upset the earth. One geologist thinks that it came in contact with comets and turned over ; but how this turn-over made the sudden cold is a mystery. Others are of opinion that something kept the sun for a time from giving the usual heat to the earth.

Whatever the cause, vast fields of ice filled plains, valleys, and seas. They filled the rivers, crept up on their banks, stretched out to the hills, and covered them. So deep was the ice that it filled the lowest valleys, and few were the peaks high enough to rise above its surface. Mount Washington was just tall enough to show its head. Desolate wastes of ice and snow were

everywhere. There was no sound of running water, for the rivers and brooks were stilled.

These great ice-seas each had a central point or line from which they seem to have started. In North America there were three such beginnings situated where the most rain now falls. One ran down the well-watered Atlantic side of the continent, and the ice-seas which spread away from this were very deep and wide; a second ran down the Pacific side; and a third followed the high ridges of the Rocky Mountains.

In Europe, the mountains of the region now called Norway and Sweden were the starting-point, and the ice stretched from these far away on the east into what is now Russia, into where Germany lies on the south, and completely covered what was to be Great Britain.

In high valleys, among the mountains whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, are often found seas of ice, called "glaciers." They are formed thus: Snow that falls upon lofty mountains melts very little even in summer. So in valleys high up among the mountains, it gathers to a great depth, and from the weight of the snow lying above the lower layers becomes icy, as a snowball does when squeezed. The upper crust melts a little during the heat of the day, and the water sinks down through the snow, and then freezes at night. From this melting and freezing the mass of snow is soon changed into a sea of ice.

Remember that when water freezes, it expands. If we fill a bottle with water and let it freeze over night, in the morning we find that the bottle is cracked by the swelling of the ice. So it is with the water that forms glaciers. When it freezes, it stretches, and pushes its way down in whatever direction the valleys slope.

Glaciers of to-day are much smaller than the ice-seas of long ago; but still, in studying them, we learn to understand the old glaciers.

In traveling down valleys those ancient glaciers left traces of their journey. Over all the places where the ice-seas passed, the rocks are rounded and highly polished. A field of these rounded rocks, when seen from a distance, looks like a field filled with sheep crouching on the ground, and Swiss geologists have called them *roches moutonnées*—"sheep-like rocks." In a

valley along the summit of the Rocky Mountains, near the "Mountain of the Holy Cross," there is a beautiful display of these polished, rounded rocks.

As the glaciers moved down the valleys, great rocks, frozen fast in the ice on the sides and at the bottom, scratched and marked other rocks as they passed by and over them. Sometimes these scorings are very broad and deep, for the immense rocks the glaciers carried were like strong, powerful tools in the grasp of a mighty engine; sometimes the lines are as fine as those of a fine engraving. They usually run all one way, and by looking at the direction in which the lines run one can tell the direction in which the glacier moved. In the sandstone west of New Haven, Connecticut, the deep, broad scorings can be plainly seen, running toward the southeast. The height at which these scratches occur tells us something of the depth of the ice.

Markings in the White Mountains indicate that the ice was more than a mile deep over the region now known as northern New England.

Wherever the glaciers melted, they left an immense amount of "drift,"—that is, sand, gravel, and stones of all sizes, which had been frozen in the ice when the glaciers were forming. The northeastern part of the continent, down to Long Island, New York, is thickly covered with it. It changed the face of the country in a great many cases, filling up valleys and changing the courses of rivers. The bed over which the Niagara River formerly flowed was so filled up with drift that the river slowly cut a new way for itself out of the solid rock, and in this new channel it flows to-day.

The stones of this drift are of all sizes. Some are as small as pebbles, others as large as small houses. There is one at Bradford, Massachusetts, which measures thirty feet each way, and weighs four and a half million pounds. There is another on a ledge in Vermont which is even larger than that, and which must have been carried by the ice across a valley lying five hundred feet below where the stone now is, showing that the ice was five hundred feet thick. Great boulders of trap-rock extend through Connecticut on a line running to Long Island Sound; and as some of the same kind are found in Long Island, the glacier is believed to have crossed

the Sound, carrying these rocks with it. An immense statue of Peter the Great, in St. Petersburg, stands on one of these glacier boulders of solid granite, which weighs three million pounds. One of the largest boulders in America is in the Indian village of Mohegan, near Montville, Connecticut. The Indians call the rock "Shehegan." Its top, which is flat and as large as the floor of a good-sized room, is reached by a ladder.

Sometimes these boulders are found perched upon bare ledges of rock, so nicely balanced that, though of great weight, they may be rocked by the hand. They are called "rocking-stones." A picture of one is in St. NICHOLAS for March, 1888. Near the little Connecticut village of Noank, on Long Island Sound, there is an immense boulder called by the people there "Jemimy's Pulpit." It was formerly a rocking-stone. But the rock has worn away below it and it can no longer be moved.

Some of these boulders have been carried great distances by the moving ice. In Ohio and Michigan, some are found which have been thus moved four hundred miles. This is ascertained by finding where rock like the boulder is located. For instance, on the top of Mount Katahdin, the highest mountain in Maine, pieces of limestone with fossil remains in them occur. No such rock can be found anywhere nearer than in a ledge many miles to the northwest. So these pieces must have been carried by the glaciers from the northwest ledge.

When we think of those immense seas of ice, over a mile deep, and extending across continents, creeping slowly down the slopes, we can form some idea of the terrible effects they produced. Rocks were broken up and ground to dust. Valleys were deeply plowed out and widened. Geologists say there are good reasons for believing that the lakes of British America and our Great Lakes were once only river valleys which the glaciers "scooped" out and made into lake-beds.

Some have attempted to prove that a large

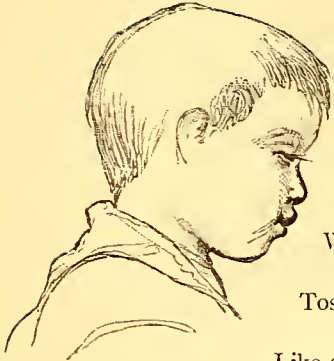
part of the work ascribed to glaciers is the effect of icebergs floating in a sea which then covered these regions. But no one who has studied the doings of glaciers of the present day can ever be convinced of this. The work of the glaciers is so different from that of icebergs that there can be no mistake. Icebergs, of course, contain quantities of earth and stone. The Banks of Newfoundland are made of the earth and stone which icebergs have carried down for ages past. Icebergs *do* plow up dirt and sand; but it requires some strong, powerful body, moving both more steadily and more slowly, to make these parallel grooves and scratches in the rocks, and to polish their surfaces. Besides, there are no sea-shells in the drift, as there would be had it been left by icebergs.

As for animals, we know that these desolate fields of ice and snow could support none. Still it may be that the ice-fields did not cover all the earth at the same time, and animals may have lived in some places, while others were having their ice-age. It is certain, however, that some species of animals, and also of plants, were then lost forever; among them those gigantic animals resembling our elephants, which before this sudden cooling made the regions now called Northern Europe and Siberia their herding-ground.

Now what was the purpose of this ice-age? According to Agassiz, the glaciers were God's great plows; and when the ice vanished from the earth, it left a surface prepared for the husbandman. It ground up limestone and granite, mixed them together, and thus made a soil fit for grain to grow in, so that there might be food for a higher order of beings than any yet created. The ice-age was an important link in a grandly perfect chain, and was just the preparation which the earth needed for the age to follow, although there seems at first so great a difference between our fertile fields with their wealth of grain and those cheerless wastes of snow and ice.

TO A LITTLE CHAP.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.



HEY! Niddy
Noddy,
What is this I see!
Vowing he is no'
for bed,
While his bonny
drowsy head
Tosses there an' tosses
here,
Like a ship at sea!

Winking an' blinking,
Eyes in shadow creep
Straying an' playing
Hide and seek wi' sleep;
Whiles the flying laughter slips up his face
astray,
Whiles the dimples round his lips fleet and fly
away,—
Not a notion, gude or bad,
Is in that golden head,

Hoot! my weeny silly lad,
Off wi' ye to bed!

Ho! Niddy Noddy,
An' are ye waking yet!
Sitting there without a word,
Gaping like a hungry bird,
Is na that a weary sight
To mak' a body fret!
M'undering an' blundering
Along his sleepy way,
Lowering an' glowering
Wi' nought at all to say;

Daur ye now to tell a fib,—say it is na late,—
Wi' yon little lanesome crib waiting for its
mate!

Mickle seense, or gude or bad,
Is in that pretty head,
But an ye 'd mak' it more, my lad,—
Off wi' ye to bed!

THE WONDERFUL PEAR-TREE.

BY JOHN CARSON PEMBROKE.



FAR from the routes of the stage-coaches,
in a certain small town, there lived
nearly a century ago, an old miser.
Being mortal, this old miser died; and
he left no near relatives to mourn or
pretend to mourn the loss which would have
been their gain. There was much curiosity in
the village as to what would become of the
old man's money, and for a long time this
wish for information was not gratified.

But after the lawyers had buzzed about over
the dead man's estate, and after the postman
had departed very proudly one morning with a
long letter sealed with several large black seals,
and after all the eight-day clocks in the village
had been wound and unwound twice, it was
whispered about that an heir had been found
for the old man's money.

Better than that, it was learned that the post-
man had brought the heir back with him from

the last journey; and, still better, the postman was expected at the inn, and when he came would tell all that he knew. When evening came the inn was crowded, but not much was said. All were waiting for the postman.

Of course he was late; he knew that his importance would be gone as soon as his news was told. Taking a chair modestly near the doorway, the postman sat himself down.

"Good-evening, neighbor," said the village schoolmaster.

"Good-evening, one and all," replied the postman.

"What news?" asked the schoolmaster.

"Little enough," replied the postman. "Have you heard that the heir has been found?"

There was a sudden scraping of chairs, as the curious crowd gathered nearer.

"So it has been said of late," replied the schoolmaster, with fitting reserve. "And it has also been asserted by some that none know better than yourself who and what the heir may be."

"That I do," said the postman, trying to look humble; "that I do, neighbors. In fact, as some of you may know, I had the good fortune to ride to town to-night with the youth who, for aught I know, will soon be the richest of all of us."

"If it would not be an impropriety," said the schoolmaster, stroking his chin, "why not recount such particulars of his lineage, manners, calling, and way of life as he may have confided to you without seal of secrecy?"

This bold advance to an understanding met with much favor—though there were those who thought such bluntness of address did no credit to the schoolmaster's shrewdness.

Seeing that further delay would not add to either his popularity or his importance, the postman began his story. It was not a long one. He had, it seems, been instructed by the lawyers to meet the young man at a certain inn, called the "Blue Basin and Ladle," situated in a seaport town some leagues away. From the young man himself it had been learned that he came from a distant colony, where he had been traveling for several years.

"He is," said the postman, "a second cousin, I believe—or possibly a niece's son. At all

events he is the nearest living relative, and will inherit all the property."

"And what nature of a man may he be?" asked the landlord.

"It 's hard for a simple man to tell," answered the postman, stroking his chin. "He seems to me an odd fish. He carried a fiddle on his back; sang queer songs in a gibberish no one could understand; hobnobbed with a traveling Gipsy tinker whom we met upon the road; made friends with the post-horses, and even cured one of a lame forefoot. But he said nothing to me; never inquired about his new neighbors; and when I asked him about the crops, said that he could n't wait to see them grow, and advised me to save my breath for the hills on the road. In fact, for a time I could n't decide whether he was a crazy loon or a simpleton."

"And to what conclusion did you come at last?" asked the schoolmaster.

Before this question could be answered, a knock was heard on the door. "Come in, and welcome!" shouted the host. The door opened and there entered an old Gipsy, once a tramp, now a peddler, who sometimes came to the town to sell knives and other small cutlery and to do tinkering. Room was made for him without a further word of greeting, and putting his pack on the floor he sat down.

The postman, however, had not forgotten the landlord's question, and now answered it, adding enough information to interest the old Gipsy, and thus include him in the audience—for the postman was of the race of gossips, and would talk to a rag-doll rather than keep silent.

"This young man from foreign parts," said he, "who has now fallen heir to the old miser's gold, seems, to put it very fairly and to do justice to all concerned, neither more nor less than a *ninny*. In truth, he knows next to nothing; and if we may believe the old adage about a fool and a fool's money, we shall live to see him leave the town as penniless as he entered it."

There were a few questions asked and answered, and then the talk turned to other things.

Several weeks passed on; the old miser's money—commonly declared to be in rolls of bright goldpieces, and to have been found stowed

cunningly away, as a dog hides bones — was handed over to his heir. The young man certainly had nothing in his appearance or bearing to contradict the very unfavorable judgment delivered by the postman. In fact, acquaintance with him had led the villagers to think the postman right.

No one had noticed, that night at the inn, how attentively the old Gipsy listened to all that was said. And no one thought it at all strange that on the Gipsy's next visit to the town he should call first at the miser's house, now occupied by the young heir.

"Would the rich young gentleman care to buy any of my knives, scissors, or razors?" asked the Gipsy, when the door was opened.

"I don't know," said the young fellow uncertainly, as the Gipsy opened his pack and spread the shining tools on the doorstep. "What have you to sell?"

"Now that you are so rich, so *very* rich," said the Gipsy, "you will have to shave every day. It will never do for so rich a man to go unshaven like a porter!"

This repetition of the word "rich" was for a purpose. The young man noticed it, and said:

"Why do you say I am so rich?"

"You have the goldpieces that the old man spent his life in securing," said the Gipsy; "and he left plenty of gold — yes, plenty of gold!"

"How do you know?" asked the young man, as if much interested.

"I know how he grew it," said the Gipsy.

"How he *grew* it?" repeated the other.

"How he grew it," repeated the Gipsy carelessly.

"What do you mean?" asked the young man.

"It is tiresome for me to stand here," said the peddler; "and it is too long a story to tell. If I could have a bit of bread and cheese, I'd tell you the story gladly."

The young man was curious to hear what the Gipsy had to say, and therefore invited him into the house.

When they were seated in the tumbledown old kitchen, the Gipsy said:

"I am glad that you show yourself to be a man of sense. Fortunate indeed is it for you

that you did not yield to the silly prejudice against Gipsies that most of these stay-at-home folk have. The good man who died, and whose gold has come to you, had no foolish prejudices either. Though you are only a distant relative, I see that you are heir to some of his finest traits as well as to his money. I care nothing for money myself, but I like to have my friends enjoy life."

The young man seemed completely bewildered by this foolish rigmarole, and sat silent, but with his eyes fixed keenly upon his talkative visitor.

"Yes," continued the Gipsy; "your relative, whose loss we so deeply regret, was kind to me when I had need of kindness. I was once arrested, and brought before the magistrates for vagrancy and for sorcery, and he alone stood by me and secured an acquittal. In return I did him a favor — and he grew rich. He might have been much richer, but he sold the pear-tree."

"What pear-tree?" asked the young man. "There are no pear-trees on the place."

"Not on this place," said the Gipsy slyly. "As I said, he sold the tree. That is, he sold the farm where the tree is, which is much the same thing."

"Surely one could not get rich by growing pears?" said the young man.

"You never saw pears like these," answered the Gipsy, pretending he was about to go.

The young man begged the peddler to tell more of this strange story.

"It is useless," said the Gipsy, "you would never believe a word of it. In fact, I hardly believe it myself. I tell it only because you seem to be interested."

But the young man insisted, and the peddler, after a show of reluctance, sat down, being very willing to tell the absurd story he had invented with the hope of being able to rob the young heir.

"Your relation, whose untimely loss we all deplore," began this old scamp, "after he had aided in clearing me of the charge of sorcery, took me to his own house and there told me that he himself dealt in the black art." Here the Gipsy made a rhetorical pause and fixed his big black eyes on the young man. Whether

or not his hearer understood what was said, he appeared willing to listen. So the story was resumed.

"I was, of course, surprised; but in a few words the old man, now no more, explained to me that I was a somnambulist of the most extraordinary powers."

"A — what?" said the young heir.

"A sleep-walker. He assured me that I was a sleep-walker of great ability."

"What of that?" said the young man.

"So I asked. He made me no very decided answer, but begged I would lend him my assistance in an enterprise of his own. I consented. He then requested that I should spend several nights beneath his roof. I did so."

"You did?"

"Yes. I was his guest."

"Is that all?" asked the young man.

"Oh, no. The best is to come. He was so eager I should prolong my stay that I determined to find out why. I pretended, on the next to the last night that I was with him, to be fast asleep, whereas in reality I remained awake. To make my story short, the deceased came to my room and after (as he thought) convincing himself that I was sound asleep, took me by the shoulder and said 'Come!' I rose and followed him. Going to the stable he said, 'Take the spade!' I took the spade, and away we went. Exactly where I can scarcely remember"—here the Gipsy paused and looked at the young man, intending to give the impression that he *could* tell all about it if he chose. Then he went on: "We came to a *certain pear-tree*, and here he directed me to dig. I dug a small hole in the ground, and then he told me to stop. Next, he took from his pocket a bag tightly tied. This he deposited in the hole; in fact, buried it. Then he directed me to go home; and home I went.

"You may be sure that I did not lose sight of him the next night. He did not disturb me, however, but set off by himself for the pear-tree. I followed him at a safe distance and watched all that he did. Going straight to the tree he picked several of the pears, and breaking them open, took from each a shining goldpiece!"

Again the peddler paused to see what effect he had produced upon his companion, and

again he was disappointed, for the latter, though still quietly attentive, made no sign of any sort.

"I was surprised," said the Gipsy, "for I had never seen anything of the kind. Did you ever?"

"No. I never," said the impassive youth with a pretended yawn. Thinking anything in the way of tact was thrown away upon the stupid booby to whom he was talking, the former tramp proceeded to state the rest of his scheme without any foolish waste of words.

"Now, if I should walk in my sleep again," said the Gipsy, "I have no doubt I could find that tree. And, if I can do so, we may both be rich. I have very little money to plant, but as the tree of course increases whatever may be buried at its roots I have enough to secure me a rich reward for my trouble."

"What do you wish to do?" asked the young man.

"Plainly put, this: You and I will collect all the money we can spare, and when I am asleep to-night you shall do as your ancestor did. I will walk and find the tree, and then we can plant our money. On the next night we will go and pick the pears!"

"I have another good plan," said the young man slowly.

Pleased with any gleam of intelligence, the Gipsy asked, "What is that?"

"Bury the money crop again, and then we shall have more yet!"

"You are a genius!" answered the peddler, pretending to be much pleased. "That is just what we will do!"

Though the next night was bright as day, with a big harvest moon pouring its mellow light upon the country, the plan was carried out.

The old Gipsy arose, and with much ceremony and a pretense of cabalistic nonsense, arrayed himself in a very gaily figured dressing-gown taken from among the choicest things in his pack. In a sleepy and mumbling tone, he said something at the same time about his "magic robe," thereby hoping to delude the young simpleton. Tying a handkerchief about his head for a night-cap and putting on some strong slippers, he sallied forth to a neighboring pear-tree, and to the music of a sing-song chant buried the money.

On the next night the same mummery was repeated; a second visit to the tree was made, and to the apparent surprise and joy of the young man, a few of the pears were found to contain a small goldpiece in each. But the old Gipsy refused to pluck more than a very few. Nor did the young man insist upon it. Upon their return to the house, the young heir seemed much elated. But in the morning the Gipsy pretended ignorance of the trip to the tree, even when the young man declared that he intended to gather together all the gold he could, so that it might be planted at the foot of the wonderful pear-tree.

But the old Gipsy went into the town and, without telling the heir, took the liberty of borrowing a large amount of money on the credit of the young man, which was very good. He added besides, all the cash he himself had; the young man collected all his gold from strong-boxes and secret hoards, and that night they buried their many bags of money in the ground.

A drowsy owl surveyed the work from a neighboring branch and mournfully hooted his disapproval.

This time the Gipsy pretended suddenly to awake, and insisted that the younger man should climb up and sit upon one of the horizontal limbs of the pear-tree.

"For," said he, "it is the gnomes that do the work for us, and the tread of a strange foot disturbs them. Only a Gipsy's tread is light enough to escape their quick ears! The expired connection of yours—who is now only a memory—well knew this. *He* always climbed the tree, or retired a distance of forty-nine paces. You may take your choice."

So, with a wink to the owl, who returned it before he knew what he was doing, the heir climbed the tree and perched himself very uncomfortably upon a large branch.

Then the owl saw a strange sight. Now and then the old Gipsy would quickly stop his digging, and would turn suddenly and look at the young man in the tree. It seemed as if he wished to catch him off his guard. But no matter how quickly the old man turned, the younger man was ready for him. His face would put on an expression of blank idiocy or of intense curiosity over the digging, and

this he would keep until the old man looked away again, and even for a time afterward. Then the young man would laugh slyly to himself. The owl could n't understand it, and as he thought men a stupid race, he did not try very hard to solve the mystery.

That night the old Gipsy slept very soundly. He had lost so much sleep that he was tired out. It was broad daylight when he came down-stairs to seek the young man.

But the fellow-conspirator was nowhere to be found. In vain the peddler searched the house and the grounds.

Then an idea came to him.

"He is probably uneasy about his money. It will not worry him so much," said the retired tramp, laughing to himself, "when I shall have dug it up and run off with it!"

So saying, he set out for the wonderful pear-tree.

There stood the tree—but, alas! there was not a pear to be seen upon the branches. Some one had plucked them all.

Then the old Gipsy ran around to where the money had been buried. And he saw new earth thrown up, a great hole in the ground, and when he gazed upon the place where the money had been hidden, he actually felt like bursting into tears.

There stood the old Gipsy with mouth drawn down and eyebrows raised, gazing into the hole, until the owner of the orchard came near and asked what he was seeking.

"Did you see any one digging here?" asked the Gipsy.

"A young man was digging here early,—at dawn," said the man.

"What for?"

"He found a buried treasure," said the owner of the orchard.

"But—" said the Gipsy, "it was in your land?"

"Oh, no. He bought this acre of me before he began to dig. I bought his house and lot and I threw this in as a make-weight."

"But there was some of *my* money here!" said the Gipsy.

"Why did you put it in my land?" asked the owner of the orchard, coolly, but received no answer.

“Where did the young thief go?” asked the Gipsy in despair, as he thought of the goldpieces which he had very dishonestly borrowed, and of those he had earned by miles of tramping,—the goldpieces which he had put in the pears in order to bamboozle the young man.

“I can not tell. He said he was to sail for foreign parts,” and the man loitered away. Turning back, however,



ever, he called out: “He left a bit of paper in the hole he dug—maybe it was for you. I could n’t read it, try as I might. It was in a foreign tongue.”

The old man found the bit of paper. It was written in the Gipsy language, and said that the young man, being himself a Gipsy, fond of roving and moderate in his ideas, had concluded to remain satisfied with the first crop. He therefore bestowed the “wonderful pear-tree” upon his dear old friend, begging him to remember the days they “went Gipsying together!” It was signed “Romany.”

For a moment the old Gipsy was angry. Then he began to smile. Then he laughed. Then he ran after the orchard owner, and sold him back the pear-tree for a few bits of money.

It took all his savings to ransom his pack and to repay what he had borrowed, and not long after he left the little village forever.

That night the moon shone again upon the pear-tree, and there sat the owl.

“Now,” said the owl to himself, as he settled down into his fluffy overcoat, “*now* I shall be able to sleep better these bright moonlight nights. How stupid men are!”



The "Gator"

BY CLARENCE B. MOORE.

and lays a large number of oblong white eggs, but the little ones when hatched often serve as lunch for their unnatural papa, and this cannibalism, more than the rifle, prevents their numbers from increasing. The alligator is not particular as to diet. I once found the stomach of a ten-footer to be literally filled with pine chips from some tree which had been felled near the river's bank! They are fond of wallowing in marshes, and many a man out snipe shooting has taken an involuntary bath by stumbling into their wallows. In dry seasons alligators will traverse long distances overland to reach water, and travelers have come suddenly upon alligators crawling amid prairies or woods, in the most unexpected manner. The alligator as a rule is very wary, but at times sleeps quite soundly. I saw one struck twice with an oar before it woke.

THE alligator, or "'gator," as it is usually called throughout its home, the Southern States, is an object of great curiosity at the North. Every winter many tourists visit Florida and carry back baby alligators, together with more or less magnified accounts of the creature's doings and habits, and their stories are probably the cause of this very widespread interest.

Though the alligator is rapidly disappearing from the banks of the lower St. John's River, in Lake Washington and in the Saw Grass Lake (where that river has its source), and in waters still farther south, they are still to be found in almost undiminished numbers, and are hunted for a living by native hunters. They are commonly sought at night, by torch-light, for in this way they can be approached with the utmost ease. The alligator is hunted in the summer only, and the hunters usually shoot egrets, herons, and other birds of beautiful plumage during the winter months. They find a ready sale for the bird skins, as decorations for ladies' hats.

A rifle-ball will readily penetrate an alligator's hide, although there exists an unfounded belief to the contrary. The creatures will "stand a deal of killing," however, and frequently roll off a bank and are lost even after being shot through and through.

The alligator builds a nest of mud and grass,

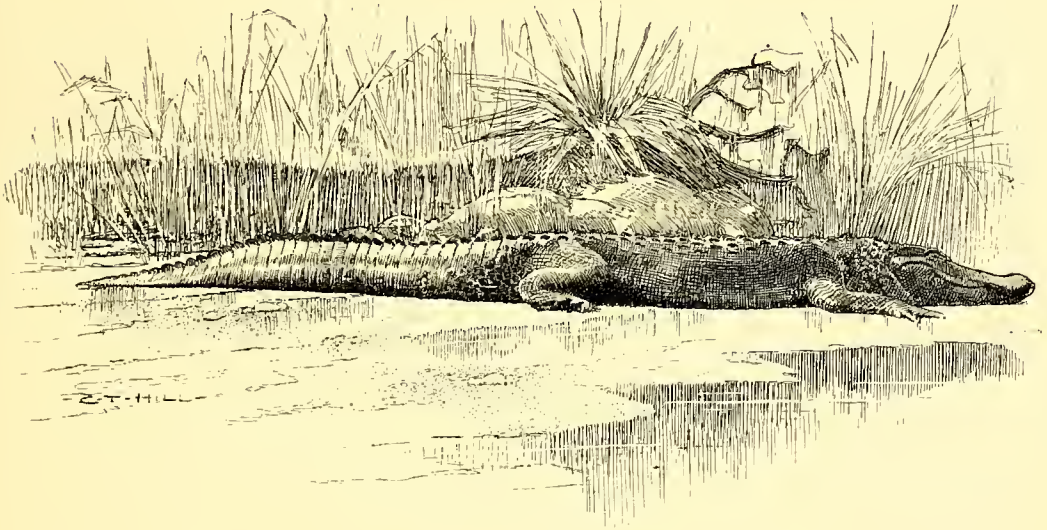
There is a very prevalent impression that the alligator differs from the crocodile in that one moves the upper jaw and the other the lower. Such, however, is not the case. Both animals move the lower jaw, though the raising of the head as the mouth opens sometimes gives the appearance of moving the upper jaw only. But alligators and crocodiles differ in the arrangement of the teeth, and the snout of the crocodile is more sharply pointed.

The hides are salted to preserve them and are shipped to dealers in Jacksonville, where those less than six feet long are worth a dollar, while for those which exceed this length twenty-five cents extra is allowed. Alligator hides to the value of twenty thousand dollars were shipped from Florida last year, and as the dealers probably charge twice the price paid the hunters, a fair estimate of the number of alligators killed for sale in that State, and not counting those shot by tourists, would be

ten thousand annually. One hears very conflicting reports as to the length of large alligators. A prominent dealer in Jacksonville said that out of ten thousand hides handled by him none were over twelve feet long. I am told that at the Centennial, side by side with a crocodile from the Nile, there was shown an alligator from Florida sixteen feet in length.

Years ago near a place called Enterprise, on

canoe. A bright idea struck him. He put his visiting-card in the beast's mouth and paddled swiftly back. A number of hunters were at the wharf, and the slayer of Big Ben hastened to inform them with apparent sincerity that while out paddling he had come within easy range of the "'gator," who was, no doubt, still lying motionless on the point. A flotilla of boats and canoes, manned by an army with



A QUIET NAP ON THE RIVER BANK.

a point jutting into Lake Monroe, during all bright days a certain big alligator used to lie basking in the sun. He was well known to the whole neighborhood. The entire coterie of sportsmen at the only hotel used to call him "Big Ben," and proud hunters would talk, and even dream, of the time when a well-aimed rifle-shot would end his long career. But Big Ben was as cunning as a serpent, and whenever any one, afoot or afloat, came unpleasantly near, he would slide off into the water,—which meant "good-bye" for the rest of the day.

One fine morning one of these sportsmen, paddling up the lake, luckily with his rifle in his canoe, came upon Big Ben so sound asleep that he stole up within range and put a bullet through the alligator's brain. What to do next was a problem. He could not tow the monster all the way to Enterprise with his small

rifles, instantly started for the point. To avoid confusion it was unanimously agreed that all should go down together, and that the entire party, if they were lucky enough to find Big Ben still there, should fire a volley at the word of command. As they approached the point, the hearts of all beat quickly; and when, with straining eyes, they saw Big Ben apparently asleep and motionless upon the bank, even the coolest could scarcely control his feelings. The boats were silently drawn up within easy shot, and the word was given. Bang, bang! went a score of rifles and Big Ben, riddled with bullets, lay motionless upon the point! With a cheer of triumph the excited sportsmen leaped ashore, and fastening a rope around the dead alligator, speedily towed him to Enterprise. There the original slayer awaited them upon the wharf. When Big Ben was laid upon the

shore, opening the animal's mighty jaws he disclosed his visiting card, and thanked them most politely for their kindness in bringing his 'gator home for him.

I once met with a curious adventure. Man is rarely attacked by alligators in Florida, except by the female alligator called upon to defend her young. Some years ago, in a small steamer chartered for the purpose, I had gone up a branch of the St. John's beyond Salt Lake until we could proceed no farther, because the top of the river had become solid with floating vegetation under which the water flowed. We tied up for the night, and shortly after were boarded by two men who said that their camp was near by and that they shot alligators and plume-birds for a living. One of the men carried his rifle, a muzzle-loader, and from its barrel projected the ramrod, which had become fast immediately above the ball while loading. He

intended to draw it out after they should return to camp.

We went ashore with these men to look at an alligator's nest near by, and were filling our pockets with baby-alligators, when we heard a grunting sound and saw an alligator eight or nine feet long coming directly at us. With the exception of the man already referred to, we were all unarmed and affairs began to look a little unpleasant, for the creature evidently meant mischief. When it was within a few feet, the man with the rifle, knowing that he alone had a weapon, took deliberate aim and fired bullet, ramrod, and all down the 'gator's throat. The animal turned over twice, and rolling off the bank, sank out of sight.

The alligators of the Amazon River in South America are very numerous, and owing to scarcity of hunters attain a very great size. In the upper waters apparently they are entirely



CATCHING AN ALLIGATOR ASLEEP.



THE ALLIGATOR HUNTERS IN THEIR CAMP.

unaccustomed to the report of firearms, and if not actually hit will lie still while shot after shot is fired. The largest I ever killed and measured was thirteen feet and four inches in length; but this was much smaller than many which I shot from dugouts and canoes too far away from shore to tow them in.

Buried an inch deep in one of these dead alligators I once found a piraña, that troublesome fish which makes swimming in some parts of the Amazon a risky matter. It bores into flesh very much after the manner of a circular punch, and when it starts, its habit is to go to the bone. The piraña of course could not penetrate the hide of the alligator, but entering by the bullet-hole it had turned to one side and partially buried itself in the flesh. I have seen men bearing very ugly scars, the results of wounds inflicted by the piraña while they were bathing. If this fish is cut open after having

bored its way into an animal a solid round mass of flesh will be found inside corresponding to the hole it has made, showing that the fish really bores its way in.

It is said that the alligator of the Amazon is more likely to attack man than its brother of our Southern States. The captain of a small steamer running between Iquitos and Para, told me that on the preceding trip he had carried to a doctor a boy who had lost his arm from the bite of an alligator, while allowing his arm to hang in the water from a raft. The same captain, however, also informed me that he had been treed by one of these animals and compelled to remain "up a tree" for some time; so that I have some hesitation in quoting him as an authority upon the nature and habits of these alligators. The flesh of young alligators is considered a delicacy in Brazil and is regularly sold in the markets.

THE EXCLUSIVE OLD OYSTER



BY LAURA A. STEEL.

THERE was an exclusive old oyster
Who spent all his life in a cloister.
He said, "For a cell
I prefer my own shell."
That very retiring old oyster.

A STORY I TOLD THE PIRATE.

"TELL me a story," said the Pirate, sitting up very straight in the chair he had drawn as close as possible to mine.

"Oh dear!" said I. "Must I tell another story?"

"Yes," said the Pirate, firmly. "Tell me a true one," and he wriggled farther back in the chair, till the soles of his shoes stared at me in the most uncompromising manner.

"Once upon a time," I began, obediently, "there was a little boy with blue eyes and yellow curls" —

"No, no," protested the Pirate; "don't tell about *me*, tell me a *new* one," and as he is a very determined Pirate indeed, I began again.

"Once when I was a little girl" —

"That 's good," nodded the Pirate, with a sigh of satisfaction; "I like them kind." For I am sorry to admit this particular Pirate is not always as grammatical as his friends could wish; but I suppose few pirates are perfect.

"Once, when I was a little girl, I knew a pussy cat, a great big gray pussy cat."

"What was his name?" queried the Pirate.

"We called him Leopard, because he was so prettily striped with black. And he lived in the country."

"I know," sagely assented the Pirate, "where it 's all outdoors, like up to my grandma's."

"Yes," I said, "and he used to catch little birds, which was naughty," — the Pirate nodded again, — "and little mice."

"Did n't he catch any big ones?" interrupted the Pirate.

"Yes," I replied. "But I wanted to tell you about some little ones. There were no little children in the house where Leop lived, so the nursery" (I quailed, but the Pirate did not detect the slip) "was not always upside down," and I glanced severely at the playthings piled in disorder behind us.

"Yes," said the Pirate, with the utmost seren-

close to grandpa's chair, arch up his back, and purr.

"One day, while he was still quite a little kitty, he brought in his sharp, white teeth a little dead mouse. He had caught it at the barn, and he laid it down by grandpa's chair. Then he rubbed against grandpa's leg, and patted on his foot with his paws till grandpa put aside his paper, looked down, and saw the mouse."



ity, following my glance; "they 's my cars; they 's had a collision."

"But there was a dear, white-haired grandpa there," I went on resignedly, "and he used to pat Leopard and talk to him and be very good to him."

"Did the kitty talk back?" gravely inquired the Pirate.

"Yes, kitty-talk," I said. "He would come

"What did he do?" asked the Pirate impatiently, as I stopped to rest my tongue, which does get *so* tired answering questions and telling stories.

"Oh, he patted Leop and told him he was a good kitty, and called Aunt Jeanette to see what a great thing Leop had done, and they both praised him till he was quite proud.

"So, after that, every time Leop caught a

mouse he would bring it into the house, carry it from room to room till he found grandpa and was petted and praised for being so clever and useful.

"Well, one time grandpa went away on a visit."

"Where did he go?" inquired the Pirate, whose interest in details is wonderful.

"Oh!—just away," I said desperately; for I knew if I told him *where*, I would immediately have to tell him why, and whom to see, and how he liked it, and as many other things as he could think to ask about; so I hurried on. "When Leop caught his next mouse he hunted all over the house for grandpa, but could not find him."

"Course not," said the Pirate, scornfully.

"So at last he came to where Aunt Jeanette was sitting, sewing, and laid the dead mouse down on her dress. Then he began to purr and pat her foot, to call her attention to it.

"When Aunt Jeanette looked down and saw what Leop had brought her she sprang out of her chair with a little scream,"—here the Pirate asserted his manhood by a hearty laugh,—"for she was afraid of a mouse, even if it was dead. She scolded Leop and told him to take his horrid little mouse out of doors."

"Was it horrid?" asked the Pirate, with interest. But I ignored the question and went on.

"Leop must have understood that Aunt Jeanette did not like mice, for he did not bring in any more to her.

"In about a week grandpa came home; he had hardly sat down in his chair when in came Leopard with a mouse in his mouth, and waited to be petted and praised. This made Aunt Jeanette remember how she had scolded the poor kitty for bringing a mouse to her, and she told grandpa the story.

"While she was talking, Leop came in again

with a mouse, and then they saw that he had not carried out the first mouse to eat it, as he usually did, but let them both lie on the floor by grandpa's chair."

"Did n't he like 'em?" asked the Pirate.

"You will see. Grandpa patted him again and praised him. Then he ran off, leaving the two mice on the floor, and grandpa and Aunt Jeanette waited to see what he would do next."

"What did he do?" asked the Pirate, who is always hurrying the story.

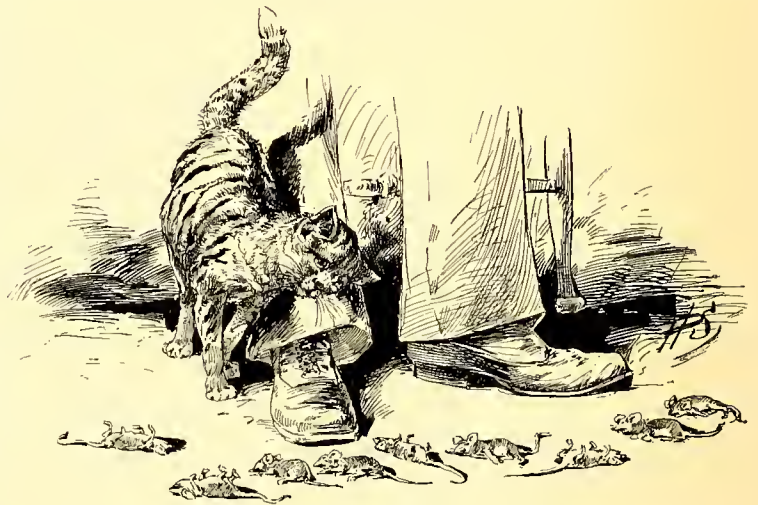
"He came running back in a few minutes with another little mouse; that made three. And—how many do you suppose he had kept to show to grandpa?"

"I don't know," said the Pirate, solemnly.

"Nine," I said. "Nine; he brought in nine little dead mice and laid them down in a row at grandpa's feet, and grandpa petted and praised him for every single one."

"Is that all?" demanded the Pirate.

I nodded my head, and the Pirate knows that means I am too tired to say another word; so he pushed himself forward, slipped from his chair, and returned to his cars. But in a minute



the short legs came trotting quickly back to my side, and a dimpled hand was laid on my knee.

"Thank you, Mamma," said the Pirate, smiling.

A FIRST SPELLING-LESSON.

BY L. R. BAKER.

THERE were only two little boys in the class,
Two fat little fellows with eyes of blue;
And one was Johnny, oh, listen to this,
The other was Johnny, too.

“ Spell ‘ pie,’ ” said the teacher, with smiling lips,
“ Now, Johnny Jones, you must try.”
He looked very solemn and wise and good,
And he spelled it, “ P-i, pie.”

“ Come, Johnny Smith, I will listen to you,
While Johnny Jones has his cry.”
A gleam of triumph in two blue eyes,
And he straightway spelled “ P-y.”

Together the Johnnies came out from school,
Their brave little spirits quelled;
They were wondering, wondering, wondering
What p-i and p-y spelled!

THE MULES AND THE ELECTRIC CAR.

BY MARY S. MCCOBB.

THEY were mules. Two little fellows, with
dainty feet and funny long ears. They lived in
the big stable, at the foot of the great bluff.

But, though small, they had been accustomed
to earn their own living. How? Why, by
drawing a street-car in a Western city. Briskly
they had worked, always ready, always alert.
Every night they ate their supper with all the
dignity and self-respect of other wage-earners.

When, lo! one fine day came strange news.
The mules pricked up their ears. What was it
they heard? Horses and mules should be set
aside? Men would “ harness the lightning,” and
make it drag the cars?

“ Throw us out of employment?” cried the
mules. “ Do they flatter their foolish selves
they can do without *us*? Not a bit of it. The
public demands our services. The public shall
have them! Go to!”

So, what do you think those plucky fellows
did? The electric car was ready. The man who
was “ to drive the lightning ” was in his place.

Suddenly “ patter—patter—patter—patter,”
came the sound of eight spry hoofs.

“ Here we are!” called the mules cheerfully.

Sure enough, here they were, in their usual
place, in front of the car. Fastened to it? Oh,
no! Why mind a trifle like that?

“ Tang! Tang!” went the bell.

“ Patter—patter—patter—patter!”
Off scuttled the mules.

“ Tang!”

The mules came to a standstill. So did the
car. “ Of course. It always stops when we
do!” said the mules, and they wagged their tails.

“ Tang! Tang!”

Off they started afresh. Lively work this!
What was the stupid driver laughing at? Was
there a stray joke anywhere?

All along the town, through the streets where
business men *should* attend to their own affairs,
and not stand still to look and laugh.

“ We know what we’re about!” declared the
little mules.

“ Patter—patter—patter—patter!”

I believe they trotted in front of that electric
car to the very end of the route, till they reached
the place where the tall chimneys of a factory
belch forth clouds of smoke.

At last the mules may rest.

“ Ah ha! Ah ha! He haw! He haw!”

It was their time to laugh now.

“ Did n’t we *tell* you the public should have
our services? ‘ Drive the lightning?’ Fudge!
We pulled that car!”

And a lady who lives in that very town told
me about it. She is a very ve-ra-cious person
so that I know that this story is true.



EIGHTEEN years old this month! There's an old Jack-in-the-Pulpit for you! It is very strange, and yet I can truly say I never lived at all until the day that our dear magazine, 'ST. NICHOLAS,' was born. That was a good while ago. Many boys and girls who read the very first number now hold upon their knees girls and boys of their own, and, between you and me, I verily believe that every one of them, little and big, takes about equal pleasure and comfort in ST. NICHOLAS.

Look at the dear Little Schoolma'am and good Deacon Green—alive, happy, young as ever, and devoted to you all, as is your Jack himself. Eighteen years old, eighteen years young—it is all the same; this is a great country, and ST. NICHOLAS is its prophet, so far as you, the Deacon, and the Little Schoolma'am and the rest of us are concerned. A long life to it, and to us all!

Now we'll proceed to business, taking up, first, the subject of

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

LATELY the good Deacon gave his picnic class a riddle to guess. As far as I can remember, it ran something like this: Find on our country's silver dollar the following things:

An animal, a place of worship, a scholar being whipped, a fruit, a flower, a part of a needle, and a number of prominent actors.

Well, many of the class found some of these things on the silver dollar, and a few found every one of them. But there were two other things on it that were not seen except by the very closest observers, and these were two little M's. I am told that they are to be found on every standard silver dollar. It appears that the man who engraved the steel die used in making the coin was named Morgan, and he shrewdly put the initial in two places upon it, so that he might thus play hide-and-peek with the boys and girls of his own and later genera-

tions. Of course grown folk did not need any such reminder of Morgan. They know *everything*,—more or less, so to speak.

SPARROWS ON TIME.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Papa told us such a wonderful *true* story last night in our Happy Hour (that's what we call the *very* little time which papa or mamma gives to us children before we go to sleep) that I will write it down for you to tell everybody. It was about a pair of English sparrows living in Sarnia, a town of Ontario, or Canada. Well, they looked at the broad town clock, with its great big face, and they thought it was so nice and clean that they would build their nest right where the two hands parted and made a sort of V. Well, they actually did it. You may think the hands went on moving and so spoiled everything (that is just what my brother Charley told papa); but papa said it was n't so one bit. The clock stopped almost as soon as these two sparrows laid their plans, and when the man who took care of it went up to see what had made it stop, he found that the 'cute little birds had fastened bits of grass and fibers about the two hands so that they could not move! It was the beginning of their nest, you know. I hope the man let them go on and finish it. But papa said he thought not, as town clocks are not intended specially for sparrows. I would have let them, if I had been that man.

Your faithful little friend, BETH G.—

THE LADY IN THE MOON.

HERE is a letter which I think will interest you, and set your little necks a-craning on bright moonlight nights:

STAMFORD, CONN.

MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I wonder if you or any of your young folk have ever seen "The Lady in the Moon"? About a year ago she was shown to me, and since then I have hardly been able to find the "Old Man's Face." It is only her profile you see. The man's left eyebrow is her hair, or the shading back of it; follow the dark outline of the left-hand side of his nose, and you have her features; the dark line of his mouth forms the shadow under her chin. She is really beautiful, but you have to wait until almost full moon to distinguish her. Of course the face is not as plainly seen in the moon as it is made in the drawing. Your loving reader,

L. S. V.—



You may as well know, my friends, that your Jack *sometimes* has seen the pretty lady to whom

Miss Lydia refers—not always. Like earthly ladies, she often is shy and tries to hide her face. For my part, however, as an honest, country Jack-in-the-Pulpit, I incline to fancy that it is Ina whom L. S. V. sees—in her rare moments of rest; Ina whose pretty story your Jack gave you in May last. She is wife to the Man in the Moon. But judge for yourselves.

A WISE HEN.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Last summer we had a banty hen, and she had some little chickens.

One day papa let her out of her coop to have a run in the yard. While he was watching her, the hen saw a honey-bee in the grass.

She called her little chickens to her, as if she had something for them to eat. When they had all answered the call, the hen ruffled up her feathers and made a great fuss, and backed away as if to say: "If you ever see anything that looks like that, you do as I do,—back off and leave it alone!"

It was so cunning and sensible I thought I would tell the rest of the little folks about it.

I am eight years old, and have had ST. NICHOLAS ever since I was born.

KATE T.—.

RED CLOVERS AND WHITE.

AT last my children have found out for themselves the differences between red clovers and white clovers! They say that, since their special attention has been called to the pretty blossoms, all the red clover-heads they have found are distinguished by two or three little green leaves close at the base of the clover-head (which, you know, is not one blossom, but is composed of a cluster of very small flowers); and that every white clover-head springs from the very end of a slender bare stem, which has no leaf for some distance down its length, or until it joins the main stem. The two clover-heads differ also, they say. Nora Maynard writes: "Red clovers are oval-shaped, and white clovers are round"; while most of the answers say in substance: the red clover or clover-head is thicker and more solid, with its tiny flowers crowding closely one above another around a short, stiff, stem-like center; while the white clover-head resembles a loosely-made ball formed by the tiny white blossoms all springing freely from the extreme end of their stem.

All these several differences may not exist between red and white clovers in every locality, but certainly they are found in my meadow, and in the fields and grass plots which my young correspondents have searched. Many tell me that bees seem always to prefer the white clover to the red, that the busy insects can more readily get at the honey of the white clover, and that farmers who raise bees sow the white variety on this account. Some of the young folk speak also of often finding the tiny caddis or case-worm on clover-heads,—funny little fellows who always carry their houses with them, and who take no lodgers in to bear them company. Well, the dear Little Schoolma'am is not by me just at this moment, so I can not say very

learned things on this subject, but I *can* say that I am heartily glad whenever my out-of-door youngsters use their eyes to see with. I'll wager a ripe hazel-nut, now, that thousands upon thousands of young and old folk in these Middle States have all their lives been seeing clover-heads growing—white and red—and never have noticed that the two differ in the least except in the matter of color.

AN EXPLANATION DESIRED.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Walking on a country road last September, I saw a grasshopper clinging to a stalk of golden-rod. He was large, and I touched him gently to make him jump. He did not move. I touched him again, but he was still. Then I broke off the stalk, and he clung to it without a motion. He was dead. So I brought him home and drew his picture.

I was puzzled by his queer position, and could not imagine what killed him. It seemed remarkable that he should have been able to jump up to this high stalk and hang there during his last ill-



ness; and it seemed stranger that he should not have dropped down after the breath left his brown and brittle frame. His four fore legs were clasped around the stem; and of his long jumping-legs, one was drawn up close to the body and the other was stretched out as shown in the picture I send with this. Can it be that he was in favor of the golden-rod as the national flower, and selected this place to draw his last breath as a proof of devotion to his choice?

BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

THE LETTER-BOX.

M. D. F.—Thank you for the well-deserved praise of “Marjorie and her Papa.” No one could help loving little Marjorie nor being amused by her quaint, unconscious humor. The pictures were drawn by Mr. R. B. Birch, but in making them, as already has been stated, he carefully followed the author’s admirable sketches.

LANSING, MICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Will you permit me to ask your readers, through the Letter-box, if any of them have spare copies of ST. NICHOLAS for November and December, 1875?

I have had ST. NICHOLAS since January, 1876, and wish the volume complete before binding, and so desire these two numbers. I will give fifty cents apiece for them.

Address,

ALICE A. JOHNSON,
523 Seymour St., Lansing, Mich.

CHAMBERSBURG, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have always taken ST. NICHOLAS and all of our large family love to read it. When I had scarlet-fever, mamma read to me the old numbers which my brother, now grown up, used to take.

I want to tell you about our cats. The mothers are named Octavia and Cleopatra. The last has three kittens—Mary Anderson, the beauty, Adelina Patti, because of her lovely voice, and Steve Brodie, the jumper. Octavia has one kitten (the other three were chloroformed by a neighbor) named Ishmael, because he is not so much of a pet as the others. So we call him and his mother Ishmael and Hagar. We are about to move from our present home and expect to have trouble taking all our cats and our big dog.

Your loving reader,

JANET S—.

KIOTO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps you would like to hear an account of a trip which papa, mamma, myself, and one of my friends, took last March to Nagoya and the famous shrines of Isé.

We started for Nagoya on the noon train, and arrived about six o’clock in the evening. The fields all along the way were yellow with brilliant flowers and looked very pretty. The last part of the ride we had a beautiful view of Mount Mitaki, the top of which was covered with snow.

The next day we went to look at the Nagoya castle, which is very interesting. This is the way it is built. On the very outside of the castle grounds are a large stone and earth embankment and a moat, both of which go all around the castle. Inside the embankment is a large tract of land on which are the general’s headquarters and the soldiers’ barracks. In the center of this tract of land is the ancient castle. Around the old castle is another embankment and moat. In ancient times the daimio or feudal lord occupied the old castle. The most interesting thing about this castle is a kind of tower, like a building, five stories high, on top of which are two golden dolphins, one at each end of the roof. The fifth story has a hundred mats in it and the first story has a thousand mats in it. Each mat is six by three feet. Each

dolphin measures twelve feet, from its head to the tip of its tail. About fifteen years ago one of the dolphins was sent to the exposition in Vienna. Coming back, the ship that carried it was wrecked. After some time, however, the dolphin was recovered and put in its old place on the castle. We did not go inside the main castle, but looked at it from outside. I believe this castle is one of the two finest in Japan, the other being the Kumamoto castle. It certainly was very fine looking.

From Nagoya we went across Owari Bay to Kamiyashiro by steamboat. From Kamiyashiro we went to see two famous rocks in the sea near the coast. They are very near each other and are called the “Futami” by the Japanese, who regard them as a symbol of marriage. The large rock is called the “husband” and the small one is called the “wife.” After seeing them we went to see the shrines of Isé which are at Yamada. There are two shrines and their names are “Naiku” and “Geku.” These shrines are said to be very old, but they are really not so very old, because half the buildings are changed every twenty-one years. They get to be quite decayed in that time, so they are pulled down and new ones built in the same places and in exactly the same way. We were most interested in the trees around the shrines. At “Naiku” there is a beautiful grove of grand old trees that is ever so much finer than the shrine. The cherry-trees were in bloom and were very beautiful.

I have taken you for several years and enjoy you ever so much. I am always very glad when you come in the mail.

Your loving reader,

GRACE W. L—.

KOHALA, HAWAII.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old, who lives in the Sandwich Islands. Back of our house there is a long stretch of kalo patches. The kalo is the principal food of the natives. They bake it in ovens in the ground, then pound it to a paste with water and allow it to sour. It is eaten with salt fish or meat. The kalo tops are planted in dry land first, and then the natives take it up and plant it in kalo patches. A kalo patch is a piece of land walled in, and in the bottom are mud and water. The kalo has one large root, with several little ones around it. The water comes from springs, which flow out of the side of a deep ravine, and is brought down to the kalo patches through a water-course, built by the natives, under direction of the chiefs. They had stone tools, with which they dug through solid rock. In some places they had to build a wall on which to carry the water along. There are many beautiful springs, one of which is very large, and goes far in under the rock. Some of them are filled with beautiful ferns. We have taken you four years, and are very fond of you.

Your little friend,

EDITH H. B—.

KOHALA, HAWAII.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on the Sandwich Islands. I am ten years old. We have taken you for four years and like you very much. I think that you will be glad to hear about two of our curiosities. Here is one: About four miles northeast of us there is a large hole down by the sea that is called the Devil’s Caldron. It is ninety feet deep. One morning some natives woke up to find a large hole there. It is supposed that there

was a cavity under the water and that the heavy earthquake the night before shook the earth down. There are two holes down at the foot of the cliff which let the sea into it, and the waves can be seen dashing in and out.

Here is another curiosity. About seven miles to the northwest of us is an old heathen temple. It was built in the days of the "Chiefs," and is seventy-five feet long and twenty-five feet wide. The walls at the base are fifteen feet broad and ten feet at the top.

Every morning the natives formed a line and passed the stones with which it was built from one to another, from Palolu Gulch to Honotpa, a distance of fourteen miles. There is a hole in one corner where they threw the bones of sacrificed victims. Just outside of it is a large square rock, somewhat hollowed, where they used to slay the victims. It has no roof and it is very hot there. I would like to see my letter printed if you think that it is good enough.

Your faithful reader, ROBERT B——.

CAIRN-IN-THE-CATSKILLS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As my little Cousin Daisy and myself are temporarily banished from home, on account of the illness of my Cousin Isabel, we thought this would be a good time to write to you.

We are at a little place in the Catskills between Cairo and Acra. The scenery here is magnificent, the different shades of green displayed on the mountains and valleys around us would afford endless study for an artist.

Daisy and I made a ring out of a ten-cent piece. We found a nice bright one, and we carried it to the village and had a little hole bored through it, and then we took a little round file and commenced our work. When Daisy's little fingers got tired (which was very soon) I took it and worked away. The ring is very pretty indeed, now that it is finished.

To-day it is raining hard, but as it will make the walking all the better, we must not complain.

Your constant readers, DAISY AND VIC.

U. S. NAVY YARD, NORFOLK, VA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your delightful magazine ever since I was three or four years old. I am now twelve and I don't think I could get along without you. My favorite stories are "Crowded out o' Crofield," "Juan and Juanita," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and many others. My papa is a naval officer and has been to China and all around the world three times, and I was born in China, but as I was only about six months old when we left, I don't remember anything about it. When mamma left China she had a collection of over five hundred teapots, but now has only about two hundred as she has given so many away. My brother and I have a great many curious things, picked up in different parts of the world. We have some pieces of the leather, bits of which were eaten by Greeley's men, given to us by Chief-Engineer Melville, and we have a collection of over two thousand postage stamps, and many other things. We have two birds, a parrot and a canary; the parrot is my brother's, it says "Papa," "Mamma," "Pretty Poll," "Look out!" and ever so much more. The canary is mine and sings very nicely. Both are *very* tame; the parrot is out most of the time, and I let Dick out in the morning when I am dressing. I used to play "Flower Ladies," only I called it "Flowers," and I used to make houses, and have stones and shells covered with leaves, the beds and chairs, and I sometimes used corn silk for the hair of the "Ladies." I remain, your loving little reader,

N. V. W——.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you about the Magnolia City and its lovely flowers, which are in bloom yet. It has the one and only magnolia park on the globe. Its trees are strung with festoons of moss almost reaching the ground, and covered with buds and blooms. By it runs the beautiful Buffalo Bayou, where fish are plentiful. Constantly passing are boats laden with cotton and timber, also little yachts and tugs with fishing parties. I have a good time in sunny Texas. You can see them load cotton on the trains by the bale. Boats and barges go down the Bayou to the bay and Galveston Beach. You can hear the bells of the trains and of the little one-mule street-car. I was born in Texas and like my home. I am eleven years old. My favorite story in your magazine is "Crowded out o' Crofield."

Your reader, TOM B——.

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if anyone enjoys you as much as I do, and if you have ever traveled about with any one as you have with me?

I am a little English girl, nearly fifteen years old. I live with an uncle and my governess. I have never been to school in my life, and although my home is in Devonshire, England, I am always making journeys. If it did not take up so much space, I would like to tell you about some of the things I have seen in Europe, America, and Asia.

This summer I have been traveling in Europe and have seen the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau, and the Midnight Sun, and many, many interesting things.

My health is very delicate, so I can not study much, but as my governess travels with me, I have a very good time. She is lovely and I am very fond of her. She has taught me for nearly ten years.

I have a beautiful horse at home, called Duke. "Lady Jane," "Sara Crewe," "Lord Fauntleroy," and your many short stories are delightful. The only fault I know is that they are all too short. Believe me,

One of your most loving readers,
ETHEL MAUDE ST. C——.

KIRKLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old and live in Milwaukee.

I have been to the Atlantic Ocean.

I had a little boat and I used to sail it on the water.

Every day I went in bathing. 'Most every day I went to the beach to gather shells. One day I found a very smooth stone, which is in my red dress pocket.

Now I have come to grandmother's.

AGNES M. S——.

NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old and have taken your magazine for about three years, and have enjoyed it very much. I have seen many amusing things in it, so I thought I would add to them.

I have such a dear, fat, cunning little piebald pony, called "Pie." He has lately taken a great taste for chrysanthemums. We have a fence dividing the horse paddock from our garden and, because the gate was broken, we put up a rail about three feet five inches high. Mother had been saving her white chrysanthemums to make a wedding nosegay, but on the day she came to gather them she found them all gone. Next morning Lena (our servant) saw something jump right out of the flowers, and Pie was racing across the lawn and under the rail before one could say "Hullo!" Now, was n't he cunning?

This is the first letter I have written, so I hope you will print it.

ELEANOR S. B——.

SOUTH WEST HARBOR, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am spending the summer at South West Harbor, which is a little village on the island of Mt. Desert. It is a beautiful place, and I am having a *fine* time, and I have been to several places on the island. The other day my sister and I went on board the training ship *St. Mary's*, which is stationed in the harbor. We went all over it and it was *very* interesting. The ship is forty-four years old, but it has been painted all up so that you would not know that except for the fact that it is very old-fashioned.

I have only taken ST. NICHOLAS for this year but I like you ever so much. I do not know yet whether I am going to take you next year, but I *hope* so, and *expect* to. My favorite stories are "Lady Jane" and "May Bartlett's Stepmother."
EMELINE N. H.—

"GROVELAND."

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but could never think what to say, so we thought we would write and tell you about our place. We live on a beautiful farm in Virginia named Groveland. We have eleven horses, twelve cows, two hunting-dogs, besides a Newfoundland, and a dear little pug named Flora. We have a grand doll house, and we have each three dolls. We have a pony carriage and two Shetland ponies named Donald and Dorothy. Our little brother, Robbie, also has a pony, named Baby Mine, and we go riding every morning before breakfast. Your devoted readers,
FLORENCE AND HELEN L.—

OAKHURST.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: About a year ago, papa, mamma, and I went to Europe; and although that is anything but unusual, I think it was a little queer to get ready in four days as we did; but we had a lovely time over there, just the same.

While at Paris we went to the Hippodrome, and that night they had scenes of Russian life. At one time when a number of soldiers rushed in on foot, the captain's horse rode over two of them, or rather bumped against them, threw them over and jumped over them. But they got up and limped off.

Papa, mamma, and I kept a diary; but papa's and mamma's were like those spoken of by Mark Twain in "Innocents Abroad." Mine was successful, for I never missed a day, except the day we landed at New York.

Hoping you will prosper for many years to come, I remain,
Yours sincerely,

THEO. K.—

OSAKA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years. I want to tell you about Japanese New Year's celebrations and decorations. The rich people have three bamboo sticks on each side of their house. The next class have a cone-shaped piece of straw, a lobster, a stick of dried persimmons, and a piece of charcoal. The poorer people have a branch of pine or a cone-shaped piece of straw with a little bit of fern under it. About December

26th the people begin to get ready for New Year's day. Most people get "mochi" (pronounced motchee) made. There are people who go from house to house and make it.

They carry a fire and some rice. First they boil the rice, then they take it out and put it in a kind of mortar, made out of a log of wood with a hole in it. Then one man pounds and the other one pushes the rice into position. New Year's lasts three days.

Yours respectfully,
W. J. H.—

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old, and have taken you for some years, and like you very much. I have been up in the Catskill Mountains. I did not like it; it was too quiet. I like my own home better. I took lots of nice walks up the mountains. On Fourth of July, I had a jolly time; we could not fire off our fire-crackers before breakfast. We had a few showers during the day. I had so many fire-crackers that I had to give them away. One day my brother and I went fishing; he would not let me fish, but after a while I got him to let me. He said, "What is the use of your fishing? You won't catch anything!" I caught three trout, and my brother only caught one little shiner.

I remain, yours truly,
EDITH.

ROCKSPRING.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a pet pigeon we have. We have had it four years now. Ever since we got it, it has always come around whenever any one played on the piano; if we opened the window it would fly in and alight on the piano and strut up and down and coo. I think it is very funny for it to be so fond of music. This spring it laid three eggs and went to setting on them; it set on them for two or three weeks, but they did not hatch. Setting seemed to make it wild, and it very seldom comes in the house now. We got two squabs not long ago, but the old pigeon does not stay with them at all. Although it would come in the house it was hard to catch, and my youngest brother used to sing to it and catch it.

As this is getting right long I will stop, hoping to see it printed.
Very truly yours,
"MCGINTY."

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Gertrude A. E., Edith R., Alice and Julia C., Garret A. R., Mabel E. D., Dorothy B., Meg and Peg, Rhoda and Alice S., Olive R., May T. H., Grace A. T., J. W. R., L. L., Flossie W., Blanche W., Pattie J. B., Atta A. B., Allie J. S., Stanley R. A., Zoe S., Sallie L., Louise B., Catherine H. H., Bertha C. and Josephine D., "Children of the Moon," W. J. A., Carita A., Anne L., Bertha V. S., May T., Walter S. D., Eleanor S. B., Helen S. F., Adelaide T. M., W. Scott B., Florence and Helen L., Fannie and Edith T., Grace H., "McGinty," George S. S., Lola K., Carrie N., Mamie H., Irene B., Ailsie L., Lois P., Marie, de F., Edith M. A., Theo. K., Lizzie L. and Mamie McP., M. G. F., Louise C., Alice L., Emeline N. H., Theodora G., Hebe B. C., Grace L. E.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

HALF-SQUARES. I. 1. Trafalgar. 2. Revenues. 3. Avarice. 4. Ferule. 5. Anile. 6. Luce. 7. Gee. 8. As. 9. R. II. 1. Worcester. 2. Overload. 3. Regally. 4. Craved. 5. Ellen. 6. Sold. 7. Tay. 8. Ed. 9. R.

ANAGRAM. Rustle, ulster, lustre, lured, sutler, luters, rulest, result. NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "For hunger gives not such a taste to the viands, nor thirst such a flavor to the wine, as the presence of a beloved guest."

DIAMOND. 1. E. 2. Alb. 3. Elbow. 4. Bog. 5. W. GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN. 1. Rosemary. 2. Rue. 3. Heart's ease. 4. Hyacinth. 5. Loveage. 6. Sweetbriar. 7. Hawthorne. 8. Columbine. 9. Jerusalem cherry. 10. Lilac. 11. Rose. 12. Flag. 13. Snowdrops. 14. Sweet peas. 15. Elder. 16. Quince. 17. Pennyroyal. 18. Fennel. 19. Madder. 20. Iris. 21. Violet. 22. Catnip. 23. Periwinkle.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Thomas Edison. Cross-words: 1. Twelve. 2. Shreds. 3. Anoint. 4. Gasmen. 5. Dogmas. 6. Novels. HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Addition. Cross-words: 1. Treason. 2. Elder. 3. Ida. 4. I. 5. Asp. 6. Aloes. 7. Stentor.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from "May and 79"—Josephine Sherwood—Mamma and Jamie—Benedick and Beatrice—Edith Sewall—John W. Frothingham, Jr.—E. M. G.—Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley—Pearl F. Stevens—Sandyside—Jo and I—Ida C. Thallon—Adele Walton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from J. McClees, 1—C. Lerner, 1—Elaine Shirley, 2—M. E. Gordon, 1—Louise and Max H., 1—Sweet Clover, Fern, and Peach Blossom, 1—Little Sis and B., 1—Toddie, 3—Essie and Madge, 3—Katie Van Zandt, 5—Mrs. James Marlor, 2—W. B. Watkins, 1—M. U. Bingham, 1—Rosaling, 1—Florence and Nina, 1—Nettie G. Colburn, 3—N. R. Shorthill, 1—Blanche W., 1—Gracchus, 12—Corradino Lanza, 3—No name, Phila., 3—Effic K. Talboys, 8—Kitty and Pussy, 1—Mattie and Bessie, 7—Ada E. M. and Gussie A. C., 1—Papa and Lily, 1—Mamma and Lydia, 1—Astley P. C. Sallie W., and Anna W. Ashhurst, 9—"Quartette," 1—"Cat and Dog," 1—Hattie and Carrie, 1—Arthur B. Lawrence, 6—Charlie R. Adams, 7—Nellie L. Howes, 11—Anna T. Buckley, 1—Hubert L. Bingham, 12—Isabel G., 9—Lizzie Hunter, 4—No name, Lansing, Iowa, 2—L. Fowler, 3—"Two Dromios," 11—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 4—Mabel and Lillie, 2—Charles L. Adams, 3—"Squire," 9—"Oleander," 1—"H. P. H. S.," 7—M. Harrell, 1—Clara and Emma, 5—Mamma and Walter, 6—Cornelia S. Campbell, 1—C. and Estelle Ions, 2—Honora Swartz, 3—Alice K. Huey, 10—F. Oppenheimer, 1—Kathie, Grace, and Annie, 2—Jennie S. Liebmann, 8—Nellie and Reggie, 11—M. D. and C. M., 9—Grace and Isabel Livingston, 8—"Infantry," 10—Ida and Alice, 11—"Charles Beaufort, 7—M. P. T., 3.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A shelter. 2. Abodes. 3. Obscurity. 4. A multitude. 5. A musical composition.

DOWNWARD: 1. In hatchet. 2. An exclamation. 3. A prefix to some German names. 4. To discharge. 5. An African. 6. A warehouse. 7. Part of the foot. 8. One half a word meaning to supplicate. 9. In hatchet.

H. H. D.

DIAMONDS.

I. 1. IN hedges. 2. An African cape projecting into the Mediterranean. 3. A heavenly body. 4. Thoroughwort. 5. The home of a family. 6. Building and occupying a nest. 7. The years beginning with thirteen and ending with nineteen. 8. A game. 9. In hedges.

II. 1. In hedges. 2. To fortify. 3. To gather after a reaper. 4. A country in the northern part of Africa. 5. Salutations. 6. A small city of Brazil. 7. A simpleton. 8. A Turkish commander. 9. In hedges.

The fifth word of each of the foregoing diamonds, when read in connection, will spell what makes Thanksgiving Day most enjoyable. F. S. F.

COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I . 5 9 . . 13
2 . 6 10 . . 14
3 . 7 11 . . 15
4 . 8 12 . . 16

FROM I TO 5, a tribunal; from 2 to 6, a large bird; from 3 to 7, a useful conjunction; from 4 to 8, the human race; from 9 to 13, to acquire; from 10 to 14, tardy; from 11 to 15, a Latin prefix; from 12 to 16, epoch; from

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. From 1 to 9, Cervantes; from 10 to 20, Shakespeare. Cross-words: 1. Tripod. 2. Basket. 3. Chains. 4. Osprey. 5. Eagles. 6. Vipers.

Pi.
Oh, loosely swings the purpling vine,
The yellow maples flame before,
The golden-tawny ash trees stand
Hard by our cottage door;
October glows on every cheek,
October shines in every eye,
While up the hill, and down the dale,
Her crimson banners fly.

ELAINE GOODALE.

DOUBLE PRIMAL ACROSTIC. First row, Woods of Maine; second row, Autumn Leaves. Cross-words: 1. Waver. 2. Ounce. 3. Otter. 4. Dupes. 5. Smack. 6. Onset. 7. Flint. 8. Medal. 9. Aaron. 10. Ivory. 11. Nerve. 12. Essay.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Mavis. 2. Apode. 3. Vowel. 4. Ideal. 5. Sells. II. 1. Nidus. 2. Irate. 3. Dante. 4. Utter. 5. Seers. III. 1. Burst. 2. Unite. 3. Ripen. 4. Steed. 5. Tends.

1 to 13, a contract; from 2 to 14, to rival; from 3 to 15, a musical term; from 4 to 16, a command; from 1 to 4, to shine; from 9 to 12, joyful. F. A. W.

CHARADE.

DEEP within the cloister cell,
Robed in brown or gray,
There my first in quiet dwell,—
Study, serve, or pray.

My last is by the children worn;
Verses, too, I've made;
Strangers of all things beside,
Ladies like my shade.

Tell me what my whole may be;
Surely you've the power,
You have often gathered me,
I am just—a flower.

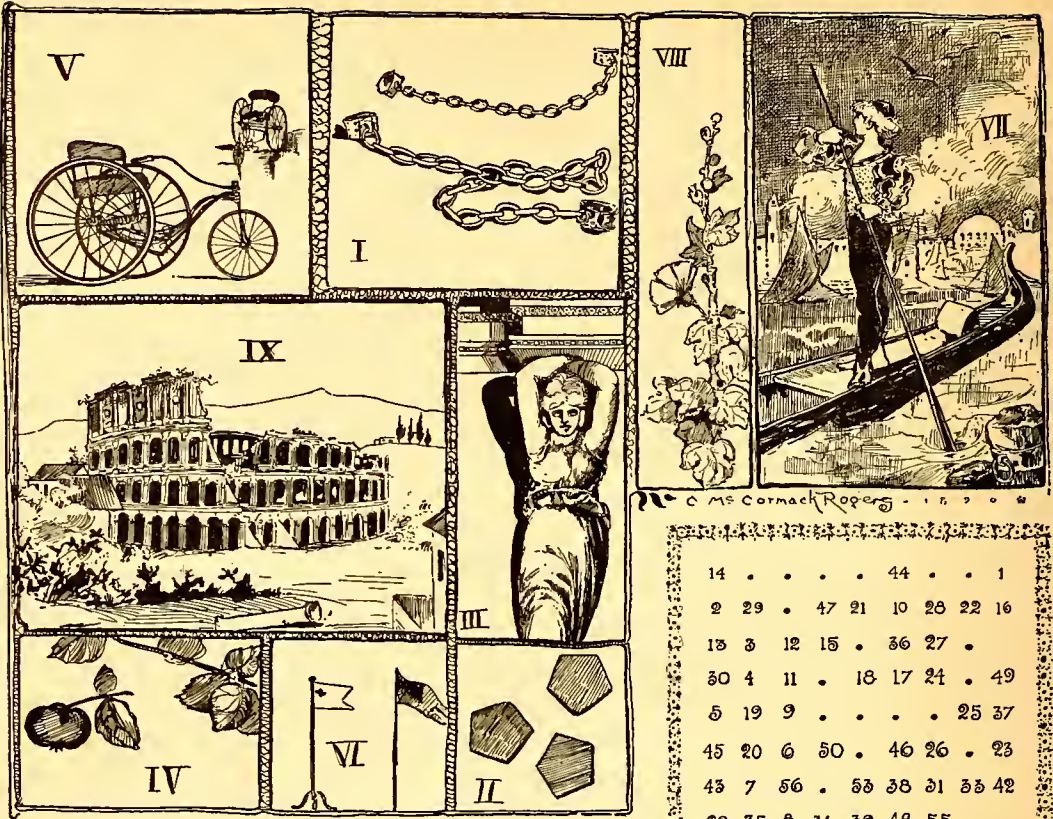
MARY D. N.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE cross-words are of unequal length. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous queen.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The name by which two brothers, famous in Roman history, are called. 2. A renowned Scottish hero and patriot. 3. The name of a Russian empress. 4. A noted queen of Palmyra. 5. The owner of the famous estate of Malmaison. 6. The Sultan of Egypt to whom Jerusalem surrendered in 1187. 7. The wife of Louis XVI. of France. 8. A name borne by many kings of Sweden. 9. The Roman Emperor during whose reign Jerusalem was conquered by Titus.

ISABEL V. M. L.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

EACH of the nine pictures in the above illustration (excepting the third) may be described by a word of nine letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the letters from 1 to 6 (as indicated in the accompanying diagram) will spell the name of a great military nation of antiquity; from 7 to 15, her form of government; from 16 to 23, from 24 to 31, and from 32 to 37, the three classes into which her citizens were divided; from 38 to 45, the name of a ruler to whom she owed much of her greatness; from 46 to 51, a powerful and very famous city that she humbled; from 52 to 56, a very wise man who was a native of that city.

C. M^cC. R.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

. . . * * * * *
 . * * * * *
 . * * * * *
 . * * * * *
 . * * * * *
 . * * * * *

EXAMPLE: Take a manner of walking from to assuage, and leave an article. Answer, mitigate, gait, item.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Take a member from exalted aloft, and leave utility. 2. Take a range of mountains from a summons to arms, and leave a parent. 3. Take to weary from consisting of verses, and leave unruffled. 4. Take to have a great aversion to from plumes, and leave a slave. 5. Take a heroic poem from chief, and leave an

14	44	.	.	1
2	29	.	47	21	10	28	22	16
13	3	12	15	.	36	27	.	
30	4	11	.	18	17	24	.	49
5	19	9	.	.	.	25	37	
45	20	6	50	.	46	26	.	23
43	7	56	.	53	38	31	33	42
32	35	0	34	39	48	55	.	.
40	.	54	.	52	51	.	41	.

aquatic animal. 6. Take torn asunder from models, and leave beyond.

When the six four-letter words (represented by stars) have been rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the name of a famous man, born in November, over four hundred years ago, whom Heine called "not only the tongue, but the sword, of his time." The third row of letters will spell the name of the saint on whose day he was born, and for whom he was named. DYCIE.

PL.

SAH annyoo nese a stol semmur,
 Radytes, lontse, ro writhesoe nego,
 Strif sidems hewn eth sleeva fo betemspre
 Nedtru, edwosh su a forts-vanger wand?
 Dan who hes hsa hendid ni crislo
 Henbeat eht wol-lingy, grihth eslave.
 Sah nanyeo nees a slot rusemm
 Faidle thiw het dadben cron-savesesh?

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A shrub, the leaves of which are used in making tea. 2. The American aloe. 3. Becomes dim. 4. Apparent. 5. Abodes.
 II. 1. Fomentation. 2. A city of Italy. 3. Pushed. 4. A portion. 5. Concluded.
 III. 1. Responsibilities. 2. Active. 3. To be matured. 4. Makes level. 5. Judgment. G. F. AND CLOVER.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

REMBRANDT VAN RYN.

FROM THE PORTRAIT, BY HIMSELF, IN THE PITTI GALLERY AT FLORENCE.

(SEE PAGE 113.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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“OVER THE ROOFS OF THE HOUSES I HEAR THE BARKING OF LEO.”

BY R. W. GILDER.

I.

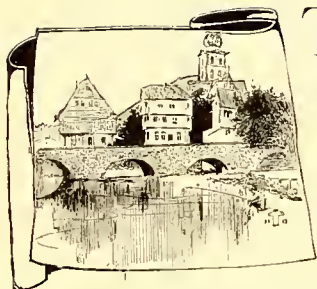
OVER the roofs of the houses I hear the barking of Leo,—
Leo the shaggy, the lustrous, the giant, the gentle Newfoundland.
Dark are his eyes as the night, and black is his hair as the midnight;
Large and slow is his tread till he sees his master returning,
Then how he leaps in the air, with motion ponderous, frightening!
Now as I pass to my work I hear o'er the roar of the city,—
Far over the roofs of the houses, I hear the barking of Leo;
For me he is moaning and crying, for me in measure sonorous
He raises his marvelous voice, for me he is wailing and calling.

II.

None can assuage his grief though but for a day is the parting,
Though morn after morn 't is the same, though home every night comes his master,
Still will he grieve when we sever, and wild will be his rejoicing
When at night his master returns and lays but a hand on his forehead.
No lack will there be in the world, of faith, of love, and devotion,
No lack for me and for mine, while Leo alone is living,—
While over the roofs of the houses I hear the barking of Leo.

THE PEOPLE WHO JUMPED.

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.



THE Burgomaster of the little village of Narrdorf had the welfare of his people very much at heart. He strove to correct their vices, to develop their virtues, and to encourage them in every way to become good subjects of His Majesty the King. The Narrdorfers were a well-meaning folk, but, like others, they had their failings. One of these, in particular, gave the worthy Burgomaster deep concern: their habit of jumping at conclusions. They acted, nearly always, on their first impulses, without stopping to think what the consequences might be. And the consequences were sometimes unpleasant. How could it be otherwise?

For example, the principal Tailor of the town, who was so timid he never ventured ten steps from his door after dark without his blunderbuss, started forth one night to visit his gossip, the Tinker. As he crept onward, making himself as small as possible, suddenly a huge thing uprose in his path. It was black, and had horns, and its eyes seemed to glare fiercely. Thereupon the little man jumped at the conclusion that he had met the Evil One. In an instant he raised his gun and fired. Bang! went the blunderbuss, and bellow! went the Parson's cow, tearing madly down the street with several shot in her flank. Thus, by being too hasty, the Tailor wounded not only an innocent cow but the feelings of her master; for, as the Parson did not himself fear the Evil One, he could but ill understand why another should do so, and he was slow to forgive the Man of Cloth his inconsiderate action. It was just such occurrences as

these — and they were frequent — that made the Burgomaster uneasy.

“If this sort of thing goes on,” said he one day to his Clerk, “soon the whole village will be set by the ears.”

“Yes, Your Worship,” assented the Clerk, a meek little fellow who thought his master the greatest man living and who never, in his presence, so much as dared to call his soul his own.

“The state of affairs in Narrdorf has troubled me for a long time,” continued the Burgomaster, “and I have given much thought to devising a remedy for it. I have finally hit on a plan which I am going to try,—”

“Yes, Your Worship!” ventured the Clerk, jumping at the conclusion that because his master paused for breath he had ended his sentence.

“— and which, I hope, will be successful,”



THE TAILOR WITH HIS BLUNDERBUSS.

added the Burgomaster, with a frown at the poor Clerk for his interruption.

“Ye-yes, Your Worship,” stammered the little man in great embarrassment.

“Let a public meeting be appointed in the Town House for to-morrow, and cause it to be

known that I expect every man, woman, and child in the village to attend."

"Yes, Your Worship," answered the Clerk, and hastened away to do his master's bidding.

The next day the Narrdorfers came in a throng to the Town House, curious to learn why the meeting had been called. When the great hall was so full it could hold no more, the Burgomaster arose and thus began his address:

"My friends, I wish every one of you to leave this hall con —"

But the audience already had started for the door, and with so much noise that no one heard the Burgomaster add, "convinced of the folly

so long as we acquire the habit of first looking upon all sides of a question, and then deciding how it shall be settled. By deliberating in this manner on affairs of small importance, I hope we shall learn to proceed more carefully in the weightier matters of life. My Clerk has brought with him a book that is said to have been written by a wise man. He will now read to us at random from that book a few words, in which, I have no doubt, we shall be able to find a subject for our first debate."

At a nod from his master, the Clerk opened the volume about in the middle and, starting at the top of the left-hand page, began hesitatingly to read as follows:



"STOP!" COMMANDED THE BURGOMASTER, 'WE WILL ARGUE THAT POINT.'

of jumping at conclusions." However the Clerk rushed out to explain matters, and after some delay the villagers were re-assembled to hear the Burgomaster's plan.

The worthy functionary was proud of his gift of oratory, and he made a long-winded speech. After he had pointed out to them the many evils they were bringing on themselves by their reckless way of jumping at conclusions, he went on to say:

"Thus, my friends, we see the need of acting cautiously in all things. But that we shall be unable to do without a deal of practice. Therefore, I propose that we meet once a week to argue. It matters little what we argue about,

"Rain will fall from the sky —"

"Stop!" commanded the Burgomaster, "we will argue that point."

"Your Worship," bluntly interposed the Miller, who was in the audience, "I see no chance for argument there. We all know rain will fall from the sky."

"Ah! my good friend," retorted the Burgomaster, "we are jumping at conclusions again. Why, if you will only think a moment, you will see there is every reason for an argument. I might say, for instance, that rain will not fall from the sky, but from the clouds."

"Well, and are not the clouds in the sky, pray?" demanded the Miller.

"That depends upon where you think the sky begins," answered the Burgomaster; "some people place it far above the clouds. However," he added, knowing of old that the Miller was very stubborn in an argument, "perhaps it will not be worth our while to discuss that point now. Let us admit that rain will fall from the sky, and pass on a little. Clerk, read another of the wise man's utterances."

"Yes, Your Worship. Please, Your Worship, shall I finish the sentence?"

"Eh?" exclaimed the Burgomaster. "Do you mean to say you had not finished it?"

"N-no, Your Worship — I mean y-yes, Your Worship," stammered the Clerk, confusedly.

"You are an idiot, sir!" cried the Burgomaster, sternly.

"Yes, Your Worship," meekly returned the little Clerk.

"Still, I am not sorry this has happened," the Burgomaster continued, "for it shows us once more the imprudence of jumping at conclusions. We naturally supposed the sentence to be complete as read, but it now appears that we made a mistake. Read on, sir. What comes next?"

"— *whenever we ask it to do so,*" read the Clerk.

"*Rain will fall from the sky whenever we ask it to do so!*" repeated the Burgomaster. "Why! why! why! what's all this? Nonsense, sheer nonsense! Now, my friends, you cannot fail to see the importance of avoiding hasty judgments. Before we listened to the reading of that passage we took it for granted that the book was written by a sage; now we perceive it must be the work of a simpleton.

No amount of discussion would convince me that rain will fall from the sky whenever we ask it to do so. Such an idea is preposterous. Clerk, shut the book, and let us depart, for it waxes late."

Whereupon, leaving the villagers to go their several ways, the good Burgomaster returned to

his home, shaking his head dolefully as he walked along and meditated on the folly of jumping at conclusions. As soon as he stepped into the house he said to his Clerk, who had silently followed him:

"Put that book into the fire. It is trash and not worthy of our further consideration."

"Yes, Your Worship," dutifully replied the Clerk, but before he obeyed the order he ventured when his master's back was turned to peep into the book again. He had an inquiring mind and there was one point on which he wished to satisfy himself. All Narrdorf had heard the end of the famous sentence, but no one had thought to ask for the beginning. That had been hidden snugly away at the foot of the



"THE LITTLE CLERK OPENED THE BOOK; THEN HE OPENED HIS EYES."

previous page on the other side of the leaf. The little Clerk opened the book; then he opened his eyes. When he came to see the entire sentence this is how it read:

"*We are none of us foolish enough to believe that rain will fall from the sky whenever we ask it to do so.*"

THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER V.

IN SEARCH OF A SITUATION.



THE moment the merchant was out of the house, Toby rushed in from the other room, with an excited look.

“Did you sign that paper?” he asked.

“Yes, my son; what else could I do?” Mrs.

Trafford replied, already repenting the act to which she had been persuaded. “He had secured several signers already. There was no use in my standing out.”

“I would have stood out!” Toby declared. “And I would have told him my mind. The old swindler!”

“My dear child, I don’t like to see you so ready to condemn people, and give them hard names. I don’t believe he has meant to be dishonest; and I am sure he is anxious now to atone for any wrong to us, into which his bad management or ill-luck has betrayed him. Did you hear what he said about your going into the store?”

“Yes,” said the boy, “and I wanted to laugh in his face.”

Much as he had regretted the chance which he seemed to have missed, it had little attraction now that it was again within reach.

He had left school before the end of the term, rather against Mr. Allerton’s advice. But the master did not oppose it, after Toby gave his reasons.

“You see,” he said, “I’ve got to do something; I must get my own living, even if I can’t do much more to help mother. And I am so upset by what has happened—my mind is in such a state—I don’t see how the little schooling I might get in the meantime is going to do me any good.”

“Well, do as you and your mother think best,” said the teacher. “I am only sorry that your education in certain branches has n’t fitted you better for a business career.”

“It would n’t be so, if I had had you for a teacher for a year or two,” said Toby, regretfully. “But I must make the best of what I’ve got. I’ve just fooled away my time in school, and now I must go to work.”

But it was not easy for him to find work, even at that season of the year. He had made his mother’s garden; he could do that pretty well; but to go to making gardens for other people hardly suited his ideas of permanent employment.

Nobody in Lakesend needed such a boy; and, as midsummer drew near, he went to the city of L——, by the early train, every day for a week, spent five or six hours in looking for a situation, and returned home disheartened in the evening. He might have secured one very good place, if his handwriting had been better; he missed another because he was obliged to own that he had only a confused knowledge of accounts.

Yet, this boy had passed through the grammar-school, and had been almost two terms in the high-school, and was not by any means a dull pupil. Was it his own fault, or that of the system of teaching, that, at the age of sixteen, he had so little practical education that he could not write well nor spell correctly, nor trust himself to compose without errors of syntax a simple letter to a relative?

But he was a sturdy lad, and he tried to console himself by saying, “Well, I’ve got bone and muscle, if nothing else; I can buckle right down to even the hardest kind of hard work, if I’m not fit for anything better.”

It was not a source of satisfaction to know that Tom Tazwell had stolen a march on him by going into the store. One day he met that young gentleman on the street.

Tom certainly appeared to be changed. There was nothing "stuck up" about him, that day, at least. He greeted Toby in the most affable manner (he could be as affable as his father when he chose), and asked him if he had put his boat in the water yet.

"No," said Toby, stiffly; "I've something else to think of this year."

"So have I," said Tom. "I have n't fired a shot for a week. But I don't mind. It's just fun in the store. I like it ever so much. Father thinks it's too bad you did n't go in with me; and I think so, too."

When Toby attempted to answer, his heart came up in his throat; beside the chance Tom had, his own luck appeared so utterly hopeless.

"Come!" said Tom. "Why don't ye? As there was to be a change in the force, two or three fellows we know have applied for places; but father says, since I have gone in there is room for nobody else but you; no beginner, you know. It'll be just jolly, Toby, if you will!"

"I don't know," murmured Toby, who had thought of that opening more than once since he began his vain search for employment. "It might be jolly, and it might not." He could n't quite forget Tom's old, overbearing ways. "What pay do you get?"

"I don't get much, for I have my board," said Tom. "You'll get four or five dollars a week at the start. But you must be ready to do any sort of work; I am. At the foot of the ladder, you know. 'T won't be long before we shall be at the top. What do you say?"

Tom was delighted. The chance took an alluring charm again.

"I'll talk with mother; I'll see what she says," replied Toby.

On reaching home he met a lady and a young girl coming away from the front gate. It was Tom's mother and sister, who had been to call on Mrs. Trafford and Mildred. He could n't help scowling a little to see how elegantly they were dressed. For it seemed to him that the family of a man who had made such a failure as Tazwell had, might becomingly leave off some of their finery; and very naturally he compared their circumstances with those of his own mother and sister.

"We shall have to scrimp, to get along at all,"

he thought; "while *they*—it's just as I expected!"

But, though so richly attired, Mrs. Tazwell and Bertha were not carrying their heads high, in any sense; and a glance of joyous recognition out of the girl's laughing dark eyes, quite disarmed his resentment. She was the same charming little Bertha he had always known, and always liked.

Then the mother gave him her hand with an unaffected, kindly greeting.

"Well, Toby, how are you getting on?" she asked, with a sincere good-heartedness, which silks and ribbons could not disguise. "We have thought of you so much lately!"

"And talked of you, too," chimed in Bertha, "since Tom went into the store."

"It promises to be the making of Tom; and I am so glad!" said the mother. "I would n't have believed it of him; he has settled down to business like a man."

"I don't believe it of him yet," laughed Bertha. "It's a new thing; Tom always was fond of new things."

"My child! why do you say that? You never will believe in your brother!"

"Oh, yes, I will, when I see him steady for a fortnight; it is n't a week yet. I know Tom!" said Bertha.

"I think it would help to keep him steady, if you should go in with him, Toby; he thinks so much of you!" said Mrs. Tazwell.

"He sometimes takes odd ways of showing it," replied Toby, smiling rather ruefully.

"Yes, Mamma!" cried Bertha. "You should see how mean Tom can be to his best friends. But you never would believe it, if you did see it."

"Am I so partial to him as that?" the mother replied, not well pleased. "I think I see his faults as well as any one. But I had a serious talk with him when he went into the store. And I think he has changed; I am sure you will find him changed, Toby."

"I hope so, if—," faltered Toby.

"If I am to go into the store with him," was his thought, which however he did not utter. He was not yet ready to admit the possibility of such a thing, even to himself.

"Did Mrs. Tazwell come over here to talk

about my going in with Tom?" he asked, as soon as he got into the house.

"Do you imagine yourself of such importance that she could n't come for anything else?" Mildred answered, from her old habit of teasing him; but she was sorry for her words the moment they were spoken.

"I don't think she came for that," said Mrs. Trafford. "But she spoke of it; and she was as kind as she could be. And, my son, I don't see anything better for you just now. Do you?"

"I wish I knew what to do!" he exclaimed, discouraged and miserable, sinking on a chair.

He remained wretched and irresolute until bedtime, and long after. But the next morning he was cheerful; he had made up his mind.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ICEMAN'S SCOW.

ON the north shore of the lake, less than half a mile from Mrs. Trafford's house, lived Mr. Robert Brunswick, commonly spoken of as "Old Bob," because there was also a "Young Bob," whom we shall know later. He worked a small farm, and carried on at the same time a much more important business, which made an outward show, and a not very attractive one, in the shape of a great, brown, barn-like, windowless building, standing close to the water. This was an ice-house.

Near-by, but a little farther back, was the farm-house; in the kitchen door of which the elder Bob stood, filling his pipe, one day after dinner, when Toby Trafford approached by a path leading up from the lake.

"Good aft'noon," the iceman said, in answer to the boy's salutation. He was a thickest man, with square jaws, bristling (it being Saturday) with a stubby beard of six days' growth. "What 's the news with your folks?"

"Nothing special," said Toby. "I have come to borrow your flat-bottomed boat."

"Ye ain't go'n' to practice in her for a boat-race, be ye?" Mr. Brunswick inquired, with a grin at his own wit; the craft in question being a broad, clumsy scow.

"Not exactly," laughed Toby, in reply. "I want it to go haying in."

"It 's a pooty good idee, to go hayin' in a boat!" said the farmer, with another good-natured grin. "But how is it, Toby? I thought you were in Tazwell's store."

"I am."

"And do you do hayin' there?"

"I do almost everything, in the store or out of it," said Toby. "But I am doing more out of it than in it, just now; which is n't the best way to learn the business, I suppose you 'll say."

"No doubt it 's a good way for Mr. Tazwell to save the expense of hiring men to do outside work," commented the farmer, his grin taking on a surly expression. "But I don't see what object saving it is to him, if he don't pay his debts. Are ye go'n' a-hayin' fur *him*?"

"Yes; to take the hay from that little strip of shore on the other side," said Toby, pointing. "We might get it with a wagon, but we could n't drive very near, on account of the steep bank; we should have to carry the hay up that, through the belt of woods."

"So!" exclaimed Mr. Bob Brunswick, with a sardonic gleam in his deep-set eyes. "Mr. Tazwell sent you to borry a boat of me, did he?"

"Oh, no!" said Toby. "He thought we should take a wagon. But *we* thought the boat would be better."

"Wal, I 'm glad *he* did n't send ye!—though he 's got imperdence enough for anything," replied the farmer. "I would n't lend a boat—I would n't lend a broken paddle to *him*. My dealin's with Thomas Tazwell are done with; and it would have been better for me if they had never begun."

"I am sorry—I would n't have 'come—I did n't know you were not on good terms with him," Toby stammered.

"On good terms with a man that has run the rig he has and robbed me of seven hundred dollars, slick as if he had put his hand in my pocket? Borried money, the most on 't; borried when he must 'a' known he was goin' to fail. Course he must 'a' known it, sence his failin' was all a put-up job, to cheat his creditors!"

It dismayed Toby to hear this plain language regarding his employer. It was something like the opinion he himself had held

before he went into the store, and that view had come home to him more than once since. Instead of keeping his promise, and teaching the boy the business, Mr. Tazwell had so far made a mere drudge of him; and, according to all appearances, the widow's interests, which he had undertaken to protect, would come out of his hands extremely small indeed.

"I 've no business to talk!" old Bob Brunswick went on. "I was fool enough to sign off

"I do know, and that's just it," replied old Bob. "And I may as well tell ye. He represented to us, at the first meetin' of the creditors, that if we forced him into bankruptcy, your mother's property would have to go, along with his 'n; and that 's what determined me. For she ha'n't got much and 't would be distressin' her without doing us any material good."

"You were very considerate, I am sure!" murmured Toby. "I don't blame you for not lending the boat, feeling as you do."

"But I *be* goin' to lend it," said the iceman. "I am goin' to git it for you now. But, mind ye, I don't lend it to *him*. I lend it to *you*."

"That's the same thing, in this case," Toby replied.

"No, it ain't. If *you* want a boat, and will return it in good condition, you can take it. Trustin' you is very different from trustin' him."

So saying, he untied the painter of the scow, which lay afloat alongside a platform of the ice-house, and put the oars into it.

"Who's goin' with ye?" Old Bob asked.

"Only Tom," said Toby, seating himself on the middle thwart and adjusting the oars to the rowlocks. "Where 's Bob to-day?"

"I d' n' know; went off with some fellers after dinner; round the lake somewheres, I s'pose. Don't think I wa' n't ready to lend *you* the boat," old Bob said, pushing it off with his foot.

"Oh, no! Ever so much obliged!" Toby answered, as he pulled away.

The lake was as smooth as rippling silk, the flat-bottomed boat sat lightly on the surface, Toby was a practiced oarsman, and he pulled with steady strokes.

He was passionately fond of the water; and



"DON'T THINK I WA' N'T READY TO LEND YOU THE BOAT," OLD BOB SAID, PUSHING IT OFF WITH HIS FOOT."

like the rest, and let him go on, so I 'd better hold my tongue."

"Why did *you* sign off?" Toby inquired.

"For two reasons. Because he had got his plunder put away in such a shape I found it wa'n't possible to git more. Next—but I guess I 'd better keep still about that"; and Brunswick started to walk toward his ice-house.

"I 'd like to know all you can tell me," said Toby, following him. "It 's a matter we are deeply interested in, as you know."

he had hardly been on it that summer. The air was delicious, the sky a deep azure; there was joy in the very act of plying the long-handled oars and giving swift motion to the boat. The gurgle under the bow was music to his ear.

"I rather like this way of tending store," he chuckled to himself.

He saw Tom, with a fork in his hand and a gun on his shoulder, coming down a lane to meet him. By his side walked, or rather skipped, a girl of twelve or thirteen, carrying a rake, with her head bare in the June sunshine, and her hat dangling by its ribbons on the fleece of wavy brown hair that fell upon her neck. Every movement she made was full of grace and gaiety; she was tripping to the measure of a tune, the whistled notes of which came to Toby over the water.

"It's Bertha!" he said, laughing with pleasure. "How much better I like her that way, than when she is so dressed up! I wonder if she is going, too?"

She was going, too, as she stopped whistling to inform him, the moment the bow grated on the beach.

Tom's marvelously shorn dog, Bozer, with the tuft on his tail that looked like a hat on a short stick, came capering down the lane with them. The farming implements were put aboard, Bertha took a seat at the bow, and Tom went with his gun to the stern. Toby pulled the boat around with strong strokes. The dog dashed into the water and swam after them.

Toby thought Tom might at least pull one oar, but knew him too well to think of asking him to do it. Tom liked to give orders and see others work; he delighted especially in commanding Toby. No boy of spirit enjoys being domineered over, in that way, by another boy; and Toby was getting tired of it.

"Look here!" he broke out impatiently, after Tom had expended considerable breath in finding fault with his rowing. "I know how to pull a stroke a great deal better than you can show me. If my rowing does n't suit you, take hold yourself. Or, take one oar and see which will beat."

Tom was wary of accepting the challenge; he had rowed against Toby too many times. On reaching the hay-field,—a small strip of natural

meadow along by the lake,—he continued to give orders as to making the boat fast and beginning work; then he stepped leisurely ashore with his gun.

Tom laid his gun carefully on a log, took the fork, and at once commenced rolling up the hay as Toby and Bertha raked it. There was a rake already on the ground, left there by the mower, when he spread his swaths; this Bertha seized upon, and handled with much more goodwill than skill. She was a child whom her mother was trying to bring up to "ladylike" ways, but whose repressed spirits, at every opportunity, broke forth in ways not quite so "ladylike." Hence that perverse habit of whistling, and the delight she took in going with her brother to the hay-field.

Tom began carrying the hay to the boat by the forkful, despite Toby's warning that he would set it afire with his cigarette, and get a singeing. Tiring of that, he proposed to lay the two rakes on the ground, load the hay on the handles, and transport it in that way.

But after two or three such trips to the boat, Tom began to loiter and wipe his forehead and complain of the heat. It seemed a great relief to him when at length he saw a boat coming across the lake.

"Hello!" said he, "it's 'Yellow Jacket's' boat, and there are Yellow Jacket, and Bob Brunswick, and Lick Stevens in it."

CHAPTER VII.

YELLOW JACKET AND HIS CREW.

OF Bob Brunswick, mention has already been made; he was the son of old Bob, the ice-man.

"Lick" Stevens was the son of the Rev. Alexander Stevens, a highly respectable clergyman. But that fact did not prevent Lick—or "Aleck," as he was sometimes called, or "Alexander the Little" (his father was "the Great")—from being a wild boy and going with bad company.

For Yellow Jacket was decidedly common. He was one of several children, whose mother, the widow Patterson, was a poor and industrious washer and ironer and scrubber for the village people. She had two girls out at service; and

all three worked hard, while her able-bodied boy of seventeen lived chiefly upon their earnings.

Few people ever thought of calling him Paterson, or Josiah (his Christian name); he was "Yellow Jacket" to half the village. He had gained the distinction by what seemed to other boys a miraculous power over the wasp popularly known by that name. He was always catching one (he could find one when you could n't), in order to show you that, however familiarly he might handle it, it would n't sting him.

There was in the boat a fourth boy, recognized by Tom as it came nearer.

"It's 'Butter Ball,'" he said.

John Ball (nicknamed Butter Ball, because he was so fat) was not so low in the social scale as Yellow Jacket; but he was smaller than any of the rest of the boys,

the minister's son, would Tom Tazwell even deign to look at, on ordinary occasions; and Lick was the only one of them who now had the audacity to accost him. He stood up in the bow, showing a rather slim and elegant figure in a light check suit, and called out:

"Hallo, Tom! What you doing there?"

"Overseeing a little farm-work, that's all," said Tom, stiffly.

"What are *you* up to, Toby?" Lick asked.

"Overseeing a little farm-work," responded Toby drily, at the same time diligently plying his rake.

"So am I!" said Bertha, not meaning to be heard by any body but Toby and Tom. "We are all overseeing."

But sound travels far over the water; and a shout of laughter from the boat applauded her borrowed wit.

A flush came into Tom's face.

Lick jumped ashore. "Got your gun with ye?" he inquired, coming up to Tom. "Oh, splendid!" seeing it on the log. "Come! I've got mine; let's pin a piece of paper to that maple, and take shots at it. Yellow Jacket's

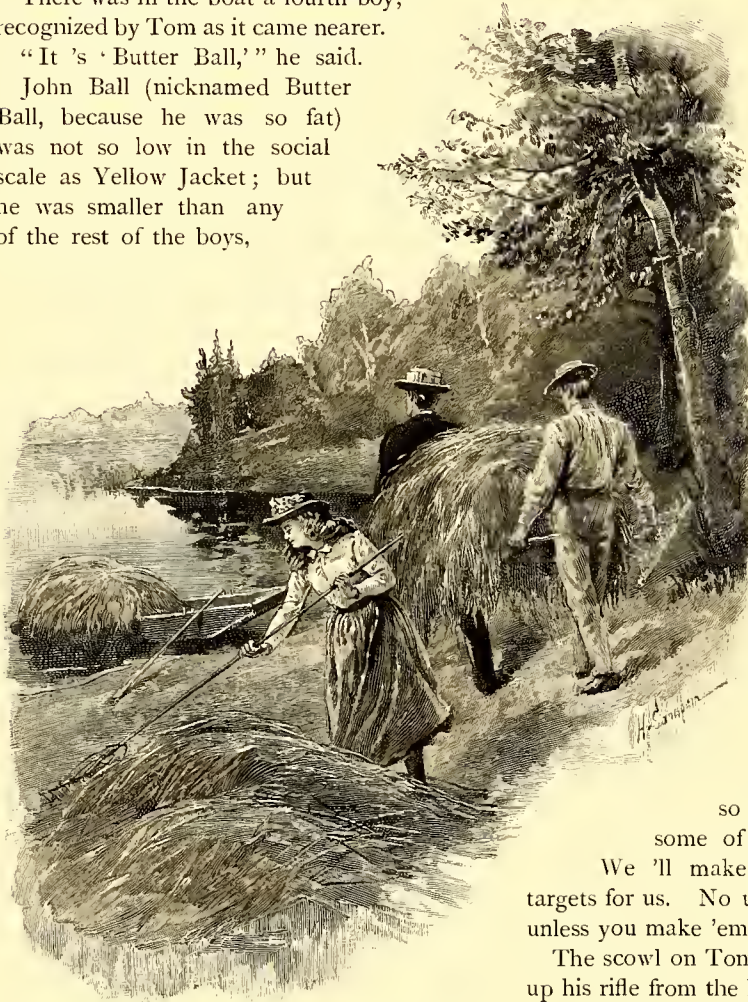
so droll! You should hear some of his fish stories. Come!

We'll make Butter Ball put up the targets for us. No use going with *such* chaps, unless you make 'em useful."

The scowl on Tom's brow relaxed. He took up his rifle from the log.

"Work right around the edges; rake toward the boat," he commanded, turning to Toby. "I'll be back here, and see to loading the hay."

It made him good-natured to have Lick and



BERTHA, TOM, AND TOBY AT WORK IN THE HAY-FIELD.

and the youngest, except perhaps Bob Brunswick.

Not one of this crew, with the exception of

his companions hear him giving these orders. All were now ashore, and Yellow Jacket pulled up his boat among the water weeds.

Young Ball had Lick's gun, which Lick now took from him, sending him forward to pin up a white envelop on the tree.

"Hurry, Butter Ball!" said Lick.

The obedient drudge set off as fast as he could trot, while his companions, behind his back, laughed at his short legs and his servility.

All but Bob Brunswick, who lingered to speak to Toby.

"I see you've got our old square-toed packet," said Bob, observing the boat Toby was loading.

"Yes, your father was kind enough to lend the boat to me. Though—" and Toby spoke lower so that Bertha should n't hear, —"he told me that he would n't have lent it to anybody by the name of Tazwell."

"Tazwell has cheated us!" said Bob. "And I don't think much of Tom. How can you stand it to be ordered around by him?"

"I can't," replied Toby, good-humoredly.

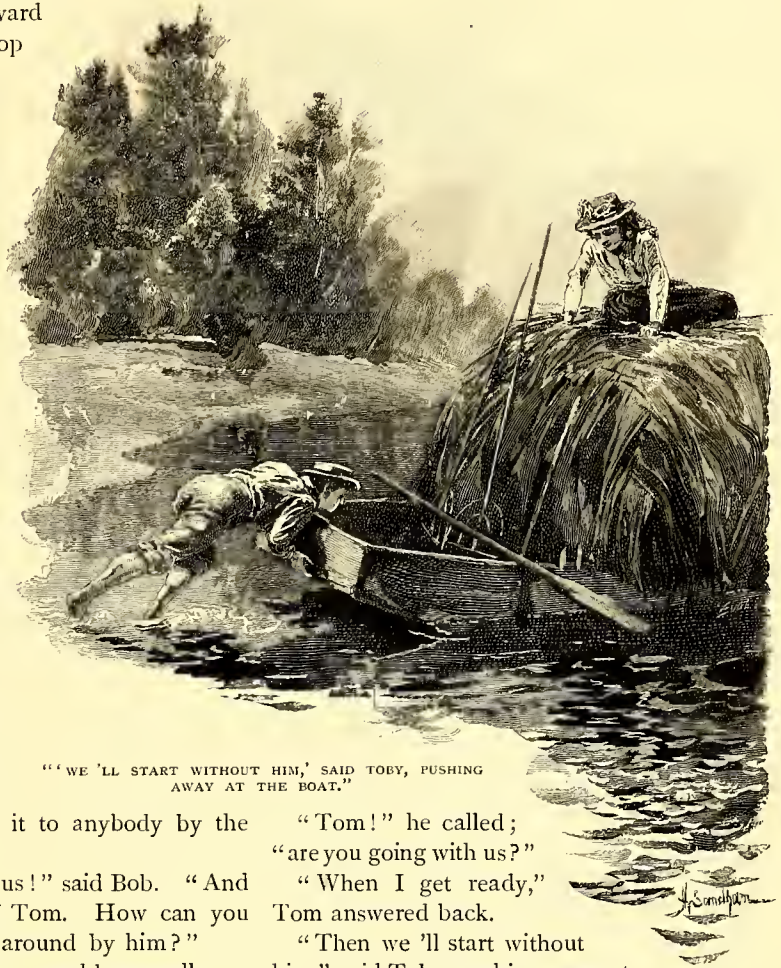
"I did n't want to come near him; I told the boys so," Bob grumbled. "They may have him all to themselves, now they've got him."

But the sudden crack of a rifle excited his interest; and the laughter that followed a second shot, proved more than he could resist.

"Come, Bob!" Lick called to him; "it's your turn!"

And Toby was left alone with Bertha. Two or three times, Lick invited him to take a shot; but he kept at work at the hay until he had got it all on board the boat, with Bertha seated on

the top of the load. The bow was filled, the center heaped high, and only room left in the stern to manage an oar.



"'WE 'LL START WITHOUT HIM,' SAID TOBY, PUSHING AWAY AT THE BOAT."

"Tom!" he called;
"are you going with us?"

"When I get ready,"
Tom answered back.

"Then we'll start without him," said Toby, pushing away at the boat, to get it off, but finding to his vexation that it was hard aground.

He had foreseen this mischance, and had endeavored to avert it by keeping the boat well loaded by the bow, and occasionally working it off a little farther from the shore as it settled in the water.

"Will it make any difference if I get down? I'm sitting as light as I can!" laughed Bertha, from her perch.

"Get over toward the bow, and sit as heavy as you can," said Toby, smiling. Then as the

boat did not move, she offered to get out and help him. But as she would have had to stand in the water, and could not have been expected to help much even then, Toby would not let her.

"We shall have to wait for Tom," he said, stepping back upon the bank with his bare feet (he had put his shoes into the boat), and rolling down his trousers-legs.

"Do go and shoot with them!" said Bertha. "I should like to see you beat them all."

It was Toby's pride as much as anything, which prevented him from going where the indignities he had to bear from Tom might be witnessed by others. But now Tom could not order him to keep at work, for the work was done; and Bertha's words kindled his ambition.

He had confidence in his own skill, and he judged from what he overheard that the envelop had not been perforated many times. It had now been taken down from the tree, and with a twig thrust through two bullet-holes had been set up like a sail and sent afloat on a fragment of bark. A light westerly wind was carrying it away, and the boys were firing at it.

The skipping of the bullets on the water showed that nobody was taking very good aim, when Toby, barefooted, approached the group. Tom was just having his turn.

"Nobody can hit it now," Tom muttered, for the little sail was not only drifting at a long distance from the group, but it had turned in the wind until only the edge of it was visible.

Tom fired, however, and his bullet cut the surface at least a foot from the mark.

"I have not been practicing, as the rest of you have," Toby said, taking the rifle; "but I don't think I can do much worse than that."

"Don't brag," muttered Tom.

"That was not bragging," Toby replied with a quiet laugh. "It was putting it very modestly."

Bertha stopped whistling to watch him, from her place on the boat-load of hay. He dropped on one knee (the others had taken that privilege), rested an elbow on the other knee, raised the rifle, sighted carefully, and pulled the trigger. He was as much astonished as anybody at the result, for he had hardly expected to hit so difficult a mark.

Shouts of applause broke even from his competitors (only Tom remaining silent), while

Bertha clapped her hands. When Toby lowered the piece, and the smoke cleared from before his eyes, he saw the envelop fluttering from the lower part of the twig, which had been cut by his bullet.

"The merest good luck!" he exclaimed, laughing excitedly. "I could not do it again, if I tried ever so hard. But that's a lovely little breech-loader of yours, Lick!"

"Oh, it will do," said Lick, with satisfaction; "but there's something in knowing how to use it."

CHAPTER VIII.

A BOAT-LOAD OF HAY.

TOM, who liked neither to be beaten as a marksman nor to hear the praise of another's gun, turned abruptly and marched away to the boat.

With the other boys' aid, the boat was soon floated with Tom and Bertha aboard. Then Tom took in his dog. The fork and the rakes were already disposed of; and lastly Toby climbed in over the stern.

Tom did not offer to help, but throwing himself over on the hay in an attitude of lazy enjoyment, with Bozer's wonderfully tufted tail waving (you could hardly call it wagging) at his feet, issued his orders to Toby.

As rowing was out of the question, and sculling difficult, with so deeply laden a craft, Toby shaped his course along by the shore, where he could strike bottom with the strong oar-blade and propel the boat in that way.

He enjoyed greatly the novelty of this mode of transporting hay. Bertha chatted or whistled; and Tom grew good-natured again. The light breeze freshened, and wafted them along. It blew a little too much off shore; but Toby, with his oar, was able to keep the scow nearly in its course.

"Now let her drift," said Tom, taking out his cigarettes.

There was a broad cove to pass, and instead of trying to make the detour of the shore, Toby trusted to the wind to take them across, and steered boldly out on the deep water.

"Look here, Tom!" said he, "if you are going to smoke, get off that hay!"

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Tom. "You've

tried to interfere with my smoking once before. You said I would get singed, but I did n't."

"I did n't care much if you did, then," said Toby. "You endangered nobody but yourself. But now—Tom!" he called out, as Tom was about to strike a match upon the side of the boat, "don't you do that!"

"Who 's to hinder?"

the more sturdily-built Toby. But now his pride was up and would not let him yield.

"My business is to take care of this load—and the boat—and your own sister!" cried Toby. "Don't be afraid, Bertha!" For Tom's carelessness with his matches terrified her. "He sha'n't do it!"

"Don't you dare touch me again!" Tom ex-



"TOM STRUGGLED TO THROW TOBY OVER AND TO KEEP FROM GOING OVER HIMSELF."

"I will!" Toby endeavored to get hold of the match. Tom broke it in his hurry, and found himself trying to rub the stump of it on the board.

"I've got plenty more," said he. "Now mind your own business."

He was cowed a little, for in good-natured hand-to-hand conflicts, Tom, though much the taller of the two, generally found his match in

claimed, preparing to strike a second match, out of mere bravado. "I guess I know what I'm about."

"You don't!—you're crazy!" said Toby, grasping his hand again. "Now, Tom!"

"Let go!" said Tom, starting up, "or I'll pitch you overboard!"

"If you do, you'll keep me company," replied Toby. "You sha'n't light that match."

"What!" exclaimed Tom, grappling him; "we 'll see who 's master!"

He forced Toby to the edge of the stern. There Toby recovered himself, and grappled Tom.

"Oh, Tom! Oh, Toby!—don't!" said Bertha.

Tom pretended at first to be bent on striking his second match, but soon forgot all about that in his struggle to throw Toby over, and to keep from going over himself. Both were good swimmers, and a ducking was less to be dreaded, even by Tom with his boots on, than the humiliation of being beaten in the tussle.

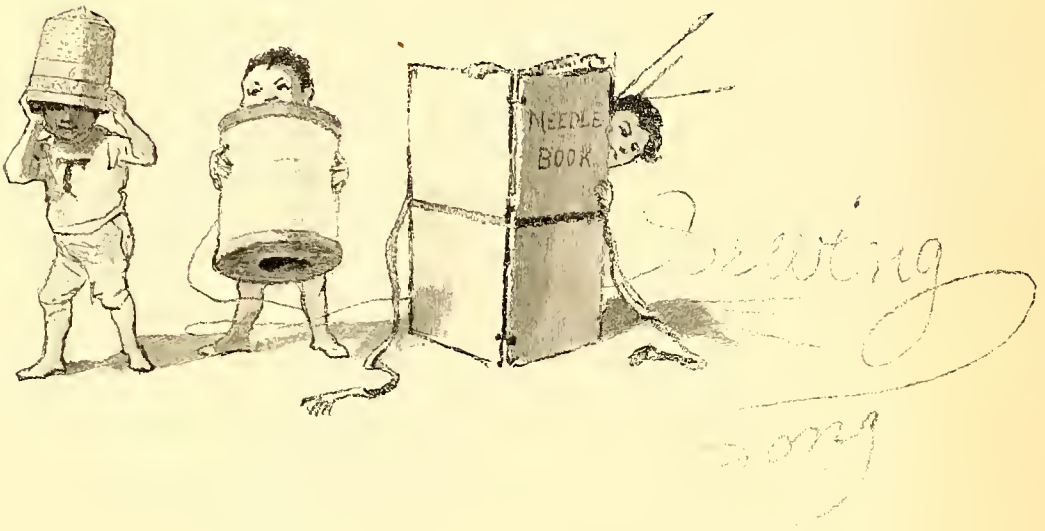
Tom's hat fell off into the water, and he

managed to knock Toby's after it. This promised to end the scuffle, which had already gone quite beyond the bounds of good nature. Toby believed he had accomplished his object, in preventing the lighting of the match; and both were glad of an excuse to give over the contest. "Wait," said Toby breathlessly, "till I fish out the hats!"

He released Tom, and looked about blindly, through his tumbled hair, for a rake. Tom stood panting, and arranging his necktie with shaking fingers. In the momentary pause, a sudden crackling and singeing sound was heard, accompanied by a shriek from Bertha:

"The hay!—the hay 's afire!"

(To be continued.)



BY MARY J. JACQUES.

I HAVE a little servant
With a single eye,
She always does my bidding
Very faithfully;

But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink,

A very clever servant, as you well may think.

Another little servant
On my finger sits,
She the one-eyed little servant
Very neatly fits;

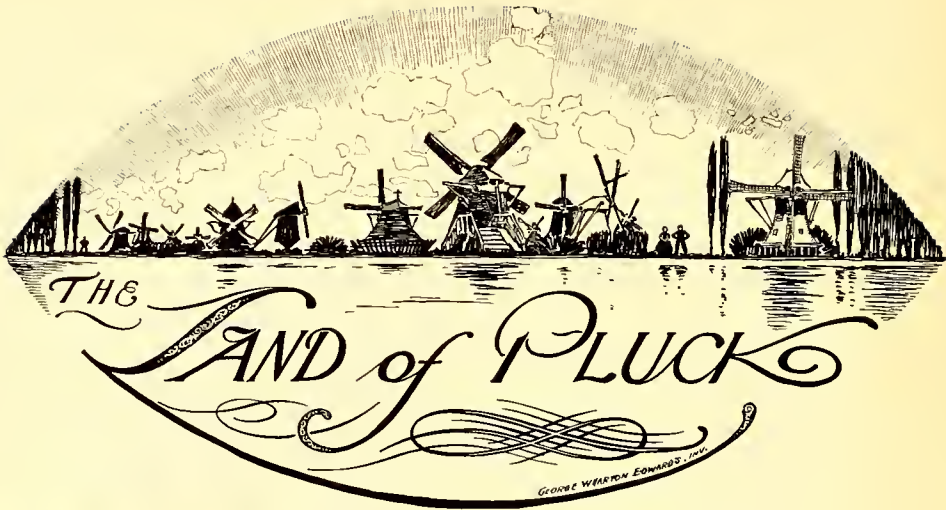
But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink,

A very clever servant, as you well may think.

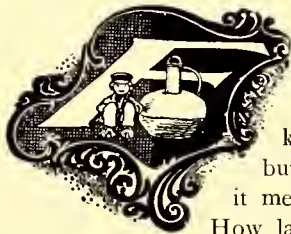
Now, one more little servant,
Through the single eye,
Does both the others' bidding
Very faithfully ;
But she eats me no meat,
And she drinks me no drink,
A very clever servant, as you well may think.

A needle and a thimble,
And a spool of thread,
Without the fingers nimble,
And the knowing head,
They would never make out,
If they tried the whole day,
To sew a square of patchwork as you well may say.





BY MARY MAPES DODGE.



AR over the sea is a famous little country generally known as Holland; but that name, even if it mean Hollow land, or How land? does not describe it half so well as this—The Funny Land of Pluck.

Verily, a queerer bit of earth was never shone upon by the sun nor washed by the tide. It is the oddest, funniest country that ever raised its head from the waves (and, between ourselves, it does not quite do that), the most topsy-turvy landscape, the most amphibious spot in the universe,—as the Man in the Moon can't deny,—the chosen butt of the elements, and good-naturedly the laughing-stock of mankind. Its people are the queerest and drollest of all the nations; and yet so plucky, so wise and resolute and strong, that “beating the Dutch” has become a by-word for expressing the limits of mortal performance.

As for the country, for centuries it was not exactly anywhere; at least it objected to staying long just the same, in any one place. It may be said to have lain around loose on the waters of a certain portion of Europe, playing peek-a-boo with its inhabitants; now coming to the surface

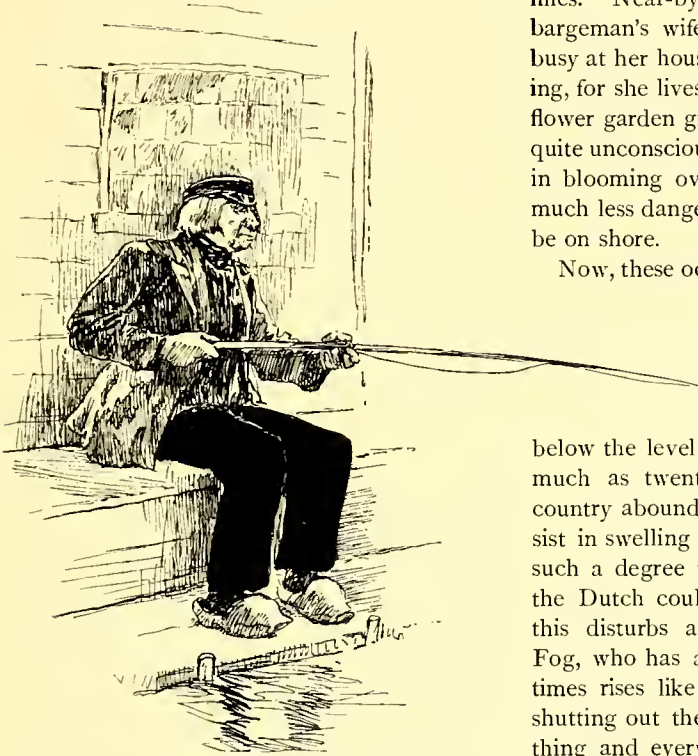
here and there to attend to matters, then taking a dive for change of scene,—and a most disastrous dive it often proved.

Rip Van Winkle himself changed less between his great sleeping and waking than Holland has altered many a time, between sunset and dawn. All its permanence and resoluteness seems to have been soaked out of it, or rather to have filtered from the land into the people. Every field hesitates whether to turn into a pond or not, and the ponds are always trying to leave the country by the shortest cut. One would suppose that under this condition of things the only untroubled creatures would be turtles and ducks; but no, strangest and most mysterious of all, every living thing in Holland appears to be thoroughly placid and content. The Dutch mind, so to speak, is at once anti-dry and waterproof. Little children run about in fields where once their grandfathers sailed over the billows; and youths and maidens row their pleasure-boats where their ancestors played “tag” among the haystacks. When the tide sweeps unceremoniously over Mynheer's garden, he lights his pipe, takes his fishing-rod, and sits down on his back porch to try his luck. If his pet pond breaks loose and slips away, he whistles, puts up a dam so that it cannot come back, and decides what crop shall be raised in its vacant place. None

but the Dutch could live so tranquilly in Holland; though, for that matter, if it had not been for the Dutch, we may be sure there would have been, by this time, no Holland at all.

And yet this very Holland, besides holding its own place, has managed to gain a foothold in almost every quarter of the globe. An account of its colonies is a history in itself. In the East Indies alone it commands twenty-four millions of persons.

It is said that the Greenlanders, in spite of



"MYNHEER SITS DOWN ON HIS BACK PORCH TO TRY HIS LUCK."

the discomforts of their country, become so very fond of it that even the extreme cold is considered a luxury. In some such way, I suppose, the Hollander becomes infatuated with water. He deems no landscape, no pleasure-spot complete without it. It is funny to see the artificial pond that a Dutchman will have beneath his very window; and funny, also, to see how soon the pond will try to look like land, by filming itself over with a coat of green. Many of the city people have little summer-houses, or pavilions, near the outskirts of the town. They are

built just large enough for the family to sit in. Each *zomerhuis*, as it is called, is sure to be surrounded by a ditch, if indeed it is not built out over the water. Its chief ornaments are its little bridges, its fanciful roof, and its Dutch motto painted over the entrance. Hither the family repair on summer afternoons. Mynheer sips his coffee, smokes his pipe, and gazes at the water. His *vrouw* knits or sews; and the children fish from the windows, or climb the little bridges, or paddle about in skiffs gathering yellow water-lilies. Near-by, perhaps, they can hear some bargeman's wife singing her cheery song while busy at her housekeeping, or rather home-keeping, for she lives on the canal-boat. That is her flower garden growing on a corner of the deck, quite unconscious that it is doing anything queer in blooming over the water. In fact, it is in much less danger of sinking there than it would be on shore.

Now, these oddities arise mainly from the fact that though mankind cannot help admiring this Land of Pluck, the ocean has always looked down upon it. A large portion of Holland lies below the level of the sea,—in some places as much as twenty or thirty feet. Besides, the country abounds with lakes and rivers that persist in swelling and choking and overflowing to such a degree that, as I said before, none but the Dutch could do anything with them. All this disturbs an unpleasant phantom named Fog, who has a cousin in London. He sometimes rises like a great smoke over the land, shutting out the sunlight, and wrapping everything and everybody in a veil of mist, so that it is almost as much as a person's life is worth to venture out of doors, for fear of tumbling into a canal. Again, the greater part of Holland is so flat that the wind sweeps across it in every direction, putting the waters up to any amount of mischief, and blowing about all the dry sand it can find, heaping it, scattering it, in the maddest possible way.

What wonder the Dutch have always been wise, plucky, and strong? They have had to struggle for a very foothold upon the land of their birth. They have had to push back the ocean to prevent it from rolling in upon them.

They have had to wall in the rivers and lakes to keep them within bounds. They have been forced to decide which should be land and which should be water,—forever digging, building, embanking, and pumping for dear existence. They had no stones, no timber, that they had not themselves procured from elsewhere. Added to this, they have had the loose, blowing sand in their mind's eye for ages; never forgetting it, governing its drifts, and where its vast, silent heapings (as in the great Dunes along the coast) have proved useful as a protection, they have planted sea-bent and other vegetation to fasten it in its place. Even the riotous wind has been made their slave. Caught by thousands of long-armed windmills, it does their grinding, pumping, draining, sawing. When it ceases to blow, those great white sleeve-like sails all over the country hang limp and listless in the misty air, or are tucked trimly out of sight; but let the first breath of a gale be felt, and straightway, with one flutter of preparation, every arm is turning slowly, steadily with a peculiar plenty-of-time air, or is whirling as if the spirit of seventy Dutchmen had taken possession of it.

You scarcely can stand anywhere in Holland without seeing from one to twenty windmills. Many of them are built in the form of a two-story tower, the second story being smaller than the first, with a balcony at its base from which it tapers upward until the cap-like top is reached. High up, near the roof, the great axis juts from the wall; and to this are fastened two prodigious arms, formed somewhat like ladders, bearing great sheets of canvas, whose business it is to catch the mischief-maker and set him at work. These mills stand like huge giants guarding the country. Their bodies are generally of a dark red; and their heads, or roofs, are made to turn this way and that, according to the direction of the wind. Their round eye-window is always staring. Altogether, they seem to be keeping a vigilant watch in every direction. Sometimes they stand clustered together; sometimes alone, like silent sentinels; sometimes in long rows, like ranks of soldiers. You see them rising from the midst of factory buildings, by the cottages, on the polders (the polders are lakes pumped dry and turned into farms); on the wharves; by the rivers; along

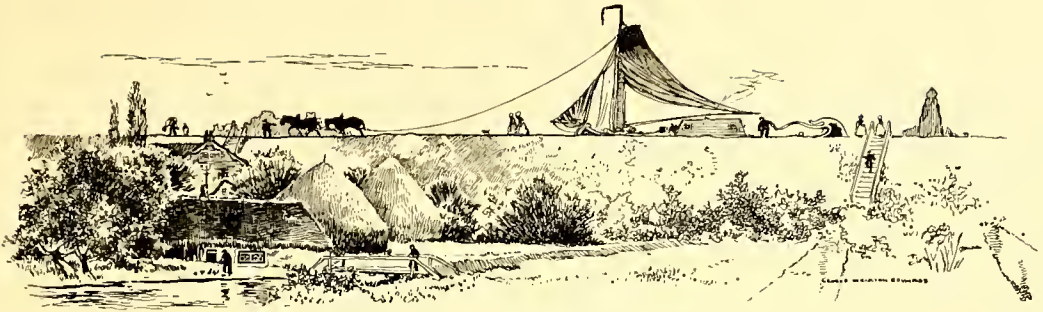
the canals; on the dykes; in the cities—everywhere! Holland would n't be Holland without its windmills, any more than it could be Holland without its dykes and its Dutchmen.

A certain zealot dame is said to have once attempted to sweep the ocean away with a broom. The Dutch have been wiser than this. They are a slow and deliberate people. Desperation may use brooms, but deliberation prefers clay and solid masonry. So, slowly and deliberately, the dykes, those great hill-like walls of cement and stone, have risen to breast the buffeting waves. And the funny part of it is, they are so skillfully slanted and paved on the outside with flat stones that the efforts of the thumping waves to beat them down only make them all the firmer!

These Holland dykes are among the wonders of the world. I cannot say for how many miles they stretch along the coast, and throughout the interior; but you may be sure that wherever a dyke is necessary to keep back the encroaching waters, there it is. Otherwise, nothing would be there—at least, nothing in the form of land; nothing but a fearful illustration of the principal law of hydrostatics: Water always seeks its level.

Sometimes the dykes, however carefully built, will “spring a-leak,” and if not attended to at once, terrible results are sure to follow. In threatened places guards are stationed at intervals, and a steady watch is kept up night and day. At the first signal of danger, every Dutchman within hearing of the startling bell is ready to rush to the rescue. When the weak spot is discovered, what do you think is used to meet the emergency? What, but straw—everywhere else considered the most helpless of all things in water! Yet straw, in the hands of the Dutch, has a will of its own. Woven into huge mats and securely pressed against the embankment, it defies even a rushing tide, eager to sweep over the country.

These dykes form almost the only perfectly dry land to be seen from the ocean-side. They are high and wide, with fine carriage-roads on top, sometimes lined with buildings and trees. Lying on one side of them, and nearly on a level with the edge, is the sea, lake, canal, or river, as the case may be; on the other, the flat fields



A DUTCH DYKE, AS SEEN FROM THE LAND SIDE.

stretching damply along at their base, so that cottage roofs sometimes are lower than the shining line of the water. Frogs squatting on the shore can take quite a bird's-eye view of the landscape; and little fish wriggle their tails higher than the tops of the willows near-by. Horses look complacently down upon the bell-towers; and men in skiffs and canal-boats sometimes know when they are passing their friend Dirk's cottage only by seeing the smoke from its chimney; or perhaps by the cart-wheel that he has perched upon the peak of its overhanging thatched roof, in the hope that some stork will

beneath her, and, after all, mount only to where a snail is sunning himself on the water's edge; or a toad may take a reckless leap from the land side of his eminence, and alighting on a tree-top, have to reach earth in monkey-fashion, by leaping from branch to branch!

To the birds skimming high over the country, it must be a fanciful sight—this Holland. There are the fertile farms or polders, studded with cattle and bright red cottages; short-waisted men, women, and children, moving about in wide jackets and big wooden shoes; trees everywhere clipped into fantastical shapes, with



A WATER-OMNIBUS.

build her nest there, and so bring him good luck.

A butterfly may take quite an upward flight in Holland, leaving flowers and shrubs and trees

their trunks colored white, yellow, or brick red; country mansions too, and farm-houses gaudy with roofs of brightly tinted tiles. These tiles are made of a kind of glazed earthenware, and make

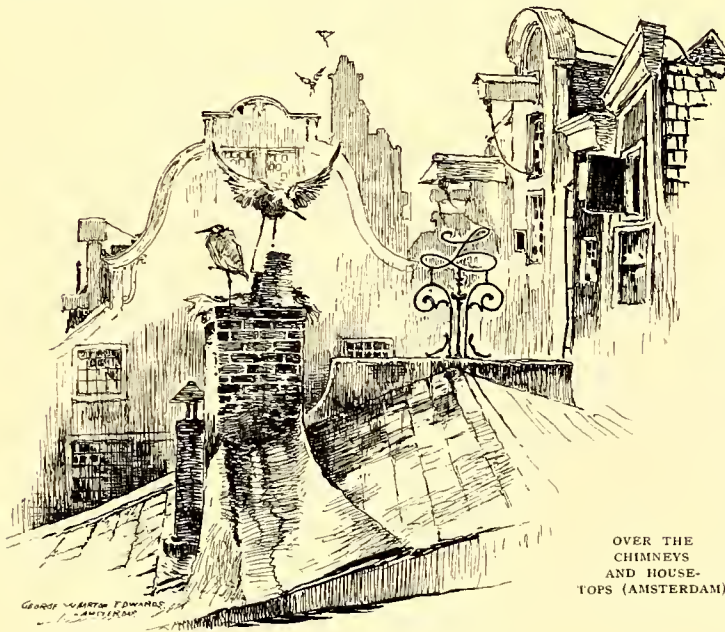
one feel as if all the pie dishes in the country were lapped in rows on top of the buildings. Then the great slanting dykes, with their waters held up as if to catch the blue of the sky; the ditches, canals, and rivers trailing their shining lengths in every direction; shining lines of railway, too, that now connect most of the principal points of the Netherlands; then, the thousands of bridges, little and big; the sluice-gates, canal-locks, and windmills; the silver and golden weather-cocks perched on one foot, and twitching right and left to show their contempt for the wind. All this, as you must know, makes the sun jeweler-in-chief to the landscape, which shines and glitters and trembles with motion and light. Yet that is only one way of looking at it. A low-spirited bird might still see only marshes and puddles. Or one of the practical every-day sort might notice only commonplace things,—such as the country roads paved with yellow bricks; cabbage plots scarcely greener than the ponds nestling everywhere among the reeds; cottages, with roofs ever so much too big

ing along with drivers sitting outside, kicking the funny little crooked pole; or horses yoked three abreast, dragging obstinate loads; or women and boys harnessed to long towing-ropes meekly drawing their loads of market-stuff up and down the canal.

Then there are the boats, large and small, of every possible Dutch style; wonderful ships made to breast the rough seas of the coast; fishing-smacks (*smakschepen*), heavy with fresh catches; the round-sterned craft by the cities, with their gilded prows and gaily painted sides; *trekschuiten*, or water-omnibuses, plying up and down the canals for the conveyance of passengers; brown-sailed *pakschuiten*, or water-carts, for carrying coal and merchandise upon these same water-roads; barges loaded with peat; pleasure-boats with their showy sails; the little skiffs, the rafts, the chip boats launched by white-haired urchins kneeling in the mud!

Then, mingling confusedly with masts, and windmills, and sails are the long rows of willows, firs, beeches, or elms, planted on the highways wherever root-hold can be found or manufactured; the stiff, symmetrical gardens, with their nodding tulips and brilliant shrubs; the great white storks flying to and fro with outstretched necks and legs, busily attending to family needs, or settling upon the quaint gabled roofs of some little town; water-fowl dipping with soft splashings into the tide; rabbits scudding here and there; water-rats slyly slipping into their crannies, and bright water-insects rocking at the surface on reed and tangle-weed. Seeing all this, our birds have not seen half; but they have ample time to look; for bird-life is not the un-

certain thing in Holland that it is here. They are citizens loved and respected, and protected by rigorous laws. Stones are not thrown at their heads, nor is "salt sprinkled upon their tails."



OVER THE
CHIMNEYS
AND HOUSE-
TOPS (AMSTERDAM).

for them, perched upon wooden legs to keep them from sinking in the marsh; and horses wearing wide, stool-like shoes for the same reason. Or they might watch the wagons bump-



MYNHEER, ON HIS WAY TO TOWN.

They are not afraid of guns, for the law has its eye on the gunners; and, strangest of all, they see nothing terrible in small boys! Young eyes, to be sure, often peep into their nests; but the owners have been taught not to rob nor molest. Human mothers and bird mothers are in secret league. Indeed, the softest, warmest nest is not softer nor warmer than the Dutch heart has proved itself to the birds.

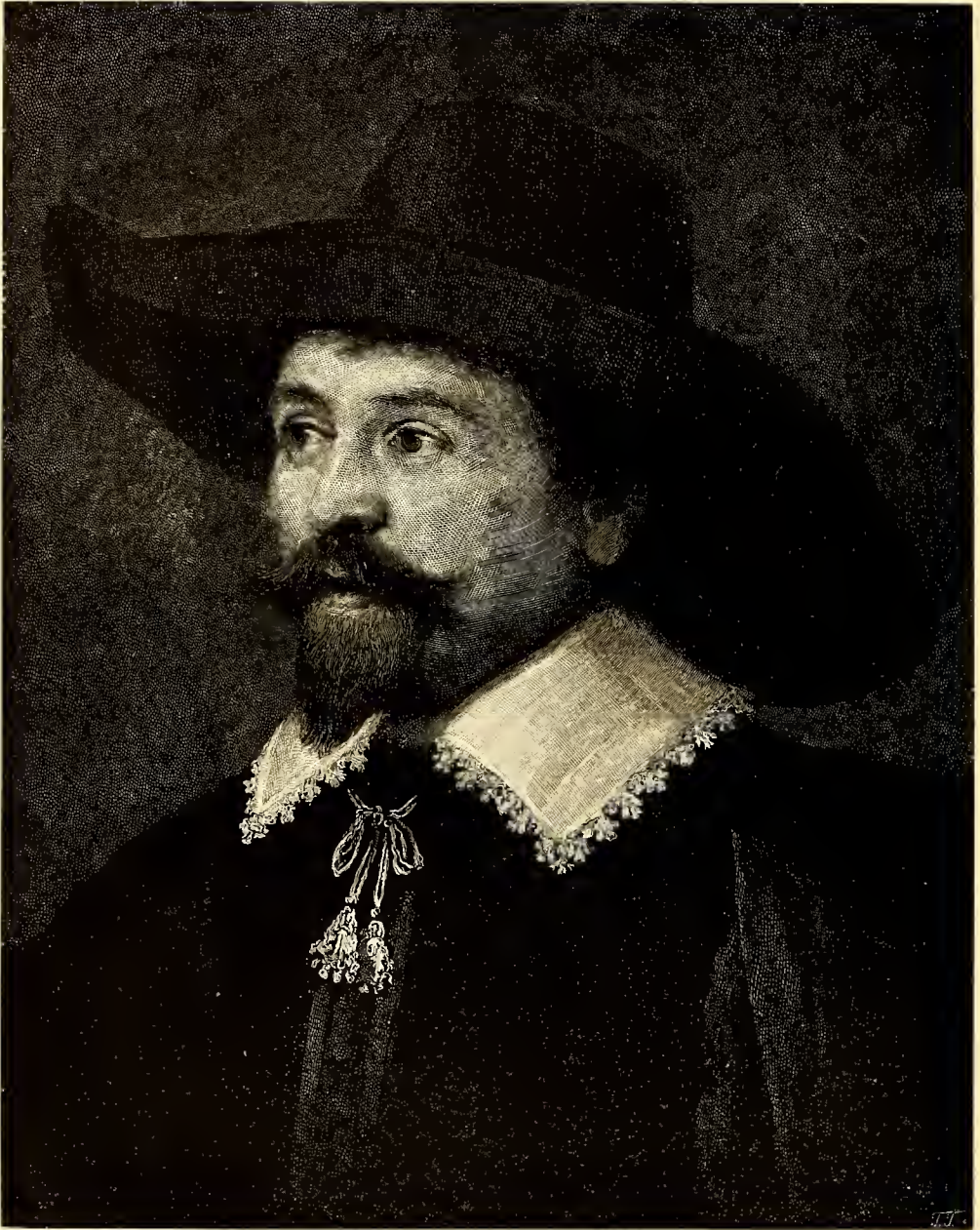
When winter comes and the little songsters—and their greedy cousins, the storks—have flown away in search of warmer quarters, the country is still in a glitter, for its waters are frozen. Then all Holland puts on its skates, and gets atop of its beloved water, in which before it has only dabbled. Everybody, young and old, goes skimming and sliding along the canals, over the lakes, and on the rivers.

“And as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways
In circling poise, swift as the winds along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.”

The entire country is one vast skating-rink. No need of red balls to tell the people that everything is ready. They know winter in their land means ice,—and good solid ice, too,—sometimes for three months together. Then come out the ice-boats and sleds, and sliding-chairs, and *ijsbrekers*. These last, as you may guess, by pronouncing the word, are provided with spikes for breaking passages through the ice to enable barges and other vessels to pass. They are sometimes used by hand, and sometimes are made very large and heavy, and drawn by as many as twenty or even thirty horses. There is no little excitement among the boys and girls when a big ice-breaker comes out for the first time in the season. The great crashing thing inspires them with wonder and admiration; yet with all its might it cuts only a narrow pathway for

the boats. The main face of the country belongs to the skaters.

For miles and miles the glassy ice spreads its mirror under the blinking and dazzled sun. Everywhere is one shining network of slippery highway. Who would walk or ride then? Not one. Doctors skate to their patients; clergymen to their parishioners; market-women to town with baskets upon their heads. Laborers go skimming by, with tools on their shoulders, and tradespeople busily planning the day's affairs;



HEAD OF NIKOLAAS TULP, THE ANATOMIST.
(FROM REMBRANDT'S PAINTING, "THE SCHOOL OF ANATOMY,"—AT THE HAGUE.)

fat old burgomasters, too, with gold-headed canes cautiously flourished to keep them in balance; laughing girls with arms entwined; long files of young men shouting as they pass; children with school-satchels slung over their shoulders,—all whizzing by, this way and that,

until you can see nothing but the flashing of skates, and a rushing confusion of color.

And while all this is happening in the open air, the simple indoor life is steadily going on, in the homes, the shops, the churches, the schools, the workshops, the picture-galleries.

Ah, the picture-galleries! All Hollanders, from the very richest and most cultivated to almost the very humblest, visit and enjoy the rare collections of paintings that ennoble their principal towns and cities. And what pictures those old Dutchmen have painted! The Dutchmen of to-day well may be proud of them. There was Rembrandt Van Ryn (of the Rhine), perhaps the greatest portrait painter—or painter of men—this world has ever known; and Franz Hals and Van der Helst and the careful Gerhard Dow, and Micris and Van Ostade, and Teniers and many others. You must read about them, and some day see their pictures, if indeed you have not already come upon them either in your reading or on your travels!

But if you visit no other, you surely must hope some day to go to the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, and see its priceless Rembrandts and other treasures of Dutch art.

If you go to Holland in summer and look at the people, you will wonder when all the work was done, and who did it. The country folk move so slowly and serenely, looking as if to smoke their pipes were quite as much as they cared to do,—they have so little to say, and seem to see you only because their eyes chance to be open. You feel sure if the lids dropped by any accident they would not be lifted again in a hurry. Yet there are the dykes, the water-roads, the great ship-canal, the fine old towns, the magnificent cities, the colleges, the galleries, the charitable institutions, the churches. There are the public parks, the beautiful country-seats, the immense factories, the herring-packeries, the docks, the shipping-yards, the railways, and the telegraphs. Surely these Hollanders must work in their sleep!

But though the men outside of Amsterdam and the large cities may screen themselves with a mask of dullness, it is not so with the women. They are as lively as one could wish, taller in proportion than the men, with fresh, rosy faces, and hair that matches the sunshine. Many of them are elegant and graceful. As for work,—well, if there could be such a thing as a Dutch Barnum, he would make his fortune by exhibiting a lazy Dutch woman—if he could find one! Ah! how they work!—brushing, mopping, scrubbing, and polishing. I do believe the tini-

est Lilliputian that Gulliver ever saw could not fill his pockets with dust, if he searched through dozens of Dutch houses.

Broek, a little village near beautiful Amsterdam, that city of ninety islands, is said to be the cleanest place in the world. It used to be quite famous for its North-Holland peculiarities—and even to-day it has strong characteristics of its own. It is inhabited mainly by retired Dutch merchants and their families, who seem determined to enjoy the world as it appears when scrubbed to a polish. Every morning the village shines forth as fresh as if it had just taken a bath. The wooden houses are as bright and gay as paint can make them. Their shining tiled roofs and polished facings flash up a defiance to the sun to find a speck of dust upon them. Certain door-yards, curiously paved with shells and stones, look like enormous mosaic brooches pinned to the earth; the little canals and ditches, instead of crawling sluggishly as many of their kindred do, flow with a limpid cleanliness; the streets of fine yellow brick are carefully sanded. Even the children trip along with a careful tiptoe tread. Horses and wheeled vehicles of any kind are not allowed within the borders of the town. The pea-green window-shutters are usually closed; and the main entrances are never opened except on the occasion of a christening, a wedding, or a funeral, or when the dazzling brass knobs and knockers are to be rendered more dazzling still. The gardens are as prim and complete as the houses; but in summer the beds, all laid out in little patches, are bright with audacious flowers nodding saucily to the prim box border that incloses them. Nearly every garden has its *zomerhuis* and its pond. Some of these ponds have queer automata—or self-moving figures—upon them: sometimes a duck that paddles about and flaps its wooden wings; sometimes a wooden sportsman standing upon the shore, jerkily taking aim at the duck, but never quite succeeding in getting his range accurate enough to warrant firing; and sometimes a dog stands among the shrubbery and snaps his jaws quite fiercely when he is not too damp to work. Queer things, too, are seen in the growing box, which is trimmed so as to fail in resembling peacocks and wolves. Altogether, Broek is a very remarkable place.



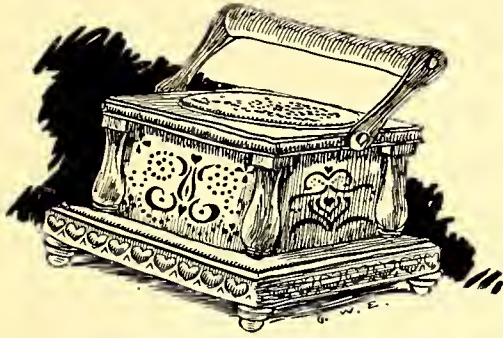
ALMOST SUPPER-TIME.

The dairy-ly inclined inhabitants consider their kine as friends and fellow-lodgers, and so the very cattle there live in fine style. Pet cows, it is said, often rejoice in pretty blue ribbons tied to their tails—and in winter they not un-

commonly find themselves daintily housed beneath the family roof.

In some Dutch houses the rooms are covered with two or three carpets, laid one over the other, and others have no carpets at all,

but the floors are polished, or perhaps made of tiles laid in regular patterns. Sometimes doors are curtained like the windows, and the beds are nearly concealed by heavy draperies. Many



A DUTCH FOOT-STOVE.

among the poorer classes sleep in rough boxes, or on shelves fixed in recesses against the wall; so that sometimes the best bed in the cottage looks more like a cupboard than anything else.

Whether having so much water about suggested the idea or not, I cannot say, but certain it is that big blocks of imported cork are quite in fashion for footstools. They stand one on each side of the great, open fireplace, as though the household intended to have two life-preservers on hand at any rate in case of a general flood. The large earthen cup, or fire-pot, that you may see standing near, filled with burning peat, and casting a bright glow over the Dutch sentence inscribed on the tiles arching the fireplace, is very useful for warming the room on chilly days, when it is not quite cold enough for a fire. For that matter, it is a general custom in Holland to use little tin fire-boxes (with a handle, and holes in the top lid), for warming the feet. Our Dutch ancestors brought some of them over to America long ago, and many grown-up New Yorkers can remember seeing similar ones in use. In Holland every lady has her *voet stoof*, or foot-stove. Churches are provided with a large number; and on Sunday, boys and sometimes old women, bearing high piles of them, move softly about, distributing them among the congregation.

From Broek to Amsterdam is scarce an hour's journey, yet how different everything is! Here, as in the other large Dutch cities, you see quite

a business look on the men's faces. They are thinner as a class than the rustic folk; and, not having such broad backs and short legs, not wearing leather breeches and wide jackets and big waist-buckles as the countrymen do, they quite make you forget they are Dutch. In fact they look like New Yorkers. Nowadays, the stiff masculine costume of Paris and London tends to make citizens nearly all over the world look alike.

Still, very often you see something distinctive in Dutch cities,—huge coal-scuttle bonnets on the women; and wooden shoes, with heels that clatter-clatter at every step. Some of the women and girls have their hair cropped short and wear close-fitting caps; and these caps and head-dresses are seen in great variety. Some have plain gold bands over the forehead, others have gold or silver plates at the back, and some have deep folds of rich lace hanging from them. The writer once saw two women walking together in Rotterdam, one of whom had on quite a fashionable French bonnet, and the other a queer head-gear with rosettes and golden blinders projecting on each side of her forehead. Little girls sometimes are very pretty with their sweet, bright faces, their clean, stiff, simple attire, and their queer white caps decked with a gold band over the forehead and little dangling gold twirls at the side. The little visitor in the picture on page 120 is one of these, and you see how carefully she has

slipped off her wooden shoes so as not to soil her hostess's spotless floors. Then there are the boys, cheerful, clean, and sturdy; some dressed in modern-looking hats and "suits"; but others wearing such short jackets and loose knee-breeches, you would declare they had borrowed the former from their little brothers and the latter from their grandfathers.



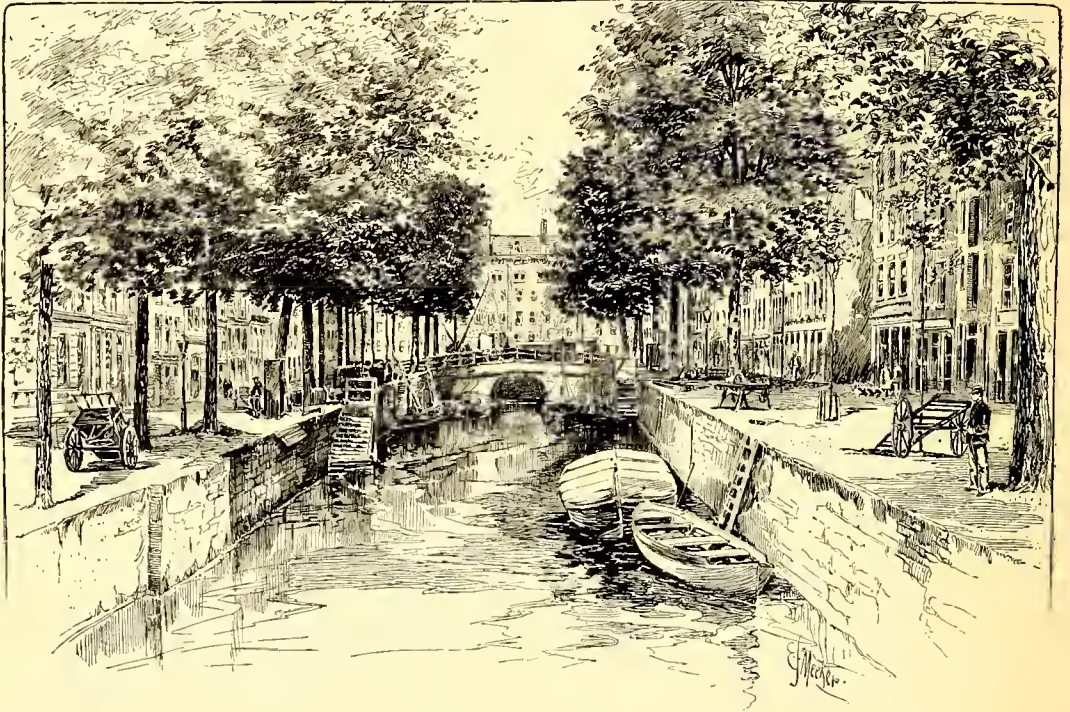
A MAIDEN FROM MONNICKENDAM.

Now and then, in our own country, we hear

vague rumors of a person having been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. I scorn to credit such stories generally, but if I were told that all Dutchmen were born with pipes in their mouths, I certainly should n't consider it worth while to doubt. In making an inventory of a Dutchman's face, you would have to mention two eyes, two ears, one nose, one mouth, and one pipe. To be sure, there might be but one eye, or one ear, or no nose; but there certainly would be a pipe. The pipe-rack on the wall, and a large box of tobacco attached beneath, so that any guest or stranger may help himself, may fre-

Dutchman grows sleeker and fatter behind his pipe; as if the same fairy who gave him the season-ticket had perched herself invisibly on the bowl and was continually blowing him out like a rubber balloon.

All things are reversed in Holland. The main entrance to the finest public building in the country, The Palace,* or late town hall, of Amsterdam, is its back door. Bashful maidens hire beaux to escort them to the Kermis, or fair, on festival-days. Timid citizens are scared in the dead of the night by their own watchmen, who at every quarter of the hour make



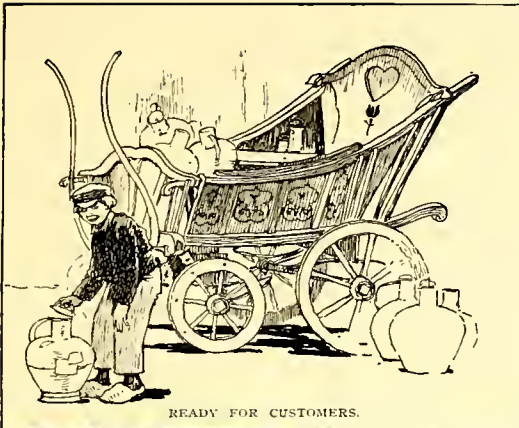
A STREET IN ROTTERDAM.

quently be seen in Dutch farm-houses. The men, and too often the boys, smoke, smoke, smoke, as if some malicious fairy had given them a perpetual season-ticket for enjoying the privilege. Perhaps that is why they seem so sleepy; and yet, with what a sudden glow both pipe and Dutchman can brighten at a whiff!

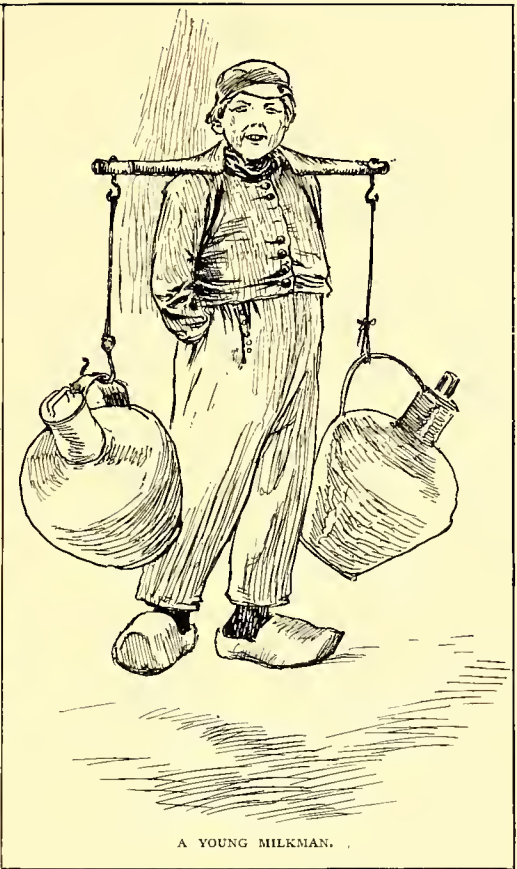
Instead of seeming to shrivel up, inside and out, as constant smokers are apt to do here, a

such a noise with their wooden clappers, one would suppose the town to be on fire. You will see sleds used in summer there. They go bumping over the bare cobblestones, while the driver holds a dripping oil-rag in advance of the runners to lessen the friction. You will see streets of water; and the country roads paved as nicely as Broadway. You will see vessels hitched, like horses, to their owners' door-posts;

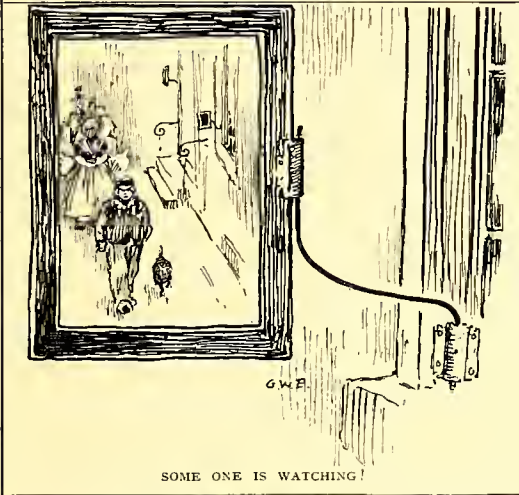
* A noble building it is, too, but the poor thing, for dryness' sake, has to stand on more than thirteen thousand piles driven deep into the spongy soil.



READY FOR CUSTOMERS.



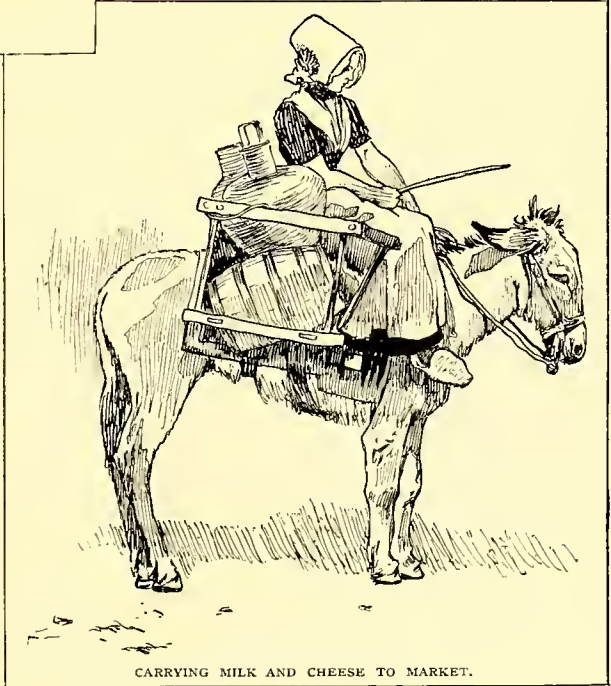
A YOUNG MILKMAN.



SOME ONE IS WATCHING!



SAFE AND SOUND.



CARRYING MILK AND CHEESE TO MARKET.



A WATER-BARGE.

and whole rows of square-peaked houses leaning over the street, as if they were getting ready to tumble. Instead of solemn striking clocks, you will hear church chimes playing snatches of operatic airs every quarter of an hour, by way of marking the time. You will see looking-glasses hanging outside of the dwellings; and pincushions displayed on the street-doors. The first are called *spionnen* (or *spionnetjen*), and are so arranged outside of the windows, that persons sitting inside can, without being seen, enjoy a reflection of all that is going on in the street. They can learn, too, what visitor may be coming, and watch him rubbing his soles to a polish before entering. The pincushion means that a new baby has appeared in the household. If white or blue, the new-comer is a girl; if red, it is a little Dutchman. Some of these signals are very showy affairs; some are not cushions at all, but merely shingles trimmed with ribbon or lace; and, among the poorest class, it is not uncommon to see merely a white or red string tied to the door-latch—fit token of the meager life the poor little stranger is destined to lead.

present condition is described on the placard for the benefit of inquiring friends; and sometimes, when such a placard has been taken down, you may meet a grim-looking man on the street dressed in black tights, a short cloak, and a high hat from which a long, black streamer is flying. This is the *Aanspreker*, going from house to house to tell certain persons that their friend is dead. He attends to funerals, and bears invitations to all friends whose presence may be desired. A strange weird-looking figure he is; and he wears a peculiar, professional cast of countenance that is anything but comforting.

Ah! here is something to cheer us! And now a little cart rattles past, drawn by a span of orderly dogs, and filled with shining brass kettles that were brimming with milk when it started on its round. How nimbly the little animals trot over the stones! How promptly they heed the voice of their little master stalking leisurely along the sidewalk—; no, not on the sidewalk;—but on the narrow footpath of yellow brick that stretches along near the houses. Excepting this, the cobble pavement, if there be



REFLECTED FROM THE DYKE.

Sometimes, instead of either pincushion or shingle, you will see a large placard hung outside of the front door. Then you may know that somebody in the house is ill, and his or her

no canal, reaches entirely across the street from door to door. Occasionally one may see dogs dragging tiny fish-carts. They jog along in such practiced style, we may be sure they were taught

at the dog-school in Amsterdam; but oftener, in Holland, the small milk-cart or water-cart is drawn by a robust boy, or a pretty rosy-cheeked girl with eyes brighter than the shining brass water-jar she may carry. Those canal-boats around the corner, wending their way among the houses, are loaded with peat for the people to burn; coal is a luxury used only by the rich. That barge by the market-place, drawn up to the street's edge (for many of the principal thoroughfares are half water and half street), is laden with — what do you think? What should you suppose these people would, least of all, need to buy? You see these canals, following and crossing the streets in every direction; you see the mast-heads and sails standing up everywhere, in among the trees and steeples, showing that the river always is close at hand; you know that all Holland is a kind of wet sponge; and the guide-books will tell you that every house is built upon long wooden piles driven deep into the marsh, or it could n't stand there at all. Now, what do you think these barges contain? What but water! — water for the people to drink. It is brought for the purpose from Utrecht, or the river Vecht, or

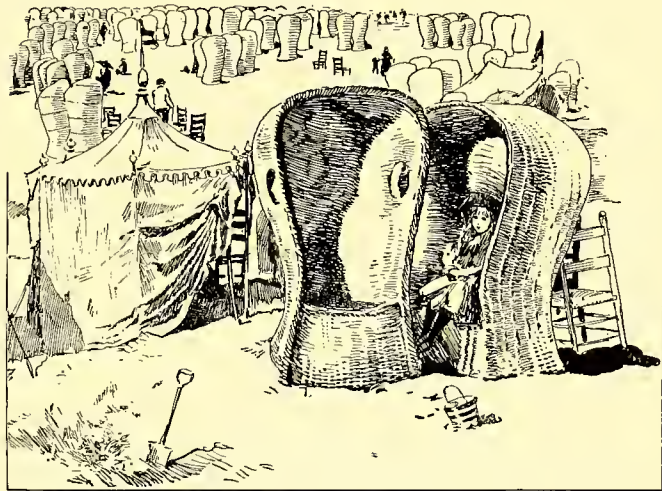
from some favored inland spot. All along the coast, just where Holland is wettest, our poor Dutchmen must go dry, for there is no water fit to drink, unless they buy from the barges, or swallow the rain before it has a chance to catch the ways of the country.

Now, is not Holland a funny land? Where else do the people pray for fish and not pray for rain? Where else do they build factories so enormous for the cutting and polishing of such little things as diamonds? Where else do peasant women wear solid gold and costly old lace on their heads? Where else do persons carry their stoves about in their hands? Where else do crowds of folk sit on the sea shore as at Scheveningen, each in a great high hut-like wicker chair with a window on each side? Where else do funny wooden heads or gapers

at the apothecaries' windows "make faces" for all who have to take physic? Where else is fire sold by the pailful?

Is not water often as fertile as land, in Holland? Cannot the frogs there look down upon chimney-swallows? Did not the learned Erasmus, who knew how the piles were driven in, say that their city people lived like crows, on the tops of trees? And does n't everybody know that "Dutch pink" is as yellow as gold?

Verily, as I said at first, Holland is the queerest



ON THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN.

country that ever the sun shone upon! But the queerest thing of all is, when you really know much about it you feel more like crying than laughing; for this land that lies so loosely upon the sea has many a time been forced to be as a rock against a legion of foes. Its stanch-hearted people have suffered as never nation had suffered before. They look sleepy, I know, and have some very odd ways; but — Motley's history of the Rise of the Dutch Republic is not a funny book.

The ocean, too, if it could speak, could tell tales of Dutch ships bound on great enterprises; though it has a funny story of the brave Admiral Van Tromp, which you must read some day.

Soon, in another paper, I shall try to tell you how Holland, in its history, has proved itself to be truly a Land of Pluck.



A LITTLE VISITOR.
(SEE PAGE 115.)

THE BOY SETTLERS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

(Begun in the November number.)

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG THE DELAWARES.

QUINDARO was a straggling but pretty little town built among the groves of the west bank of the Missouri. Here the emigrants found a store or trading-post, well supplied with the goods they needed, staple articles of food and the heavier farming-tools being the first required. The boys looked curiously at the big breaking-plow that was to be of so much consequence to them in their new life and labors. The prairies around their Illinois home had been long broken up when they were old enough to take notice of such things; and as they were town boys, they had never had their attention called to the implements of a prairie farm.

"It looks like a plow that has been sat down on and flattened out," was Oscar's remark, after they had looked the thing over very critically. It had a long and massive beam, or body, and big strong handles, suggestive of hard work to be done with it. "The nose," as Sandy called the point of the share, was long, flat, and as sharp as a knife. It was this thin and knife-like point that was to cut into the virgin turf of the prairie, and, as the sod was cut, the share was to turn it over, bottom side up, while the great heavy implement was drawn on by the oxen.

"But the sod is so thick and tough," said Oscar, "I don't see how the oxen can drag the thing through. Will our three yoke of cattle do it?"

The two men looked at each other and smiled. This had been a subject of much anxious thought with them. They had been told that they would have difficulty in breaking up the prairie with three yoke of oxen; they should have four yoke, certainly. So when Mr. Howell explained that they must get an-

other yoke and then rely on their being able to "change work" with some of their neighbors who might have cattle, the boys laughed outright.

"Neighbors!" cried Sandy. "Why, I did n't suppose we should have any neighbors within five or ten miles. Did you, Oscar? I was in hopes we would n't have neighbors to plague us with their hens and chickens and their running in to borrow a cupful of molasses or last week's newspaper. Neighbors!" and the boy's brown face wore an expression of disgust.

"Don't you worry about neighbors, Sandy," said his uncle. "Even if we have any within five miles of us, we shall do well. But if there is to be any fighting, we shall want neighbors to join forces with us and we shall find them handy, anyhow, in case of sickness or trouble. We can not get along in a new country like this without neighbors, and you bear that in mind, Master Sandy."

The two leaders of this little flock had been asking about the prospects for taking up claims along the Kansas River, or the Kaw, as that stream was then generally called. To their great dismay, they had found that there was very little vacant land to be had anywhere near the river. They would have to push on still further westward if they wished to find good land ready for the preëmptor. Rumors of fighting and violence came from the new city of Lawrence, the chief settlement of the Free State men, on the Kaw; and at Grasshopper Falls, still further to the west, the most desirable land was already taken up, and there were wild stories of a raid on that locality being planned by bands of Border Ruffians. They were in a state of doubt and uncertainty.

"There she is! There she is!" said Charlie, in a loud whisper, looking in the direction of a tall, unpainted building that stood among the trees that embowered the little settlement. Everyone looked and saw a young lady trip-

ping along through the hazel brush that still covered the ground. She was rather stylishly dressed, "citized," Oscar said, and swung a beaded work-bag as she walked.

"Who is it? Who is it?" asked Oscar, breathlessly. She was the first well-dressed young lady he had seen since leaving Iowa.

where east in the States; and this town is named for her. She owns all the land around here, and is the belle of the place."

"She 's got on hoop-skirts, too," said Oscar. "Just think of an Indian girl — a squaw, wearing hoops, will you?" For all this happened, my young reader must remember, when women's

fashions were very different from what they now are. Quindaro, that is to say, the young Indian lady of that time, was dressed in the height of fashion but not in any way obtrusively. Charlie, following with his eyes the young girl's figure, as she came out of the post-office and went across the ravine that divided the settlement into two equal parts, mirthfully said: "And only think! That is a full-blooded Delaware Indian girl!"

But, their curiosity satisfied, the boys were evidently disappointed with their first view of Indian civilization. There were no blanket Indians loafing around in the sun and sleeping under the shelter of the underbrush, as they had been taught to expect to see them. Outside of the

settlement, men were plowing and planting, breaking prairie, and building cabins; and, while our party were looking about them, a party of Delawares drove into town with several ox-carts to carry away the purchases that one of their number had already made. It was bewildering to boys who had been brought up on stories of Black Hawk, the Prophet, and the Sacs and Foxes of Illinois and Wisconsin. A Delaware Indian, clad in the ordinary garb of a Western farmer and driving a yoke of oxen, and



"QUINDARO WAS RATHER STYLISHLY DRESSED."

"Sh-h-h-h!" whispered Charlie. "That 's Quindaro. A young fellow pointed her out to me last night, just after we drove into the settlement. She lives with her folks in that tall, thin house up there. I have been looking for her to come out. See, she 's just going into the post-office now."

"Quindaro!" exclaimed Sandy. "Why I thought Quindaro was a squaw."

"She 's a full-blooded Delaware Indian girl, that 's what she is, and she was educated some-

employing the same curious lingo used by the white farmers, was not a picturesque object.

"I allow that sixty dollars is a big price to pay for a yoke of cattle," said Mr. Howell, anxiously. He was greatly concerned about the new purchase that must be made here, according to the latest information. "We might have got them for two-thirds of that money back in Illinois. And you know that Iowa chap only reckoned the price of these at forty-five, when we traded with him at Jonesville."

"It 's no use worrying about that now, Aleck," said his brother-in-law. "I know you thought then that we should need four yoke for breaking the prairie; but, then, you were n't certain about it, and none of the rest of us ever had any sod-plowing to do."

"No, none of us," said Sandy, with delightful gravity; at which everybody smiled. One would have thought that Sandy was a veteran in everything but farming.

"I met a man this morning, while I was prowling around the settlement," said Charlie, "who said that there was plenty of vacant land, of first-rate quality, up around Manhattan. Where 's that, father—do you know? *He* did n't, but some other man, one of the New England Society fellows, told him so."

But nobody knew where Manhattan was. This was the first time they had ever heard of the place. The cattle question was first to be disposed of, however, and as soon as the party had finished their breakfast, the two men and Charlie sallied out through the settlement to look up a bargain. Oscar and Sandy were left in the camp to wash the dishes and "clean up," a duty which both of them despised with a hearty hatred.

"If there 's anything I just fairly abominate, it 's washing dishes," said Sandy, seating himself on the wagon-tongue and discontentedly eyeing a huge tin pan filled with tin plates and cups, steaming in the hot water that Oscar had poured over them from the camp-kettle.

"Well, that 's part of the play," answered Oscar, pleasantly. "It is n't boy's work, let alone man's work, to be cooking and washing dishes. I wonder what mother would think to see us at it?" and a suspicious moisture gathered in the lad's eyes, as a vision of his mother's

tidy kitchen in far-off Illinois rose before his mind. Sandy looked very solemn.

"But, as daddy says, it 's no use worrying about things you can't help," continued the cheerful Oscar, "so here goes, Sandy. You wash and I 'll dry 'em." And the two boys went on with their disagreeable work so heartily that they soon had it out of the way; Sandy remarking as they finished it, that, for his part, he did not like the business at all, but he did not think it fair that they two, who could not do the heavy work, should grumble over that they could do. "The worst of it is," he added, "we 've got to look forward to months and months of this sort of thing. Father and Uncle Charlie say that we cannot have the rest of the family come out until we have a house to put them in—a log-cabin, they mean, of course; and Uncle Charlie says that we may not get them out until another Spring. I don't believe he will be willing for them to come out until he knows whether the Territory is to be slave or free. Do you, Oscar?"

"No, indeed," said Oscar. "Between you and me, Sandy, I don't want to go back to Illinois again, for anything; but I guess father will make up his mind about staying only when we find out if there is to be a Free State government or not. Dear me, why can't the Missourians keep out of here and let us alone?"

"It 's a free country," answered Sandy, sentimentally. "That 's what Uncle Charlie is always saying. The Missourians have just as good a right here as we have."

"But they have no right to be bringing in their slavery with 'em," replied the other. "That would n't be a free country, would it, with one man owning another man? Not much."

"That 's beyond me, Oscar. I suppose it 's a free country only for the white man to come to. But I have n't any politics in me. Hullo! there comes the rest of us driving a yoke of oxen. Well, on my word, they have been quick about it. Uncle Charlie is a master hand at hurrying things, I will say," added Sandy, admiringly. "He 's done all the trading, I 'll be bound!"

"Fifty-five dollars," replied Bryant, to the boys' eager inquiry as to the price paid for the

yoke of oxen. "Fifty-five dollars, and not so very dear after all, considering that there are more people who want to buy than there are who want to sell."

"And now we are about ready to start; only a few more provisions to lay in. Suppose we get away by to-morrow morning?"

"Oh, that's out of the question, Uncle Aleck," said Oscar. "What makes you in such a hurry? Why, you have all along said we need not get away from here for a week yet, if we did not want to; the grass has n't fairly started yet, and we cannot drive far without feed for the cattle. Four yoke, too," he added, proudly.

"The fact is, Oscar," said his father, lowering his voice and looking around as if to see whether anybody was within hearing distance, "we have heard this morning that there was a raid on this place threatened from Kansas City, over the border. This is the Free State headquarters in this part of the country, and it has got about that the store here is owned and run by the New England Emigrant Aid Society. So they are threatening to raid the place, burn the settlement, run off the stock, and loot the settlers. I should like to have a company of resolute men to defend the place," and Mr. Bryant's eyes flashed; "but this is not our home, nor our fight, and I'm willing to 'light out' right off, or as soon as we get ready."

"Will they come to-night, do you think?" asked Sandy, and his big blue eyes looked very big indeed. "Because we can't get off until we have loaded the wagon and fixed the wheels; you said they must be greased before we traveled another mile, you know."

It was agreed, however, that there was no immediate danger of the raid—certainly not that night; but all felt that it was the part of prudence to be ready to start at once; the sooner, the better. When the boys went to their blankets that night, they whispered to each other that the camp might be raided and so they should be ready for any assault that might come. Sandy put his "pepper-box" under his pillow and Charlie had his trusty rifle within reach. Oscar carried a double-barreled shot-gun of which he was very proud, and that weapon, loaded with buckshot, was laid carefully by the

side of his blankets. The two elders of the party "slept with one eye open," as they phrased it. But there was no alarm through the night, except once when Mr. Howell got up and went out to see how the cattle were getting on. He found that one of the sentinels who had been set by the Quindaro Company in consequence of the scare, had dropped asleep on the wagon-tongue of the Dixon party. Shaking him gently, he awoke the sleeping sentinel, who at once bawled "Don't shoot!" to the great consternation of the nearest campers, who came flying out of their blankets to see what was the matter. When explanations had been made, all laughed, stretched themselves, and then went to bed again to dream of Missouri raiders.

The sun was well up in the sky next day, when the emigrants, having completed their purchases, yoked their oxen and drove up through the settlement and ascended the rolling swale of land that lay beyond the groves skirting the river. Here were camps of other emigrants who had moved out of Quindaro before them, or had come down from the point on the Missouri opposite Parkville, in order to get on to the road that led westward and south of the Kaw. It was a beautifully wooded country. When the lads admired the trees, Mr. Howell somewhat contemptuously said: "Not much good, chiefly black-jacks and scrub-oaks"; but the woods were pleasant to drive through, and when they came upon scattered farms and plantations with comfortable log-cabins set in the midst of cultivated fields, the admiration of the party was excited.

"Only look, Uncle Charlie," cried Sandy, "there's a real flower-garden full of hollyhocks and marigolds; and there's a rose-bush climbing over that log-cabin!" It was too early to distinguish one flower from another by its blooms, but Sandy's sharp eyes had detected the leaves of the old-fashioned flowers that he loved so well, which he knew were only just planted in the farther northern air of their home in Illinois. It was a pleasant-looking Kansas home, and Sandy wondered how it happened that this cozy living-place had grown up so quickly in this new Territory. It looked as if it were many years old, he said.

"We are still on the Delaware Indian reserva-

tion," replied his uncle. "The Government has given the tribe a big tract of land here and away up to the Kaw. They've been here for years, and they are good farmers, I should say, judging from the looks of things hereabouts."

Just then, as if to explain matters, a decent-looking man, dressed in the rude fashion of the frontier but in civilized clothes, came out of the cabin, and, pipe in mouth, stared not unkindly at the passing wagon and its party.

"Howdy," he civilly replied to a friendly greeting from Mr. Howell. The boys knew that "How" was a customary salutation among Indians, but "Howdy" struck them as being comic; Sandy laughed as he turned away his face. Mr. Bryant lingered while the slow-moving oxen plodded their way along the road, and the boys, too, halted to hear what the dark-skinned man had to say. But the Indian, for he was a "civilized" Delaware, was a man of very few words. In answer to Mr. Bryant's questions, he said he was one of the chiefs of the tribe; he had been to Washington to settle the terms of an agreement with the Government; and he had lived in that cabin six years, and on the present reservation ever since it was established.

All this information came out reluctantly and with as little use of vital breath as possible. When they had moved on out of earshot, Oscar expressed his decided opinion that that settler was no more like James Fenimore Cooper's Indians than the lovely Quindaro appeared to be. "Why, did you notice, father," he continued, "that he actually had on high-heeled boots? Think of that! An Indian with high-heeled boots! Why, in Cooper's novels they wear moccasins, and some of them go barefoot. These Indians are not worthy of the name."

"You will see more of the same sort before we get to the river," said his father. "They have a meeting-house up yonder by the fork of the road, I am told. And, seeing that this is our first day out of camp on the last stage of our journey, suppose we stop for dinner at Indian John's, Aleck? It will be a change from camp fare, and they say that John keeps a good table."

To the delight of the lads it was agreed that

they should make the halt as suggested, and noon found them at a very large and comfortable "double cabin," as these peculiar structures are called. Two log-cabins are built, end to end, with one roof covering the two. The passage between them is floored over and affords an open shelter from rain and sun, and in hot weather is the pleasantest place about the establishment. Indian John's cabin was built of hewn logs, nicely chinked in with slivers and daubed with clay to keep out the wintry blasts. As is the manner of the country, one of the cabins was used for the rooms of the family, while the dining-room and kitchen were in the other end of the structure. Indian John regularly furnished dinner to the stage passengers going westward from Quindaro; for a public conveyance, a "mud-wagon," as it was called, had been put on this part of the road.

"What a tuck-out I had!" said Sandy, after a very bountiful and well-cooked dinner had been disposed of by the party. "And who would have supposed we should ever sit down to an Indian's table and eat fried chicken, ham and eggs, and corn-dodger, from a regular set of blue-and-white plates, and drink good coffee from crockery cups? It just beats Father Dixon's Indian stories all to pieces."

Oscar and Charlie, however, were disposed to think very lightly of this sort of Indian civilization. Oscar said: "If these red men were either one thing or the other, I would n't mind it. But they have shed the gaudy trappings of the wild Indian, and their new clothes do not fit very well. As Grandfather Bryant used to say, they are neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring. They are a mighty uninteresting lot."

"Well, they are on the way to a better state of things than they have known, anyhow," said Charlie. "The next generation will see them higher up, I guess. But I must say that these farms don't look very thrifty, somehow. Indians are a lazy lot; they don't like work. Did you notice how all those big fellows at dinner sat down with us and the stage passengers, and the poor women had to wait on everybody? That 's Indian."

Uncle Charlie laughed and said that the boys had expected to find civilized Indians waiting

on the table, decked out with paint and feathers and wearing deerskin leggings and such like.

"Wait until we get out on the frontier," said he, "and then you will see wild Indians, perhaps, or 'blanket Indians,' anyhow."

"Blanket Indians?" said Sandy, with an interrogation point in his face.

"Yes, that's what the roving and unsettled bands are called by white folks. Those that are on reservations and earning their own living, or a part of it,—for the Government helps them out considerably,—are called town Indians; those that live in wigwams, or tepees, and rove from place to place, subsisting on what they can catch, are blanket Indians. They tell me that there are wild Indians out on the western frontier. But they are not hostile; at least, they were not, at last accounts. The Cheyennes have been rather uneasy, they say, since the white settlers began to pour into the country. Just now I am more concerned about the white Missourians than I am about the red aborigines."

They were still on the Delaware reservation when they camped that evening, and the boys went into the woods to gather fuel for their fire.

They had not gone far, when Sandy gave a wild whoop of alarm, jumping about six feet backward as he yelled, "A rattlesnake!" Sure enough, an immense snake was sliding out from under a mass of brush that the boy had disturbed as he gathered an armful of dry branches and twigs. Dropping his burden, Sandy shouted, "Kill him! Kill him, quick!"

The reptile was about five feet long, very thick, and of a dark mottled color. Instantly, each lad had armed himself with a big stick and had attacked him. The snake, stopped in his attempt to get away, turned and opening his ugly-looking mouth made a curious blowing noise, half a hiss and half a cough, as Charlie afterward described it.

"Take care, Sandy! He'll spring at you and bite you in the face! See! He's getting ready to spring!"

And, indeed, the creature, frightened, and surrounded by the agile, jumping boys, each armed with a club, seemed ready to defend his life with the best weapons at his command. The boys, excited and alarmed, were afraid to come near the snake and were dancing

about, waiting for a chance to strike, when they were startled by a shot from behind them, and the snake, making one more effort to turn on himself, shuddered and fell dead.

Mr. Howell, hearing the shouting of the boys, had run out of the camp and with a well-directed rifle shot had laid low the reptile.

"It's only a blow-snake," he said, taking the creature by the tail and holding it up to view. "He's harmless. Well! Of course a dead snake is harmless, but when he was alive he was not the sort of critter to be afraid of. I thought you had encountered a bear, at the very least, by the racket you made."

"He's a big fellow, anyhow," said Oscar, giving the snake a kick, "and Sandy said he was a rattlesnake. I saw a rattler once when we lived in Dixon. Billy Everett and I found him down on the bluff below the railroad; and he was spotted all over. Besides, this fellow has n't any rattles."

"The boys have been having a lesson in natural history, Charlie," said Mr. Howell to his brother-in-law, as they returned with him to camp, loaded with firewood; Sandy, boy-like, dragging the dead blow-snake after him.

CHAPTER V.

TIDINGS FROM THE FRONT.

SUPPER was over, a camp-fire built (for the emigrants did their cooking by a small camp-stove and sat by the light of a fire on the ground), when out of the darkness came sounds of advancing teams. Oscar was playing his violin, trying to pick out a tune for the better singing of Whittier's song of the Kansas Emigrants. His father raised his hand to command silence. "That's a Yankee teamster, I'll be bound," he said, as the "Woh-hysh! Woh-haw!" of the coming party fell on his ear. "No Missourian ever talks to his cattle like that."

As he spoke, a long, low emigrant wagon, or "prairie schooner," drawn by three yoke of dun-colored oxen toiled up the road. In the wagon was a faded-looking woman with two small children clinging to her. Odds and ends of household furniture showed themselves over her head from within the wagon, and strapped on

behind was a coop of fowls from which came a melancholy cackle, as if the hens and chickens were weary of their long journey. A man dressed in butternut-colored homespun drove the oxen, and a boy about ten years old trudged behind the driver. In the darkness behind these, tramped a small herd of cows and oxen driven

assisted the woman and children to get down from the wagon, and one of the cattle-drivers coming up, drove the team into the woods a short distance, and the tired oxen were soon lying down among the underbrush.

"Well, yes, we *have* had a pretty hard time getting here. We are the last Free State men



THE YANKEE EMIGRANT.

by two other men, and a lad about the age of Oscar Bryant. The new arrivals paused in the road, surveyed our friends from Illinois, stopped the herd of cattle, and then the man who was driving the wagon said, with an unmistakable New England twang, "Friends?"

"Friends, most assuredly," said Mr. Bryant, with a smile. "I guess you have been having hard luck, you appear to be so suspicious."

"Well, we have, and that's a fact. But we're main glad to be able to camp among friends. Jotham, unyoke the cattle after you have driven them into the timber a piece." He

allowed over the ferry at Parkville. Where be you from?"

"We are from Lee County, Illinois," replied Mr. Bryant. "We came in by the way of Parkville, too, a day or two ago; but we stopped at Quindaro. Did you come direct from Parkville?"

"Yes," replied the man. "We came up the river in the first place, on the steamboat 'Black Eagle,' and when we got to Leavenworth, a big crowd of Borderers, seeing us and another lot of Free State men on the boat, refused to let us land. We had to go down the river again.

The captain of the boat kicked up a great fuss about it, and wanted to put us ashore on the other side of the river; but the Missouri men would n't have it. They put a 'committee,' as they called the two men, on board the steamboat, and they made the skipper take us down the river."

"How far down did you go?" asked Bryant, his face reddening with anger.

"Well, we told the committee that we came through Ioway, and that to Ioway we must go; so they rather let up on us, and set us ashore just opposite Wyandotte. I was mighty 'fraid they 'd make us swear we would n't go back into Kansas some other way; but they did n't, and so we stivered along the road eastwards after they set us ashore, and then we fetched a half-circle around and got into Parkville."

"I should n't wonder if you bought those clothes that you have got on at Parkville," said Mr. Howell, with a smile.

"You guess about right," said the sad-colored stranger. "A very nice sort of a man we met at the fork of the road, as you turn off to go to Parkville from the river road, told me that my clothes were too Yankee. I wore 'em all the way from Woburn, Massachusetts, where we came from, and I hated to give 'em up. But discretion is better than valor, I have heern tell; so I made the trade, and here I am."

"We had no difficulty getting across at Parkville," said Mr. Bryant, "except that we did have to go over in the night in a sneaking fashion that I did not like."

"Well," answered the stranger, "as a special favor, they let us across, seeing that we had had such hard luck. That 's a nice-looking fiddle you 've got there, sonny," he abruptly interjected, as he took Oscar's violin from his unwilling hand. "I used to play the fiddle once, myself," he added. Then, drawing the bow over the strings in a light and artistic manner, he began to play "Bonnie Doon."

"Come, John," his wife said, wearily, "it 's time the children were under cover. Let go the fiddle until we 've had supper."

John reluctantly handed back the violin, and the new-comers were soon in the midst of their preparations for the night's rest. Later on in the evening, John Clark, as the head of the

party introduced himself, came over to the Dixon camp, and gave them all the news. Clark was one of those who had been helped by the New England Emigrant Aid Society, an organization with headquarters in the Eastern States, and with agents in the West. He had been fitted out at Council Bluffs, Iowa, but for some unexplained reason had wandered down as far south as Kansas City, and there had boarded the "Black Eagle" with his family and outfit. One of the two men with him was his brother, the other was a neighbor who had cast in his lot with them. The tall lad was John Clark's nephew.

In one way or another, Clark had managed to pick up much gossip about the country and what was going on. At Tecumseh, where they would be due in a day or two if they continued on this road, an election for county officers was to be held soon, and the Missourians were bound to get in there and carry the election. Clark thought they had better not go straightforward into danger. They could turn off, and go West by way of Topeka.

"Why, that would be worse than going to Tecumseh," interjected Charlie, who had modestly kept out of the discussion. "Topeka is the Free State capital, and they say that there is sure to be a big battle there, sooner or later."

But Mr. Bryant resolved that he would go West by the way of Tecumseh, no matter if fifty thousand Borderers were encamped there. He asked the stranger if he had in view any definite point; to which Clark replied that he had been thinking of going up the Little Blue; he had heard that there was plenty of good vacant land there, and the land office would open soon. He had intended, he said, to go to Manhattan, and start from there; but since they had been so cowardly as to change the name of the place, he had "rather soured on it."

"Manhattan?" exclaimed Charlie, eagerly. "Where is that place? We have asked a good many people, but nobody can tell us."

"Good reason why; they 've gone and changed the name. It used to be Boston, but the settlers around there were largely from Missouri. The company were Eastern men, and when they settled on the name of Boston, it

got around that they were all abolitionists, and so they changed it to Manhattan. Why they did n't call it New York, and be done with it, is more than I can tell. But it was Boston, and it is Manhattan; and that 's all I want to know about *that* place."

Mr. Bryant was equally sure that he did not want to have anything to do with a place that had changed its name through fear of anybody or anything.

Next day there was a general changing of minds, however. It was Sunday, and the emi-

There was a preacher in the camp, a good man from New England, who preached about the Pilgrim's Progress through the world, and the trials he meets by the way. Oscar pulled his father's sleeve, and asked why he did not ask the preacher to give out "The Kansas Emigrant's Song" as a hymn. Mr. Bryant smiled, and whispered that it was hardly likely that the lines would be considered just the thing for a religious service. But after the preaching was over, and the little company was breaking up, he told the preacher what Oscar had said. The



"OSCAR WAS PUT UP HIGH ON THE STUMP OF A TREE, AND, VIOLIN IN HAND, 'RAISED THE TUNE.'"

grants, a God-fearing and reverent lot of people, did not move out of camp. Others had come in during the night, for this was a famous camping-place, well known throughout all the region. Here were wood, water, and grass, the three requisites for campers, as they had already found. The country was undulating, interlaced with creeks; and groves of black-jack, oak, and cottonwood were here and there broken by open glades that would be smiling fields some day, but were now wild native grasses.

minister's eyes sparkled, and he replied, "What? Have you that beautiful hymn? Let us have it now and here. Nothing could be better for this day and this time."

Oscar, blushing with excitement and native modesty, was put up high on the stump of a tree, and, violin in hand, "raised the tune." It was grand old "Dundee." Almost everybody seemed to know the words of Whittier's poem, and beneath the blue Kansas sky, amid the groves of Kansas trees, the sturdy, hardy men

and the few pale women joyfully, almost tearfully, sang:

We crossed the prairie, as of old
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

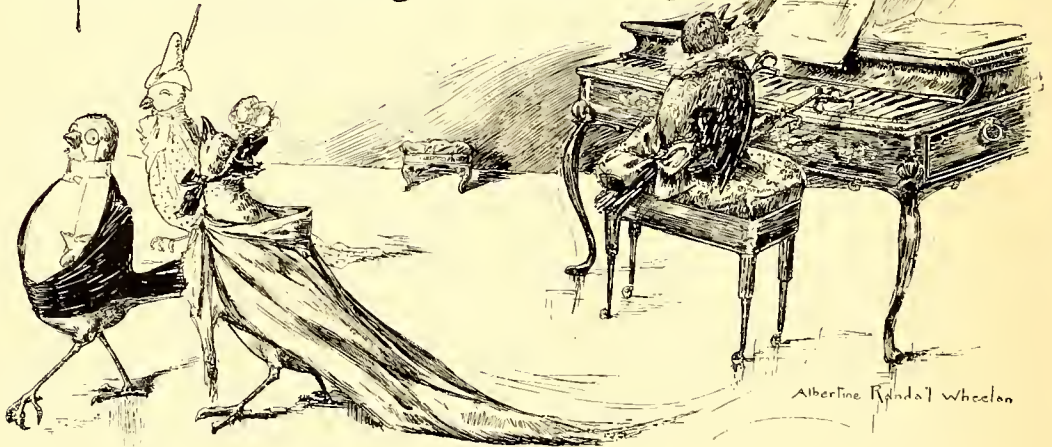
"It was good to be there," said Alexander Howell, his hand resting lovingly on Oscar's shoulder, as they went back to camp. But Oscar's father said never a word. His face was turned to the westward, where the sunlight was fading behind the hills of the far-off frontier of the Promised Land.

The general opinion gathered that day was that they who wanted to fight for freedom might better go to Lawrence, or to Topeka. Those who were bent on finding homes for themselves and little ones should press on further to the west where there was land in plenty to be had for the asking, or rather, for the pre-empting. So,

when Monday morning came, wet, murky, and depressing, Bryant surrendered to the counsels of his brother-in-law and the unspoken wish of the boys, and agreed to go on to the newly surveyed lands on the tributaries of the Kaw. They had heard good reports of the region lying westward of Manhattan and Fort Riley. The town that had changed its name was laid out at the confluence of the Kaw and the Big Blue. Fort Riley was some eighteen or twenty miles to the westward, near the junction of the streams that form the Kaw, known as Smoky Hill Fork and the Republican Fork. On one or the other of these forks, the valleys of which were said to be fertile and beautiful beyond description, the emigrants would find a home. So, braced and inspired by the consciousness of having a definite and settled plan, the Dixon party set forth on Monday morning, through the rain and mist, with faces to the westward.

(To be continued.)

There once was a Languishing Linnet
Who played on her grandmother's spinet
The "Dance of Moydule."
But her friends as a rule
Left the room when they heard her begin it.



Albertine Kanda Wheelan

LADY JANE.

By MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LITTLE STREET SINGER.

It was Christmas Eve and very nearly dark, when Mrs. Lanier, riding up St. Charles Avenue in her comfortable carriage filled with presents for her children and friends, noticed a forlorn little figure standing alone at a street corner. There was something about the sorrowful-looking little creature that moved her strangely, for she turned and watched it as long as she could discern the child's face in the gathering twilight.

It was a little girl thinly clad in a soiled and torn white frock; her black stockings were full of holes, and her shoes so worn that the tiny white toes were visible through the rents. She hugged a thin faded shawl around her shoulders, and her yellow hair fell in matted, tangled strands below her waist; her small face was pale and pinched and had a woe-begone look that would melt the hardest heart. Although she was soiled and ragged, she did not look like a common child, and it was that indefinable something in her appearance which attracted Mrs. Lanier's attention, for she thought, as the carriage whirled by and left the child far behind, "Poor little thing! She did n't look like a street beggar; I wish I had stopped and spoken to her!"

It was Lady Jane, and her descent in the scale of misery had been rapid indeed.

Since that night, some four months before, when Madame Jozain had awakened her rudely and told her she must come away, she had lived in a sort of wretched stupor. It was true she had resisted at first, and had cried desperately for Pepsie, for Mam'selle Diane, for Gex,—but all in vain; Madame had scolded and threatened and frightened her into submission.

That terrible midnight ride in the wagon, with the piled-up furniture and the two black drivers; Madame's violence when she complained or cried, and the frightful threats and cruel hints

of a more dreadful fate, had so crushed and appalled the child that she scarcely dared open her pale little lips either to protest or to plead.

Then there was the pitiful change in her life, from loving care and pleasant companionship to squalid misery and utter neglect. She had been suddenly taken from comparative comfort and plunged into the cruellest poverty.

Madame Jozain had caught cold during her hurried flight, and it had settled in her lame joint; she was, therefore, obliged to keep in bed most of the time, and the little money she had was soon spent. Hunger was staring her in the face, and the cold autumn winds chilled her to the marrow. She had been poor and in many bitter straits, but never before like this. Now, she dared not let any one know of her whereabouts, and for that reason the few friends she still had could not help her; she was ill, and suffering, and alone in her misery. Her son had robbed and deserted her, and left her to her punishment; and for all she knew, she must die of starvation. Through the aid of the negro, Pete, she had parted with nearly every thing of value that she had, and to crown her cruelty, and Lady Jane's misery, one day when the child was absent on a begging expedition Madame sold the blue heron, Lady Jane's only pet, to an Italian for two dollars.

The bird was the last comfort the unhappy little creature had, the only link between the past and the miserable present; and when she returned to her squalid home, and found her single treasure gone, her grief was so wild and uncontrollable, that Madame was frightened.

After this, the child spent her days wandering about, hoping to find Tony.

When Madame first sent her out into the street to sing and beg, she went without a protest, so perfect was her habit of obedience, and so great her anxiety to please and conciliate her cruel tyrant. Since the night when Madame fled from Good Children Street, she had thrown off all pretense of affection for the hap-

less little one. She considered Lady Jane the cause of all her misfortunes.

Before Madame sent her out, she gave Lady Jane instructions in the most imperative manner. "She must never on any account speak of Good Children Street, of Madelon or Pepsie, of the d'Hautreves, of Gex, or the Paichoux, or of any one she had ever known there. She must not talk with people, and above all, she must never tell her name, nor where she lived. She must only sing, and hold out her hand. Sometimes she might cry if she wanted to, but she must *never* laugh."

These instructions the child followed to the letter, with the exception of one. She never cried, for although her little heart was breaking, she was too proud to shed tears.

It was astonishing how many nickels she picked up. Sometimes she would come home with her little pocket quite heavy, for her wonderful voice, so sweet and so pathetic, as well as her sad face and wistful eyes, touched many a heart, even among the coarsest and rudest; and Madame might have reaped quite a harvest if she had not been so avaricious as to sell Tony for a few dollars. When she did that, she killed her goose that laid golden eggs; for after the loss of her pet the child could not sing, her little heart was too heavy, and the unshed tears choked her and drowned her voice in quivering sobs.

The moment she was out of Tante Pauline's sight, instead of gathering nickels she was wandering around aimlessly, searching and asking for the blue heron; and at night, when she returned with an empty pocket, she shivered and cowered into a corner, for fear of Madame's anger.

One morning when it was very cold she had had no breakfast and she felt tired and ill. And when Madame told her to go out and not come back without money, she fell to crying piteously, and for the first time begged and implored to stay where she was, declaring that she could not sing any more, and that she was afraid because some rude children had thrown mud at her the day before, and told her not to come into the street again.

This first revolt seemed to infuriate Madame, for, reaching out to where the child stood trem-

bling and sobbing, she clutched her and shook her violently, and then, slapping her tear-stained little face until it tingled, she bade her go out instantly, and not to return unless she brought some money with her.

This was the first time that little Lady Jane had suffered the ignominy of a blow. She stopped sobbing instantly, and wiping the tears resolutely from her face, shot one glance of mingled scorn and surprise at her tyrant, and walked out of the room, with the dignity of a little princess.

When once outside, she held her hands for a moment to her burning face, while she tried to still the tumult of anger and sorrow that was raging in her little heart; then she gathered herself together with a courage beyond her years, and hurried away, without once looking back at the scene of her torture.

When she was far enough from the wretched neighborhood to feel safe from observation, she turned in a direction quite different from any she had ever taken. The wind was intensely cold, but the sun shone brightly, and she hugged her little shawl around her, and ran on and on, swiftly and hopefully.

"If I hurry and walk, and walk, just as fast as I can, I'm sure to come to Good Children Street; and then I'll ask Pepsie or Mam'selle Diane to keep me, for I'll never, *never* go back to Tante Pauline again."

By and by, when she was quite tired with running and walking, she came to a beautiful, broad avenue that she had never seen before. There were large, fine houses, and gardens blooming brightly, even in the chilly December wind; and lovely children, dressed in warm velvets and furs, walking with their nurses on the wide, clean sidewalks; and every moment, carriages drawn by glossy, prancing horses, whirled by; and people laughed and talked merrily, and looked so happy and contented. It was delightful, like a pleasant dream, and even better than Good Children Street. She thought of Pepsie, and wished she, too, could see it; and then she imagined how enchanted her friend would be to ride in one of those fine carriages, with the sun shining on her, and the fresh wind blowing in her face. The wind reminded her that she was cold. It pierced through her thin frock and

scanty skirts, and the holes in her shoes and stockings made her ashamed. After a while she found a sunny corner on the steps of a church. Here she crouched, and tried to cover her dilapidated shoes with her short skirts.

Presently, a merry group of children passed, and she heard them talking of Christmas. "To-morrow is Christmas, this is Christmas Eve, and we are going to have a Christmas tree." Her heart gave a great throb of joy. By to-morrow she was sure to find Pepsie, and Pepsie had promised her a Christmas tree long ago, and she would n't forget; Pepsie was sure to have it ready for her. Oh, if she only dared ask one of these kind-looking people to show her the way to Good Children Street! But she remembered what Tante Pauline had told her, and fear kept her silent. However, she was sure, now that she had got away from that dreadful place, that someone would find her. Mr. Gex had found her before when she was lost; and he might find her now, and because she did n't have a domino on he would know her right away, and then she would get Mr. Gex to hunt for Tony, and perhaps she would have Tony for Christmas. In this way she comforted herself until she was quite happy.

After a while a kind-looking woman came along with a market-basket on her arm; she was eating something, and Lady Jane being very hungry looked at her so wistfully that the woman stopped and asked her if she would like a piece of bread. She replied eagerly that she would. The good woman gave her a roll and a rosy apple, and Lady Jane went back to her corner and munched them contentedly. Then a fine milk-cart rattled up to a neighboring door, and her heart almost leaped to her throat; but it was not Tante Modeste. Still, Tante Modeste might come any moment. She sold milk away uptown to rich people. Yes, she was sure to come, so the little girl ate her apple, and waited with unwavering confidence.

And in this way the day passed pleasantly and comfortably to Lady Jane. She was not very cold in her sheltered corner, and the good woman's kindness had satisfied her hunger; but at last, she saw the sun slipping down into the

cold, gray clouds behind the opposite houses, and she wondered what she should do and where she should go when it was quite dark. Then she began to reproach herself for sitting still.

She never thought of returning to Tante Pauline; and if she had tried, she could not have found her way back.

She had wandered too far from her land-



"A RIGHT MERRY TIME SHE HAD OUT THERE IN THE BITING DECEMBER NIGHT, FROUETTING WITH HER OWN SHADOW."
(SEE PAGE 134.)

marks, so the only thing to do was to press on in her search for Good Children Street. It was while she was standing at a corner, uncertain which way to turn, that Mrs. Lanier caught a glimpse of her.

Poor little soul; she had never been out in the dark night alone before, and every sound and motion startled her. Once a dog sprang out and barked at her, and she ran trembling into a doorway, only to be ordered away by an unkind

servant. Sometimes she stopped and looked into the windows of the beautiful houses as she passed. There were bright fires, lights, pictures, and flowers, and she heard the merry voices of children laughing and playing; and soon the soft notes of a piano with someone singing reminded her of Mam'selle Diane. Then a choking sob would rise in her throat, and she would cover her face and cry a little, silently.

Presently, she found herself before a large, handsome house; the blinds were open and the parlor was brilliantly lighted; a lady — it was Mrs. Lanier — sat at the piano playing a waltz, and two little girls each in a white frock and red sash were dancing together. Lady Jane pressed near the railing, and gazed at the scene with wide, sparkling eyes. They were the same steps that Gex had taught her, and it was the very waltz that he sometimes whistled. Before she knew it, quite carried away by the music, and forgetful of everything, she dropped her shawl, and holding out her soiled, ragged skirt, was tripping and whirling as merrily as the little ones within, while opposite to her, her shadow, thrown by a street lamp over her head, tripped, and bobbed, and whirled, not unlike Mr. Gex, the ancient "professor of the dance." And a right merry time she had out there in the biting December night, pirouetting with her own shadow.

Suddenly the music stopped, a nurse came and took the little girls away, and some one drew down the shades and shut her out alone in the cold; there was nothing then for her to do but to move on. Picking up her shawl, she crept away a little wearily; for dancing, although it had lightened her heart, had wasted her strength; and it seemed to her that the wind was rising and the cold becoming more intense, for she shivered from time to time, and her bare little toes and fingers smarted painfully. Once or twice, from sheer exhaustion, she dropped down on a door-step, but when she saw any one approaching, she sprang up and hurried along, trying to be brave and patient. Yes, she must come to Good Children Street very soon, and she never turned a corner that she did not expect to see Madelon's little house, wedged in between the two tall ones, and the light gleaming from Pepsie's small window.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LADY JANE FINDS SHELTER.

At last, when she began to feel very tired and sleepy, she came to a place where two streets seemed to run together in a long point, and before her she saw a large building, with lights in all the windows, and behind it a tall church spire seemed nearly to touch the stars that hung above it so soft and bright. Her tearful eyes singled out two of them very near together that looked as if they were watching her, and she held out her arms, and murmured, "Papa! Mamma! Can't I come to you? I'm so cold and sleepy!" Poor little one! — the stars made no answer to her piteous appeal, but continued to twinkle as serenely as they have since time began, and will until it ends. Then she looked again toward the brilliantly lighted windows under the shadow of the church spire. She could not reach the windows, for in front of the house there was a railing; but she noticed a marble slab let into the wall over the porch, on which was an inscription, and above it a row of letters was visible in the light from the street lamps. Lady Jane spelled them out, "'Orphans' Home.' Orphans,—I wonder what orphans are? Oh, how warm and light it is in there!" Then she put the cold little toes between the iron railings, on the stone coping, and clinging with her two hands, lifted herself somewhat higher, and there she saw an enchanting sight. In the center of the room was a tree, a real tree, growing nearly to the ceiling, with moss and flowers on the ground around it. But never did the spreading branches of any other tree bear such glorious fruit. There was a great deal of light, and color; and moving, swaying balls of silver and gold danced and whirled before her dazzled eyes. At first she could hardly distinguish the different objects in the confusion of form and color; but at last, she saw that there was everything the most exacting child could desire: birds, rabbits, dogs, kittens, dolls; globes of gold, silver, scarlet, and blue; tops, pictures, games, bonbons, sugared fruits, apples, oranges, and little frosted cakes, in such bewildering profusion that they were like the patterns in a kaleidoscope. And there was a merry group of girls laughing and talking, while they hung, and

pinned, and fastened more and more, until it seemed as if the branches would break under the load.

And Lady Jane, clinging to the railing, with stiff cold hands and aching feet, pressed her thin white face close to the iron bars, and looked and looked.

Suddenly the door was opened, and a woman came out, who, when she saw the child clinging to the railing, bareheaded and scantily clothed in spite of the piercing cold, went to her and spoke kindly and gently.

Her voice brought Lady Jane back from Paradise to the bitter reality of her position, and the dreary December night. For a moment she could hardly move, and she was so chilled and cramped that when she unclasped her hold she almost fell into the motherly arms extended toward her.

"My child, my poor child! What are you doing here so late, in the cold and with these thin clothes! Why don't you go home?"

Then the poor little soul, overcome with a horrible fear, began to shiver and cry. "Oh, don't! Oh, please don't send me back to Tante Pauline; I'm afraid of her; she shook me and struck me this morning, and I've run away from her."

"Where does your Tante Pauline live?" asked the woman, studying the tremulous little face, with a pair of keen, thoughtful eyes.

"I don't know. Away over there, somewhere."

"Don't you know the name of the street?"

"It is n't a street; it's a little place all mud and water, with boards to walk on."

"Can't you tell me your aunt's name?"

"Yes, it's Tante Pauline."

"But her other name?"

"I don't know; I only know Tante Pauline. Oh, please, *please* don't send me there; I'm afraid to go back, because she said I must sing and beg money, and I could n't sing, and I did n't like to ask people for nickels," and the child's voice broke into a little wail of entreaty that touched the kind heart of that noble, tender, loving woman, the Margaret whom some to-day call Saint Margaret. She had heard just such pitiful stories before from hundreds of hapless orphans, who never appealed to her in vain.

"Where are your father and mother?" she asked as she led the child to the porch.

Lady Jane made the same pathetic answer as usual:

"Papa went to heaven, and Tante Pauline



"LADY JANE, CLINGING TO THE RAILING, LOOKED AND LOOKED."

says that Mamma's gone away, and I think she's gone where Papa is."

Margaret's eyes filled with tears, while the child shivered and clung closer to her. "Would you like to stay here to-night, my dear?" she asked as she opened the door; "this is the home of a great many little girls, and the good Sisters love and care for them all."

Lady Jane's anxious face brightened instantly.

"Oh, can I—can I stay here where the Christmas tree is?"

"Yes, my child, and to-morrow there will be something on it for you."

And Margaret opened the door and led Lady Jane into that safe and comfortable haven, where so many homeless little ones have found a shelter.

Time went on, and Lady Jane, not being claimed by any one, was considered as a permanent inmate of the home. She soon became the idol, not only of the good Margaret, but of all the Sisters and even of the children, and her singing was a constant pleasure, for every day her voice became stronger and richer, and her thrilling little strains went straight to the hearts of those who heard them.

"She must be taught music," said Margaret to Sister Agnes; "such a voice must be carefully cultivated for the church." Therefore the Sister who took her in charge devoted herself to the development of the child's wonderful talent, and in a few months Lady Jane was spoken of as quite a musical prodigy, and all the wealthy patronesses of the home singled her out as one who was rare and beautiful, and showered all sorts of gifts and attentions upon her. Among those who treated her with marked favor was Mrs. Lanier. She never visited the home without asking for little Jane (Margaret had thought it best to drop the "Lady," and the child, with an intuition of what was right, complied with the wish), and never went away without leaving some substantial evidence of her interest in the little singer.

"I believe Mrs. Lanier would like to adopt little Jane," said Margaret, one day to Sister Agnes, when that lady had just left. "If she had n't so many children of her own, I don't think she would long leave Jane with us."

"It *is* surprising, the interest she takes in her," returned Sister Agnes. "When the child sings, she sits as if she was lost to everything else and listens with all her soul."

"And she asks the strangest questions about the little thing," continued Margaret reflectively. "And she is always suggesting some way to find out to whom the child belonged; but although I've tried every way I can think of, I have never been able to learn anything satisfactory."

And of course Margaret had made every

effort, from the very first, to discover something of the child's antecedents; but she had been unsuccessful, owing in a measure to Lady Jane's reticence. The simple statement she had made the first night, when the good woman found her, cold and forlorn, clinging to the iron railing in front of the Home, contained all that Lady Jane seemed willing to tell about her past.

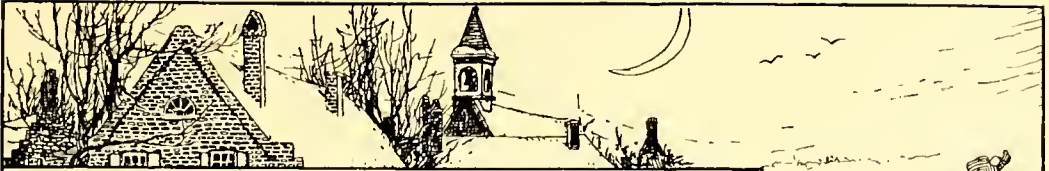
But Lady Jane's reticence was not from choice. It was fear that kept her silent about her life in Good Children Street. Often she would be tempted to mention Pepsie, Mam'selle Diane, or the Paichoux, and the fear of Tante Pauline would freeze the words on her lips. But she never ceased to think of Pepsie, Madelon, and Gex. And when she sang, she seemed always to be with Mam'selle Diane, nestled close to her side.

And so the months went on with Lady Jane, while her friends in Good Children Street never ceased to talk of her and to lament over their loss. Poor Mam'selle Diane was in great trouble. Madame d'Hautreuve was very ill, and there was little hope of her recovery. And during the last days of the hot month of August, the poor lady, one of the last of an old aristocracy, closed her dim eyes on a life that had been full of strange vicissitudes, and was laid at rest in the ancient tomb of the d'Hautreuves, not far from Lady Jane's young mother. So Mam'selle Diane, the noble, patient, self-sacrificing daughter, was left alone in the little house, with her memories, her flowers, and her birds. And often, during those first bitter days of bereavement, she would say to herself, "Oh, if I had that sweet child now, what a comfort she would be to me!"

On the morning of Madame d'Hautreuve's funeral, when Paichoux opened his paper at the breakfast-table, he uttered such a loud exclamation of surprise, that Tante Modeste almost dropped the coffee-pot.

"What is it, Papa; what is it?" she cried.

And in reply Paichoux read aloud the notice of the death of Madame *la veuve* d'Hautreuve, *née* d'Orgenois. And, directly underneath, "Died at the Charity Hospital, Madame Pauline Jozain, *née* Bergeron."



December.

On Christmas day, when fires were lit,
And all our breakfasts done,
We spread our toys out on the floor
And played there in the sun.

The nursery smelled of Christmas tree,
And under where it stood
The shepherds watched their flocks of sheep,
-All made of painted wood.

Outside the house the air was cold
And quiet all about,
Till far across the snowy roofs
The Christmas bells rang out.

But soon the sleigh-bells jingled by
Upon the street below,
And people on the way to church,
Went crunching through the snow.

We did not quarrel once all day;
Mamma and Grandma said
They liked to be in where we were,
So pleasantly we played.

I do not see how any child
Is cross on Christmas day,
When all the lovely toys are new,
And everyone can play.

K. Pyle

A RACE WITH IDAHO ROBBERS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.



NOW that the President has signed the bill admitting Idaho into the Union, the forty-fourth star in our glorious constellation of States, it may not be out of place for one who, if he did not really give the name to this new State, first put that name in print, to record a page or two of its early history, and recall an incident that still makes his nerves tingle as he tells it.

Gold was first found, in that vast and trackless region now forming the new States of Washington, Idaho, and Montana, in the spring of 1860, by a small party of prospectors led by Captain Pierce on the spot where Pierce City now stands.

The writer, although not then of age, had read law and been admitted to practice under Judge Geo. H. Williams, afterwards President Grant's Attorney-General. And when news of the discovery of gold reached Oregon, I gathered up one law-book and two "six-shooters," and set out on a ride of many hundred miles through the mountains for the new placers.

But as gold was not plenty, and there was no use for the law-book, because there was no law; and as there was an opening for a good and hardy horseman to carry letters and money to and from the new mines, the writer and a young man by the name of Mossman soon had nailed up over the door of the only store as yet in all that wild region, a sign which read: "Mossman and Miller's Express."

It was two hundred miles to the nearest post-office at Walla Walla. The lover of pretty names will easily trace this Walla Walla back to its French settlers' "*Voila! Voila!*"

No man can look down from the environment of mountains on this sweet valley, with its beautiful city in the center, whose many flashing little rivers run together and make it forever green and glorious to see, without instinctively crying out *Voila! Voila!* It is another Damascus, only it is broader of girth and far, far more beautiful. In this ride of two hundred miles there was but one town, Lewiston. Get your map now, and as you follow the story of the ride, fix the geography of this new empire in your minds, for it will be a grand land.

Lewiston, you observe, is at the head of navigation on the "Shoshonee" or Snake River, by way of the Columbia River. This word Shoshonee means snake. I fancy you can almost hear the rattle of the venomous reptile as you speak this Indian word. The accent, as in nearly all Indian names, such as *Dakota*, *Iowa*, and so on, is on the middle syllable.

In reading Longfellow's poems you will find he has preserved the proper pronunciation of *Omaha* by putting the accent where it belongs. And more than once this learned man reminded me that Idaho must be pronounced in the same soft and liquid fashion: I *da* ho.

In these long, long rides we changed horses from five to ten times daily, and we rode at a desperate speed. We used Indian ponies only, and usually rode without escort, with pistols ready at hand. Indians were numerous, but our fear was not of them, but of white men. In fact, the Indians were by far the most peaceable people we had to deal with. They always kept our "Stations," that is, the places where we changed horses and drank a cup of coffee. These Indians were of the Nez Percé tribe. It may not be generally known that these noble Indians were nearly civilized long before the renowned Chief Joseph (who fought the whole United States for half a year not long ago) was ever heard of. These Indians, under the direction of good old Father Spaulding, published the first newspaper that was issued west of the Rocky Mountains. They also printed some portions of the Bible in their own tongue, including many Psalms. Keep these facts of history as well as the geography of this great region in mind; and we will now get to the robbers.

As before stated, we did not find gold plenty at first, and the "Express" did not pay. We two boys worked hard, took many desperate risks, and lived almost literally on horseback, with little food and with less sleep for the first few months. But suddenly gold was found, as thick as wheat on a threshing floor, far away to the east of a big black mountain which the Indians called "I-*dah*-ho," which literally means, "mountain where light comes." I happened to be in Lewiston, on my way to Pierce City with the Express, when the ragged and sunburnt leader of the party that had made the discovery beyond the Black Mountain came in. He took me into his confidence. I sent an Indian on with my Express; and branching off a hundred miles to the southeast, reached the new mines, took up "claims," and opened an Express Office before a dozen people knew of the discovery which was to give State after State to the

Union. You will find the place on the old maps, and some of the new ones, marked "Millersburgh." But there is no town there now.

The gold lay almost in the grass-roots, in the shallow surface, like grains of wheat. It was a high bleak place, densely wooded and intensely cold as winter came on. Greater discoveries lay further on and in kindlier climes, and broad valleys and rich cities receive you there now. But our story is of the snow and the stony steeps of Mount I-dah-ho.

Returning to Lewiston with saddle-bags nearly full of gold, I wrote the first published account of the discovery; and the new mines were naturally called in that publication, as they were called by all that excited mass of people from Lewiston on their way to the mines beyond the Black Mountain, the "I-*dah*ho Mines." The name, however, like that of Omah-ha, soon lost in the mouths of strangers its soft, sweet sound.

California now emptied her miners, good and bad, gamblers, robbers, desperados, right in upon our new mines and the roads thither.

My young partner, a daring and dashing boy, who, as I write, is visiting me here after thirty years, had many desperate encounters.

Suddenly, as winter came on, the rivers closed with ice, and horses could not go and steamers could not come.

I was lying ice-bound at Lewiston. Men wanted to send money below to their friends or families; merchants, anticipating the tremendous rush, must get letters through the snow to Walla Walla. Would I go? *Could* I go?

The snow was deep. The trails, over open and monotonous mountains, were drifted full. Could any living man face the drifting snow and find his way to Walla Walla? At first the merchants had tried to hire Indians to undertake the trip and deliver their letters. Not one could be found to go. When the storm abated a little, the men who kept the ferry across the Shoshonee River scraped off the snow, and cutting down the upheaved blocks of ice made it possible to cross with a horse.

I picked out a stout little iron-gray steed, with head in the air, an eye like an eagle, and a mane that tossed and tumbled like a thunder-

storm. At first I meant to carry only letters. But having finally consented to take a little gold for one merchant, I soon found I should lose friends if I did not take gold for others. The result was that I had to take gold worth nearly ten thousand dollars. And ten thousand dollars of dust you must know means nearly fifty pounds!

A few muffled-up friends came down to the river bank to see me off. It was a great event. For two weeks we had not had a line from the outer world. And meantime the civil war was raging in all its terrible fury. As I set out that bleak and icy morning, after I had mounted my plunging pony I saw in the crowd several faces that I did not like. There was Dave English, who was hung on that spot with several of his followers, not forty days later; there was Boone Helm, hung in Montana; Cherokee Bob, killed in Millersburgh; and also Canada Joe. This last lived with some low Indians a little way down the river. So when he rode ahead of me I was rather glad than otherwise; for I felt that he would not go far. I kept watch of him, however. And when I saw that he skulked around under the hill, as if he were going home, and then finally got back into the trail, I knew there was trouble ahead.

But the "Rubicon" was now behind. My impetuous horse was plunging in the snow and I was soon tearing through the storm up the hill. Once fairly on my way, I looked back below. Dave English and Boone Helm were bidding good-by to two mounted cow-boys at the ferry-house. Ten minutes later, as I looked back through the blinding snow, I saw that these two desperate fellows were following me.

True, there was nothing criminal in that. The two highwaymen had a right to ride behind me if they wished. And Canada Joe had just as good a right to ride ahead of me. But to be on a horse deep in the blinding snow and loaded down with gold was bad enough. To have a desperado blocking the narrow trail before you with his two friends behind you was fearful!

I had two six-shooters close at hand under the bearskin flap of my saddle-bag where the gold was. I kept my left hand in my pocket where lay a small six-shooter warm and ready. Once, as the drifting and blinding snow broke away

up the mountain, I saw Canada Joe with his head bent down in the storm still pushing on ahead of me at a safe distance. A few moments after, as I crossed and climbed the farther bank of an ugly cañon, the two robbers came close enough to hail me. One of them held up a bottle. They evidently intended to overtake me if they could, and profess to be friendly. This I must not allow. I urged my ambitious horse to his best. But, to my dismay, as I hastened up a narrow pass I found that I was not far behind Canada Joe. This low-browed black fellow was reported to be the worst man in all that country. And that was saying he was bad indeed.

I was in a tight place now, and had to think fast. My first plan was to ride forward and face this man before the others came up. But I was really afraid of him. It seemed a much easier task to turn and kill the two rear men and get back to town. But, no! No! All this was abandoned almost as soon as thought of. In those days, even the most desperate had certain rights, which their surviving friends would enforce.

I remember that I fell to wondering what the murderers would do with my body. I had a horror of being eaten by wolves. I then thought of the true and trusting men who had sent me forth on my responsible task, and I took heart.

I was now but a few hundred yards behind Canada Joe. So far as I could find out, the robbers were closing in on me. But we had ridden over the roughest part of the road and were within a few miles of the high plateau, so that the wind was tearing past in a gale, and the drifting snow almost blinded me.

Suddenly, I had a new thought. Why not take to the left, gain the plateau by a new route, and let these bloodthirsty robbers close their net without having me inside? I rose in my saddle with excitement at the idea, and striking spurs to my brave horse, I was soon climbing up the gradual slope at a gallop. Ah, but I was glad! Gallop! gallop! gallop! I seemed to hear many horses! Turning my head suddenly over my shoulder, I saw my two pursuers not a hundred yards behind me. They shouted! I was now on the high plateau and



"MY PURSUERS WERE NOT A HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND ME."

the snow was not so deep. Gallop! gallop! gallop! Canada Joe—thank Heaven!—was away to the right, and fast falling behind. Gallop! gallop! gallop! I was gaining on the robbers and they knew it. Fainter and fainter came their curses and their shouts!

And then: Whiz! Crack! Thud!

I looked back and saw that they both had thrown themselves from their saddles and were taking deliberate aim.

But to no purpose. Not one shot touched me or my horse, and I reached the first station and, finally, rode into Walla Walla, with my precious burden, safe and sound.

MASTER MUFFET'S MISHAP.

(As related on a December evening of 1890, by Thomas Muffet, himself.)

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.



I NEVER have told that tale afore to anybody in this mortal world. I did always keep that to myself. Yet I reck' ye 'd count it worth the listening to, for a while or so (we being here round the fire together), for of all the chances that ever did befall me in my youngish days, whilst I was living in Babbletown, that was the strangest, curiousest chance. Aye, aye; the fix that Thomas Muffet was in that time (and it the dead hour o' the night) was such as no mortal human, that ever I 've heard tell of, hath experienced and overlived. I was hanged up by the heels o' my head, an' 't was even as the blessed Psalmist saith, "all my bones were out o' joint."

Now, 't was naught to be ashamed on—by reason I never told it. Ye see 't was an accident, just a-happening that way, an' such as might befall the best of us poor creatures. Maybe some would ha' been, contrariwise, too proud o' the outcome to keep secret, seeing how by means of it I got the upper hand so finely over Jerry Todkill an' gave him his lawful deserts. Nay, I was ne'er ashamed on 't; but they were

such chattering fool-creatures in Babbletown for ringing the changes on every little matter, an' 't is likely I'd never ha' heard the last concerning it. For my part I see nothing to laugh at in such mischances, but there be some folks will laugh at their gran'father's funeral. Let but a man trip up on the ice an' crack his crown, with them looking on, sure 't will be "te-hee!"

Now, that was always the way on 't with the Babbletown people, for ye see they were but rustical; a-giving way to unmannerly nature an' not sensing the rules of polite breeding.

Well, I was a single man, an' youngish, then, an' living with my gran'father—we two together—in a snug house as any you 'll find, situate at one end o' the town. I reckon if all our neighbors had been peaceable-natured as we two, 't would ha' been better for us an' them. We 'd as pretty a dish of bacon an' beans for our one-o'clock dinner that day as ever ye tasted, well cooked an' served, for we 'd a handy black wench in the kitchen, and all orderly carried on. There we sat to table, and I 'd just been holpen to second cut o' bacon, when here cometh "rat-tat-tat" at the door. Well, up I got and opened it, an' who should I clap eyes on but Jerry Todkill, a-leading my colt, "Sally," by a halter, an' Sam Crook there grinning right behind 'em.

Now, the minute I saw Jerry Todkill I knew there 'd be mischief brewing. There was never a body in Babbletown but some time or other

had had Jerry's meddlesome finger stuck in his pie; an' the worst on 't was (being what made folks maddest of any) he 'd always some lawful handle to catch hold of. Law, law, law, was evermore his word on tongue's end. You 'd ha' thought, to hear him (not knowing contrariwise), he was gentleman born an' school-bred. Ye see he had picked up, by hook an' crook, enough law knowledge to help him with 's roguery — an' this was the sly cunning way he 'd set about it, mayhap. There he 'd be, year in and out, a-looking an' listening; a-peeping an' prying all round the town; an' soon as he 'd spied a flaw in anybody's matters that the law might stick tooth in (folks being careless or unbeknowing, as they often will) here he 'd come with his warning talk of fine or punishment.

"Ye are like to be in for it, neighbor," he 'd say then, mayhap, "if I do inform upon you."

An' then, having got 'em finely scared up, would that rascal go on to say cunningly how, if they were for peace an' quiet, for saving their goods, or maybe saving themselves from stocks or pillory, whipping or ducking or 'prisonment, why, just pay him (Jerry Todkill) the half o' the fine, or whatsoever price he set on his warning, an' mum was his word.

An' so ye see that was his plan for working; an' the way poor timorsome fool-bodies fell into the trap was a mighty curious thing. Now, he was too keen to mix himself up in any hanging offence, or the like grave criminality; but all lesser misbehavior or oversighting would be so much grist to his mill. If it suited his mind to stir up a lawsuit betwixt two neighbors, Jerry Todkill was always the only one left with a full pocket at the end o' the business. He 'd a way of talking round your simple ones till (for all they knew his roguery) they 'd fairly believe that black was white; and even they that kept their eyes open did seem too afeard of his spite to trouble or cross him. He was the stingiest fellow in our town, an' the most underhanded. An' so did this villain do as I 've told ye, go to an' fro on the earth, an' round about Babble-town, a-seeking what he might devour.

Well, well; when I saw my gray colt, Sally, there along with such company — when I saw that blessed little beast, with her pretty head on one side, a-nibbling at the halter and a-smiling

so innocent-like, yet saucy, out of her pretty, bright eyes, I was mightily put about, you may believe.

I 'd turned her out for a run on the town common only that morn, for our paddock was a little one to keep a lively skittish young thing evermore penned up in. She was gentle as a dog, for all her natural liveliness (such as prancing, kicking up her pretty little heels, an' so on), an' the pet of every youngster in Babble-town. Now, even the little toddling children, they 'd be a-stroking an' patting of her; and as for that sweet maid, Mistress Peggy Joy, she'd always a lump o' sugar in her frock pocket ready for Sally. Bless the hearts o' them two! To see 'em together once more would do my old eyes good. There would be Mistress Peg — the takingest little wench in all Virginia — in all her fal-lals an' ribbands flying, with head on one side, a-holding up the sugar-lump in her little lily-white hand; an' there would be Sally, just as fair-shapen an' comely after her sort as the maid after hers, with her head on one side, too, a-taking it daintified as you please.

Knowing well the little creature was so great a favorite, not like to hurt anybody, nor neither get hurted herself, I 'd turned her out on the green that morn, an' there she came, led back by Jerry Todkill.

Now, I do not bear in mind the words he spake that time, but the long an' the short on 't (according to his say-so) was that he 'd catched her a-barking fruit-trees, contrary to the law. There was she, with her head over his fence (said he), nibbling the bark of his young pippin apple-tree, that was the pride an' joy of his heart, even as she nibbled that rope afore our eyes whilst he told it. Sam Crook was his witness (said he), they two having seen the overt act (as he called it) with their own mortal eyes. So they could prove it in law (quoth he), it needing only two witnesses for that end; an' the fine was ten shillings. Howsoever (as he went on to say, a-smiling so deceitfully, as if he would give 'most anything to keep the peace), if I would pay him five shillings without more ado an' keep her well in bounds, he 'd say no more concernin' it.

Well, I never believed a word on 't; nay, not even when I went along with 'em later on an'

saw where the bark was scratched. There it was, a bit scarred, sure enow, but I reckon Jerry Todkill's finger-nails might ha' done the business. He 'd a mind to make five shillings that day, one way or t' other, an' seeing my Sally go by (as I reckon), he set his plan accordingly. 'T was a mighty strange tale an' naught likely (as I told 'em) that she should go sticking her head o'er his fence into mischief she 'd all chance for any day at home, in the paddock an' yard, aye, an' garden, too, an' never did the like of before. Ne'er had I seen her so much as nibble a rosebud, an' to have such a slander started on the little creature, it cut me to the heart. Aye, let alone the vexingness of it, an' let alone the five shillings — but it hurt me unto the middle heart. Now, we all have our faults, neighbors — we poor humans — an' that there 's no denying. Ye have yours and I have mine. Aye, aye; let one come unto me this day an' say "Thomas Muffet, thou hast thy faults," I would make answer, "T is true enough." To be sure, I do think nobody can say but 'Thomas Muffet is an honest man. Nobody can fairly call me aught but good neighbor, good husband, an' good father. I pay my debts; I go to church regularly as parson himself; I always do the right thing at the right time, by high an' low; but I 'll ne'er deny that I have my faults. Now, there 's my wife, Patsey (that 's commonly as good, well-behaved a creature as any in Virginia), she hath her faults, too; an' ever since we were wed I 've been a-trying to correct 'em. You see we be all weak human creatures; but as for that Sally horse o' mine, I raised her from a baby colt an' for twenty year I rode upon her back, an' if ever she 'd flaw in mind or manners, morals or behavior, I never found it out. Aye, if so 't were she was not a perfect moral beast, I misdoubt if ye 'll ever find one. An' to hear tell of her barking fruit-trees!

Well, I was ready to fight it out, with no mind to give over the five shillings, I promise you. However, my gran'father was back-set and timorsome, as your old people will be. Poor soul, there was he with his dinner clean spoilt that day. "Thomas," saith he to me when he saw my choler rising; "Thomas!" quo' he; no more nor less; an' he put one bean in 's mouth dis-

tressfully, in an unbeknowing way, so that it came nigh choking him as 't went down. An' the long and the short on 't was that, content to ease the old man's mind, I paid the five shillings (which I 'd better ha' thrown i' the dirt) an' let those two rascally rogues walk off.

Now, for several days after that, I kept the filly up in paddock, till she was like a hen on a hot griddle for fidgeting. It went to my heart to see her looking so wishfully over the fence, fairly longing to get out once more — for all she was ne'er the sort to jump over, as she might ha' done easy enough, an' some, of less proper principles, would. There 'd be the town children coming to see her, for (as I said afore) she was the pet of 'em all; an' when they 'd go away again 't was pitiful to see her a-gazing after. At last one day came Mistress Peggy Joy, handing a lump of sugar over the hedge. "Alack-a-day! poor pretty one!" quo' she; an' her voice 't was like the turtle-dove 's a-cooing in springtime o' the year.

"Pr'ythee, Master Muffet" (quo' she), "why not turn her out for a run! I 'd risk it if she were mine, poor dear! — fruit-trees or no fruit-trees."

"Bless your heart an' eyes," quoth I, as stout as any lion in resolve, all on a sudden; "Bless your heart, Mistress Peg" (quoth I), "out she shall go this day! Let all the rogues in Christendom go hang on their own apple-trees!" So with that I turned her out (she fairly kicking up her pretty little heels, for joy o' freedom), an' that very evening Jerry Todkill came a-leading her back, with the same tale as afore on tongue's end, about her barking his apple-trees, an' with Sam Crook for a witness.

Now, 't was a mighty strange come-to-pass (as everybody said) that she never troubled any other tree atop of this earth but Jerry Todkill's apple-tree, and a stranger still that Sam Crook was always by, an' nobody else, to see her do it. We all talked it over a deal amongst us; an' we all agreed together 't was a mystery in horse-nature. After that I kept her up pretty straightly. There were two or three trees a-growing i' the paddock, and I watched her close to see if ever she troubled 'em. In sooth she never did do it, so far as we might tell; but ye see I was busy with my work (being, as I 've

told you, a leather-breeches maker in those days), an' gran'father's sight mighty dim for such outlook. 'T is best to be certain sure of a thing, neighbors, before accusing or excusing. The trees i' the paddock were old ones an' hard-barked, being not such as to tempt her anyway;

to 't presently. As to what I set out to do that blessed night, 't was to be 'twixt myself an' the filly, thinks I, with nobody else the wiser; so saving her character an' feelings, if so 't were that she truly showed naughtiness, as well as satisfying mine own mind. So I waited till past com-



“WHEN I SAW MY GRAY COLT, SALLY, THERE ALONG WITH SUCH COMPANY, I WAS MIGHTILY PUT ABOUT.”

an' so I hit on a little plan o' my own to test the business properly.

Now, 't was as fine an' pretty a moonlight night—that night—as ever I did see. Well I do remember the same. 'T was in mid-April, with grass fairly started to growing an' greening, an' apple-buds a-bursting out, an' daffydillies in full bloom, yellow as any gold. I remember the smell of 'em in my nostrils whilst there I hanged in—. Well, never you mind; wait till we come

mon bedtime, an' gran'daddy tucked up a-snooring like any lamb in 's feather bed; then I went out and I turned Sally into the orchard.

“Two hours by the town clock I 'll watch you, my lady,” quoth I; “now take your fill o' grass; an' if you 've a hankering after nibbling fruit-trees, quince-tree or apple-tree, pearmain or peach, I 'm likely to see you a-doing it.”

Well, she seemed mightily tickled at the change, as your skittish young creatures will be,

for all (I reckon) scarcely knowing at first what to make on 't. She rubbed her nose 'gainst my cheek, so pleased-like, an' roguishly, a-whinnying low and a-smiling till her eyes they shamed the moonshine. But the grass under the trees was fine an' tempting an' tender, and pretty soon she fell to grazing.

Now, I 'd not bethought me to bring out a chair, an' 't was tiresome business a-standing there after long day's work. The orchard was a smallish one back of our house an' garden, a bit slanting on a hillside. An' some o' the youngest trees I 'd planted myself, an' some older ones my gran'father had planted many years before. The biggest one of all, an' belike the oldest, too, was a pear-tree i' the very midst situate. Well, a-leaning 'gainst this tree, I could see all o'er the orchard by the moonshine, plain as day, for not a many leaves were in the way yet a while; an' there I stood, eying the filly for some space, till presently (my back an' my legs 'ginning to ache), what must I do next but climb up into the crotch o' the tree.

So there I sat awhile, an' there I 'd better ha' gone on a-sitting. 'T was a comfortable seat enough, for the crotch was none so high from the ground, an' free-spreading; but when once you do adventure aught beyond the common, there's no telling where 't will stop; an' so I, once having set out to climb, must needs go a bit higher. A great one for 't I 'd been, when a little lad, an' such as would go to the highest tree-tops, like any monkey. Many 's the time my gran'f'er would screek at me to come down, an' stand all of a tremble (bless his good, kind soul!) till I touched ground again; but I never had tumble once. So having once begun (as I spoke afore), 't was like the former feel of it had got into my legs, with the notion of going higher swelling uppishly in mind. Truly I felt as light an' nimble as a cat.

"Thomas, my lad" (saith I to myself), "you 're getting an oldish lad, but you 've not outgrown the way on 't."

So up I went (a-laughing to myself), hand over hand, and as nimble as you please, with one eye on Sally an' t' other cocked up yonder, choosing my way. There was she hard by, below, grazing like a lamb, an' here was I presently, at tip-top o' that tree.

Well, there I sat, 'way up yonder in the top-most fork o' that tree, a right long while — mayhap a half hour or so. 'Most all the lights were out in the town houses, only I saw a few twinkling, dim-like, thro' the moonshine one way an' t' other, and I wondered inside my mind what the folks in those houses, making ready for bed, belike, would say to see Thomas Muffet so uncommonly upliften.

Never a sound I heard, but some dog a-barking now and again off yonder, an' the filly cropping grass down below me. 'T was pretty coolish up so high, so I buttoned my coat round me tight; an' then, next thing, my legs both went to sleep; whereupon, bethinking me enough o' that prank was enough, I was just on the start to go down when I heard all at once a noise of steps, an' likewise saw some white thing or other coming down the lane alongside the orchard.

Now, I know some folks that would ha' took it for a ghost, an' maybe screeked out for fear or tumbled head-foremost down the tree; but I was ne'er that sort, to be sure. 'Most as soon as I clapt eyes on 't I knew 't was Jerry Todkill's old white horse, an' then I was n't long finding out 't was Jerry Todkill driving of her. I 'd on my tongue's end to call out Hi! Then quick as a flash it did come in my mind that he was up to some rascal roguery, for it seemed a queer time to be driving horses, and I knew the nature o' Jerry's sly tricks. Mum is the word, thinks I, an' so I kept still; an' lo! what did he do but ope the little gate there 'twixt orchard an' lane (being truly scarce wide enough for her to pass thro'), an' turn the beast into the orchard.

Now, 'pon my soul and body, the effrontery of that rogue, an' cunning wickedness no less, it fairly made my blood boil to see. Whether he 'd ever done 't afore, goodness knoweth! I promise you 't was the last time, if not the first. "So this is the sly game you 'd play, Master Jerry, when honest folks be abed and asleep," thinks I to myself; "an' this is the way you steal my grass, who are so monstrous careful of your apple-tree." 'T was all I could do to stay up that tree an' keep my two fists off his pate; but thinks I to myself, "I'll catch slyness with slyness, an' have my witness ready for the lawful proving." Ye will wonder he did not see me,

or Sally; but she was a good bit off 'mongst the trees (besides being gray-colored), an' beyond lifting her head once to listen when the gate-latch clicked, she ne'er took any note. Then Jerry seemed always a deal more apt to look at the ground than skyward, an' was short sighted to boot. He never caught sight of one or t' other. As for his old mare she fell to eating like a creature starved afore she fairly got thro' the gate; an' there stood Jerry Todkill a-looking at her, chuckling for very cunning pleasure. An' with that he walketh off down the lane, out o' sight.

An' now I come to the part of this tale — to that turn o' matters (so to speak) — which came nigh putting an end to Thomas Muffet in this world. Mayhap some of you will be a-laughing to hear tell on 't, but if ever ye chance to the like I misdoubt if ye 'd crack a smile. For my part, I see naught in 't to laugh at. I do reck' I was too hopping mad, an' too a-tremble with the same passion, to get me safe down the tree. One step down I made, bare one, an' some way a-missing the sound limb I set foot on one that was rotten. Crack! it went, an' then broke clean off; an' 'fore I 'd half sensed the way on 't, there I went down, helter-skelter, head-foremost. I caught at the little limbs an' twigs this way, that, an' t' other, an' ne'er laid holt on one. There was a sharp scrag sticking out, where a big low limb had been broke off by the wind nigh a year before, when 't was heavy with pears, an' that I 'd never trimmed. How it happed to catch me so, I know not (nor ever can say), but first thing I knew then, lo and behold! I was hanging to that scrag by the tail o' my coat, with my head about four feet or so from the ground.

Zounds! if I live to a thousand year old ('fore I die) I'll ne'er forget the feeling o' that upsetment. The like of it I never did know nor feel, before nor after. My legs they went nine ways for Sunday on the instant. Now, they 'd fell to sleep up in the tree an' they 'gan to wake up on a sudden, a-prickling like ten million pin-sticks; an' truly (for the matter o' that) it felt like I was turned into a pin-cushion, from the crown o' my head to the sole o' my foot.

Whichsoever way I rolled my eyes (yet 't was

not far a body could see, so situate), I saw stars a-twinkling like mad, an' the man i' the moon a-laughing fit to kill. The ground did n't seem so mighty far off but 't was a deal too far to touch with my hand — strain hard as I would; neither could I get my hands up, to save me, for unbuttoning that coat. 'T is a curious thing (come to think on) how buttons will fly off when they ought to stay tight, an' stick on like grim death, spite o' pulling an' tugging an' the uncommonest strain upon em', when you want 'em to come off. As for that same coat, it was 'most a new one, an' thick an' strong, the cloth being some of Sukey Steptoe's weaving, an' it never gave way once.

So there I hanged by the scrag o' that pear-tree with my head down — an' surely, surely I do think never was there any Christian man i' this world (and in a Christian country) brought to such a pass. And for a Christian man (and a leather-breeches maker, at that), who hath lived life-long in a country like Virginia, — for such an one, namely Thomas Muffet, to be so situate an' hanging, i' the middle o' Babbletown (and unbeknown to anybody in the dead hour of night) was a lawful wonder in nature. Aye, there be many hanged with their heads up, for this, that, an' t' other offence, but never another (that I heard tell of) hanged with 's head down; an' for all I did come off better than they, being still alive in this mortal world, — still, there I hanged (as I said afore) no one knoweth how long by the clock! Neither up nor down could I get; neither could I reach anything with my hands, save maybe my hair, to be a-tearing it, like 't is told some people do in extremity. Then what a buzzing in my ears, too! Zizz-z! it went, like any whip-saw, yet all the time I heard thro' it (as 't were) that horse o' Jerry Todkill's, a-munching my grass. Once the beast came up an' looked at me, enough to make one mad; and also there was Sally herself stepping round at the far corner of the orchard.

Now, I might ha' screamed out Help! or Murder! or the like, an' scared my gran'father out o' his wits (the poor timorsome soul) as well as waked the town. Most people would ha' come out with it, I reckon, like house afire, but I 'd no notion to fright him thus, besides making myself a gazing-stock and a laughing-stock,

most likely, to every fool-creature in Babble-town. Faith! I did know I 'd never hear the last on 't whilst I lived in that place. "If the worst cometh to the worst" (thinketh I to myself), "t will have to be known. If daylight

while what to do I knew not, till all at once it came into my head that if I could but coax the filly near enough to get upon her back, or even catch hold of her, I might that way save my life an' my credit too.



MASTER MUFFET FINDS HIMSELF IN A PREDICAMENT.

cometh, an' Thomas Muffet is still alive, the cat will be out o' the bag, sure enow — but I 'll have the law no less on Jerry Todkill." Truly the notion of vengeance on that rascal rogue was one comfort in my misery, till after while I did bethink me how he 'd spoke of coming 'fore daybreak for the old horse. The thought of him a-mocking my plight, an' maybe driving that beast off afore my eyes (like as not to deny the whole matter afterward) did fairly set me afire. But if shouting can rouse the town (quoth I) he shall ne'er get off that-a-way. An' mean-

Now, she needed no coaxing at all in common, for she 'd come to my first word, like a dog; but ye see my voice that time sounded mighty cracked an' curious — an' no wonder, neither. I tried to whistle, but hang me if 't would come to more than a kind o' gasp; so I called, Sally! Sally! Come lass! Come lass! loud as I might. Then pretty soon I heard her a-coming, easy an' light-footed, over the grass, trippity-trip — mighty slow an' stopping now an' then, like she scarcely did know who 't was or what to make on 't. Sally! Sally! quoth I

again; Come lass! Come lass! An' she by that while being got up right close (only just out o' my reach) stopped still an' stood looking hard at me with her head on one side.

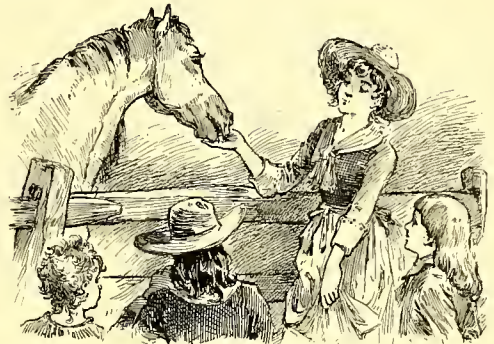
Now surely the knowledgeable sense of that colt was something to marvel at. There be people an' people in this world (as the saying goeth) an' there be horses an' horses. How was she to know, forsooth, that 't was me up yonder? Did she ever see me before a-hanging upside down in a tree, with my head twice as big as the rest o' my body? Not she. Did she ever hear my voice before when it sounded like somewhat 'twixt a sick kitten and a screech-owl? But that Sally colt, she knew her master, right enough. Aye, if ever there was a perfect moral beast, and a knowing, and a tender-true in service, 't was she. Some while she stood, a-looking doubtfully, an' then what doth the precious little jade, a-whinnying low, but step right up an' rub herself against me! I caught hold of her quick as I could for being so stiff an' heavy, and I eased myself down on her back with one hand whiles with t' other I reached behind me an' pulled my coat off the scrag. Zounds! 't was a toughish tug. I was mightily 'feared she would start to run. But there she stood like an old horse, sirs. An' there, when I 'd pulled myself loose from that tormenting tree, I hugged that little creature tight round the neck with all my might.

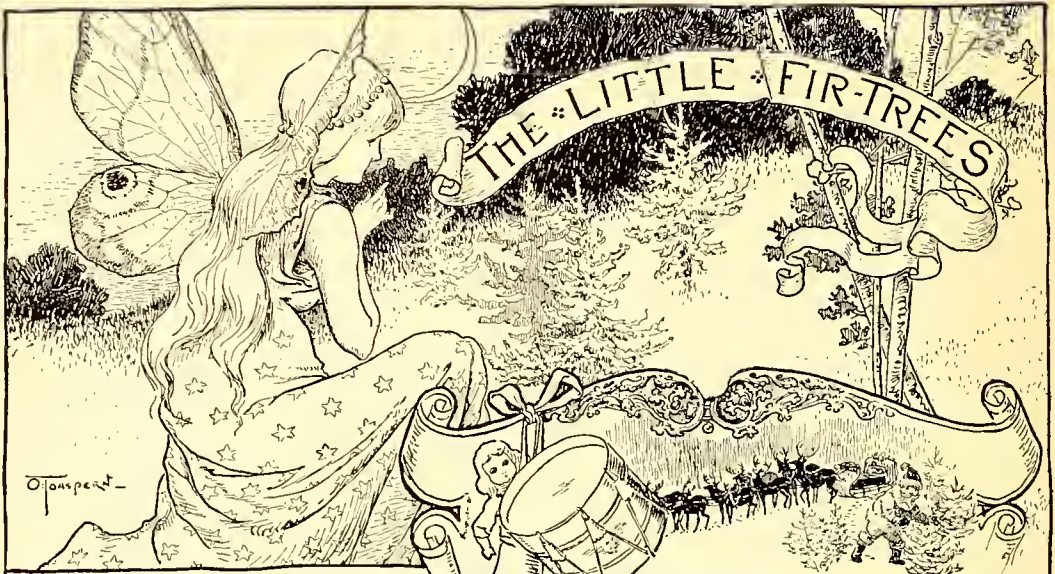
Well, well; I promise you I let no grass grow under my feet in making ready for Jerry Todkill after I 'd got my head a bit cool an' the cramps out o' me, with blood running natural-like. I clapt Sally into the stable, safe an' tight (bless the little innocent heart of her, she 'd ne'er touched fruit-tree among 'em), an' then I waked up gran'father. I told him I 'd seen Jerry turn his horse into the orchard. Mind you, I never told him or anybody about that pear-tree business, not till this very present night. Nay, not I; for 't is no use dwelling on perils past; but I told 'em enough to make straight my tale. Now, to make all sure we must have more witnesses; so long afore daybreak I had Nick Tucker an' Tommy Grill a-ready an' waiting in the orchard; an' what do ye reckon we found, when we went in there, but that roguish horse of a villainous master chewing one o' the young

peach-trees. With our own mortal eyes we saw her a-doing it; an' 'fore long with those same eyes we saw Jerry Todkill come sneaking along down the lane; and I tell you he met up with warmer welcome that time than any he 'd looked for.

Well, 't was tried i' the law-court an' duly proven. He was ready enough, was Jerry, to buy himself off, but for once in 's life I made him to know that justice cometh 'fore money. A hundred pound of tobacco he was sentenced to pay, or stand half a day in pillory. Now, for all he was a stingy man, he had his pride, an' so he chose the fine — but it cut him deep, I promise you, it cut him mighty deep. I truly think nobody in Babbletown was sorry for this turn. An' the best on 't was, he got tripped up again next after that by a law he 'd never heard of. That was the barratry law, to be sure. Ye see a barrator, in law, is just such a body as Jerry himself; namely, one who doth, on divers days an' times, stir up divers quarrels, suits, slanders, an' so on, 'mongst peaceful neighboring folks 'gainst the peace an' well-doing o' this colony — for his own naughty dishonest profits. Never did cap so well befit a meddlesome rascally head as this law befitted Jerry Todkill. I trow he 'd his proper fill o' law when he found himself caught on 's own ground an' fined another good hundred pound of tobacco — an' 't was the main pleasure of Babbletown a-many a day, an' set all tongues a-wagging.

We all have our faults, for certain, we human creatures (even as I spoke afore), but if any mortal man could ever rightly pick flaw in that gray mare Sally, why, my name 's not Thomas Muffet.





HHEY! little evergreens,
 Sturdy and strong!
 Summer and autumn-time
 Hasten along.
 Harvest the sunbeams, then,
 Bind them in sheaves,
 Range them, and change them
 To tufts of green leaves.
 Delve in the mellow mold,
 Far, far below,
 And so,
 Little evergreens, grow!
 Grow, grow!
 Grow, little evergreens, grow!
 Up, up, so airily,
 To the blue sky,
 Lift up your leafy tips
 Stately and high;
 Clasp tight your tiny cones,
 Tawny and brown;
 By and by, buffeting
 Rains will pelt down;
 By and by, bitterly
 Chill winds will blow;
 And so,
 Little evergreens, grow!
 Grow, grow!
 Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Gather all uttermost
 Beauty, because,—
 Hark, till I tell it now!
 How Santa Claus,
 Out of the northern land,
 Over the seas,
 Soon shall come seeking you,
 Evergreen trees!
 Seek you with reindeers soon,
 Over the snow;
 And so,
 Little evergreens, grow!
 Grow, grow!
 Grow, little evergreens, grow!
 What if the maples flare
 Flaunting and red,
 You shall wear waxen white
 Tapers instead!
 What if now, elsewhere,
 Birds are beguiled,
 You shall yet nestle
 The little Christ-child!
 Ah, the strange splendor
 The fir-trees shall know!
 And so,
 Little evergreens, grow!
 Grow, grow!
 Grow, little evergreens, grow!



Evelyn Stein.

AN ELEPHANT-HUNT IN SIAM.

BY ADELE M. FIELDE.

ONE scorching morning in April, 1870, a small party of Europeans left the city of Bangkok, the present capital of the Kingdom of Siam, for Ayuthia, the old seat of government, sixty miles northward up the river Menam. A hunt had been appointed by the king, and the elephants were to be brought in through the country bordering the ancient ruins.

We traveled leisurely, in house-boats rowed by native crews, who stood and pushed their oars. We had with us our camp-beds; and our Chinese cooks had charge of such foreign provisions as we should require during a week's outing, in addition to the rice, fruits, black-boned fowls, and excellent fish that could be bought at every landing. Up the broad, swift stream we made our way; past canoes, with single paddlers, that shot like shuttles to and fro; past dragon-headed barges, gay with gilded carvings and crimson pennants; past floating, splint-woven dwellings, built on rafts and moored to the shore; past hamlets, where women gossiped in the shade, and children sported in the sun; past temples covered with porcelain mosaic, and surrounded by porticos where yellow-robed priests droned their hymns; past slopes densely wooded with feathery bamboos, half merged in shrubs and creepers, and flecked by the brilliant blossoms of a tropical forest.

On the second day we arrived at Ayuthia, and set up our screens and hung our mosquito bars in a *sala* or rest-house by the river-side.

The following morning the elephants arrived. Just outside the city, and overlooking a plain extending to the horizon, was a high platform, mounted by stone steps, and covered with a tiled roof supported by pillars. On this, screened from the sun, and with a broad outlook over the rice-fields that had lately been shorn of their crop, sat a high official, his aids, a few native nobles, and the foreign guests. Other spectators perched in trees or found standing-room

wherever the view was most attractive. Immediately before the platform, was the stockade, made by setting deep into the ground teak logs two yards in girth and twenty feet in length. These logs were so arranged as to leave interspaces of about one foot in width. They inclosed a half acre of level ground, and extended out, at the side opposite the platform, into a funnel-shaped entrance, only wide enough, where it joined the stockade, for the passing of a single elephant.

Gazing far across the stubby plain, we saw the troop of elephants, encompassed by the many hunters who had been sent months before into the wilderness, to entice the wild animals toward a rendezvous. The families, scattered in the jungles, foraging among the luxuriant herbage, had been separately entered by tame decoy elephants, under the direction of wily hunters, and one had followed another into captivity. Two hundred and eighty elephants had thus been brought together. The sound of their roaring was like that of distant thunder; and, as they approached, the earth seemed to shake under their tread.

By a skillful combination of leading and driving, they were slowly urged along toward the stockade. Foremost were the decoyers trained to their work, which they do with complacent discretion. They were ridden by experts in elephant-training, and followed by the wild herds in which were elephants of all ages. Hemming in the assemblage on the sides and in the rear, many other tamed elephants, directed by their riders, urged on the laggards with their long tusks and shouldered the stragglers into place.

Occasionally a huge fellow, becoming conscious of being directed by a will not his own, would rear, trumpet a protest, bolt through the cordon of sentinels, and gallop toward the distant woods. But these fugitives were quickly chased by three or four trained beasts, and were

soon brought back to the ranks. Only one, a majestic creature with enormous, snowy tusks, distanced his pursuers and regained freedom in the bush.

The panic became terrific. In the ensuing crush, the mothers steadfastly guarded their young. Many a baby elephant stood bleating beneath its mother's chest, protected by her



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM, ON ONE OF THE ROYAL ELEPHANTS.

When the herd entered the wide mouth of the funnel that narrowed down to the stockade, it became frantic with rage and terror. Dozens at a time stood on their hind legs, waving their trunks wildly, and bellowing with open mouths.

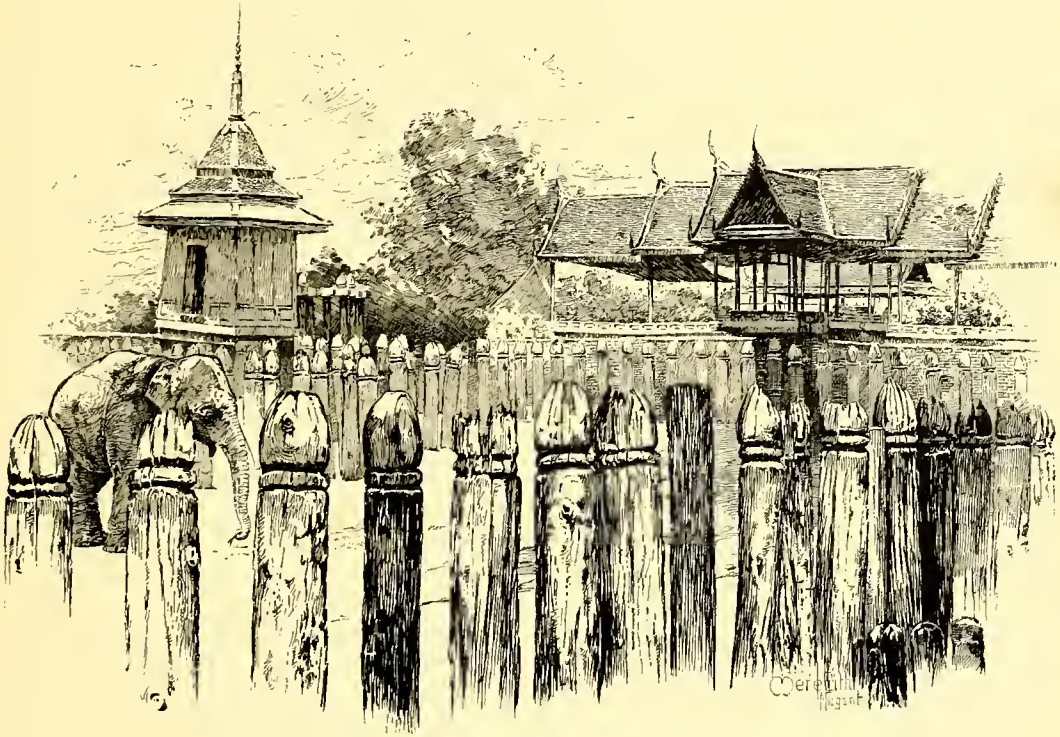
strong fore legs, her active proboscis, and her body set as a bulwark for its defense. In many cases two mothers united in the care of some little one. Shoulder to shoulder they leaned over the youngster that was between them, and

shielded it under frightful pressure and peril, with courage and calmness. So perfect was the protection of the babies, that more than a score of these—some of them weaklings, no larger than sheep—survived the crush of entrance into the stockade, while ten full-grown elephants were thereby killed.

Once within the stockade, the maddened herd rushed round and round the arena. As they passed and repassed the stand, the official, a connoisseur of elephants, indicated to the hunters which ones were to be taken. When these happened to come upon the outside of the

the hunters led out the remainder of the herd upon the plain, where a few more were lassoed for sport. One frenzied animal came trumpeting up the steps of the stand occupied by the officers and guests. The official shouted commands to the hunters; men climbed pillars; women mounted tables, and shrieked; consternation reigned until the hunters scaled the stand, and with their sharp goads prodded the intruder to a safe distance.

The dismissed elephants gradually made their way to the jungles, there to feed and grow until the king should appoint another hunt.



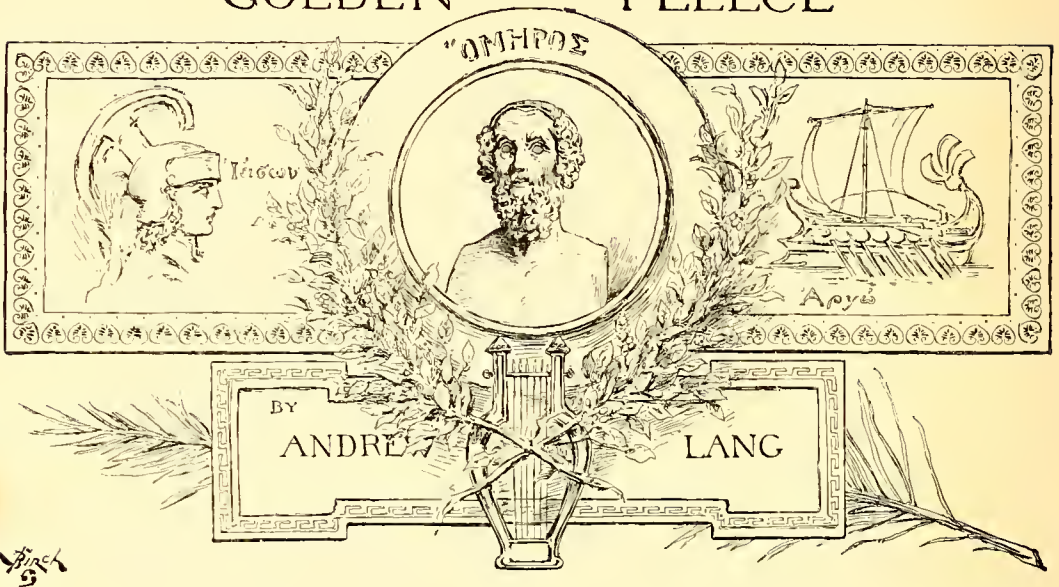
THE STOCKADE FOR IMPRISONING THE CAPTURED HERD.

swirling mass, and near the palisades of the enclosure, they were lassoed around the ankles as they raised their feet in walking, and the cables which formed the nooses were made fast to the posts of the stockade. Several cables bound the feet of each captive, and restrained him from moving about with his companions. Having secured as many of the elephants as would be required by the government for several years,

The prisoners were to be tamed and then used in lifting lumber, in carrying goods and travelers across the country, and in war.

The trained elephants are manifestly larger, stronger, healthier, and more sagacious than their wild fellows. They bathe, eat, exercise, and sleep more regularly, and apparently gain much in cunning and intelligence under human instruction.

THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE



This is the story of the Fleece of Gold, and of the Golden Ram, and what he did, and where he died, and how a Dragon guarded his Fleece, and who the man was that won it, and of all that befell him on his way to find the Fleece, and on his way home. Because it is a long story, it is divided into parts. And the first part is the tale of "The Children of the Cloud."

I.

THE CHILDREN OF THE CLOUD.

ONCE upon a time there was a king called Athamas, who reigned in a country beside the Grecian sea. Now, Athamas was a young man, and unmarried, because none of the Princesses who then lived seemed to him beautiful enough to be his wife. One day he left his palace, and climbed high up into a mountain, following the course of a little river. Now, a great black rock stood on one side of the river, and made a corner, round which the water flowed deep and dark. Yet through the noise of the river, the king thought he heard laughter and voices like the voices of girls. So he climbed very quietly up the rock, and, looking over the edge, there he saw three beautiful maidens bathing in a pool, and splashing each other with the water. Their long yellow hair covered them like cloaks and floated behind them on the pool. One of

them was even more beautiful than the others, and as soon as he saw her the king fell in love with her, and said to himself, "This is the wife for me."

Now, as he thought this, his arm touched a stone, which slipped from the top of the rock where he lay, and went leaping, faster and faster as it fell, till it dropped with a splash into the pool below. Then the three maidens heard it, and were frightened, thinking some one was near. So they rushed out of the pool to the grassy bank where their clothes lay, lovely soft clothes, white, and gray, and rosy-colored, all shining with pearl drops, and diamonds like dew. In a moment they had dressed, and then it was as if they had wings, for they rose gently from the ground, and floated softly up and up the windings of the brook. Here and there among the green tops of the mountain-ash trees the king could just see the white robes shining, and disappearing, and shining again, till they

rose far off like a mist, and so up, and up into the sky, and at last he only followed them with his eyes, as they floated like clouds among the other clouds across the blue. All day he watched them, and at sunset he saw them sink, golden and rose-colored, and purple, and go down into the dark with the setting sun. Now, the king went home to his palace, but he was very unhappy and nothing gave him any pleasure. All day he roamed about among the hills, and looked for the beautiful girls, but he never found them. And all night he dreamed about them, till he grew thin and pale and was like to die.

Now, the way with sick men then was that they made a pilgrimage to the temple of a god (for they were heathen people, worshiping many gods), and in the temple they offered sacrifices. Then they hoped that the god would appear to them in a dream, and tell them how they might be made well again. So the king drove in his chariot, a long way, to the town where this temple was. And when he reached it, it was a strange place. The priests were dressed in dogs' skins, with the heads of the dogs drawn down over their faces, and there were live dogs running all about the place, for these were the favorite beasts of the god. And there was an image of him, with a dog crouched at his feet, and in his hand he held a serpent, and fed it from a bowl. So there the king sacrificed before the god, and, when night fell, he was taken into the temple, and there were many beds made up on the floor and many people lying on them, both rich and poor, hoping that the god would appear to them in a dream, and tell them how they might be healed. There the king lay, like the rest, and for long he could not close his eyes. At length he slept, and he dreamed a dream. But it was not the god of the temple that he saw in his dream; he saw a beautiful lady, and she seemed to float above him in a chariot drawn by doves, and all about her was a crowd of chattering sparrows. She was more beautiful than any woman in the world, and she smiled as she looked at the king, and said, "Oh, King Athamas, you are sick for love!

"Now this you must do: go home, and on the first night of the new moon, climb the hills to that place where you saw the Three Maidens.

In the dawn they will come again to the river, and bathe in the pool. Then do you creep out of the wood, and steal the clothes of her you love, and she will not be able to fly away with the rest, and she will be your wife."

Then she smiled again, and her doves bore her away, and the king woke, and remembered the dream, and thanked the lady in his heart, for he knew she was a goddess, the Queen of Love.

Then he drove home, and did all that he had been told. On the first night of the new moon, when she shines like a thin gold thread in the sky, he left his palace, and climbed up through the hills, and hid in the wood by the edge of the pool. When the dawn began to shine silvery, he heard voices, and saw the three girls come floating through the trees, and alight on the river bank, and undress, and run into the water. There they bathed, and splashed each other with the water, laughing in their play.

Then he stole to the grassy bank, and seized the clothes of the most beautiful of the three; and they heard him move, and rushed out to their clothes. Two of them were clad in a moment, and floated away through the glen, but the third crouched sobbing and weeping under the thick cloak of her yellow hair. Then she prayed the king to give her back her soft gray and rose-colored raiment, but he would not, till she had promised to be his wife. And he told her how long he had loved her, and how the goddess had sent him to be her husband, and at last she promised, and took his hand, and in her shining robes went down the hill with him to the palace. But he felt as if he walked on the air, and she scarcely seemed to touch the ground with her feet. And she told him that her name was Nephelê, which meant "a cloud," in their language, and that she was one of the Cloud Fairies that bring the rain, and live on the hilltops, and in the high lakes, and water springs, and in the sky.

So they were married, and lived very happily, and had two children, a boy named Phrixus and a daughter named Hellê. And the two children had a beautiful pet, a Ram with a fleece all of gold, which was given them by a young god called Hermes, a beautiful god, with wings on his shoon,—for these were the very Shoon of Swiftness, that he lent afterwards, as perhaps you

have read or heard, to the boy, Perseus, who slew the monster, and took the Terrible Head.* This Ram the children used to play with, and they would ride on his back, and roll about with him on the flowery meadows.

Now they would all have been happy, but for one thing. When there were clouds in the sky, and when there was rain, then their mother, Nephelê, was always with them; but when the summer days were hot and cloudless, then she went away, they did not know where. The long dry days made her grow pale and thin,

often his wife would be long away. Besides there was a very beautiful girl called Ino, a dark girl, who had come in a ship of merchantmen from a far-off country, and had stayed in the city of the king when her friends sailed from Greece. The king saw her, and often she would be at the palace, playing with the children when their mother had disappeared with the Clouds, her sisters. Now Ino was a witch, and one day she put some drugs into the king's wine, and when he had drunk it, he quite forgot Nephelê, his wife, and fell in love with Ino. And



"AND THERE THEY MET AN OLD WOMAN, AND TOOK PITY ON HER, AND BROUGHT HER HOME WITH THEM."

and, at last, she would vanish altogether, and never come again, till the sky grew soft and gray with rain.

Now King Athamas grew weary of this, for

at last he married her, and they had two children, a boy and a girl, and Ino wore the crown, and was queen. And she gave orders that Nephelê should never be allowed to enter the

* See ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1878.

palace any more. So Phrixus and Hellè never saw their mother, and they were dressed in ragged old skins of deer, and were ill fed, and were set to do hard work in the house, while the children of Ino wore gold crowns in their hair, and were dressed in fine raiment, and had the best of everything.

One day Phrixus and Hellè were in the field, herding the sheep, for now they were treated like peasant children, and had to work for their bread. And there they met an old woman, all wrinkled, and poorly clothed, and they took pity on her, and brought her home with them. Now Ino saw her, and as she wanted a nurse for her children, she took her in to be the nurse, and the old woman took care of the children, and lived in the house. And she was kind to Phrixus and Hellè. But neither of them knew that she was their own mother, Nephelè, who had disguised herself as an old woman and a servant, that she might be with her children.

And Phrixus and Hellè grew strong, and tall, and more beautiful than Ino's children, so she hated them, and determined, at last, to kill them. They all slept at night in one room, but Ino's children had gold crowns in their hair, and beautiful coverlets on their beds. Now, one night, Phrixus was half awake, and he heard the old nurse come, in the dark, and put something on his head, and on his sister's, and change their coverlets. But he was so drowsy that he half thought it was a dream, and he lay, and fell asleep. But, in the dead of night, the wicked stepmother, Ino, crept into the room with a dagger in her hand. And she stole up to the bed of Phrixus, and felt his hair, and his coverlet. Then she went softly to the bed of Hellè, and felt her coverlet, and her hair, with the gold crown on it. So she supposed these to be her own children, and she kissed them in the dark, and went to the beds of the other two children. She felt their heads, and they had no crowns on, so she killed them, thinking they were Phrixus and Hellè. Then she crept downstairs, and went back to bed.

Now, in the morning, there were the stepmother Ino's children cold and dead, and nobody knew who had killed them. Only the

wicked queen knew, and she, of course, would not tell of herself, but if she hated Phrixus and Hellè before, now she hated them a hundred times worse than ever. But the old nurse was



PHRIXUS AND HELLÈ UPON THE GOLDEN RAM. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

gone, nobody ever saw her there again, and everybody but the queen thought that *she* had killed the two children. Everywhere the king sought for her, but he never found her, for she had gone back to her sisters, the Clouds.

And the Clouds were gone, too! For six long months, from winter to harvest time, the rain never fell. The country was burned up, the trees grew black and dry, there was no water in the streams, the corn turned yellow and died before it was come into the ear. The people were starving, the cattle and sheep were perishing, for there was no grass. And every day the sun rose hot and red, and went blazing through a sky without a cloud.

Then the wicked stepmother, Ino, saw her chance. The king sent messengers to consult a prophetess, and to find out what should be done to bring back the clouds and the rain. Then Ino took the messengers, and gave them gold, and threatened also to kill them, if they did not bring the message she wished from the prophetess. Now this message was that Phrixus and Hellè must be burned as a sacrifice to the gods.

So the messengers went, and came back dressed in mourning. And when they were brought before the king, at first they would

tell him nothing. But he commanded them to speak, and then they told him what Ino had bidden them to say, that Phrixus and Hellé must be offered as a sacrifice to appease the gods.

The king was very sorrowful at this news, but he could not disobey the gods. So poor Phrixus and Hellé were wreathed with flowers, as sheep used to be when they were led to be sacrificed, and they were taken to the altar, all the people following and weeping. And the Golden Ram went between them, as they walked to the temple. Then they came within sight of the sea, which lay beneath the cliff where the temple stood, all glittering in the sun, and the happy white sea-birds flying over it.

Then the Ram stopped, and suddenly he spoke to Phrixus, and said: "Lay hold of my horn, and get on my back, and let Hellé climb up behind you, and I will carry you far away!"

Then Phrixus took hold of the Ram's horn, and Hellé mounted behind him, and grasped its golden fleece, and suddenly the Ram rose in the air, and flew above the people's heads, far away over the sea.

Far away to eastward he flew, and deep

below them they saw the sea, and the islands, and the white towers and temples, and the fields, and ships. Eastward always he went, toward the sun-rising, and Hellé grew dizzy and weary. And finally a kind of sleep came over her, and she let go her hold of the Fleece, and fell from the Ram's back, down and down. She fell into the narrow seas, at last, that run between Europe and Asia, and there she was drowned. And that strait is called Hellé's Ford, or Hellespont, to this day. But Phrixus and the Ram flew on up the narrow seas, and over the great sea which the Greeks called the Euxine, till they reached a country called Colchis. There the Ram alighted, so tired and so weary that he died, and Phrixus had his beautiful Golden Fleece stripped off, and hung on an oak tree in a dark wood. And there it was guarded by a monstrous Dragon, so that nobody dared to go near it. And Phrixus married the king's daughter, and lived long, till he died also, and a king called Æetes ruled that country. Of all the things he had, the rarest was the Golden Fleece, and it became a proverb that nobody could take that Fleece away, nor deceive the Dragon who guarded it. The next story will tell who took the Fleece back to the Grecian land, and how he achieved this adventure.



Chorus: "D-I-N-G, D-O-N-G, B-E-LL, PUSSY'S IN THE WELL!"

A CHRISTMAS CURE.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

SANTA CLAUS sat by the fire in his own home, looking anxious and troubled. His droll little mouth was not drawn up like a bow; his eyes had not twinkled for ten minutes; and his dimples, even, would n't have looked merry if they could have helped it.

Santa Claus sat there thinking—thinking. It was just before Christmas. What was the matter with the good jolly old Saint? Had his sleigh broken down? Had any of his reindeer run away? Had he lost his own, particular, pet, private map?—for a body must have a wonderful map to guide him all about among the chimneys of the whole world.

But no,—it was none of these things. Could n't he find toys enough to go round? Bless your dear little anxious heart, don't you be afraid of that! He had thousands of bushels of toys left after planning all the stockings of the children whose names were down in his books! Oh! no. Santa Claus had toys enough. That was n't the trouble!

I should n't have said, “after planning *all* the stockings.” One stocking there was for which Santa Claus had not yet planned a single thing; and that was why poor dear old Santa



“SANTA CLAUS SAT THERE THINKING—THINKING.”

Claus was in such a state of worry and anxiety. This stocking belonged to a little boy whose good parents had long before Christmas sent in his name to Santa Claus. But although there had been plenty of time, and Santa Claus had put plenty of thought upon the matter, he had not yet been able to decide upon even ONE thing for that little boy's stocking. So there he sat by the fire, thinking and thinking and thinking.

Perhaps it seems strange to you that Santa should be puzzled about such a thing as that,

when filling stockings is his regular profession,—(a highly honorable one, too, and long may Santa live to grace it!),—but the little boy to whom that stocking belonged was a very strange and unusual child. If anything was given to him he would either break it to pieces very soon or do some naughty mischief with it. Worst of all, he would even hurt his nurse or his little brothers and sisters with his beautiful toys, if he happened to feel like doing so.

Yet kind old Santa could not bear to leave even this stocking empty. So he had been puzzling his brains to find something with which the little boy could not hurt people, and something he could not break; and although he had been thinking over all his lists of toys and presents, nothing had he found yet!

“Chirp! Chirp!” sounded a sharp little voice. “Chirp! chirp! You may as well give it up. He does n’t deserve anything, the little scamp!”

“Oh! Is that you, Cricket?” said Santa. “Come up here,” and as he held out his fat forefinger a tiny black cricket reached it with a sudden jump.

“You may as well give it up!” creaked the cricket in a shrill tone. “You can ’t think of anything, *I* know.”

“It begins to seem as if I could n’t,” said Santa Claus dolefully. “But I am so sorry for the boy! I can’t bear to think of that stocking, and of the poor little rascal’s disappointment on Christmas morning. What do you think of those nice little donkeys, saddled and bridled, and with cunning little baskets slung at each side? Little—(ahem! you know who I mean, and it is best not to mention names)—he would be delighted with one of them, and they are really quite strong.”

“Chirp!” snapped out the cricket, scarcely waiting for Santa to finish; “quite strong, indeed! But you know perfectly well that it does n’t matter much how strong a thing is, any more than how nice it is. That boy breaks everything! You know yourself he had ten presents on his birthday, about a month ago, and where are they now? All broken but the umbrella his mamma gave him, and that has been put away.”

“I know, I know,” said Santa. “No! I can’t give him the donkey!—nor any other of

those fine little animals that we have this year. Nor a drum; nor a cart; nor a wheelbarrow; nor a ship; nor a fire-engine; nor a top; nor a music-box; nor a clock! Oh! *how* I *did* want to give him one of those fascinating clocks!” and Santa Claus looked very wistfully at the cricket, and then sighed heavily. “But I know I could n’t. I can’t bear to see the nice presents and interesting toys broken to pieces. But I ’ve thought of *one* thing, Cricket; and I don’t believe he *could* break it. And yet he would like it, I am sure.” Santa looked a little more cheerfully at the cricket, and continued: “I thought of a nice little hammer and box of nails, and some blocks of wood for him to hammer the nails into! That ’s the present for him. Hey, now! what do you think of that?”

“What do I think?” said the cricket. “I think, Santa Claus, that you have forgotten how the little boy beat his brother with his drumsticks; how he snipped his sister’s fingers with the scissors; how he threw his harmonica at the nurse; how he—”

“Dear, dear, dear!” groaned Santa, “so he did; so he did!”

“And if you keep giving him things when he uses them so wrongly,” continued the cricket, “how will he ever learn better? To be sure, his mamma and papa and all his kind friends are trying to teach him, but it is necessary that everybody should help to train such a boy as—”

“I know,” interrupted Santa, “I know. You ’re a wise little counselor, and not as hard-hearted as you seem. And if you think it will cure the poor little fellow, I suppose we must give him the sawdust this year.”

“Yes,” said the cricket solemnly, “sawdust it must be.”

Christmas morning came. The little boy, whose name Santa Claus did not wish mentioned, saw all the other children pull out one treasure after another from their long, well-stuffed stockings, while in his own, which he had hung up with so much hope the night before, there was nothing but sawdust!

If I should use all the sad words in the English language I never could tell you how sad



that little boy was as he poured the sawdust out of his stocking, and found that Santa Claus had really sent him nothing else.

Poor little chap!

It was almost a year later, just before Christmas, when Santa Claus again sat by his fire—thinking.

But this time he was in no trouble; no, indeed, not he! He was rounder and rosier and jollier than ever before; and how he was smiling and chuckling to himself! His eyes twinkled so, and were so very bright, that you could almost have lit a candle at them. He and the cricket had been planning all sorts of ecstatic surprises for the stocking of the boy to whom they had given sawdust the year before; for, if you can believe it, the little boy had been trying all the year to be careful and gentle, and he was really quite changed!

“Sawdust is a grand thing,” chirped the cricket, leaping about in delight.

“Yes, but I am glad we do not need to use it this year,” replied Santa. “Let me see the list again. Don’t you suppose we could cram in one or two more things? Have you put down the—”

This is the end of the story; or, at least, all that could be told before Christmas; for if I should write more and a certain little boy should read it, he would know just what would be in his stocking—and that would never do in the world!





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

CHRISTMAS is coming, my beloved! and your Jack wishes every one of you all the brightness, goodness, and happiness that the Beautiful Day can give you.

And now will those of you who can in reality help to make Christmas wreaths, and those who can do so only in imagination, unite in singing this pretty ante-Christmas chorus, sent you by Mistress Caroline Evans:

Holly red and mistletoe,
 Waving Prince's Feather,
 Twine we in our Christmas wreaths,
 Joys and greens together.
 Holly hides a happy wish
 'Neath each scarlet berry,
 Prince's Feather nods to say:
 "Let us all be merry!"
 While upon the mistletoe
 Kisses sweet are growing
 That may bloom on Christmas day,
 In a goodly showing.

Thus, good friends, we weave for you
 Garlands of gay greeting;
 With each one may blessing bright
 Crown a Christmas meeting.

PRINCE'S FEATHER.

SOME of you, my young folk, halted a little, I observed, at the use of "Prince's Feather" in the Christmas wreath. That is well. Never rush headlong into what you do not quite understand. But after you have heard the Little Schoolma'am's explanation, you will raise your voices cheerily with the rest whenever this little chorus is proposed.

That dear little woman tells me that this particular Prince's Feather refers not to the crimson flower of that name belonging to the Amaranth family, but to a species of ground pine, used for Christmas wreaths and decorations, and commonly called, in the country, "Prince's Feather." It does not grow very high, and the stalk is pliable and it has small graceful branches of feathery green, like a miniature tree.

RED AND WHITE CLOVER.

IT is delightful to see how much interest many of you young hearers have taken in the difference between red and white clover, since your attention was called to the matter. Last month I was glad to thank hosts of bright young investigators; but letters still are coming, and right in the face of approaching winter, too. Here is a careful account from an honest young fellow living at Rye, in New York State:

DEAR JACK: There is a great deal more difference between white and red clover than that one is white and the other is red.

Some of the differences are these, which I give partly from my own observation, and partly from "Wood's Class Book of Botany."

First, the stem. That of the white clover is creeping, spreading, smooth, and rooting at the joints. The stem of the red clover is ascending and hairy.

Second, the leaflets. Those of the white clover are rarely more than three-quarters of an inch long, and are denticulate and slightly obcordate. In the red clover they grow to one and a half inches in length, and are entire, ovate, and higher colored in the center.

Third, the inflorescence. The flowers of the white clover are in heads, on very long, axillary peduncles, while the red clover heads are sessile, and often more than twice the size of those of the white clover.

Yours truly, A YOUNG BOTANIST.

By the way, for the benefit of those among you who do not speak Botanese, I may as well hand over these translations that the dear Little Schoolma'am has just given me:

denticulate — finely toothed or notched; obcordate — heart-shaped, with the point toward the stem; entire — without division; ovate — egg-shaped; inflorescence — arrangement of flowers; axillary — growing from the angle between leaf and branch; peduncles — flower-stalks; sessile — attached directly without a stalk.

GROWING AFTER A LONG SLEEP.

LONDON.

DEAR MR. JACK: Papa read to us one evening out of the London *Garden* an account of some mummy peas hundreds and hundreds of years old. My brothers and myself were so deeply interested in it that I am going to copy it out for you and your "chicks." I hope you will surely show it to all the English and American children, dear Mr. Jack. This is it:

"Perhaps it may interest your readers to know that many years ago some peas that fell out of the wrapping of a mummy that was being unrolled were given to my brother-in-law. They were planted at once, and most of them germinated. I saw them when in blossom, and a nice little row they were, about two yards long, and the seed ripened well. There could be no question as to their being foreigners; the foliage seemed more succulent and

was larger than the English garden pea. The form of the flowers also was different. Instead of the standard being upright it fell forward, surrounding the keel, and giving the appearance of a bell-shaped blossom — doubtless a provision against the scorching sun of Egypt during the infancy of the delicate seed-vessel. We found the peas excellent for the table; in size they were rather larger than the marrow pea. After a year or two in Hampshire they got mildewed, and were lost. I brought a handful into Devonshire, and we grew them for some little time; and one of the Exeter nurserymen had them and sent them out as ‘mummy peas’; but they always seemed liable to get mildewed, possibly from debility in consequence of their prolonged sleep.”

I have heard about planting mummy wheat, centuries after the grain had been placed in the burial case holding some distinguished Egyptian, and of the wheat growing finely after its long rest; but mummy peas are different.

Now, don't you think this account is very interesting, dear Mr. Jack? Your little friend, AMY G—.

THE TELEGRAPH-POLE AS A STOREHOUSE.

DEAR JACK: While walking through the Museum of Natural History at Central Park, recently, I saw in one of the glass cases part of a cedar telegraph-pole, thickly perforated with holes. On inquiry, I learned that these holes had been dug in the pole by the California woodpecker, for the purpose of storing acorns for its winter food. Some of the acorns may still be seen in the pole, although most of them had been extracted before it was cut down.

It has long been known that these busy workers store acorns in the bark of standing trees, but choosing a telegraph-pole for this purpose is an entirely new selection; and while perhaps the feathered gentry find it a very convenient storehouse, their method of taking possession is decidedly damaging to the telegraph-pole.

There is a cousin of this same bird in Mexico, who has discovered that the stalk of the aloe makes a much better storehouse than trees or telegraph poles, besides saving him a great deal of labor. The aloe, after flowering, dies, but the hollow stalk remains standing. The flinty texture of the stalk is easily pierced through to the central cavity by the woodpecker, who then thrusts in an acorn, then another, and another, until the hollow space is filled to the level of the hole. He next makes a second opening higher up, and thrusts in more acorns until the level of that hole is reached. So he proceeds all the way up the stalk, until it is com-

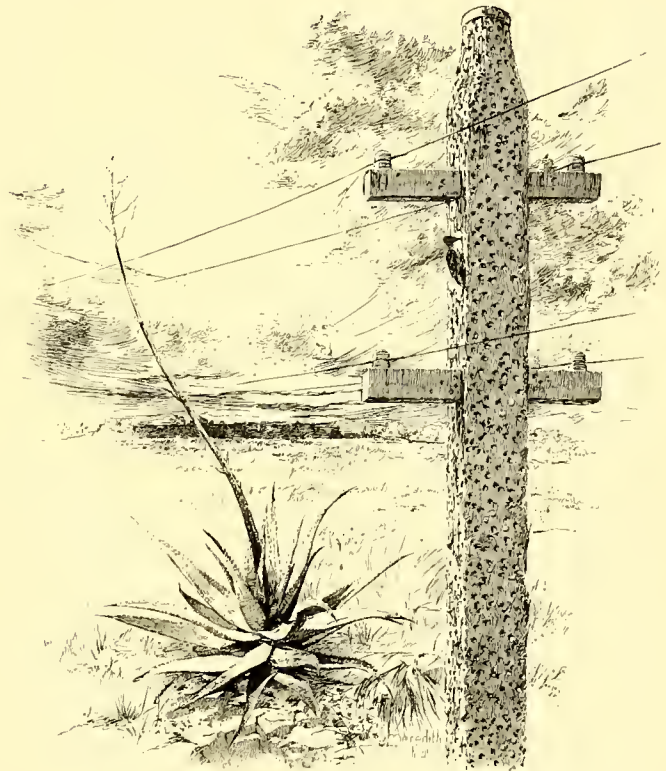
pletely filled with acorns. Often aloe thirty miles distant from the nearest oak tree have been found stored in this way.

All this good work is turned to use in times of famine, when not only the woodpeckers, but other birds, and even animals, live on this preserved food.

Before I finish I must tell you of a little practical joke which the woodpecker occasionally indulges in. Instead of inserting an acorn in the tree selected he slyly puts in a small stone; the wood grows over this in time, and when the tree is finally taken to the mill the stones play sad havoc with the saws.

MEREDITH NUGENT.

Very much obliged to you, brother Nugent, and the young folk also wish me to thank you. But some of my birds insinuate that the woodpecker



A TELEGRAPH-POLE PIERCED BY WOODPECKERS AS A STOREHOUSE FOR ACORNS.

prizes the meat of the stored acorn not so much for its own sake as for the plump little maggots that grow and thrive therein. Am I misled, or may I look kindly upon these insinuations?

A query: What plant is this, my chicks, growing beside this slightly damaged, but very interesting telegraph-pole?

THE LETTER-BOX.



MARE ISLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter from Mare Island, I thought I would write and tell you all about it. Of course you know it is a navy-yard. Papa is a civil-engineer, and has built the stone dock, which is the largest in the world.

We have a little donkey and cart, and we have lots of fun with him. We have lived here eight years, so, of course, we know all about the yard.

I am twelve years old, and I have a brother, and he was sixteen yesterday; he is very large for his age, but I am small.

We have two horses and seven cows, and a lovely dog named "Countess." My brother Stanton is a beautiful rider, and I can ride right well. Our horses' names are "James" and "Toby."

From your little friend, CORA W.—

MANUIA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Hawaiian girl, and for a few years have been one of your little readers. Our aunt in New York sends you to us every month; and as it is now our vacation, and I have not very much of anything to do, I thought I would write you a few lines, to tell you how very much we enjoy reading you (I and my little brother, and sometimes my *big brother*, too, and my manua!). Perhaps you would like to know how we are passing our vacation. Well, we are out at "*Manuia-by-the-Sea*" (that is the name of my big brother's cottage, on the sea beach), and we go out sea-bathing every day when it is high tide, and when it is low tide we amuse ourselves by running on the sand, picking up shells and *limu*, or sea-weeds. In the even-

ing we sit on the *Lanai*, enjoying the beautiful moonlight, and listening to the music of the waves till bedtime, which, I am sorry to say, is now, so I cannot write any more this time, but will say good-night.

Your little friend,
LOLA K—

MANUIA, H. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am another little Hawaiian girl, born in Honolulu on the island of Oahu. I am twelve years old.

As I saw my cousin writing to you, I thought I would write also. It is also my vacation, though we each attend a different school, and I am spending a few days out here with her. The first evening I spent here we went out on the beach to catch little crabs which we call *ohiki*. I suppose you know everything about the Sandwich Islands, so I have no need to tell you about them. We are having a very nice time. We used to be very much interested in "*Little Lord Fauntleroy*," and now "*Lady Jane*" has taken its place, and we pass some of our time in reading it; we like it very much indeed. We have delightful sea-bathing here, and it is perfectly lovely by moonlight. We expect to have a crabbing party to-night, and I think we will have lots of fun.

Your little Hawaiian friend,
CARRIE N.—

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your paper for two years, and like it very much. My home is on Mission Ridge, near General Bragg's headquarters. It is a beautiful place to live in; there are not many houses on the

Ridge, but there is a very pretty village at the foot called Ridgedale, where we get our mail. The great battle of Missionary Ridge was fought where our house stands. Three miles south lies the battle-field of Chickamauga, which was one of the greatest battles of the war. On a clear day we can see over a hundred miles. We can see the Smoky Mountains, in North Carolina, over beautiful ridges. On the north and west you can look over Chattanooga and the Tennessee River, and beyond Walden's Ridge and Lookout Mountain.

CHARLIE A. G.—

TRENTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Trenton, and my aunt sends you to me, and I enjoy you very much.

I have a little brother who is very fond of your nonsense rhymes, but he thinks you ought to come oftener than once a month, for he is very impatient, and to quiet him I often make up little rhymes myself. The last one I made up he thought so very funny that I said I would send it to you, and I would like very much to see it in your Letter-Box. Now I must say good-bye.

Your loving friend and reader, KATE W. T.—

THE FEAST OF THE CAT.

A LARGE black cat and a small gray rat,
In peace lived together in a fine tall flat,
Both sharing the same nice, large, soft mat.
Said the cat to the rat,
"Let 's seek our friend Pat,
And after a chat
We 'll ask him to catch us a nice big bat."
Said the small gray rat,
"I agree to that;
We 'll then take supper on our large soft mat."
So together they went and sought Mr. Pat,
Who agreed at once to catch them a bat,
So they might have for supper, both lean and fat,
And eat it with joy on the large soft mat.
They ate and they ate till no mite of the bat
Was left on the plate, not even the fat.
Said Mr. Rat to his friend Mr. Cat,
"I have had quite enough and will now take my hat."
"Wait! wait!" said the cat,
"Till we have some more chat.
Suppose I eat you, as you ate the bat?"
"Oh, no!" said the rat, "you would not do that."
But "T is done!" said the cat,
And he sat all alone on the large soft mat.

G. B. B. and C. P. H.— We thank you for your letter in regard to the story, "My Triple Play," and must admit the justice of some of your criticisms. The chief fault, however, is with the picture, which places both the runner and the second-base man entirely too near second base. The second-base man was probably much farther away than he appears to be in the picture, and with this change in his position you will see that the play as described is quite possible.

SITKA, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the capital of this territory, and a funny little place it is. There is only one road, and that is only one mile long. There are but two horses and a few mules, and these have been here but a short time. They run loose over the parade ground.

There are about twelve hundred Indians and four hundred whites, including the Russians. We have about every nation represented here: Poles, Russians, Span-

iards, Italians, Germans, French, Chinese, Japanese, Norwegians, English, Negroes, Indians, and Americans.

We had about two or three thousand tourist visitors here during the summer, having a boat each week. But now the tourist season is over, and we shall have but two steamers a month.

So you may imagine how eagerly I look for you each month. My favorite stories are "Crowded out o' Crofield," "Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa," and "The Great Storm at Samoa." With three cheers for ST. NICHOLAS,

I am, your faithful reader, EDWIN K.—

ERIE, PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have never seen a letter from Erie published in your Letter-Box, and we hope you will put this one in your paper. We love your paper very dearly, and we have it read to us when it comes every month.

We are two little friends, and we are in the Hamot Hospital. Our names are Fred and Helen, and our nurse is writing this for us. Fred was run over by the electric-car and was terribly injured, and Helen is just getting over a serious illness. Our beds are next each other, and we can talk to each other about your lovely magazine.

Yesterday we had ice-cream for dinner, and we liked it. We never had it before.

Please put this letter in your paper right away, so that we can see it together before we leave the hospital. We are tired now. Good-bye.

Your little friends, HELEN.
FRED.

GRANADA, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old, and sister Maude is eleven years old. Our mamma is a Little Schoolma'am, and I go to school to her. One day, at recess, I asked her to tell me something to write on the board, and she told me these stanzas, and I will send them to you, as I think the other children in the "line" will be pleased to read them.

Yours truly, ANNIE B.—

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER is a pleasant month,
The air is soft and cool!
Then all the children in the land
Arc sent to public school.

Wise and simple, great and small,
We make an army grand!
If all were standing in a line
We 'd reach across the land!

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My grandma in New Orleans sent the ST. NICHOLAS to me.

I used to live in New Orleans. It is such a dear, delightful old place, and I think the Mardi Gras is so beautiful; I have seen it so many times. That's why I am so interested in "Lady Jane"; it tells of so many places and things that are familiar to me. In the summer I went to the country to visit. I had a delightful time, and my auntie gave me ST. NICHOLAS for 1882; they seemed so queer and old-fashioned compared with the ones we have now.

One day this summer I had a doll's wedding. The bride had a bridal dress on, and the groom was in evening dress. I had bridesmaids and groomsmen, and

some little girls brought their dolls. They were all paper dolls. But just as we were going to perform the ceremony, the groom fell in the washbowl, so we put him out in the sun to dry, but he just curled up in a little ball, and we could not have the wedding at all. I think that was too bad. Your loving friend, DAISY L—.

PABLO-BY-THE-SEA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old. I live at Jacksonville, Fla., in the winter, and at Pablo-by-the-Sea in the summer. We have a cow and a calf, and a pair of ponies, and two dogs, and a little kitten. Pablo had the handsomest hotel on the Atlantic coast, and last week it burned down. It was named Murray Hall, and it cost over \$200,000. I have three sisters and one brother. We have taken you for several years and like you very much. Your interested reader, WILLIE R. MCQ—.

THE LITTLE VISITOR.

By K. S.

(A Young Contributor.)

THE roads outside were muddy,
And the pupils in school with cheeks so ruddy,
Were buried deep in study.

When from the eastern side,
Through the window open wide,
Came a little sparrow.

He flew along the wall,
Right in the sight of all,
And then he stopped.

He saw the window bright,
And he thought it was all right,
And so in he flew.

And he flew and hit his head,
And we thought the bird was dead!
But no—he was n't.

At last out he went,
As if on an errand bent,
And we never saw him more.

Here is a harrowing little tale that comes to us all the way from California:

LOST BESSIE.

By M. MCP—.

(A Young Contributor.)

ONCE there was a little girl named Bessie Stewart who wanted to go for a walk in the woods; but her mother did not like to have her little girl go to the woods as there were bears and wolves. But she told her mother she would not go far, so her mother told her to go and be back in time for supper. Then she told her mother good-bye and was gone. She was gone an hour and her mother was getting anxious about her, when she heard the tea-bell ring. She went in and ate supper and Bessie had not come yet. She waited and watched for her, but it was getting dark, and so she got one of her servants and her husband to go and hunt for Bessie. When they got in the woods they heard a dog bark, and just then they saw the large Newfoundland dog that had gone with Bessie jump out of a thicket in the woods, but Bessie was not with him. Her father went home and got some of his neighbors to help him search. They went all through the woods, but the hunt was in vain.

Four years after, Mr. Stewart was walking along the streets, and met a gentleman friend whom he had not seen for years; this friend asked how Bessie was, and he said, "Poor Bessie was lost in the woods four years ago."

On the other side of the street sat a little girl crying for her mamma. When she heard her name spoken, she jumped up to see who it was, and when she saw it was her father she ran and caught hold of his hand and said, "Papa, don't you know me?" And when he saw it was his little girl, he took her in his arms and kissed her again and again. You do not know how surprised her mother was to see her long-lost Bessie.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Bertha S. G., Tom C., Frank W. K., D. Newhall, W. H. D., Goldy, Marie and Vesta, Dorothy L. G., Ethel P., Hallie S. H., Virginia D., Florette M. R., Margaret and Eduard B., Ethel C., Carl C. M., Edith F. C., Daisy S., Idella B., Sue W. F., Lucile E. T., Marion H. B., Pearl McD., Dan McG., Emma H., S. C., Mabel G., Hattie and Carrie, Nina and Florence, Phoebe A. O., Mabel J., S. Whateley J., Agnes R., Phyllis S. C., Jessie E. G., F. S. B.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE Editor wishes it to be understood that "The Land of Pluck" in the present issue of ST. NICHOLAS, and a second paper, soon to follow, dealing with the historical side of the same subject, are in the main reprinted—but with entirely new illustrations, and sundry revisions and additions—from *The Riverside Magazine* (of April and May, 1867), edited by Horace E. Scudder and published by Hurd and Houghton. The author

would have been quite content to leave the two articles identified solely with the beautiful periodical in which they first saw the light but for many recent requests for "something more about Holland, by the author of Hans Brinker," and the repeated suggestion, from literary friends, that she should give "The Land of Pluck" directly to the new generation of young folk now reading ST. NICHOLAS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

RHOMBOLD. ACROSS: 1. Haven. 2. Homes. 3. Night. 4. Troop. 5. Opera.—CHARADE. Monkshood.
 DIAMONDS. Homestead greetings. 1. I. H. 2. Bon. 3. Comet. 4. Bonset. 5. Homestead. 6. Nesting. 7. Teens. 8. Tag. 9. D. 11. 1. G. 2. Arm. 3. Glean. 4. Algeria. 5. Greetings. 6. Mariana. 7. Ninny. 8. Aga. 9. S.
 COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 13, bargain; 2 to 14, emulate; 3 to 15, andante; 4 to 16, mandate.
 CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Cleopatra. Cross-words: 1. GraCchi. 2. Wallace. 3. Catharine. 4. Zenobia. 5. Josephine. 6. SalAdin. 7. Marie AnToinette. 8. CharLes. 9. VespAsian.
 ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Sparta, oligarchy, Spartans, perioeci, helots, Lycurgus, Athens, Solon. Cross-words: 1. Handcuffs. 2. Pentagons. 5. Caryatid. 4. Crab-apple. 5. Tricycles. 6. Standards. 7. Gondolier. 8. Hollyhock. 9. Colosseum.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

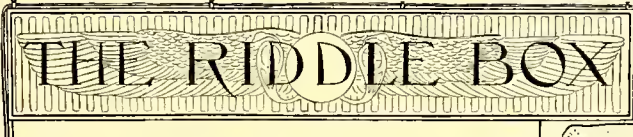
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—E. M. G.—Paul Reese—Emmy, Jamie and Mamma—"Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley"—Pearl F. Stevens—Sallie W., Astley P. C. and Anna W. Ashhurst—Nellie L. Howes—Gertrude L.—Helen C. McCleary—Blanche and Fred—John W. Frothingham, Jr.—Benedick and Beatrice—Uncle Mung—Jo and I—"The Nick McNick"—A Family Affair—Edith Sewall—Adele Walton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Elaine Shirley, 2—Bertha F. E., 3—Anna K. Verdery, 1—Grace and Mamma, 2—M. Ella Gordon, 1—J. McClees, 1—"Queen Bess," 1—Florence and Mina, 1—Grace and Isabel Livingston, 6—Lucia A. R., 2—Katie Van Zandt, 5—"Tweedledum and Tweedledee," 7—Louise Fast, 2—Arthur and Harry, 1—"Annie R.," Germantown, 2—P. R. W., 3—Clara Dooley, 2—"Lottie and Mamma, 2—Josie Brooks, 1—"Harriette," 1—F. Hilton, 1—Raymond, 1—A. Steiner, 2—Belle and Griswold, 1—Tom Rue, 2—"Papa and Lill," 1—"Vags and Stags," 1—M. J. Stoll, 1—"Pixy and Nixy," 2—Effie K. Talboys, 7—C. S. H. and H. H. H., 2—C. Bell, 1—Mary and Maud, 2—F. P. and Company, 2—Lillie M. Anthony, 3—Margaret Dabney, 1—Susie T. S., 1—A. M. D. and Jean B. G., 8—A. M. Cooch, 6—Will and Rex, 6—Clara and Emma, 2—Helen L. Webb and Mabel H. Perkins, 4—Edith G., 1—C. L. Hamilton, Jr., 1—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 8—E. P. R. and E. W., 6—"Infantry," 10—"Mrs. Jim," 3—Edith W. A., 4—"Squire," 9—Evie B., 2—Robert A. Stewart, 8—Sissie Hunter, 2—Dora N. Bertie, 3—H. M. C. and Co., 4—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 8—No name, Trenton, 1—Hilda Gerhard, 10—Annie, Jim, and Helen, 2—Estelle Ions, 3—Lil and Del, 3—Jennie S. Liebmann, 9—Honora Swartz, 2—Paul L. S., 1—Carleton, 9—"The Bees," 2—H. P. H. S., 6—"Charles Beaufort," 8—"May and 79," 10—Hubert L. Binyag, 9—Ida C. Thallon, 10—Perry Talcott Risley, 8—A. Humphreys and M. Partridge, 1—Arthur G. Lewis, 8—Amy and Maida Y., 1—Josephine Sherwood, 9—"Swampscott," 3—"Mamma and Me," 1—"Waccabuc," 3—"We, Us, and Co.," 7—Edith and Emily, 3—"Paganini and Liszt," 7—Camp, 9—Harry L. and Nellie B., 1—Charles L. and Reta Sharp, 3—Nellie and Reggie, 9—Harriet D. Fellows, 3—Lulu Laurent, 10—Mère Magor, 3—Elsie, 8—"Wallingford," 8—E. G. Pelton, 1—"Dame Durden, 10—Bessie McCracken, 2—Alice Blanke and Edna Le Massina, 6.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. 1. Sublime, limb, use. 2. Alarum, Ural, ma. 3. Metrical, tire, calm. 4. Feathers, hate, serf. 5. Especial, epic, seal. 6. Patterns, rent, past. First row, Luther; third row, Martin.

PI. Has any one seen a lost summer,
 Strayed, stolen, or otherwise gone,
 First missed when the leaves of September,
 Turned, showed us a frost-graven dawn?
 And now she has hidden in frolic
 Beneath the low-lying bright leaves.
 Has any one seen a lost summer
 Afield with the banded cornsheaves?

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Yapon. 2. Agave. 3. Pales. 4. Overt. 5. Nests. 11. 1. Stupe. 2. Turin. 3. Urged. 4. Piece. 5. Ended. III. 1. Cares. 2. Alive. 3. Ripen. 4. Evens. 5. Sense.



WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. A theatrical representation. 2. Attired. 3. To stay or continue in a place. 4. An honorable decoration. 5. A feminine name.
 II. 1. A kind of rampart. 2. To get away from by artifice. 3. Confuses. 4. Completely versed or acquainted with. 5. Snug residences.
 "CHARLES BEAUFORT."

PI.

DENS het drudy refi-gihlt ghirhe;
 Wrad ruyo ayes haric pu hirneg;
 Gothhur het newrit, kcabl dna cllih,
 Ew yam haev rou semrum lilts.
 Heer rea smope ew yma dear,
 Netlapsa nifesac of rou dene:
 Ha, learnet resummit
 Weldsl hiwtin het stope hermy.

COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

* . . *
 * . . *
 * . . *
 * . . *

- I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Neat. 2. One of the queens of England. 3. Cessation. Primals, a resinous substance; finals, to procure; primals and finals connected, a small shield; six middle letters, transposed, an offender.
 II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A couple. 2. A river of Italy.

3. A float. Primals, state of equality; finals, to corrupt; primals and finals connected, a bird; six middle letters, transposed, the flour of any species of corn.
 III. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Latin prefix. 2. To cauterize. 3. To accumulate. Primals, a serpent; finals, wrath; primals and finals connected, to soar; six middle letters, transposed, to limit in descent. DYCIE.

WORD-BUILDING.

- BEGIN with a single letter, and, by adding one letter at a time, and perhaps transposing the letters, make a new word of each move.
 I. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. Wickedness. 4. Useful little instruments. 5. A bird highly prized for food. 6. Matures. 7. Pinchers. 8. A member of a royal family.
 ANNE AND MARGARET.

SCOTTISH DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. A group of islands near the western coast of Scotland. 2. An old Scottish palace associated with the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. 3. Wind-instruments, very popular in the highlands of Scotland. 4. The mountain home of Queen Victoria. 5. A daughter of James I. of Scotland. 6. The Christian name and surname of a great Scottish reformer. 7. A large district in the south of Scotland, famous for its cattle. 8. The title of a novel by Scott.
 The diagonals, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name given, in Scotland, to the last night of the year. DYCIE.



YOUNG MICHAEL ANGELO AT WORK UPON HIS FIRST PIECE OF SCULPTURE.

(SEE PAGE 218.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVIII.

JANUARY, 1891.

No. 3.

A TALK ABOUT READING.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

If I owned a girl who had no desire to learn anything, I would swap her for a boy. If the boy did not desire to learn, I would trade him off for a violin or a Rookwood vase. You could get something out of a violin, and you could put something into the vase. The most useless of things is that into which you can put nothing, and from which you can get nothing. The boy or girl who has no wish to know anything is the one and becomes the other.

There is a great deal of talk in these days about reading, how to learn to read, and what to read. Now, there is nothing mysterious about reading any more than there is about seeing, and it is really no more credit to a person to be able to read than it is to be able to see, or to hear. The object of reading is exactly the same as the object of seeing and hearing—to get information. The notion that a person has gained an accomplishment when he has learned to read should be no more a source of pride than the fact that he can see and hear. It takes the puppy nine days to open his eyes, and it takes the infant a much longer time apparently

before he can distinguish one thing from another. When he can do this, we say he begins “to take notice.” A boy may be able to read a long time before he begins to take notice. The use of seeing and hearing and reading is to establish relations with the world. The puppy does very well in this respect by the use of his eyes and his ears, but as he can not learn to read, he never gets as far as the boy, that is, as the boy who learns how to turn to account his ability to read. But as some boys seem to see or to hear little that is good, they also derive small benefit, and often great harm, from what they read. A boy can receive as much injury from bad reading as he can from bad conversation. So it appears that there is no moral quality in the mere ability to read. Reading only offers a chance of getting more information, on a greater variety of topics, than one can get by seeing and hearing.

The most agreeable way of getting information is by conversation. If you talk with a well-informed person, who can express clearly his ideas on any subject in which you are interested, you can ask questions, you can have explana-

tions, you can go over the subject until you thoroughly understand it, and searching out in this way, in the mind of another, a thing which you earnestly desire to know, you are more likely to remember it, and to profit by it. This is why a competent teacher is better than any textbook. Besides, talk inspires both the speaker and the listener — the one becomes more eager to know, and the other more eager to communicate.

Reading is a substitute for this sort of communication. You can not always meet the person who is familiar with the subject you are interested in: the man who has made the discoveries you wish to know about, the traveler who has seen the countries and the people concerning which you have or should have curiosity. Therefore you are usually obliged to go to the books that the scholar and the discoverer and the traveler have written. It is always only a means of getting what you want to know. If you meet one of these persons, and have no curiosity, and do not give heed to what he says, and have no capacity to take what he has to give, you will gain little by the association. And it is exactly so about reading. It seems, therefore, that knowledge of words and how they are put together in language, or ability to say them like a graphophone, is of little use unless you know how to read and what to read. One should read exactly as he would listen to a talk, or as he would look at an object about which he is anxious to increase his knowledge. And as he listens and looks to gratify his curiosity, he should read in the same spirit. The curiosity ought, of course, to be a clean and wholesome curiosity. It is just as unworthy of a decent boy to read what is silly or vulgar as it is to see and hear vulgar things. And it is not a good plan to read about things — that is, to take the testimony of others about things — that you can, with a little effort, find out for yourself. Get as much information as you can first hand, and use the book not to save labor, but to help your study of the matter in hand. Half the juvenile reading, books and stories — children's literature it is called — contains nothing that the intelligent child does not know or can not know by looking around and listening, and the reading of them not only is a waste of time and does

not stimulate the mind, but it gives a namby-pamby tone.

You should treat a book as you would a person with whom you are talking for information; that is, question it, read it over and turn back and try to get at the meaning; if the book itself does not answer the questions you raise, go to some other book, ask a dictionary or encyclopedia for an explanation. And if a book treated in this way does not teach you anything or does not inspire you, it is of no more service to you than the conversation of a dull, ignorant person. I just used the word "inspire." You do not read all books for facts or for information merely, but to be inspired, to have your thoughts lifted up to noble ideas, to have your sympathies touched, your ambition awakened to do some worthy or great thing, to become a man or a woman of character and consideration in the world. You read the story of a fine action or a heroic character — the death of Socrates, or the voyage of Columbus, or the sacrifice of Nathan Hale, or such a poem as "The Lady of the Lake" — not for information only, but to create in you a higher ideal of life, and to give you sympathy with your fellows and with noble purposes. You can not begin too young to have these ideals and these purposes, and therefore the best literature in all the world is the best for you to begin with. And you will find it the most interesting.

Reading, then, is the easiest way of being entertained, and it is the most convenient way of getting into your mind what you want to know. I do not think it is very serviceable to make a list of books for children to read. No two have exactly the same aptitudes, tastes, or kinds of curiosity about the world. And one story or bit of information may excite the interest of a class in one school, or the children in one family, which will not take at all with others. The only thing is to take hold somewhere, and to begin to use the art of reading to find out about things as you use your eyes and ears. I knew a boy, a scrap of a lad, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the general level of the dining table, who liked to read the encyclopedia. He was always hunting round in the big books of the encyclopedia — books about his own size — for what he wanted to know. He dug in it as another boy would dig in the

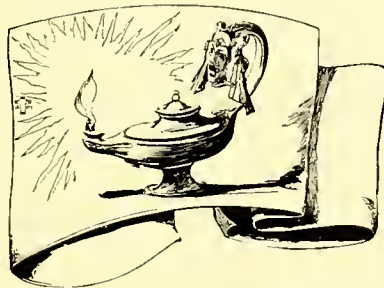
woods for sassafras root. It appeared that he was interested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books, exactly as he would ask a living authority, and kept at it till he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon that boy was an authority on earthquakes. He liked to have the conversation at table turn on earthquakes, for then he seemed to be the tallest person at the table. I suppose there was no earthquake anywhere of any importance but that he could tell where it occurred and what damage it did, how many houses it buried, and how many people it killed, and what shape it left the country it had shaken. From that he went on to try to discover what caused these disturbances, and this led him into other investigations, and at last into the study of electricity, practical as well as theoretical. He examined machines and invented machines, and kept on reading, and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knew how to put in wires, and signals, and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things, and almost before he was able to enter the high-school, he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under him. These men under him had not read as much about electricity as he had.

An active-minded boy or girl can find out a great deal about the world we live in by the habit of attention, by looking round; and he or she can get much inspiration from the example of good men and women. But this knowledge can be added to indefinitely by reading, and people will read if they have a genuine desire to know things, and are not, as we say, "too lazy to live." When I hear a boy say that he does not know what to read, I wonder if he has no

curiosity. Is there nothing that he wants to know about? Most children ask questions. It often happens that the persons they ask can not answer the questions. Now, it is the purpose of books to do just this thing which the particular person asked can not do. And that is about all there is in reading. Of course it must be borne in mind that curiosity is of many kinds: curiosity about facts, about emotions, about what happened long ago, about what is taking place now, about the people who lived ages ago, and the people who live now, about others, and about one's self. So it happens that one wants to read science, and poetry, and history, and biography, and romances, and the daily news.

It is quite impossible to lay down rules for reading that will suit all children, and generally difficult to map out a "course" to be inflexibly pursued by any one. But nearly every mind is or can be interested in something, and a very good plan is to encourage reading concerning the subject the child shows some curiosity about. One thing will certainly lead to another, for nothing is isolated in this world. Try to find out all you can about one thing, one fact in history, one person, the habits of one animal, the truth about one historical character; pursue this, and before you know it you will be a scholar in many things.

Do not forget that reading is a means to an end. The indulgence of it is good or bad according to the end in view. The mind is benefited by pursuing some definite subject until it is understood, but it is apt to be impaired by idly nibbling now and then, tasting a thousand things, and swallowing none, in short, by desultory reading.



BARE BOUGHS AND BUDS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

“ALAS, alas, how the North wind grieves!”
Said the black-ash tall, “I am losing my
leaves!”

And “Well-a-day,” sighed the elm-tree old,
“I stand in a rain of my falling gold!”

And “Oh,” cried the maple overhead,
“On the dark ground rustles my robe of red!”

The birch-tree shook in a yellow shower,
And glimmered more ghostly every hour:

While the silver poplar whispered loud
As its shimmering leaves joined the flying
crowd.

A sound of mourning filled all the land,
For the trees grew barer on either hand.

But the little buds laughed on the twigs so
brown
That sprang from the branches up and down,

As tucked in safe, and glad, and warm,
Ready to weather the winter storm,

They waited patiently and still
Till the wild, cold wind should have worked
its will,

And blown the sad skies once more clear,
And wakened from slumber the sweet New
Year.

If you look, my child, at the tree-tops high,
You ’ll see them clustered against the sky,

The little brown buds that rock and swing,
Dreaming all winter of coming spring!

And if when April comes again,
You watch through the veil of her balmy rain,

You ’ll see them pushing out leaves like wings,
All crowned with the beauty that patience
brings!



SANTA CLAUS IN TROUBLE.

THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

(Begun in the November number.)

CHAPTER IX.

A BOAT-LOAD OF FIRE.

THE blaze started close by where Tom had been reclining, and where he had left his gun—a little smoldering nest at first that might so easily have been extinguished. But even Bertha's attention had been so completely absorbed by the boys' wrestling, that she was conscious of nothing else until a little snake-like, rustling, fiery head darted up at her.

Even then a dash of water might have sufficed to put it out. If there had only been a bucket on board!—or even a hat! There were both, within reach of the rake that Toby turned to clutch; but before either of them could be recovered, and used, the whole cargo of well-dried hay would be overrun by the flames. They were spreading with frightful rapidity, fanned by the breeze, and flashing over the loose edges of the load. Both boys were quite beside themselves with terror, and deserved neither much praise nor much blame for what they did in that awful crisis.

Tom obeyed a natural instinct, and caught his gun out of the flames, the first thing. Toby saw in despair the water of the lake all around, yet nothing to quench the fire with—nothing but his shoes. He caught up one, and began to dip and dash water with frantic energy; at the same time calling to Bertha to jump down into the stern. He thought afterwards he might have quenched the blaze, if she had heard and heeded him.

After her first wild scream she had not uttered a word. And all at once she had disappeared.

“Bertha! where are you?” he called, in a voice that was not much more than a hoarse, inarticulate cry.

He dropped the dripping shoe. He cared nothing more for the hay, nothing even for the boat.

“Where are you?” He was regaining his voice. And now the faint answer came:

“Here!”

Bertha had meant to do just as she was told; for she felt that everything depended upon her brother and Toby. But she had not understood Toby's order. And she too, though perhaps the most self-possessed of the three, had obeyed instinct rather than reason; and instead of slipping quickly down into the stern, and so getting past and behind the fire, while there was yet time, she had retreated before it, and was now at the other end of the boat, with the flames between her and the two boys.

There was no longer any hope of saving anything. Tom, knowing that it was his matches that had done the mischief, quite lost his head. “What will become of us?” he cried out in an agony of consternation, throwing first his gun overboard, then his dog, then jumping over himself.

We are excitable mortals, and few of us can depend upon keeping cool in a frightful emergency. But a generous person's impulses will nearly always be right, and it is a consolation after the event, to remember that one's foremost thought was not a selfish regard for his own welfare.

When Tom went into the water, Toby went into the fire. At the height of the danger, his only thought was of Bertha. What he did as he scrambled after her, through the crawling edge of the flames, was so little a matter of calculation that he was no more aware of dragging an oar after him, than of scorching his clothes and burning his hands and feet. He had scarcely passed by, when the whole stack behind him burst into a pyramid of fire.

He found Bertha clinging to the forward slope, on the swiftly narrowing verge between two deaths, the flames before and the water behind. If she remained where she was, she

would be burned. If she let go, she would fall into the lake, and the boat would pass over her. Every child, every girl as well as every boy, should learn to swim. But this pleasant and useful accomplishment Bertha had never been allowed to acquire.

She had quite

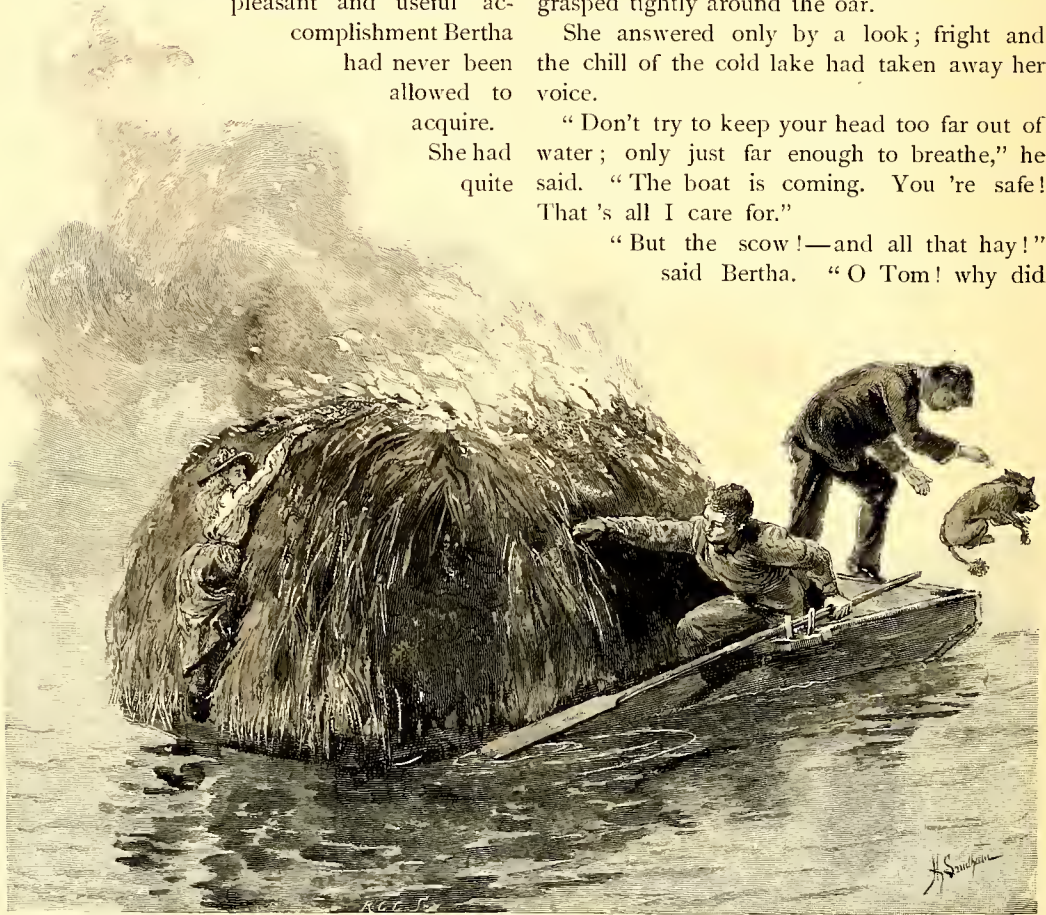
leaped in after her. And the tower of fire swept by, casting on them its terrible glare.

"Are you all right?" he asked, swimming beside her, and seeing that she had both hands grasped tightly around the oar.

She answered only by a look; fright and the chill of the cold lake had taken away her voice.

"Don't try to keep your head too far out of water; only just far enough to breathe," he said. "The boat is coming. You're safe! That's all I care for."

"But the scow!—and all that hay!" said Bertha. "O Tom! why did



"TOM QUITE LOST HIS HEAD. 'WHAT WILL BECOME OF US?' HE CRIED OUT, THROWING HIS DOG OVERBOARD AND JUMPING OVER HIMSELF."

given herself up for lost, when Toby went over to her.

"Oh, Toby!" was all she could gasp out, in the sudden hope of deliverance his appearance brought.

He pulled her to one side of the bow.

"Hold this oar!" He put the blade into her arms, which he made her clasp about it. "Hug it! Don't let go, for your life! Slide! slide! you sha'n't drown!"

And keeping hold of the handle, he launched her and the oar together into the lake, giving her a hard push away from the boat. Then he

you?" And her excitement broke forth in shivering sobs.

Tom was within hearing. He had been swimming aimlessly about, uttering short, mad yells for help, Bozer swimming and yelping at his side; a situation that would have been comical under less serious circumstances. At sight of Toby and Bertha, he struck out toward them.

"T was n't my fault!" he whimperingly declared. "I don't know how it happened! I'm so glad for you, Bertha! I thought you were a goner!"

He seemed anxious to do something to assist. "That oar is n't the thing. Here 's a board."

It was the thwart, which Toby had a faint recollection of having himself thrown over, that it might serve some such purpose as this. But Bertha would not accept it, nor loose her hold of the oar Toby had put into her grasp.

CHAPTER X.

YELLOW JACKET TO THE RESCUE.

AND now rescue was at hand. The blazing hay had been observed by the boys on the shore, before they heard Tom's cries for help. Yellow Jacket sprang to his boat, and pushed it off, taking Lick Stevens into it with him; and here they came, the yellow shirt with the sus-

drew her into the boat, with only such assistance as Toby could lend.

The village idler was a sort of hero in his way. A worthless member of industrious society, he was just the fellow for an occasion like this. He was an accomplished diver, who had already saved two boys from drowning, when they had the cramps in deep water; and his only regret now was that Bertha had not sunk at least once, so that he could have had the satisfaction of bringing her up from the lake bottom.

Toby clung to the side of the boat and hoisted the dripping girl over the rail; then he climbed in himself. Tom followed. But Tom was reluctant to leave the spot. He was mourning for his gun.



"ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?" TOBY ASKED, SWIMMING BESIDE HER."

penders crossed on the back conspicuous above the prow which was rushing high out of water.

It was Yellow Jacket who rowed, and he rowed manfully. It was Yellow Jacket who guided the course of the boat, backed water with powerful arms as it approached Bertha and Toby, and, dropping his oars, seized hold of her before Lick Stevens could get a chance, and

"I think we can see it, somewhere, as soon as the water gets still," he said, looking down into the lake. "And you can fetch it up in no time," he said to Yellow Jacket. "I 'll give you five dollars if you will."

"Hang your five dollars, and your gun, and you too!" said the hero, disdainfully.

He had probably never earned so much

money, at a single job, in his life. But, whatever his faults may have been, avarice was not one of them.

"This girl is going home the first thing!" and once more he clapped oars in rowlocks. "This boat"—he was always bragging of his leaky old skiff, and he could n't forbear even now—"this boat is worth her weight in Californy gold!"

Toby begged the privilege of rowing; but no, Yellow Jacket must have the glory of the rescue all to himself. Toby, however, had taken in the oar that floated Bertha; and the other, adrift with the hats and one of the rakes, he recovered when those were picked up. There was another set of rowlocks; and now there was another pair of pulling oars.

The exercise was not only a relief to Toby's mind; it was also a good thing for his body, after the drenching he had had while heated from his recent exertions. He now became aware that his hands had suffered from the fire. But he scarcely minded the pain of pulling the oars.

Bertha sat in the bow, behind Yellow Jacket, where he had placed her. He would have been jealous even of Tom's being near her, if he had n't regarded Tom also as one whose life he had saved. Lick Stevens was at the stern, facing Toby.

"How in the name of gumption, boys," Lick called out, "did you manage to burn up your load of hay?"

Toby drew a long breath, with his oar stroke, but made no reply. Tom was hesitating as to his explanation, which, once made—he was now cool enough to reflect—must be adhered to afterward.

"Did it with your cigarette, did n't ye, Tom?" said Lick.

"No, I did n't. I did n't light my cigarette at all," Tom replied, in an agitated voice.

"Oh, Tom!" Bertha remonstrated. "You know you were going to!"

"What of that?" said Tom. "'T would n't have been any harm. I know how to light my cigarette, and take care of the fire. But Toby pitched into me, and knocked my matches out of my hand,—or something,—I don't know just what; and first we knew, the hay was all afire!"

"That so, Toby?" Lick asked.

"Somehow so," Toby answered. "Though in one sense, not so at all. But he can have it that way, if he likes. I'm willing to take my share of the blame."

He uttered these short, detached sentences between the strokes of his oars, and refused to say more. Tom, however, continued to talk, laying all the blame upon Toby; interrupted only by occasional remonstrances from Bertha, such as, "Oh, Tom! how can you?"

"No use talking!" struck in Yellow Jacket. "I've got you all safe. And what's a little hay?—or an old scow like that?"

Lick Stevens laughed.

"What do you think was the first thing Bob Brunswick blurted out when we saw the fire?"

"Something about their boat, I suppose," said Tom.

"Yes! 'It's our square-toed packet,' says he; 'won't Pa be mad!'"

"It was Toby's doing, borrowing that," said Tom, who should have added that the borrowing had been done with his cordial approval.

Toby was minded to say that; but his heart sank within him, and he uttered no comment.

In the excitement of saving Bertha he had cared little for the scow. But he remembered well that it had been lent to him personally and that he had accepted the responsibility. And he now perceived, with miserable forebodings, that the entire burden of blame was to fall upon his shoulders.

"'T was a magnificent sight, anyway!" Lick Stevens declared, showing how much he had enjoyed it. "If it had only been in the night!"

Yellow Jacket's point of view was different.

"I saved a life in the night once. And I did n't have a blazing load of hay for a candle, neither! I jest had to grope. Dove three times, clawing about on the bottom like an absent-minded crab. But there wa' n't nothing very absent-minded about *me!* I mos' gener'ly know what I'm about, when I go saving lives. If I did n't, the census would be different by a figger or two!"

The scow was still floating with its freight of fire. But the flames no longer shot up into the air. The loose outside hay having been consumed, they gradually subsided, and the whole

became a smoldering and smoking heap, with a pulsing underglow, and little red tongues quivering here and there through the blackened surface, and with a fringe of fire around the lower edges, where the boat had become ignited.

Then Yellow Jacket had to tell how he would have saved the scow if he had not had more important business on hand.

"I'd have gone alongside, and with my bailer I'd have kep' her sides wet, and finally have

within thirty or forty feet jest where your rifle sunk. Even if I could find it, I'd rather bring a drowneded body to the surface any day. When I git holt of a drowneded body my fust lookout allers is that the drowneded body sha'n't git holt of me. Then I —"

But we may as well omit the thrilling details.

"I'll sell you *my* rifle now," said Lick Stevens, "cheap. And it's a better gun than yours ever was. To-day's shooting proves that."



"BERTHA SAT IN THE BOW BEHIND YELLOW JACKET, WHERE HE HAD PLACED HER."

got water enough into her to sink her. She might 'a' got scorched a little about the gills."

"And so might you," said Tom. "You could n't have stood the heat. It was just awful before I went overboard!"

"What did you throw your gun away for?" Lick asked.

"To save it," said Tom.

"You saved it with a vengeance!" said Yellow Jacket. "You never'll see it again. I've had too much experience as a diver to give three cents for your chance."

This opinion, from the lips of an expert, Tom found depressing.

"You can get it, without half trying," he said. "Just remember where it went down."

"I would n't take the contract," replied Yellow Jacket, exaggerating in advance the difficulties of what he really meant to undertake. "It's muddy bottom out there; and you can't tell

Tom was not consoled by this offer. He remained silent the rest of the way, rehearsing in his mind the account he should give of the accident on reaching home.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY TOBY TOLD.

THE end of the lane was near, and soon the boat struck gravel. In a moment Toby was at the bow, helping Bertha, and asking anxiously how she was.

"I don't mind the drenching a bit," she cried cheerily, jumping ashore with the support of his hand. "Excitement has kept me warm."

Yet in her clinging garments, and with her wet, heavy hair hanging down her back, she looked blue and pale, and very different from the radiant child he had so lately seen come whistling and dancing down to the shore! She did not

speak a word of blame, neither did she utter a word of praise or thanks for anything he had done. He would have been glad to see her home, notwithstanding his own drenched clothes, and his bare, blistered feet. But he dreaded to meet her father; and he felt that nothing he might say could compete with Tom's version of the adventure.

Rumors of it had already reached the village. People were coming down to the shore to learn more about it, and to see the last of the burning boat. Toby had started for home, carrying the oars, which were all that he had saved from the scow, when, looking back from the beach, along which he was painfully picking his way, he saw Mr. Tazwell approach with long strides and meet Tom and Bertha. Bertha was hidden in the lane, by the fence; but Mr. Tazwell towered above it, bending eagerly forward, while Tom gesticulated and talked loud. Toby could hear Tom's voice, without understanding his words; and see him point now at the smoking scow, now at Yellow Jacket and Lick Stevens, and more than once at the wretched culprit, Toby himself.

For if not a culprit in his own eyes, he knew that he was, or would be, in the eyes of others. There was wrath and condemnation even in the stoop of Mr. Tazwell's shoulders, when he turned to look at Toby over the fence, as Tom pointed.

"I shall get all the blame," he said to himself, as he tramped on, avoiding as well as he could the neighbors who came down, across their back lots, to meet and question him.

"Well! You are a pretty looking object, I must say!" was Mildred's sisterly greeting, the moment he entered the house. "Where *have* you been?" she exclaimed, looking at him from head to feet.

"I've been in the lake, for one thing. Have n't you heard about it? Almost everybody else has. Did n't you see the fire!"

"What fire?"

"What fire!" echoed Toby, with a bitter laugh. "Well! I'm glad you did n't know what I was going through, just now. Mother!" he said in brave accents, but with a tremor of emotion, as Mrs. Trafford entered the room, "what do you think of your young hopeful?"

"Why, Tobias!" she said in amazement, "what has happened? Have you been in the water?"

"I've been in the water—and I've been in the fire—and I've been in one of the prettiest little scrapes, on the whole, that you ever heard of! Give me some salve to put on my burns, and I'll tell you about it. Or, maybe I'd better take off my wet clothes first."

"Your burns, my son!" exclaimed his mother, examining him with alarmed solicitude while Mildred ran for the salve. "Your hands!—and your ankles! Why, Tobias!"

"It's nothing serious," said Toby. "Only a little smarting. How are my eyebrows? I thought they got a singe. It was just the foolishest piece of business ever you heard of! There! That makes them feel better!" as Mrs. Trafford applied the salve. "Now I shall be all right. My clothes got it a little, I think."

"No matter about the clothes, since they did n't take fire and burn you worse. Do tell me about it, my son! I thought you went for the hay."

"So I did, mother." Toby had seated himself in a kitchen chair, to have his feet attended to, and was now in no hurry to change his clothes. "And we had a big boat-load of it—Mr. Brunswick's scow, which I borrowed. And I tell you, it was lucky you did n't go with us, Milly, as Bertha did! I don't know what we should have done if there had been two girls!"

"Bertha!—did anything happen to *her*?" cried Mildred.

"She was on top of the load, and Tom and I were in the stern, where there was just room to turn about and manage the boat, when Tom—I don't know just how to tell it," said Toby, "for I don't want to say a word that is n't true, and we were all so excited—but I'm sure about the main points. Tom undertook to light his cigarette."

"On the hay?" said Mildred.

"Right on the hay."

"Oh, how foolish!" groaned Mrs. Trafford.

"Foolish is no word for it; he was crazy," cried Toby, with growing excitement, "and I told him so."

"So he set the hay afire?" said his mother.

"Well," said Toby, "I'll tell you. I sup-

pose I was partly to blame for that. Bertha was frightened, and as he would n't mind when I told him to put up his matches, but started to strike one, I tried to stop him. The first one got broken; he will say that was my fault, and maybe it was. Then he got out another, and because I would n't let him light it, he undertook to throw me into the lake. The fire broke out while we were having our squabble; and that 's how it got such a start. Whether the end of his first match was lighted when it flew off, and dropped into the hay; or whether his second match, or his whole bunch of matches, fell and got stepped on, I don't know, and I don't believe he does, or that anybody ever will know."

"But I can't see that you were to blame at all, for trying to stop him," said Mildred, eagerly; "and Bertha was on the load!"

"Yes; and you can imagine the situation. Hay dry as tinder, all bursting into a blaze; just wind enough to fan it, and nothing to dip water with! I had taken off my shoes and stockings, so I could step into the shallows, when we got the boat off. The shoes were in the stern, and I started to use one of them for a dipper, but the fire was spreading too fast. It was between us and Bertha; she was driven over to the other end of the load by it. That 's the way I got scorched—going to her. I got her off into the water, with an oar—one of the big, clumsy oars that belonged to the scow—to keep her afloat. Then Yellow Jacket came in his boat with Lick Stevens, and picked us all up. And here I am," said Toby; "not exactly as happy as a clam at high water, but happy enough, to think how much worse it might have been."

"If Bertha had been burned or drowned!—or you, my son!" said the widow, with wet eyes, and in tremulous tones.

"There was n't much danger, so far as I was concerned," replied Toby. "But it was a rather close squeak for her! It makes me feel old when I think of it."

Suddenly he burst out laughing.

"What do you think Tom did? Threw his gun and dog in the lake, then jumped in after them, and let the pitchfork and one rake burn! As if a water-dog like that would n't have taken care of himself, as soon as he saw his master

go overboard! But the gun will be a more serious matter, if he can't find it. And the scow,"—Toby grew sober once more,—“that 's the most I care for now.”

"Surely Mr. Tazwell can't refuse to make good the loss," remarked his mother.

"One would say not. But there 's no knowing what he 'll do or won't do. I must go on and speak to Mr. Brunswick about it, at once."

"You can't go, my son, with those feet!"

"I can't go with anybody else's. The soles did n't get burnt; only the ankle and instep of this one, and the other just a trifle. I need n't change my clothes; they are drying on me. Give me another pair of socks; and my low shoes, Milly, that 's a good girl! I never will speak another cross word to her in my life!" he said to himself, touched by her sympathy and devotion as she hastened to wait on him.

If she had stopped to think of it, she would surely have made a similar resolution,—such a dear, good, generous brother as he was! And yet how long was it, do you suppose, before the two were teasing and pestering each other again, as of old?

How easy it seems to turn over a new leaf! And yet how hard it sometimes is, with the breath of a bad habit always blowing it back!

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORIES OTHER PEOPLE TOLD.

TOBY'S mother insisted on his putting on dry clothes; which done, he reclined on the kitchen lounge, with his feet up, while he put fresh salve on his burns, laid on cool linen, and drew a pair of loose socks over all.

As he was thus engaged, the door-bell rang, and Mildred went to answer it. In their altered circumstances, since the failure, the Traffords had no servant, except on two days in the week, when Mrs. Patterson (mother of Yellow Jacket) came in for the heavy household work.

The visitor was Mr. Frank Allerton, the schoolmaster, who inquired for Tobias.

"Bring him in here," said Toby. "He won't mind."

"In the kitchen!" said Mildred, blushing. "What are you thinking of?"

"He has seen a kitchen before, and never a neater one, I warrant!" replied Toby.

"He will excuse everything, under the circumstances; it will be better than to keep him waiting," said the mother.

So Mildred went to show the master in. He wore his blue frock coat, with a pink in the button-hole; and he paused to pat the little coil of hair on the top of his head as he crossed the entry.

"Well, Tobias, what 's this I hear?" he said, bowing to Mrs. Trafford, and advancing to take the boy's hand, which, however, Toby withheld.

"You will please excuse him from rising, and from shaking hands," said Mrs. Trafford. "I was just dressing his burns."

"Burns!" said the master. "I have n't heard anything about burns. I was told that you had been in the lake."

"I made a mistake in not going into the lake first," replied Toby. "I went into the fire first; and it was a very bad blunder. But the burns are nothing to speak of. It 's not the burn, but the salve," laughingly showing his anointed fingers, "that prevents my shaking hands."

"This is my mother, Mr. Allerton," said Mildred, who had been waiting for Toby to make the introduction.

"Oh yes! I forgot!" said Toby.

"You always do forget," said Mildred, in an undertone, placing a chair for the visitor.

Mrs. Trafford made no apology for receiving Mr. Allerton in the kitchen. Having already dressed the worst burns, she proceeded to bandage Toby's hands, which he declared did not need bandaging. He finally consented to have his right hand done up, provided she would leave his left hand free. That was the hand that had dragged the oar through the outer edge of the fire, and had suffered less than the other.

Mr. Allerton took a seat by the lounge, and inquired how the hay took fire.

"Have n't you heard?" said Toby, anxious to know what sort of a story had got about.

"I heard you boys were having your Fourth of July a little in advance," replied the master, smiling; "and that you, Tobias, lighted some fire-crackers on the boat-load of hay. How was it?"

"Oh, Mr. Allerton!" exclaimed Mildred,

while Toby sat silent with astonishment, "do you think my brother would do such a silly thing as that?"

"With Bertha Tazwell on the load with them?" added the mother.

"I confess," said the master, "it did n't seem to me very probable. Another account I heard was that he was smoking a cigarette; but I knew he did n't smoke. You see how the most recent events get twisted about in the telling—and how what we call history gets written!"

"And what do they say of Tom Tazwell?" Toby asked, with a curious smile playing about his lips.

"He was in the same boat with you, in both a figurative and a literal sense. The fire-crackers were some you two had taken out of the store; he furnished the matches, and you lighted them."

"And what about Yellow Jacket?"

"The Patterson boy?" said the master. "It seems he was the hero of the hour. He rowed to the spot at the critical moment, and caught the Tazwell girl by the hair just as she was sinking for the third time. He had already thrown off his coat and shoes in order to dive for her, when fortunately her curls floated to the surface."

"Oh, what whoppers!" Mildred exclaimed, but immediately clapped her hand on her lips, blushing deeply. "I mean the stories that were told to you, Mr. Allerton."

Toby made no comment. He was sitting with his head down, trying to put on a shoe without hurting his foot.

"Let me," said his mother.

"Let you what?" he replied with a laugh, looking up suddenly. "I have n't been scorched. I have n't been in the water. There was n't any load of hay. It 's all make-believe, from first to last."

"I saw the boat still afloat and smoking, as I came in," replied the master. "But I don't wonder, Tobias, that you should speak as you do. Was the Yellow Jacket episode all an invention, too?"

"No, and that 's the provoking part of it. There 's a little truth in everything you have said. Yellow Jacket was on the spot, and I have n't a word to say against his being the hero of the hour. But, facts are facts. There

was never a life more easily saved than Bertha Tazwell's."

"After you had got her off the boat, out of the fire and into the water, with an oar to keep her afloat!" Mildred struck in eagerly.

"Never mind about that," said Toby. "She was afloat, like Tom and me; and there was no immediate danger of anybody's drowning when Yellow Jacket came in his boat, with Aleck Stevens, and picked us all up. He behaved well; nobody could have done better; but as to the floating curls, just as she was sinking for the third time—that!" snapping the fingers of his best hand, with a laugh.

"Bertha has n't any curls, to begin with," said Mildred; "she wears her hair in a wavy fleece on her neck."

"As good as curls to catch hold of," said Toby, "provided there was any truth in the story. She did n't even get the top of her head wet, I let her off into the lake so easy-like!"

He went on to repeat his own account of the accident, as briefly and simply as possible. It did not occur to him to take any credit to himself for doing all in his power to avert a calamity which he had done something to bring on.

"I ought not to have meddled with Tom and his matches in the way I did; that's a fact. If all I could say did no good, then I ought to have let him alone. And so I would have done, if it had n't been for Bertha's being aboard. I would have taken care of myself. But with his sister right there on the hay, I could n't help it. I had to interfere!"

Mr. Allerton looked earnestly at the boy, and gave two or three gentle nods, with a peculiar smile. Toby hoped he would say, "I don't see that you could have acted differently"; but he remarked merely:

"I am very glad to have heard your version

of the affair, Tobias. And I think I know of one or two mothers who are thankful it was no worse."

He extended his hand to Mrs. Trafford as he rose to go.

"I am thankful, indeed!" said the widow in a quivering voice, and with suffused eyes. "I am thankful, too, and have been for a long while," she added, "for the interest you have taken in my son. He has needed such a counselor, and your talks with him have done him good."

It was Mr. Allerton's turn to betray emotion in his tones.

"What a man in my position has to say to boys is often regarded by them as an impertinence," he replied. "It is to your son's credit, rather than mine, if he has taken it in a different spirit."

Toby had risen, too. "I am going out with you," he said.

"Oh, Tobias, are you able?" remonstrated his mother.

"Of course; it does n't hurt me at all to step," said Toby. "I must go over and tell Mr. Brunswick about his scow, the first thing."

"I have no doubt he has heard of it," said the master, with a smile.

"If he has heard of it a hundred times," Toby replied, "I should think I ought to go and tell him myself. Though I dread it!"

"I'll walk along with you," said Mr. Allerton.

Encouraged by what Mrs. Trafford had said to him,—for he was a shy and diffident man,—he gave Mildred his hand at parting, and felt his heart warmed by the glistening, grateful look that beamed in her bright eyes. Then giving his little wad of hair a final, unconscious twist, he put on his hat in the entry, and went out with Toby.

(To be continued.)



LITTLE LIZETTE.

BY KATHERINE S. ALCORN.

As little Lizette was out walking one day,
Attired with great splendor in festal array,
She met little Gretchen, in sober-hued gown,
With a basket of eggs, trudging off to the
town.

“ Good-morning! Good-morning!” cried little
Lizette,

“ You have n’t been over to visit me yet.
Come over and live with me always; pray do.
For I have no sisters; how many have
you?”

“ Nein,” answered wee Gretchen. Lizette
cried, “ Ah, me!
I have to pretend I have sisters, you see.

But try as I will, I can’t make it seem true.
And I have no brothers. How many have
you?”

“ Nein,” answered wee Gretchen. “ Nine!”
echoed Lizette,

“ Why, you are the luckiest girl I have met!
And have you a baby at home, tell me now?”

“ Nein,” answered wee Gretchen, and made a
droll bow.

Then lingered Lizette by the roadside that day,
To watch the wee maiden go trudging away.

“ Nine brothers, nine sisters, nine babies to pet!
Oh, I wish I was Gretchen!” sighed little
Lizette.

A GREAT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

By H. M. NEALE.

SOME of the boys and girls who read Sr. NICHOLAS may not understand just what an industrial school is; please allow me to tell, in a general way, what it includes and how it differs from other schools.

Industrial education means one thing in Europe and quite another in America. In France, Germany, Russia, and some other European countries, children are taught in the public schools, not general knowledge, as with us, but just enough of arithmetic, geometry, drawing, and mechanics to fit them for the trade by which they expect to earn their living. For instance, when a boy enters school there, he is usually allowed a week or ten days to try his hand at each one of several trades which interest him, and is then expected to choose that for which he is best adapted, and upon choosing he becomes (we will say) a watchmaker for life. It is not really necessary that he should know anything about Latin or Greek, history, literature, or advanced mathematics, and so he is kept at those studies only which will help him to become a good watchmaker. Such training is called "industrial" because it educates for an especial industry.

In America, we believe that all boys and girls should have a certain amount of general knowledge quite independent of the occupations they may intend to follow after graduation, and until within a few years, only such knowledge has been taught in our schools. But wise men who have studied educational matters very carefully have come to the conclusion that Americans have paid too little attention to training the eye and hand: that children are taught to learn things from their books, but do not use their eyes to observe carefully; and so, by and by, when they wish to work with their hands they are not well prepared to do so. They say, too, that young people ought to learn how to make things with their hands

and how to use tools, not chiefly because they may need to know these things in order to earn a living, but because drawing and constructing help them to acquire habits of accuracy, decision, and quick judgment, and because these studies teach such habits far better than any other branches. Others say that since a large proportion of the scholars who graduate from our schools must earn a living by working with their hands, the eye and hand should be trained to careful perception and skillful imitation; and that just as the present literary system assists the boy who is to become a lawyer or a minister, or the girl who is to teach or to write, so manual training should be given to teach the use of tools and the properties of materials, which are essential to the understanding of all industries.

This training of the hand, or "manual training," is included in the broad use that we Americans make of the term "industrial education"; but it is also true that we speak of many schools as industrial, in which special industries are taught to fit the scholars to gain a living, as in the large charitable schools of New York and other cities.

In Brooklyn, New York, there was established, in 1887, a very large and complete industrial school, the largest in this country and perhaps in the world, where manual training in all its numerous departments is very carefully taught.

The fine building, or series of buildings, the ample grounds, and all the splendid equipment of machinery and furnishings, as well as the means to carry on the courses of instruction, are given by Mr. Charles Pratt, of Brooklyn, a man of fortune, who wished to bestow some gift of lasting value on the city, and after careful consideration decided that a school of this kind was the most useful institution he could establish. The splendid success of its three

years' work has fully proved the wisdom and the philanthropy of the generous founder. Beginning with less than twenty pupils (the school having capacity for several thousands), the present number at work in all the departments is about twenty-two hundred, and fully two million dollars have already been expended.

On a regular school-day, the building seems like a vast bee-hive of busy workers. If we were to attempt a visit to each one of the eighty-four rooms comprised in the nine departments, it would need a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS to describe them all. We shall, therefore, look into those only which are of most interest to readers of this magazine.

The only department which is entirely given up to boys and girls of high-school age, and therefore of chief interest to them, is the Manual Training School, called at Pratt Institute the Technical High School. We will visit this department first. Only young people of high-school age are admitted here, and the scholars are a bright-looking company of young people, I can assure you.

Perhaps you will better understand the work done here, if you imagine that you have graduated from the grammar-school and wish to enter the Technical High School. Remember that you are not to fit yourself to be a carpenter or a blacksmith, or a cook or a dress-maker, but simply to learn how to use your eyes and hands as well as your brain, so that you can do anything well.

The regular course includes such studies as algebra, geometry, trigonometry, rhetoric, English literature, political science, physics and chemistry, French and Latin, for both boys and girls, very much the same as in an ordinary high school. But in addition to this, the boys have three periods each day for drawing and shop work, and the girls the same time for drawing and cooking, sewing, dress-making, wood-carving or modeling, the work varying with each term.

Let us visit the large, airy room, containing forty-eight benches (though only half that number of scholars is allowed to work at a time), where boys of the first year spend two periods of each day learning to work in wood. Each bench has a neat set of tools snugly put away

in a little closed cupboard which stands on the bench. Each boy has his own and keeps it in good order. Suspended above the bench is a blue-print picture of the piece of work which is to be given for the day's lesson. From a large lumber-room on another floor, boards of suitable size have been brought, and as the boys come in, with faces full of interest in the work before them, they lay aside any superfluous articles of dress in neat lockers in the adjoining room. Each has been taught the use of hammer and plane, saw, chisel, and square, one at a time; and now, with a few instructions from the teacher in charge, the scholar knows just how to go to work. Perhaps it is a joint or a sash that is given him. He works carefully, frequently consulting his blue-print model. The result of his work is not a matter of indifference, by any means. Thirty patterns of different pieces must be made, and accepted by the instructor, before the boy can pass from this room to the next; and as much depends on his faithfulness in this part of his duty as in the geometry or chemistry class.

Next term, all who have successfully completed this work will go on to the wood-turning room, where there are forty-eight benches and wood-turning lathes, besides circular and scroll saws, a buzz-planer and various other machines necessary to a full understanding of the art of wood-turning. Such neat little rings, cylinders, and cups as are turned out here; and after regular hours, you often may see the boys at work by themselves, busily making some pretty cabinet, book-rack, or even a set of doll's furniture for the little sister, thus pleasantly applying the principles learned in class.

The study of pattern-making, during the last term of the first year, naturally precedes the foundry-work which follows at the beginning of the second year. There is a fine large foundry in the basement sixty-six feet long and twenty-nine feet wide. The ceiling is eighteen feet high, and there are twelve big skylights. The equipment of this room includes an iron-melting cupola-furnace, two brass-furnaces, and a white-metal gas-furnace. The boys have delightful times down there, learning to mold and cast their patterns in iron.

The smith shop, where forging is studied during the rest of the school year, is one of the

most interesting in the whole building. This is even a little larger than the foundry and has ventilating skylights, and all the appliances for smiths' work. Each student has his own forge and anvil,—there are twenty-five of them,—and just now the forges are glowing with bright heat, for the boys are taking their first lesson in welding. The air is as clear as it is in the street. There is no smoke nor dust, for both are carried away by pipes laid under the floor and an ex-

haust-fan. It may be reheated if necessary, but the striking must be done just when the metal is ready for it, else the whole work is spoiled and a new piece must be obtained. Each boy makes his own fire and has to learn how to keep it at the right temperature for the work in hand. His little shovel must take up just enough coal to supply the right amount of heat, but not enough to smother the fire. Among other good things acquired here, the pupils learn the nature and values of different sorts of fuel. Hardening and tempering of iron and steel, soldering, and brazing, are other useful arts taught in the second year. In one part of the room each student has a drawer marked with his own number, and from these we are shown bolts, screws, parts of chains, and various other fine pieces of ironwork from the forges of these young smiths.

For the last year is reserved the more difficult bench-work in metal-turning and boring, screw-cutting, the study of the construction of the turning-lathe and other machinery, including the steam-engine, with practice in the engine-room. Strength and utility of materials, machine design, principles and construction of the telegraph, telephone, dynamo, call-bells, etc., also belong in the last year, together with the higher English branches and theoretical studies already named.

Every boy connected with the institute becomes interested in the engine-room. It is as clean and well-kept as the handsomest parlor, and is the home of a splendid 40 horse-power Harris-Corliss engine which furnishes power for all the machinery in the building. Here also is a high-speed engine which drives an Edison dynamo, and supplies about two thousand incandescent electric lights. An 800-light dynamo furnishes arc-lights for the shops and trade-school. In the room adjoining are two huge, black boilers, each of 100 horse-power. The furnaces are fed with oil, once refined, and furnish heat for all the buildings as well as power for the engines, elevators, electric lights, etc. The oil is brought into the basement in pipes, and as one looks into the mouth of the furnace it is seen shooting out in a stream of liquid which at once becomes gas and ignites, making a hollow, cavernous, roaring mass of pure red and blue flame suggestive of explosives and general de-



A PUPIL WORKING AT A WOOD-TURNING LATHE.

haust-fan. The instructor has no occasion to reprove his pupils for inattention in this room. Time is much too precious to waste. You have all heard the old maxim, "Strike while the iron is hot," but unless you have worked at a forge, you do not realize its full meaning. When the iron that is being heated has reached a certain temperature it must be taken quickly to the anvil and there hammered into the desired shape.



BOYS AT WORK IN THE FORGE ROOM.

struction. But so carefully is each day's supply of oil inspected that no possible danger attaches to this method of heating. In one week five thousand gallons of oil were used.

From the first floor of the main building, the elevator takes us on a flying trip up to the sixth floor, where the cooking-classes are at work, and where the girls of the Technical High School are having their lessons in manual training, though a large number of pupils join these classes who are not connected with the work of this department. If you wish to take the full course in cooking, you will learn also the management of fires; how to keep in order the kitchen, with its big range, cooking-tables and sinks; how to select meat and vegetables from the market; as well as the preparation of every article of food, from bread to beefsteak in the first course, to distracting desserts and salads in the second course. Four "housekeepers" are appointed to share the work of preparation, and each member of the class performs this duty in the course of the term. Here, for example, is a list of the tasks required from House-

keepers Numbers One and Two, and all the white-fingered young women whom you see at work at the neat tables have performed them:

HOUSEKEEPER NO. 1.

First Lesson.

Get kindlings and coal.
Build the fire.
Regulate the dampers.
Empty ashes into sifter.
Brush stove, under and around it.
Blacken stove.
Fill tea-kettle with fresh water.
Wash hearth or zinc under stove.
Wash cloth and put to dry.
Sift ashes.
Bring cinders to kitchen.

Regular Work.

Regulate the fire.
Brush under and around the stove.
Replenish the tea-kettle.
Wash dishes.
Wash sink with hot suds.
Empty tea-kettle and turn it over to dry.
Arrange the fire to last several hours, or let it go out, as required.

HOUSEKEEPER NO. 2.

Dust the room thoroughly.

Begin at one corner and take each article in turn as you come to it.

Dust from the highest things to the lowest, taking up the dust in the cloth, not brushing it on the floor.

Shake the duster occasionally in a suitable place, and when done, wash and hang it up to dry.

When sweeping is to be done, these directions are given :

Begin at one side and sweep toward one place.

Hold the broom close to the floor; sweep with short strokes, and let the broom take the dust along the floor, instead of tossing it into the air.

Regular Work.

Bring stores to teacher and pupils when directed.

Scrub teacher's table.

Collect soiled dishes from tables and take them to the sink.

Put clean dishes in their places.

The floor is spotlessly clean, the little gas-stoves, at each division of the long tables where the young cooks prepare their viands, are in perfect order. Each drawer contains its proper allowance of spoons, knives, measuring-cups, graters, egg-beaters, etc., etc., and is as fresh and sweet as it can be made. The big range smiles with black good-humor across the room to the polished glass doors of the buffet where a pretty china table-service is displayed.

The trying times for the young housekeepers, after the six months' course is completed, are the examination, and the "test dinner" which each student must satisfactorily prepare before receiving her certificate. For the test dinner she receives a plain bill of fare, consisting of soup, fish, roast, vegetables, dessert, and coffee, each article being specified in kind, and this she is to serve nicely in courses to a little company of guests which always includes some of her instructors. Official guests are often requested to mark their estimates of the various dishes presented. For instance, a well-flavored, appetizing soup may be marked 100; the fish or roast, lacking in some respects in cooking or service, receives 90; the vegetables, being just about right, 98. Perhaps a slow fire has spoiled the "bake" of a fourth dish, and 60 is the highest mark allowed by one just diner; while another, compassionating the anxiety of the young

hostess, lets mercy run away with his judgment and puts down an 80 for the unfortunate dish. But in general the favored guests speak in the highest terms of the choice cooking and dainty methodical service of the pupils in the Pratt Institute cooking-classes. An additional course in fancy cooking, and another in the selection, preparation, and serving of food for invalids, are offered, and hundreds of Brooklyn young women are being trained in one of the most useful of all housewifely arts and fitting themselves to help their mothers now, and to superintend homes of their own by and by. There are also evening classes where those who are employed in any way through the day are admitted at lower rates of tuition.

Occasionally, a man comes over from Fulton Market bringing a mysterious-looking, odd-shaped bundle, and various knives and saws. Perhaps the bundle contains a quarter of beef, or a side of mutton, which the man cuts up in the presence of the class, explaining carefully where are the best pieces for roasts, soups, and stews. He teaches the pupils how to tell whether the meat is in good condition. Hanging on the wall is a large colored drawing of a cow marked off in portions for cooking, and on the following day each scholar is expected to tell how she would go marketing and select a first-class dinner.

Down on the third floor, dozens of shining needles are at work in the sewing, dress-making, or embroidery rooms. A most interesting place just now is the room devoted to art embroidery, for the young lady at the head of this department went to Europe last summer and brought home some fascinating specimens of designs from South Kensington and other art centers of the Old World, besides various cunning devices in German tapestry and ecclesiastical stitches on which the young students are now pleasantly at work. Here is a class of the first term, making pretty drawn-work; another learning damask and tapestry stitches, or tapestry-staining and appliqué. Four approved pieces of work and a sampler similar to that which your grandmother made when she was a little girl, must be completed and exhibited before leaving this room. There is a second and very interesting course which occupies five mornings in each week for the en-

ture school year, and includes the study and arrangement of materials and colors, lessons in drawing ornaments from the cast, and the study of plants for use in making designs; all of which are carefully taught and much enjoyed.

But no young lady can enter the embroidery classes or the dress-making rooms, who has not first passed a thorough examination in all forms of plain sewing, and these she may learn, if she has not been taught them at home, in the pleasant sewing-room on the same floor. Such fine

from patterns is taught; in the second, taking measures and fitting dresses; while in the third or advanced course, all the more difficult work, such as fitting polonaises, tea-gowns, children's clothing, and outside garments, is studied. Perhaps one day the lesson is about sleeves. Around the room are models of all the most elaborate designs, as well as the plainer kinds. The teacher gives a lecture on sleeves at the beginning, and each scholar has her own little table, supplied with measures and sewing ma-



THE SEWING CLASS AT WORK.

specimens of work as are exhibited here! — such hemming and felling, such gathering and darning, button-holing and hemstitching, and such excellent sewing-machine work as well. For there are several kinds of sewing-machines, so that one may select her favorite and learn its use.

In the dress-making rooms, which are light and airy, and supplied with everything needed, from dummies to dusters, girl students are busily at work learning how to cut, fit, and drape their own dresses, and also how to make children's clothes. On an exhibition day at the end of the year, that long line of dummies wears each a pretty, stylish costume, the work of the students. In the first course, cutting and making dresses

materials, where she prepares her sleeves. The teacher goes about to inspect the work, and to make corrections. There is a best way of doing every thing with the needle, and a great many of the best ways are taught here. Besides being taught how to make and fit garments, the girls hear lectures about the most healthful ways of dressing, and are advised how to select goods and combine colors to make a tasteful costume.

“Every girl her own milliner” must be the motto in the next room of the Domestic Science Department, where a score of girls are learning to cover hat-frames, or to bind and face all kinds of hats and bonnets. All the work here is done in Canton flannel, which is soft and easily worked, but so inexpensive that it does not mat-

ter so much if one does make a mistake in the first day's lesson. In the second course, pretty bonnets and toques are made, still in the plain material, while the velvets and laces, feathers and flowers and ribbons are reserved for the third course, and all the pretty ideas are made use of in a handsome head-covering of the most approved style and finish.

Where do you think those artistic models come from? Not from any Fifth Avenue milliner, but from the public schools of Paris where the little daughters of the poor are taught to design beautiful work, and are so carefully trained in the combination of colors and selection of materials that our most tasteful milliners eagerly seek their hats and bonnets for patterns. All of the ST. NICHOLAS readers in the United States must have noticed the unusual beauty of the dolls offered for sale last Christmas, and especially their beautiful toilets, so charming in color, and of so many different designs. Many, indeed nearly all, of these are the work of Paris school-girls, who may not know so much of history, physiology, algebra, or arithmetic as you do, but who have learned very thoroughly these lessons in which they have been taught to use their fingers on dainty silks and laces. A case of these artistic hats and bonnets in the millinery room of Pratt Institute furnishes models for the busy students, and when their work is exhibited at the end of the school-year, it is always very much admired.

It would seem that a girl could learn very nearly everything that she would ever need to know for herself and her home in the Domestic Science Department; for besides all that has been described to you, about fifty young ladies during the past year have been learning how to give aid in such emergencies as poisoning, sunstroke, drowning, and accidents of all sorts, and also how to care for sick people, apply bandages, make poultices, keep the sick-room clean and well-aired without disturbing the patient, and how to prepare nice gruels and toasts and dainty dishes that invalids enjoy. The head-nurse of the Seney hospital comes over to teach the young nurses how to make beds for invalids and how to give them all possible comforts.

And one more branch of instruction must be

described to you. It has been opened recently, but promises to be very popular. What do you think of a course of lessons in which the pupils learn how best to ventilate and heat a house, and to take care of the cellar, garden, and sidewalks, how to keep sleeping-rooms, store-room, attic, and linen-closet in order, and how to arrange the work of a house for the week so that the sweeping, dusting, and general cleaning need not interfere with the comfort of the family, or be crowded together and interfere with the comfort of the mistress?—And more than that, how to keep your household accounts, manage servants, and how to entertain guests and attend to the social duties of a home.

There are two large rooms occupying the entire fifth floor of the main building, where all boys who like to see curious and instructive articles, and all girls who enjoy works of art and beauty, will wish to spend a long time. The ushers whose business it is to show people over the building will tell you that of all the ten thousand visitors during the past year, the greater part spent more than one-half of the time allowed for seeing the entire series of buildings in this, the Technical Museum. Its object is "to illustrate, by means of specimens properly classified and labeled, the consecutive stages through which materials of different kinds pass in their transition from the crude to the finished article." A full illustration of the method is seen in the case devoted to iron, where fine specimens of iron ore are shown; and, following on in regular order, pig-iron, with a small model showing how it is made; then the three forms, cast-iron, wrought-iron, and steel, with handsome specimens of articles made from each of these. Any one who examines this case carefully, learns a useful and lasting lesson in the manufacture of iron and steel.

Another interesting corner of the museum, and one where visitors like to linger, is that where glass, pottery, and porcelain are displayed in large cases. A learned professor spent several months in selecting and purchasing the choicest specimens of these articles that he could find in England, France, Austria, Germany, Holland, and Belgium; and the result is very fascinating. If you take time to study the cases, instead of simply admiring the pretty things that they

contain, you will have another valuable lesson—a lesson in ceramics. For here is the clay or kaolin of which all these beautiful jars and vases are made, just as it is taken from the earth; and then all the common forms of pottery in process of manufacture. Here are beautiful

machinery complete, which is sometimes running at full speed, the motive power being furnished by a tiny engine; or of the beautiful forms of crystals, the hundreds of mineral specimens, the collections of textile fabrics, of laces and embroideries, and many other curious and



A DRAWING-CLASS IN THE ART DEPARTMENT.

Moorish jars whose pattern and coloring remind you of the Alhambra and of Washington Irving's stories about the Moors in Spain. Here are exquisite Sèvres, and splendid specimens of Doulton, Wedgwood, Copeland, and Minton wares, with fine pieces of faience from Rome, Milan, and Naples. Some choice pieces are made in New Jersey. One large case illustrates the process of glass-making and shows beautiful pieces of cut, blown, etched, and engraved work. Some of these pieces are from Austria and Bohemia, some from France and Venice. Handsome mosaic work from Rome and Florence, and some exquisite cameo vases, attract our attention as we hasten by.

I have not space to tell you about the interesting model of an oil-well with derrick and

wonderful things which have been selected by experienced men and women from many portions of the world. There are a great many museums in this country that are larger than this, but not many so thoroughly interesting and instructive, and the young people who are pupils in the Institute often come here to see practical illustrations of the processes they are studying.

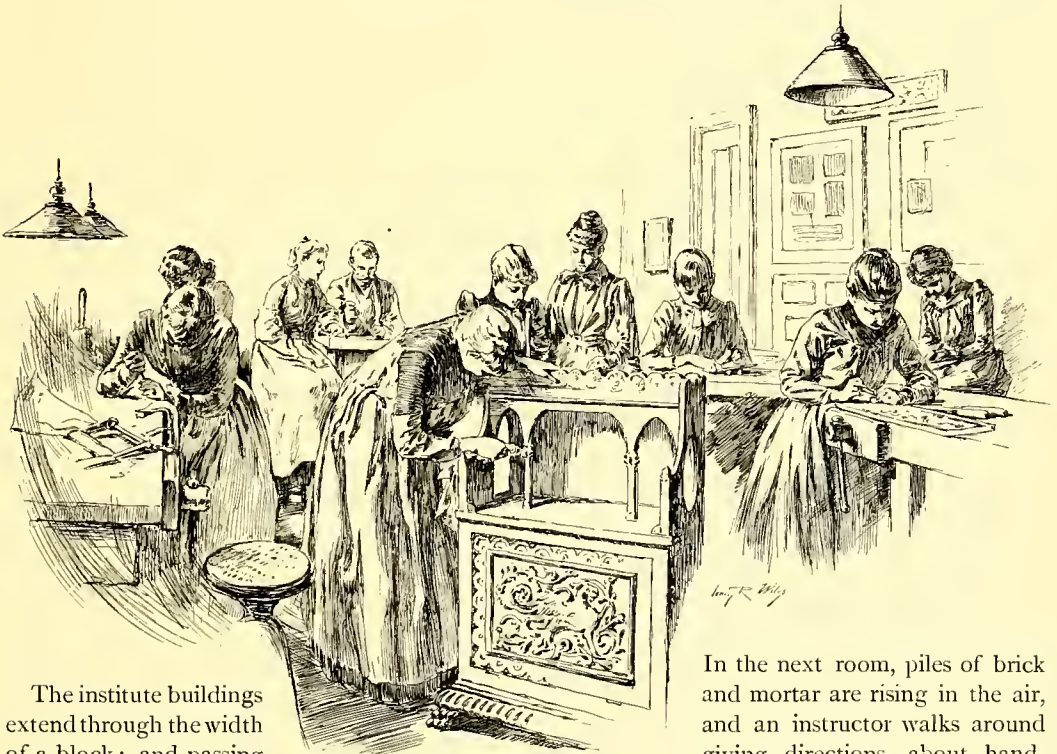
The Art Department occupies one entire floor and several rooms besides and is one of the most important features of the Institute. Much of its work is like that of any art school, and therefore it is not necessary to describe it. In the clay-room, seated on high stools, students are industriously working out designs in moist clay, while across the hall beautiful picture-frames,

panels, or cabinets of wood are being carved in lovely patterns. Some of the young lady wood-carvers have taken a course in shop-work and have first made the frames or cabinets on which they are carving vines and leaves and conventional patterns. Here, as in other art schools, designing for carpets, wall-papers, and prints is taught, and there is a Normal art class where teachers are fitted for their work.

Nearly every student in the building comes to the art rooms at some period of the course. The young milliners and dressmakers learn to draw models of the hats, bonnets, and dresses which they are to make. The carpenters and smiths draw their designs for working patterns. Girls from the Manual Training Department, and boys as well, have regular weekly lessons in art.

wood and metal working rooms, the foundry, forge-shop, engine-room, and the laboratories and lecture-rooms, there is a series of large rooms devoted to the building trades, such as bricklaying, plumbing, carpentry, plastering, modeling, and stonecutting. These classes are only for those who wish to become bricklayers, plasterers, stonecutters, and so on, and have no connection whatever with the other work of the Institute.

If we visit this long room (for from the visitors' gallery we can see all these rooms at once), we must come in the evening as there are no day classes. Here is a long line of young men, twenty or thirty perhaps, steadily working with lead pipe and little furnaces, getting ready to repair water-pipes that may burst next winter.



IN THE WOOD-CARVING ROOM.

The institute buildings extend through the width of a block; and passing from the main building

by a "bridge," as it is called, in which the sounds of twenty-five busy type-writers announce the school of phonography and type-writing which is located here, we come to the department of mechanic arts, a portion of which has already been described to you. Besides the

In the next room, piles of brick and mortar are rising in the air, and an instructor walks around giving directions about handling the trowel and applying mortar, building flues and fireplaces, making walls and piers. Another teacher superintends the plasterers, most of whom are young men, while in the farther room a class is engaged in molding wet clay into the shapes of grim griffins or fierce dragons, or some other ornamental

figures which the same young workers will soon be taught to carve skillfully in stone for architectural use.

The first floor and the basement of the main building yet remain to be visited. On a bright afternoon, just after the schools of the city have closed for the day, you will meet many little companies of boys and girls crowding into the free library, which is at the right as one enters. Here are about thirty thousand books, all selected within three years, and containing the best reading and newest information that could be found. This library is entirely free to any resident of Brooklyn, fourteen years of age or over. Special type-written lists of books for young people are placed on the tables, and all the bright young women behind the desk are willing to help boys and girls in selecting good books. You will readily guess the name of the book for young people that has been most frequently taken from the library the past year. It was written by an author who contributed a great many stories to *Sr. NICHOLAS*, and the book is, of course, "Little Women."

Many boys and girls who come for library books like to linger in the reading-room across the hall, where there are nearly two hundred periodicals including all the best papers and magazines for young people. In the evening, the room is brilliantly lighted by electricity, and the globes hang so low over the pretty oak tables, that reading is quite easy and pleasant.

Down in the basement is a large lunch-room with neat, prettily-furnished tables where teachers and scholars and people from outside, if they wish, can get wholesome, well-served luncheons at moderate prices. And across the hall from the lunch-room is the office of a new department which might have been founded by Benjamin Franklin himself. Its object is to induce people, and especially young people, to save their money and put some aside regularly. The name of this association is *The Thrift*, and each investor is required to put in the same sum, whether it be large or small, each month for ten years. At the end of that time, the principal and a liberal rate of interest, besides a premium of ten dollars per share, will be paid back to the investor, making a handsome sum for a small investment. Suppose, for example,

that you put in the smallest sum that is taken, that is one dollar each month, which you may do by saving four cents each working-day. You are then the possessor of one share. If you keep on investing one dollar each month for ten years, at the end of that time you are entitled to \$160, which includes principal, interest, and premium. Two shares at two dollars each month amount with premium, at the end of ten years, to \$320; four shares, four dollars each month, to \$640; twenty shares, twenty dollars a month, to \$3200. Any one may invest, whether connected with the Institute or not. If only one share is taken by a boy or girl, and kept up the whole ten years, a very neat little sum is realized, quite enough to help toward a year's expenses at college or scientific school, or a trip to California or Europe. Of more consequence than the money gained is the foundation for habits of thrift and perseverance which is laid by the regular setting aside of a certain amount. The young people of Pratt Institute, as well as the older ones, are becoming much interested in this new plan, and are taking shares with great pride in their ability to save money. The money is lent, on favorable terms, to people who wish to buy homes and have not the means to pay for them all at once. By borrowing the needed amount from *The Thrift*, and repaying each month a sum not much larger than the rent would be, they are able, after some years, to own free from debt the house they live in.

In passing through the building from room to room, we notice everywhere on the walls fine pictures, photographs, etchings, or engravings. The stairways are lined with illustrations of ancient and modern art. In the broad window-seats there are beautiful palms or other foliage plants, or flowers in bloom. In the hallway of the Mechanic Arts building, there are three large camelia trees, which were in full bloom at the time of my visit. In the evening, hundreds of electric lights make the rooms bright as a mid-summer day. All the furnishings are new, and excellent of their kind. An elevator takes visitors from the main entrance hall to any story of the building. A number of ushers are always in waiting to escort visitors about the buildings and explain to them the different objects of

interest. Over ten thousand people have visited the Institute during the past year.

ant times, you have only to visit them during recreation hours.

Across the street from the Institute buildings, a large plot of ground, 350 feet long and

As the Institute has been established only about three years, it is not yet in the height



200 feet wide, is a playground for the young women. A noble willow-tree stands in one corner, and in the other, in winter time, there is a toboggan slide. Numerous tennis-courts are laid out on the space between. In the rear of the Institute buildings there are, for the boys, grounds very nearly as ample, fronting on Grand Avenue. And if you doubt whether the pupils have pleas-

of its power and influence; but classes are constantly increasing, and everything that can add to its usefulness is provided by the generous founder. The students are taught to be persevering, honest, faithful, and ambitious, and with its excellent principles and splendid equipment, Pratt Institute cannot fail to become one of the best educational institutions of our day.

THE TENNIS-COURT AND GIRLS' PLAYGROUND.

THE BOY SETTLERS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER VI.

WESTWARD HO!

THE following two or three days were wet and uncomfortable. Rain fell in torrents at times, and when it did not rain, the ground was steamy, and the emigrants had a hard time to find spots dry enough on which to make up their beds at night. This was no holiday journey, and the boys, too proud to murmur, exchanged significant nods and winks when they found themselves overtaken by the discomforts of camping and traveling in the storm. For the most part, they kept in camp during the heaviest of the rain. They found that the yokes of the oxen chafed the poor animals' necks when wet.

And then the mud! Nobody had ever seen such mud, they thought, not even on the black and greasy fat lands of an Illinois prairie. Sometimes the wagon sunk in the road, cut up by innumerable teams, so that the hubs of the wheels were almost even with the surface, and it was with the greatest difficulty that their four yoke of oxen dragged the wagon from its oozy bed. At times, too, they were obliged to unhitch their oxen and help out of a mud-hole some other less fortunate brother wayfarer, whose team was not so powerful as their own.

One unlucky day, fording a narrow creek with steep banks, they had safely got across, when they encountered a slippery incline up which the oxen could not climb; it was "as slippery as a glare of ice," Charlie said, and the struggling cattle sank nearly to their knees in their frantic efforts to reach the top of the bank. The wagon had been "blocked up," that is to say, the wagon-box raised in its frame or bed above the axles, with blocks driven underneath, to lift it above the level of the stream. As the vehicle was dragged out of the creek, the leading yoke of cattle struggling up the bank

and then slipping back again, the whole team of oxen suddenly became panic-stricken, as it were, and rushed back to the creek in wild confusion. The wagon twisted upon itself, and cramped together, creaked, groaned, toppled, and fell over in a heap, its contents being shot out before and behind into the mud and water.

"Great Scott!" yelled Sandy. "Let me stop those cattle!" Whereupon the boy dashed through the water, and, running around the hinder end of the wagon, he attempted to head off the cattle. But the animals, haying gone as far as they could without breaking their chains or the wagon-tongue, which fortunately held, stood sullenly by the side of the wreck they had made, panting with their exertions.

"Here is a mess!" said his father, but, without more words, he unhitched the oxen and drove them up the bank. The rest of the party hastily picked up the articles that were drifting about, or were lodged in the mud of the creek. It was a sorry sight, and the boys forgot, in the excitement of the moment, the discomforts and annoyances of their previous experiences. This was a real misfortune.

But while Oscar and Sandy were excitedly discussing what was next to be done, Mr. Howell took charge of things; the wagon was righted, and a party of emigrants, camped in a grove of cottonwoods just above the ford, came down with ready offers of help. Eight yoke of cattle instead of four were now hitched to the wagon, and, to use the expressive language of the West, the outfit was "snaked" out of the hole in double-quick time.

"Ho, ho, ho! Uncle Charlie," laughed Sandy, "you look as if you had been dragged through a slough. You are just painted with mud from top to toe. Well, I never did see such a looking scarecrow!"

"It 's lucky you have n't any looking-glass

here, young Impudence. If you could see your mother's boy now, you would n't know him. Talk about looks! Take a look at the youngster, mates," said Uncle Charlie, bursting into a laugh. A general roar followed the look, for Sandy's appearance was indescribable. In his wild rush through the waters of the creek, he had covered himself from head to foot, and the mud from the wagon had painted his face a brilliant brown; for there is more or less of red oxide of iron in the mud of Kansas creeks.

It was a doleful party that pitched its tent that night on the banks of Soldier Creek and attempted to dry clothes and provisions by the feeble heat of a little sheet-iron stove. Only Sandy, the irrepressible and unconquerable Sandy, preserved his good temper through the trying experience. "It is a part of the play," he said, "and anybody who thinks that crossing the prairie, 'as of old the pilgrims crossed the sea,' is a Sunday-school picnic, might better try it with the Dixon emigrants; that 's all."

But, after a very moist and disagreeable night, the sky cleared in the morning. Oscar was out early, looking at the sky; and when he shouted "Westward ho!" with a stentorian voice, everybody came tumbling out to see what was the matter. A long line of white-topped wagons with four yoke of oxen to each, eleven teams all told, was stringing its way along the muddy road in which the red sun was reflected in pools of red liquid mud. The wagons were overflowing with small children; coops of fowls swung from behind, and a general air of thriftiness seemed to be characteristic of the company.

"Which way are you bound?" asked Oscar, cheerily.

"Up the Smoky Hill Fork," replied one of the ox-drivers. "Solomon's Fork, perhaps, but somewhere in that region, anyway."

One of the company lingered behind to see what manner of people these were who were so comfortably camped out in a wall-tent. When he had satisfied his curiosity, he explained that his companions had come from northern Ohio, and were bound to lay out a town of their own in the Smoky Hill region.

Oscar, who listened while his father drew this information from the stranger, recalled the fact that the Smoky Hill and the Republican Forks were the branches of the Kaw. Solomon's Fork, he now learned, was one of the tributaries of the Smoky Hill, nearer to the Republican Fork than to the main stream. So he said to his father, when the Ohio man had passed on: "If they settle on Solomon's Fork, won't they be neighbors of ours, Daddy?"

Mr. Bryant took out a little map of the Territory that he had in his knapsack, and, after some study, made up his mind that the newcomers would not be "neighbors enough to hurt," if they came no nearer the Republican than Solomon's Fork. About thirty-five miles west and south of Fort Riley, which is at the junction of the Smoky Hill and the Republican, Solomon's Fork branches off to the northwest. Settlers anywhere along that line would not be nearer the other fork than eighteen or twenty miles at the nearest. Charlie and Sandy agreed with Oscar that it was quite as near as desirable neighbors should be. The lads were already learning something of the spirit of the West. They had heard of the man who had moved westward when another settler drove his stakes twenty miles from his claim, because the country was "gettin' too crowded."

That day, passing through the ragged log village of Tecumseh, they got their first letters from home. When they left Illinois, they had not known just where they would strike, in the Territory, but they had resolved that they would not go further west than Tecumseh; and here they were, with their eyes still fixed toward the West. No matter; just now, news from home was to be devoured before anybody could talk of the possible Kansas home that yet loomed before them in the dim distance. How good it was to learn all about the dear ones left at home; to find that Bose was keeping guard around the house as if he knew that he was the protector of the two mothers left to themselves in one home; to hear that the brindle calf had grown very large, and that a circus was coming to town the very next day after the letter was written.

"That circus has come and gone without our seeing it," said Sandy, solemnly.

"Sandy is as good as a circus, any day," said his uncle, fondly. "The greatest show in the country would have been willing to hire you for a sight, fixed out as you were last night, after we had that upset in the creek." The boys agreed that it was lucky for all hands that the only looking-glass in camp was the little bit of a one hidden away in Uncle Charlie's shaving case.

The next day, to their great discomfiture, they blundered upon a county election. Trudging into Libertyville, one of the new mushroom towns springing up along the military road that leads from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Riley, they found a great crowd of people gathered around a log-house, in which the polls were open. County officers were to be chosen, and the pro-slavery men, as the Borderers were now called in this part of the country, had rallied in great numbers to carry the election for their men. All was confusion and tumult. Rough-looking men, well-armed and generally loud-voiced, with slouched hats and long beards, were galloping about, shouting and making all the noise possible, for no purpose that could be discovered. "Hooray for Cap'n Pate!" was the only intelligible cry that the new-comers could hear; but who Captain Pate was, and why he should be hurrahed for, nobody seemed to know. He was not a candidate for anything.

"Hullo! there 's our Woburn friend, John Clark," said Mr. Howell. Sure enough, there he was with a vote in his hand going up to the cabin where the polls were open. A lane was formed through the crowd of men who lounged about the cabin, so that a man going up to the door to vote was obliged to run the gantlet, as it were, of one hundred men, or more, before he reached the door, the lower half of which was boarded up and the upper half left open for the election officers to take and deposit the ballots.

"I don't believe that man has any right to vote here," said Charlie, with an expression of disgust on his face. "Why, he came into the Territory with us, only the other day, and he said he was going up on the Big Blue to settle, and here he is trying to vote!"

"Well," said Uncle Charlie, "I allow he has just as good a right to vote as any of these men

who are running the election. I saw some of these very men come riding in from Missouri, when we were one day out of Quindaro." As he spoke, John Clark had reached the voting-place, pursued by many rough epithets flung after him.

He paused before the half-barricaded door and presented his ballot. "Let 's see yer ticket!" shouted one of two men who stood guard, one either side of the cabin-door. He snatched it from Clark's hand, looked at it and simply said "H'ist!" The man on the other side of the would-be voter grinned; then both men seized the Woburn man by his arms and waist, and, before he could realize what was happening, he was flung up to the edge of the roof that projected over the low door. Two other men, sitting there, grabbed the new-comer by the shoulders and passed him up the roof to two others, who, straddling the ridge-pole, were waiting for him. Then the unfortunate Clark disappeared over the top of the cabin, sliding down out of sight on the farther side. The mob set up a wild cheer and some of them shouted, "We don't want any Yankee votes in this yer 'lection!"

"Shameful! Shameful!" burst forth from Mr. Bryant. "I have heard of such things before now, but I must say I never thought I should see it." He turned angrily to his brother-in-law as Mr. Howell joined the boys in their laugh.

"How can you laugh at such a shameful sight, Aleck Howell? I 'm sure it 's something to cry over, rather than to laugh at—a spectacle like that! A free American citizen hustled away from the polls in that disgraceful fashion!"

"But, Charlie," said Uncle Aleck, "you 'll admit that it was funny to see the Woburn man hoisted over that cabin. Besides, I don't believe he has any right to vote here; do you?"

"He would have been allowed to vote fast enough if he had had the sort of ballot that those fellows want to go into the box. They looked at his ballot, and as soon as they saw what it was, they threw him over the cabin."

Just then, John Clark came back from the ravine into which he had slid from the roof of the log-house, looking very much crestfallen. He explained that he had met some pro-slavery men on the road that morning, and they had

told him he could vote, if he chose, and they had furnished him with the necessary ballot.

"They took in my clothes at a glance," said Clark, "and they seemed to suppose that a man

a-goin' up there to try it ag'in," he said, angrily, to an insolent horseman, who, riding up, told him not to venture near the polls again if he "did not want to be kicked out like a dog."

"Come on, neighbor; let's be goin'," he said to Uncle Aleck. "I've had enough voting for today. 'Let's light out' of this town." Then the men, taking up their ox-goads, drove out of town. They had had their first sight of the struggle for freedom.

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE DIVIDING OF THE WAYS.

THE military road, of which I have just spoken, was constructed by the United States Government to connect the military posts of the Far West with one another. Beginning at Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri River, it passed through Fort Riley at the junction of the forks of the Kaw, and then, still keeping up the north side of the Republican Fork, went on to Fort Kearney, still farther west, then to Fort Laramie, which in those days was so far on the frontier of our country that few people ever saw it except military men and the emigrants to California. At the time of which I am writing, there had been a very heavy emigration to California, and companies of emigrants, bound to the Golden Land, still occasionally passed along the great military road.

Interlacing this highway were innumerable trails and wagon-tracks, the traces of the great migration to the Eldorado of the Pacific; and here and there were the narrow trails made by Indians on their hunting expeditions and warlike excursions. Roads, such as our emigrants had been accustomed to in Illinois, there were none. First came the faint traces of human



THE POLLS AT LIBERTYVILLE. THE WOBURN MAN IS "HOISTED" OVER THE CAPIN.

with butternut homespun was true-blue; so they did n't ask any questions. I got a Free-State ballot from another man and was a-goin' to plump it in; but they were too smart for me, and over I went. No, don't you worry, I ain't

feet and of unshod horses and ponies; then the well-defined trail of hunters, trappers, and Indians; then the wagon-track of the military trains, which, in course of time, were smoothed and formed into the military road kept in repair by the United States Government.

Following this road the Dixon emigrants came upon the broad, bright, and shallow stream of the Big Blue. Forging this, they drove into the rough, new settlement of Manhattan, lately built at the junction of the Blue and the Kaw rivers.

It was a beautiful May day when the travelers entered Manhattan. It was an active and a promising town. Some attempt at the laying out of streets had been made. A long, low building, occupied as a hotel, was actually painted, and on some of the shanties and rude huts of the newly arrived settlers were signs giving notice of hardware, groceries, and other commodities for sale within. On one structure, partly made of sawed boards and partly of canvas, was painted in sprawling letters, "Counselor at Law."

"You 'll find those fellows out in the Indian country," grimly remarked one of the settlers, as the party surveyed this evidence of an advancing civilization.

There was a big steam saw-mill hard by the town, and the chief industry of Manhattan seemed to be the buying and selling of lumber and hardware, and the surveying of land. Mounted men, carrying the tools and instruments of the surveyor, galloped about. Few wheeled vehicles except the ox-carts of emigrants were to be seen anywhere, and the general aspect of the place was that of feverish activity. Along the banks of the two streams were camped parties of the latest comers, many of whom had brought their wives and children with them. Parties made up of men only, seldom came as far west as this. They pitched their tents nearer the Missouri, where the fight for freedom raged most hotly. A few companies of men did reach the westernmost edge of the new settlements, and the Manhattan Company was one of these.

The three boys from Illinois were absorbed with wonder as they strolled around the new town, taking in the novel sights, as they would if they had been in a great city, instead of a

mushroom town that had arisen in a night. During their journey from Libertyville to Manhattan, the Dixon emigrants had lost sight of John Clark, of Woburn; he had hurried on ahead after his rough experience with the election guardians of Libertyville. The boys were wondering if he had reached Manhattan.

"Hullo! There he is now, with all his family around him," said Charlie. "He 's got here before us, and can tell all about the lay of the land to the west of us, I dare say."

"I have about made up my mind to squat on Hunter's Creek," said Clark, when the boys had saluted him. "Pretty good land on Hunter's, so I am told; no neighbors, and the land has been surveyed off by the Government surveyors. Hunter's Creek? Well, that 's about six miles above the fort. It makes into the Republican, and, so they tell me, there 's plenty of wood along the creek, and a good lot of oak and hickory not far off. Timber is what we all want, you know."

As for Bartlett, who had come out from New England with the Clarks, he was inclined to go to the lower side of the Republican Fork, taking to the Smoky Hill country. That was the destination of the Jenness party, who had passed the Dixon boys when they were camped after their upset in the creek, several days before. This would leave the Clarks—John and his wife and two children, and his brother Jotham, and Jotham's boy, Pelatiah—to make a settlement by themselves on Hunter's Creek.

Which way were the Dixon boys going? Charlie, the spokesman of the party because he was the eldest, did not know. His father and uncle were out prospecting among the campers now. Sandy was sure that they would go up the Republican Fork. His father had met one of the settlers from that region, and had been very favorably impressed with his report. This Republican Fork man was an Arkansas man, but "a good fellow," so Sandy said. To be a good fellow, according to Sandy's way of putting things, was to be worthy of all confidence and esteem.

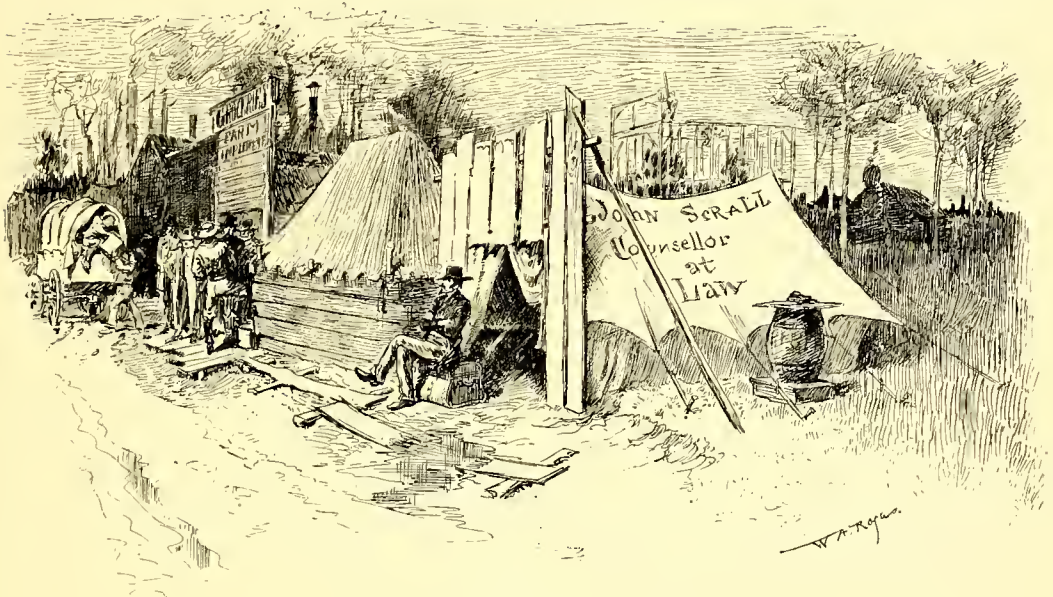
Mr. Bryant thought that as there were growing rumors of troublesome Indians, it would be better to take the southern or Smoky Hill route; the bulk of the settlers were going that

way, and where there were large numbers, there would be safety. While the lads were talking with the Clarks, Bryant and his brother-in-law came up, and, after greeting their former acquaintance and ascertaining whither he was bound, Mr. Howell told the boys that they had been discussing the advantages of the two routes with Younkins, the settler from Republican Fork, and had decided to go on to "the post," as Fort Riley was generally called, and there decide which way they should go—to the right or to the left.

As for the Clarks, they were determined to

had in mind for them. Younkins was a kindly and pleasant-faced man, simple in his speech and frontier-like in his manners. Sandy conceived a strong liking for him as soon as they met. The boy and the man were friends at once.

"Well, you see," said Younkins, sitting down on the wagon-tongue, when the party had returned to their camp, "I have been thinking over-like the matter that we were talking about, and I have made up my mind-like that I sha'n't move back to my claim on the south side of the Republican. I 'm on the north side, you know, and my old claim on the south side will



THE FIRST LAW-OFFICE IN MANHATTAN.

take the trail for Hunter's Creek that very day. Bartlett decided to go to the Smoky Hill country. He cast in his lot with a party of Western men, who had heard glowing reports of the fertility and beauty of the region lying along Solomon's Fork, a tributary of the Smoky Hill. It was in this way that parties split up after they had entered the promised land.

Leaving the Clarks to hitch up their teams and part company with Bartlett, the Dixon party returned to their camp, left temporarily in the care of Younkins, who had come to Manhattan for a few supplies, and who had offered to guide the others to the desirable place for settlement which he told them he

do just right for my brother Ben; he 's coming out in the fall. Now if you want to go up our way, you can have the cabin on that claim. There 's nobody living in it; it 's no great of a cabin, but it 's built of hewed timber, well-chinked and comfortable-like. You can have it till Ben comes out, and I 'm just a-keeping it for Ben, you know. P'r'aps he won't want it, and if he does n't, why then you and he can make some kind of a dicker-like, and you might stay on till you could do better."

"That 's a very generous offer of Mr. Younkins's, Charles," said Mr. Howell to Bryant. "I don't believe we could do better than take it up."

"No, indeed," burst in the impetuous Sandy.

"Why, just think of it! A house already built!"

"Little boys should be seen, not heard," said his elder brother, reprovingly. "Suppose you and I wait to see what the old folks have to say before we chip in with any remarks."

"Oh, I know what Uncle Charlie will say," replied the lad, undismayed. "He'll say that the Smoky Hill road is the road to take. Say, Uncle Charlie, you see that Mr. Younkins here is willing to live all alone on the bank of the Republican Fork, without any neighbors at all. He is n't afraid of Indians."

Mr. Bryant smiled and said that he was not afraid of Indians, but he thought that there might come a time when it would be desirable for a community to stand together as one man. "Are you a Free State man?" he asked Younkins. This was a home-thrust. Younkins came from a slave State; he was probably a pro-slavery man.

"I'm neither a Free State man nor yet a pro-slavery man," he said, slowly and with great deliberation. "I'm just for Younkins all the time. Fact is," he continued, "where I came from, most of us are pore whites; I never owned but one darky, and I had him from my grandfather. Ben and me, we sort er quarreled-like over that darky. Ben, he thought he ought 'er had him, and I knowed my grandfather left him to me. So I sold him off, and the neighbors did n't seem to like it. I don't justly know why they did n't like it; but they did n't. Then Ben, he allowed that I had better light out. So I lit out, and here I am. No, I'm no Free State man, and then ag'in, I'm no man for slavery. I'm just for Younkins. Solomon Younkins is my name."

Bryant was very clearly prejudiced in favor of the settler from the Republican Fork by this speech; and yet he thought it best to move on to the fort that day and take the matter into consideration.

So he said that if Younkins would accept the hospitality of their tent, the Dixon party would be glad to have him pass the night with them. Younkins had a horse on which he had ridden down from his place and with which he had intended to reach home that night. But, for the sake of inducing the new arrivals to go up

into his part of the country, he was willing to stay.

"I should think you would be afraid to leave your wife and baby all alone there in the wilderness," said Sandy, regarding his new friend with evident admiration. "No neighbor nearer than Hunter's Creek, did you say? How far off is that?"

"Well, a matter of six miles-like," replied Younkins. "It is n't often that I do leave them alone over night; but then I have to, once in a while. My old woman, she does n't mind it; she was sort of skeary-like when she first came into the country. But she's got used to it. We don't want any neighbors. If you folks come up to settle, you'll be on the other side of the river," he said, with unsmiling candor. "That's near enough — three or four miles, anyway."

Fort Riley is about ten miles from Manhattan, at the forks of the Kaw. It was a long drive for one afternoon; but the settlers from Illinois camped on the edge of the military reservation that night. When the boys, curious to see what the fort was like, looked over the premises next morning, they were somewhat disappointed to find that the post was merely a quadrangle of buildings constructed of rough-hammered stone. A few frame houses were scattered about. One of these was the sutler's store, just on the edge of the reservation. But, for the most part, the post consisted of two- or three-story buildings arranged in the form of a hollow square. These were barracks, officers' quarters, and depots for the storage of military supplies and army equipments.

"Why, this is no fort!" said Oscar, contemptuously. "There is n't even a stockade. What's to prevent a band of Indians raiding through the whole place? I could take it myself, if I had men enough."

His cousin Charlie laughed and said: "Forts are not built out here nowadays to defend a garrison. The army men don't propose to let the Indians get near enough to the post to threaten it. The fact is, I guess, this fort is only a depot-like, as our friend Younkins would say, for the soldiers and for military stores. They don't expect ever to be besieged here; but if there should happen to be trouble anywhere along the frontier, then the soldiers would be

here, ready to fly out to the rescue, don't you see?"

"Yes," answered Sandy; "and when a part of the garrison had gone to the rescue, as you call it, another party of redskins would swoop down and gobble up the remnant left at the post."

"If I were you, Master Sandy," said his brother, "I would n't worry about the soldiers. Uncle Sam built this fort, and there are lots of others like it. I don't know for sure, but my impression is that Uncle Sam knows what is best for the use of the military and for the defense of the frontier. So let's go and take a look at the sutler's store. I want to buy some letter-paper."

The sutler, in those days, was a very important person in the estimation of the soldiers of a frontier post. Under a license from the War Department of the Government, he kept a store in which was everything that the people at the post could possibly need. Crowded into the long building of the Fort Riley sutler were dry-goods, groceries, hardware, boots and shoes, window-glass, rope and twine, and even candy of a very poor sort. Hanging from the ceiling of this queer warehouse were sides of smoked meat, strings of onions, oil-cloth suits, and other things that were designed for the comfort or convenience of the officers and soldiers, and were not provided by the Government.

"I wonder what soldiers want of calico and ribbons," whispered Sandy, with a suppressed giggle, as the three lads went prying about.

"Officers and soldiers have their wives and children here, you greeny," said his brother, sharply. "Look out there and see 'em."

And, sure enough, as Sandy's eyes followed the direction of his brother's, he saw two prettily dressed ladies and a group of children walking over the smooth turf that filled the square in the midst of the fort. It gave Sandy a homesick feeling, this sight of a home in the wilderness. Here were families of grown people and children, living apart from the rest of the world. They had been here long before the echo of civil strife in Kansas had reached the Eastern States, and before the first wave of emigration had touched the head-waters of the Kaw. Here they were, a community by themselves, uncarving, apparently, whether slavery was voted up

or down. At least, some such thought as this flitted through Sandy's mind as he looked out upon the leisurely life of the fort, just beginning to stir.

All along the outer margin of the reservation were grouped the camps of emigrants; not many of them, but enough to present a curious and picturesque sight. There were a few tents, but most of the emigrants slept in or under their wagons. There were no women or children in these camps, and the hardy men had been so well seasoned by their past experiences, journeying to this far western part of the Territory, that they did not mind the exposure of sleeping on the ground and under the open skies. Soldiers from the fort, off duty and curious to hear the news from the outer world, came lounging around the camps and chatted with the emigrants in that cool, superior manner that marks the private soldier when he meets a civilian on an equal footing, away from the haunts of men.

The boys regarded these uniformed military servants of the Government of the United States with great respect, and even with some awe. These, they thought to themselves, were the men who were there to fight Indians, to protect the border, and to keep back the rising tide of wild hostilities that might, if it were not for them, sweep down upon the feeble Territory and even inundate the whole Western country.

"Perhaps some of Black Hawk's descendants are among the Indians on this very frontier," said Oscar, impressively. "And these gold-laced chaps, with shoulder-straps on, are the Zack Taylors and the Robert Andersons who do the fighting," added Charlie, with a laugh.

Making a few small purchases from the surly sutler of Fort Riley, and then canvassing with the emigrants around the reservation the question of routes and locations, our friends passed the forenoon. The elders of the party had anxiously discussed the comparative merits of the Smoky Hill and the Republican Fork country and had finally yielded to the attractions of a cabin ready-built in Younkins's neighborhood, with a garden patch attached, and had decided to go in that direction.

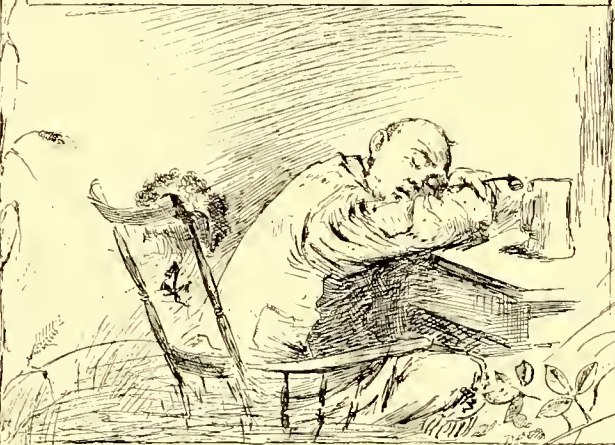
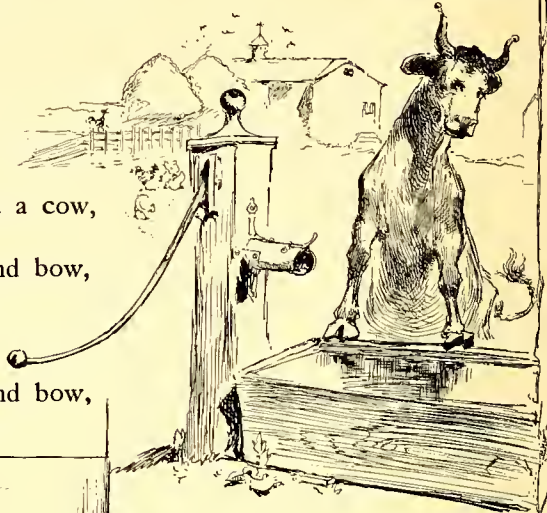
"This is simply bully!" said Sandy Howell, as the little caravan turned to the right and drove up the north bank of the Republican Fork.

(To be continued.)

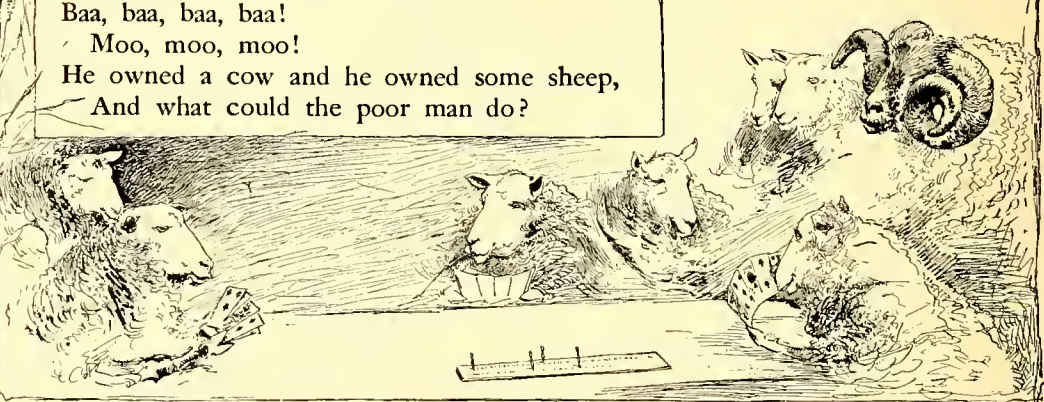
WHAT COULD THE FARMER DO?

By GEORGE WILLIAM OGDEN.

There was an old farmer who had a cow,
 Moo, moo, moo!
 She used to stand on the pump and bow,
 And what could the farmer do?
 Moo, moo, moo, moo,
 Moo, moo, moo!
 She used to stand on the pump and bow,
 And what could the farmer do?



There was an old farmer who owned some sheep,
 Baa, baa, baa!
 They used to play cribbage while he was asleep,
 And laugh at the farmer's ma.
 Baa, baa, baa, baa!
 Moo, moo, moo!
 He owned a cow and he owned some sheep,
 And what could the poor man do?





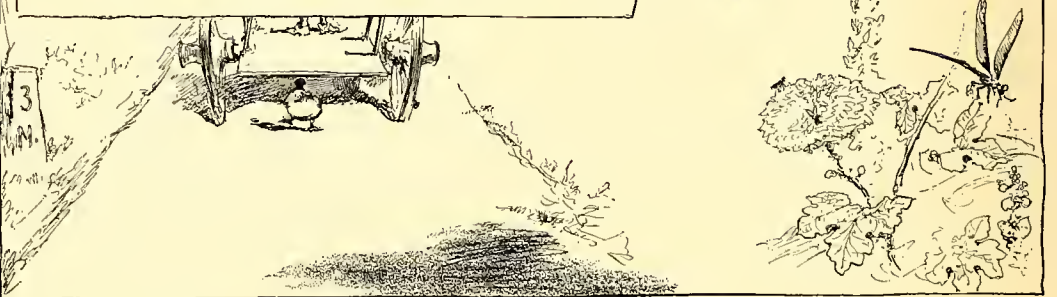
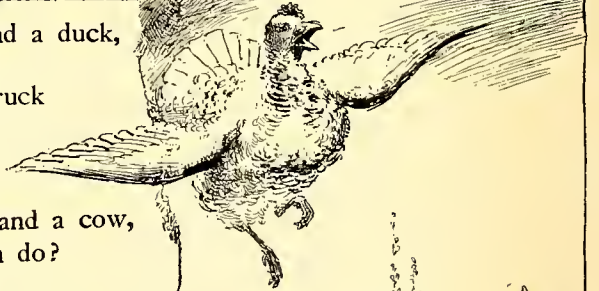
There was an old farmer who owned a pig,
Whoof, whoof, whoof!
He used to dress up in the farmer's wig,
And dance on the pig-pen roof.
Whoof, whoof! Baa, baa!
Moo, moo, moo!
He owned a pig, some sheep, and a cow,
And what could the poor man do?

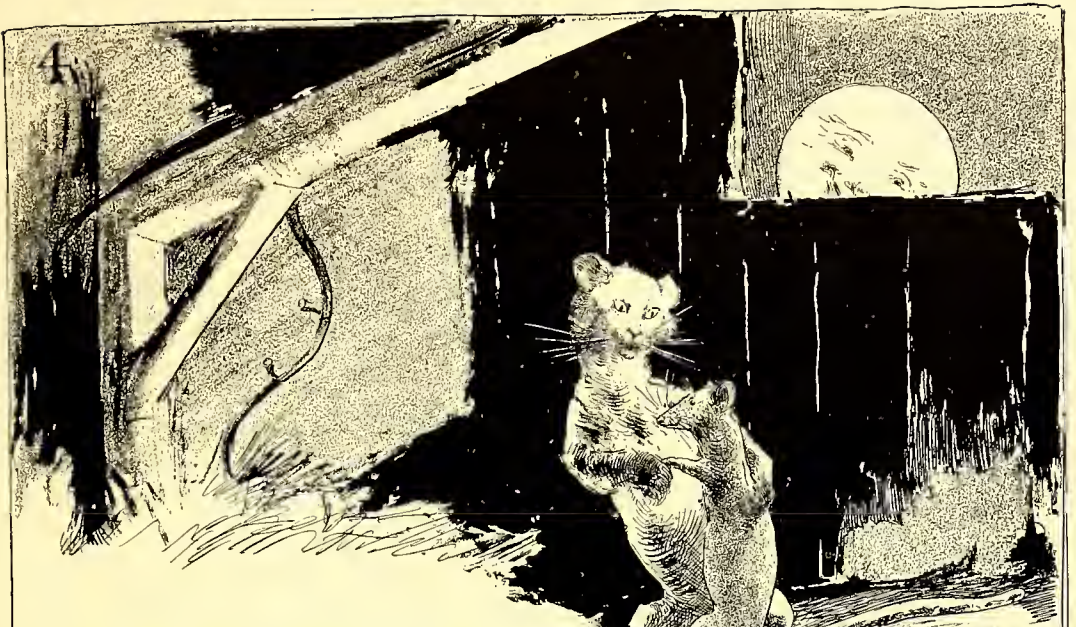


There was an old farmer who owned a hen,
 Cuk-a-ca-doo, ca-doo!
 She used to lay eggs for the three hired men,
 And some for the weasel, too.
 Cuk-a-ca-doo! Whoof, whoof!
 Baa, baa! Moo!
 He owned a hen, pig, sheep, and a cow,
 And what could the poor man do?

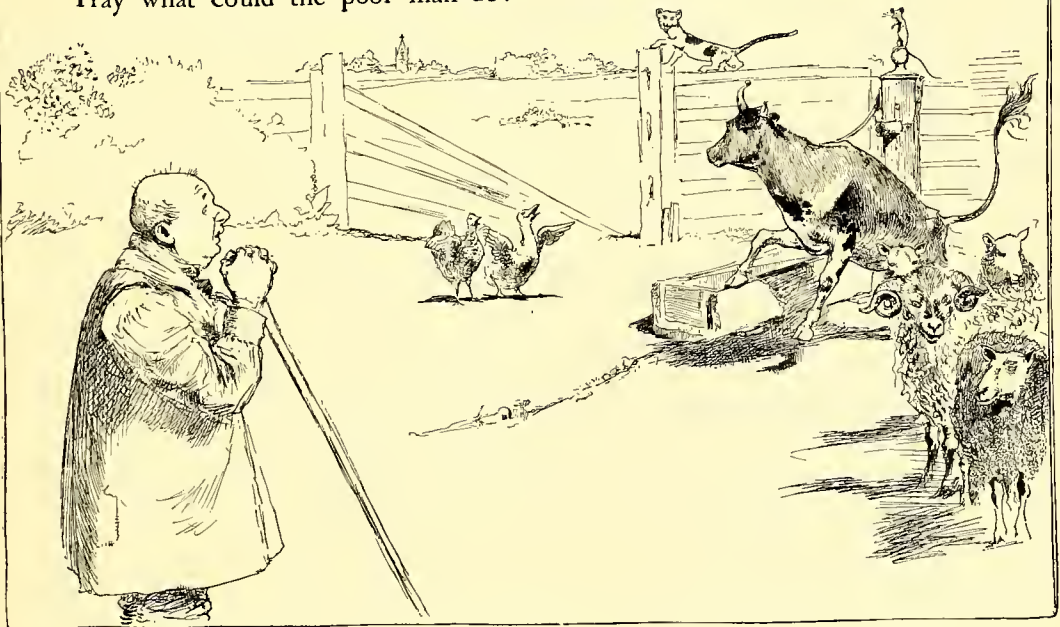


There was an old farmer who had a duck,
 Quack, quack, quack!
 She waddled under a two-horse truck
 For four long miles and back.
 Quack, quack! Cuk-a-ca-doo!
 Whoof! Baa! Moo!
 With a duck, hen, pig, a sheep, and a cow,
 Pray what could the poor man do?





There was an old farmer who had a cat,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!
She used to waltz with a gray old rat
By night in the farmer's mow.
Mee-ow! Quack! Cuk-a-ca-doo!
Whoof! Baa! Moo!
With cat, duck, hen, pig, sheep, and a cow,
Pray what could the poor man do?



LADY JANE.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

CHAPTER XXV.

TANTE MODESTE FINDS LADY JANE.

WHEN Paichoux read of the death of Madame Jozain in the charity hospital, he said decidedly, "Modeste, that woman never left the city. She never went to Texas. She has been hidden here all the time, and I must find that child."

"And if you find her, Papa, bring her right here to me," said the kind-hearted woman. "We have several children, it's true; but there's always room for Lady Jane, and I love the little girl as well as if she was mine."

Paichoux was gone nearly all day, and, much to the disappointment of the whole family, he did not find Lady Jane.

His first visit had been to the charity hospital, where he learned that Madame Jozain had been brought there a few days before by the charity wagon. It had been called to a miserable little cabin back of the city, where they had found the woman very ill, with no one to care for her, and destitute of every necessity. There was no child with her—she was quite alone; and in the few lucid intervals that preceded her death she had never spoken of any child. Paichoux then obtained the address from the driver of the charity wagon, and, after some search, he found the wretched neighborhood. There, all they could tell him was that the woman had come a few weeks before; that she had brought very little with her, and appeared to be in ill-health. There was no child with her then, and none of the neighbors had ever seen one visit her, or, for that matter, a grown person either. When she became worse, they were afraid she might die alone, and had called the charity wagon to take her to the hospital. The Public Administrator had taken charge of what little property she had left, and that was all they could tell.

Did any one know where she lived before she

came there? No one knew; an old negro had brought her, and her few things, and they had not noticed the number of his wagon. The landlord of the squalid place said that the same old man who brought her had engaged her room; he did not know the negro. Madame had paid a month's rent in advance, and just when the month was up she had been carried to the hospital.

There the information stopped, and, in spite of every effort, Paichoux could learn no more. The wretched woman had indeed obliterated, as it were, every trace of the child. In her fear of detection, after Lady Jane's escape from her, she had moved from place to place, hunted and pursued by a guilty conscience that would never allow her to rest, and gradually going from bad to worse, until she had died in that last refuge for the miserable, the charity hospital.

"And here I am, just where I started!" said Paichoux, dejectedly, after he had told Tante Modeste of his day's adventures. "However," said he, "I sha'n't give it up. I'm bound to find out what she did with that child. The more I think of it, the more I'm convinced that she never went to Texas, and that the child is still here. Now, I've a mind to visit every orphan asylum in the city, and see if I can't find her in one of them."

"I'll go with you," said Tante Modeste. "We'll see for ourselves, and then we shall be satisfied. Unless she gave the child away, Lady Jane's likely to be in some such place; and I think, as I always have, Paichoux, that she stole Lady Jane from some rich family, and that was why she ran off so suddenly and hid. That lady's coming the day after, proves that some one was on Madame's track. Oh, I tell you there's a mystery there, if we can only get at it! We'll start out to-morrow and see what can be done. I sha'n't rest until

the child is found and restored to her own people."

One morning, while Lady Jane was in the school-room, busy with her lessons, Margaret entered with some visitors. It was a very common thing for people to come during study hours, and the child did not look up until she heard some one say: "These are the children of that age; see if you recognize 'Lady Jane' among them."

It was her old name that startled her, and made her turn suddenly toward the man and woman who were looking eagerly about the room. In an instant the bright-faced woman cried, "Yes! yes! Oh, there she is"; and simultaneously, Lady Jane exclaimed, "Tante Modeste, oh, Tante Modeste!" and quicker than I can tell it, she was clasped to the loving heart of her old friend, while Paichoux looked on, twirling his hat and smiling broadly.

"Jane, you can come with us," said Margaret, as she led the way to the parlor.

There was a long and interesting conversation, to which the child listened with grave wonder, while she nestled close to Tante Modeste. She did not understand all they said; there was a great deal about Madame Jozain and Good Children Street, and a gold watch with diamond initials, and beautiful linen with the initial letters J. C. embroidered on it, and Madame's sudden flight, and the visit of the elegant lady in the fine carriage, the Texas story, and Madame's wretched hiding place, and miserable death in the charity hospital; to all of which Margaret listened with surprise and interest. Then she in turn told the Paichoux how Lady Jane had been found looking in the window on Christmas Eve, while she clung to the railings, half clad and suffering with the cold, and how she had questioned her and endeavored to get some clew to her identity.

"Why did n't you tell Mother Margaret about

your friends in Good Children Street, my dear?" asked Tante Modeste, with one of her bright smiles.

Lady Jane hesitated a moment, and then replied timidly, "Because I was afraid."

"What were you afraid of, my child?" asked Paichoux kindly.

"Tante Pauline told me that I must n't." Then she stopped and looked wistfully at Margaret. "Must I tell now, Mother Margaret? Will it be right to tell? Tante Pauline told me not to," she asked, eagerly.



"PAICHOUX LOOKED ON, SMILING BROADLY."

BIRCH
G

"Yes, my dear, you can tell everything now. It's right, you must tell us all you remember."

"Tante Pauline told me that I must never, never speak of Good Children Street, nor of any one that lived there, and that I must never tell any one my name, nor where I lived."

"Poor child!" said Margaret to Paichoux. "There must have been some serious reason for so much secrecy. Yes, I agree with you that there's a mystery which we must try to clear up, but I would rather wait a little while. Jane has a friend, who is very rich and very influential,—Mrs. Lanier, the banker's wife. She is absent in Washington, and when she returns,

I 'll consult with her and we 'll see what 's best to be done. I should n't like to take any important step until then. But in the mean time, Mr. Paichoux, it will do no harm to put your plan in operation. I think the idea is good, and in this way we can work together."

Then Paichoux promised to begin his investigations at once, for he was certain that they would bring about some good results, and that before many months had passed, Mother Margaret would have one orphan less to care for.

While Margaret and Paichoux were discussing these important matters, Tante Modeste and Lady Jane were talking as fast as their tongues could fly. The child heard for the first time about poor Mam'selle Diane's loss, and her eyes filled with tears of sympathy for her gentle friend. And then there were Pepsie and Madelon, Gex and Tite,—did they remember her and want to see her? Oh, how glad she was to hear from them all again. And Tante Modeste cried a little when Lady Jane told her of that terrible midnight ride, of the wretched home to which she had been carried, of her singing and begging in the streets, of her cold and hunger—and of the blow she had received as the crowning cruelty.

"But the worst of all was losing Tony. Oh, Tante Modeste," and the tears sprang to her eyes, "I 'm afraid I 'll never, never find him!"

"Yes you will, my dear. I 've faith to believe you will," replied Tante Modeste, hopefully. "We 've found you, *ma petite*, and now we 'll find the bird. Don't fret about it."

Then, after Margaret had promised to take Lady Jane to Good Children Street the next day, the good couple went away, well pleased with what they had accomplished.

Tante Modeste could not return home until she had told Pepsie as well as little Gex the good news, and Mam'selle Diane's sad heart was greatly cheered to know that the dear child was safe in the care of the good Margaret. And oh, what bright hopes and plans filled the lonely hours of that evening, as she sat dreaming on her little gallery in the pale, cold moonlight!

The next day, Pepsie cried and laughed together when Lady Jane sprang into her arms and embraced her with the old fervor.

"You 're just the same," she said, holding the child off and looking at her fondly; "that is, your face has n't changed; but I don't like your hair braided, and I don't like your clothes. I must get Mother Margaret to let me dress you as I used to."

And Mam'selle Diane had something of the same feeling, when, after the first long embrace, she looked at the child, and asked Mother Margaret if it was necessary for her to wear the uniform of the home.

"She must wear it while she is an inmate," replied Margaret, smiling. "But that will not be long, I suspect; we shall lose her—yes, I 'm afraid we shall lose her soon."

Then, Mam'selle Diane talked a long while with Margaret, about her hopes and plans for Lady Jane. "I am all alone," she said, pathetically, "and she would give me a new interest in life. If her relatives are not discovered, why cannot I have her? I will educate her, and teach her music, and devote my life to her."

Margaret promised to think it over, and in the mean time she consented that Lady Jane should remain a few days with Mam'selle Diane and her friends in Good Children Street.

That night, while the child was nestled close to Mam'selle Diane, as they sat together on the little moonlit gallery, she suddenly asked with startling earnestness:

"Has your Mamma gone to heaven too, Mam'selle Diane?"

"I hope so, my darling; I think so," replied Diane in a choked voice.

"Well, then, if she has, she 'll see my Papa and Mamma and tell them about me, and oh, Mam'selle, won't they be glad to hear from me?"

"I hope she will tell them how dearly I love you, and what you are to me," murmured Mam'selle, pressing her cheek to the bright little head resting against her shoulder.

"Look up there, Mam'selle Diane; do you see those two beautiful stars so near together? I always think they are Mamma and Papa watching me. Now I know Mamma is there too, and will never come back again; and see, near those there is another very soft and bright; perhaps that is *your* Mamma shining there with them."

"Perhaps it is, my dear. Yes, perhaps it is," and Mam'selle Diane raised her faded eyes toward the sky, with new hope and strength in their calm depths.

About that time Paichoux began a most laborious correspondence with a fashionable jeweler in New York, which resulted in some very valuable information concerning a watch with a diamond monogram.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT MRS. LANIER'S.

IT was a few days before the following Christmas, and Mrs. Lanier, who had just returned from Washington, was sitting alone one evening in her own pretty little parlor, when a servant handed her a card.

"Arthur Maynard," she read. "Let him come up at once"; and as the servant left the room, she added to herself: "Dear boy! I'm so glad he's come for Christmas."

In a moment the handsome young fellow was in the room, shaking hands in the most cordial way.

"You see I'm home, as usual, for the holidays, Mrs. Lanier," he said, showing a row of very white teeth when he laughed.

"Yes, you always do come for Christmas and Mardi-gras, don't you? You're such a boy still, Arthur," and Mrs. Lanier looked at him as if she approved of his boyishness. "Sit down and let us have a long chat. The children have gone to the theater with Mr. Lanier. I was too tired to go with them. You know we reached home only this morning."

"No; I did n't know that, or I would n't have come. You don't wish to be bothered with me when you're so tired," said Arthur, rising.

"Nonsense, Arthur; sit down. You always cheer me up. You're so full of life and spirits, I'm really glad to see you."

While Mrs. Lanier was speaking, the young fellow's bright, clear eyes were traveling about the room, and glancing at everything, pictures, *bric-à-brac*, and flowers. Suddenly, he uttered an exclamation, and, springing up, seized a photograph in a velvet frame that stood on a cabinet near him.

It represented a family group: father, mother, and child; and for a moment he seemed too surprised to speak. Then he asked in a very excited tone, "Mrs. Lanier, where did you get this, and who is the lady?"

"She is a friend of mine," said Mrs. Lanier, much surprised. "Why do you ask—have you ever seen her?"

"Yes, yes; and I have a copy of this picture. It is such a strange story; but first, before I say a word, please tell me who she is, and all about her."

"Why, Arthur, you seem greatly interested," returned Mrs. Lanier, with a smile. "The lady is my dear friend, Jane Chetwynd. We were classmates at boarding-school in New York; her father is the rich Mr. Chetwynd. You have heard of him, have n't you?"

"Yes, indeed; but please go on."

"Do you want all the history?"

"Everything, please. I've a serious reason for wanting to know all about the originals of this photograph."

"Well, the gentleman is Jane's husband, Mr. Churchill, an Englishman, and the little girl is 'Lady Jane,' their only child. There's quite a romance connected with Jane's history, and I'm just now floundering in a sea of darkness in regard to that same Jane Chetwynd."

"If you please, go on, and perhaps I can help you out," urged the young man, eagerly and abruptly.

"Well, as it's a subject I'm greatly interested in, I don't mind telling you the whole story. Jane Chetwynd was the only daughter—her mother died when she was a child. Jane was her father's idol, he had great plans for her, and when she was only eighteen he hoped she would marry one of the rich Bindervilles. Jane, however, married a young Englishman who was in her father's employ. The young man was handsome, as you can see by his picture, well born, and well educated; but he was unknown and poor. To Richard Chetwynd that was unparadonable, and, therefore, he disowned Jane—cut her off entirely, refused to see her, or even to allow her name to be mentioned.

"A cousin of Mr. Churchill, who lived in England, owned a fine ranch in Texas, and there the young couple went to pass their

honeymoon. They were delighted with the ranch, and decided to make it a permanent home.

"Their little girl was born there, and was named for her mother. On account of some dainty little ways, and to avoid confusing her name and her mother's, her father called her Lady Jane.

"In her frequent letters to me, my friend spoke of her as a remarkable child, and, of course, she was the idol of her parents. In spite of the trouble with her father, Jane never regretted her choice, and even her isolated life had many charms for her. She was of a quiet, domestic disposition, and loved the country. Indeed, I know her life there was one of idyllic happiness. When the child was three years old, Jane sent me that picture; then, about two more years passed during which time I heard from her frequently, and after that, suddenly, the correspondence stopped. I was in Europe for a year, and when I returned, I set to work to find out the cause. Many letters were returned from San Antonio, the nearest post-office; but finally we succeeded in communicating with the overseer on the ranch, who informed us that Mr. Churchill had died suddenly of a prevalent fever, the summer before—more than two years ago, now—and that Mrs. Churchill, with her little girl, had left the ranch directly after her husband's death to return to New York, since which time he had received no news of her; and in his letter the overseer also expressed surprise at her long silence, as he said she had left many valuable things that were to be sent to her when and where she should direct, after she reached New York; he had since received no instructions and the property was still in Texas.

"Then I wrote directly to New York, to a friend who was very intimate at one time with the Chetwynds, for some information about Jane; but she could tell me nothing more than the newspapers told me, that Richard Chetwynd had gone abroad, to remain some years. Of Jane, I could not hear a word.

"Sometimes, I think she may have followed her father to Europe, and that they are reconciled and living there together. But why does she not write to me—to the friend whom she always loved so dearly?

"Then, there is another thing that has worried me no little, although in itself it is a trifle. When we were at school together, I had a little birthday gift made at Tiffany's for Jane, a silver jewel-box, engraved with pansies and forget-me-nots, and a lot of school-girl nonsense. I made the design myself, and the design for the monogram also. About a year ago I found *that very box* for sale at Madame Hortense's, on Canal Street. When I asked Hortense where she got it, she told me that it was left with her to sell by a woman who lived down town on Good Children Street; and she gave me the name and the address; but when I went there, after a day or two, the woman had gone—left mysteriously in the night, and none of the neighbors could tell me where she went. Of course the woman's sudden disappearance made me feel that there was something wrong about her, and I can't help thinking that she got the little box dishonestly. It may have been stolen, either in Texas or in New York, and finally drifted here for sale. I took possession of it at once, very thankful that such a precious relic of my girlhood should have accidentally fallen into my hands; but every time I look at it, I feel that it is a key which might unlock a mystery, if only I knew how to use it."

All the while Mrs. Lanier was speaking, Arthur Maynard followed every word with bright, questioning eyes, and eager, intense interest. Sometimes he seemed about to interrupt her; then he closed his lips firmly and continued to listen.

Mrs. Lanier was looking at him inquiringly, and when he waited as if to hear more, she said: "I have told you all. Now, what have you to tell me?"

"Something quite as strange as anything you have told me," replied Arthur Maynard, with an enigmatical air. "You must not think you're the only one with a mystery worthy the skill of a Parisian detective. If I had any such talent, I might make myself famous, with your clues and my clues together."

"What in the world do you mean, Arthur? What do you know?—for pity's sake tell me! You can't think how Jane Chetwynd's long silence distresses me."

"Fool that I was!" cried the young fellow,

jumping up and pacing the room with a half tragic air. "If I had n't been an idiot—a simpleton—a gosling—if I 'd had a spark of sense, I could have brought that same Jane Chetwynd, and the adorable little Lady Jane, straight to your door. Instead of that, I let them get off the train at Gretna alone, when it was nearly dark, and—Heaven only knows what happened to them!"

"Arthur Maynard, what *do* you mean?" asked Mrs. Lanier, rising to her feet, pale and trembling. "When—where—where is she now—where is Jane Chetwynd?"

"I wish I knew. I'm as wretched and anxious as you are, Mrs. Lanier, and what has happened to-day has quite upset me; but I must tell you my story, as you have told yours."

And then, while Mrs. Lanier listened with clasped hands and intent gaze, Arthur Maynard told of the meeting with Lady Jane and her mother on the train, of the gift of "Tony," the blue heron, and of the separation at Gretna.

"Oh, Arthur, why—*why* did n't you go with them, and bring them to me? She was a stranger, and she did n't know the way, and—your being our friend and all."

"My dear Mrs. Lanier, she never mentioned your name or number. How could I guess you were the friend to whom she was going? and I did n't like to seem presuming."

"But where did she go? She never came here!"

"Wait till I have told you the rest and then we will discuss that. I stood on the platform until the train started, and watched them walking toward the ferry, the mother very feebly, and the child skipping along with the little basket, delighted with her new possession. Then I went back to my seat, angry enough at myself because I was n't with them, when what should I see on the floor, under their seat, but a book they had left. I have it now, and I 'll bring it to you to-morrow; inside of the book was a photograph, a duplicate of this, and on the fly-leaf was written 'Jane Chetwynd.'"

"I thought so! I knew it was Jane!" exclaimed Mrs. Lanier, excitedly. "But she never came here. Where could she have gone?"

"That 's the mystery. She may have changed

her mind and gone to a hotel, or something may have happened to her. I don't know. I don't like to think of it! However, the next day, I advertised the book, and advertised it for a week; but it was never claimed, and from that day to this, I've never been able to discover either the mother or the child."

"How strange, how very strange!" said Mrs. Lanier, greatly troubled. "Why should she have changed her mind so suddenly? If she had started to come to me, why did n't she come?"

"The only reasonable solution to the problem is that she changed her mind and went on to New York by the night train. She evidently did not go to a hotel, for I have looked over all the hotel registers of that time, and her name does not appear on any of them. So far there is nothing very mysterious; she might have taken the night train."

"Oh, Arthur, she probably did. Why do you say, she *might have*?"

"Because, you see, I have a sequel to my story. You had a sequel to yours, a sequel of a box. Mine is a sequel of a bird,—the blue heron I gave the little Lady Jane. *I bought that same blue heron from a bird-fancier on Charter Street this very morning.*"

"How can you be sure that it is the same bird, Arthur? How can you be sure?"

"Because it was marked in a peculiar way. It had three distinct black crosses on one wing. I knew the rogue as soon as I saw him, although he has grown twice the size, and—would you believe it?—he has the same leather band on his leg that I sewed on more than two years ago."

"And you found out where the fancier bought him?" asked Mrs. Lanier, breathlessly.

"Of course I asked, the first thing; but all the information I could get from the merchant was that he bought him from an Italian a few days before, who was very anxious to sell him. When I called the bird by his name, Tony, he recognized it instantly. So you see that he has probably been called by that name."

"The child must have lost him, or he must have been stolen. Then, the box, the jewel-box here, too. Good heavens! Arthur, what can it mean?"

"It means that Mrs. Churchill never left New Orleans," said Arthur, decidedly.

"My dear Arthur, you alarm me!" cried Mrs. Lanier. "There is something dreadful behind all this. Go on and tell me everything you know."

"Well, after I bought the bird, and while I was writing my address for the man to send him home, a funny little old Frenchman came in, and suddenly pounced on Tony, and began to jabber in the most absurd way. I thought he was crazy at first; but after a while, I made him understand that the heron belonged to me; and when I had calmed him down somewhat, I gathered from his remarks that this identical blue heron had been the property of 'one leetle lady,' who formerly lived on Good Children Street."

"Good Children Street," interrupted Mrs. Lanier, opening her eyes. "What a remarkable coincidence!"

"—That the bird had been lost, and that he had searched everywhere to find it for the 'leetle lady.' Then I asked him for a description of the 'leetle lady,' and, as I live, Mrs. Lanier, he described that child to the life," and Arthur Maynard pointed to the photograph as he spoke.

"Oh, Arthur, can it be that Jane Chetwynd is dead? What else can it mean? Where is the child? I must see her. Will you go with me to Good Children Street early to-morrow?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Lanier. But she is not there. The old man told me a long story of a Madame Jozain, who ran away with the child."

"Madame Jozain!" cried Mrs. Lanier excitedly—"the same woman who had the jewel-box!"

"Evidently the same, and we are on her track,—or we should be if she were alive; but,

unfortunately, she 's dead. The little Frenchman says so, and he says the child is now in Mother Margaret's Orphans' Home. I meant to go there to-day."

"Oh, I see it all now. It is as clear as day to me!" cried Mrs. Lanier, springing from her chair and walking excitedly back and forth. "It is all explained—the mysterious attraction I felt for that child from the first. Her eyes, her voice, her smile are Jane Chetwynd's. Arthur, would you know her if you saw her?"

"Certainly. She has n't grown out of my recollection in two years, though of course she may not resemble the photograph so much. You see it is four or five years since that was taken; but she can't have changed in two years so that I won't know her, and I 'm very sure also that she 'll remember me."

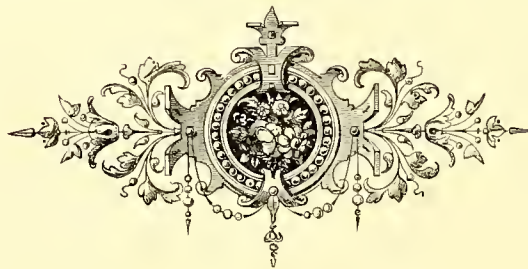
"Well, come to-morrow at eleven, and I think I can have her here. The lovely child in Margaret's Home, in whom I have felt such an interest, must be the one. Her name is Jane. I will write to Mother Margaret at once, to bring her here to-morrow morning, and Arthur, if you can identify her, she is Jane Chetwynd's child without a doubt;—but Jane—poor Jane! what *has* happened to her? It is a mystery, and I shall never rest until it is explained."

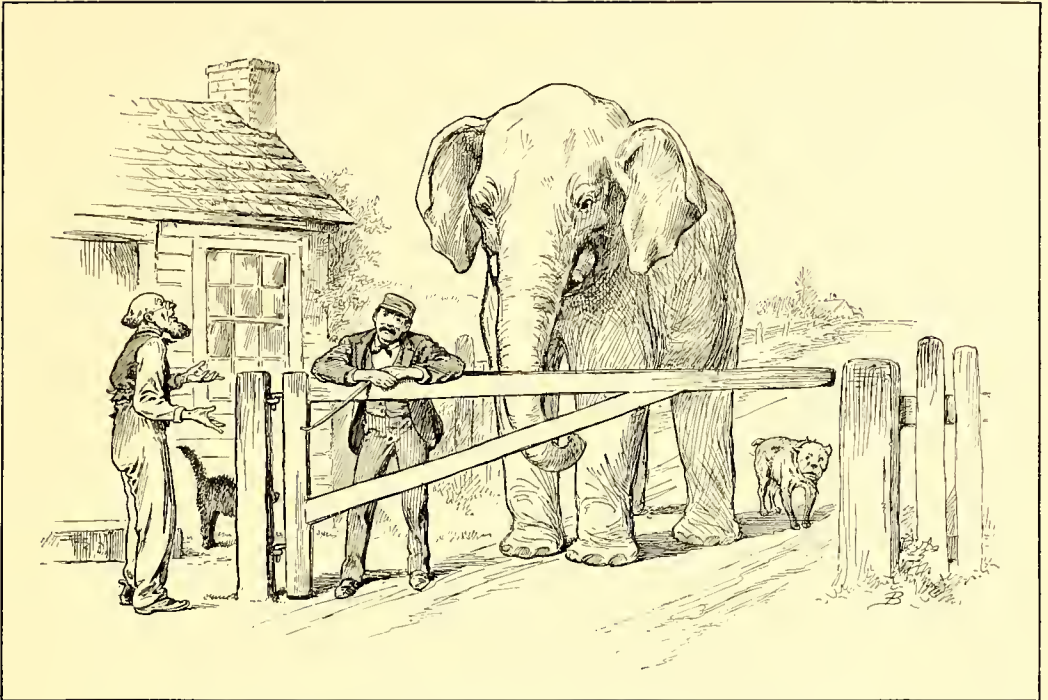
"And perhaps you will hate me for my stupidity," replied Arthur, looking very much cast down, as he shook hands and said good-night.

"No, no, my dear boy. You were not in the least to blame, and perhaps your generosity in giving Lady Jane the blue heron may be the means of restoring her to her friends."

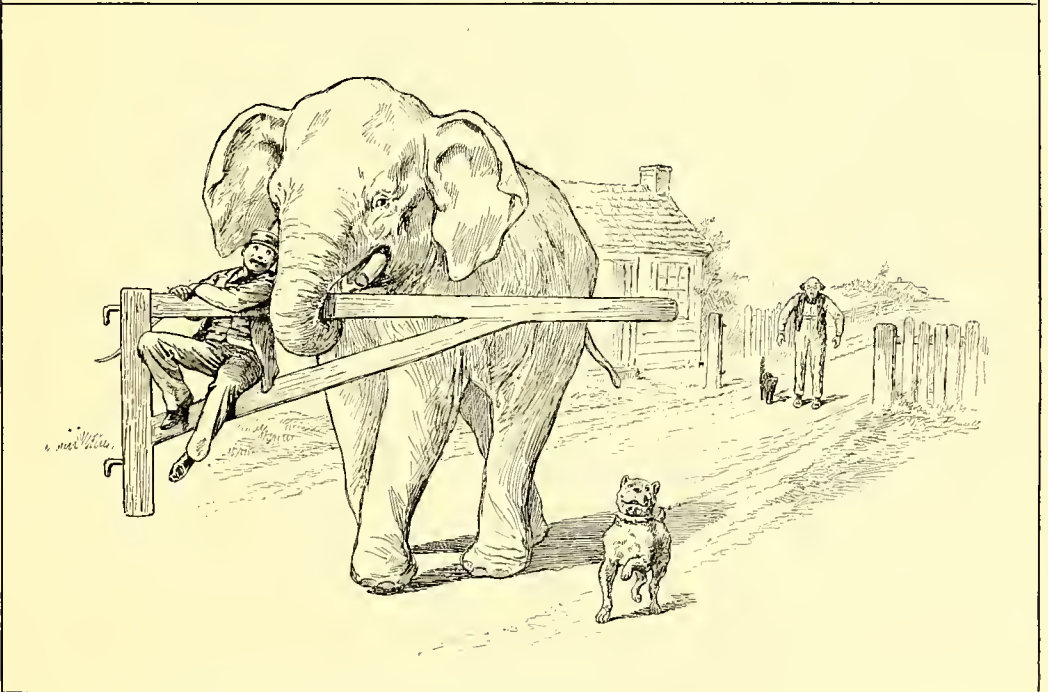
Thinking the matter over from Mrs. Lanier's point of view, Arthur went away somewhat comforted, but still very anxious about the developments the next day might bring forth.

(To be concluded.)





A DISPUTE ABOUT THE TOLL.



THE DISPUTE SETTLED.



SANTA CLAUS AND HIS BODY-GUARD.

THE BOYHOOD OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

BY ALEXANDER BLACK.

ON a certain day, a little over four hundred years ago, two boys walked homeward through the streets of the beautiful city of Florence. The name of one of the boys was Francesco Granacci, who was then a pupil of the leading painter of the city, Domenico Ghirlandajo. The name of the other boy, who had that day, in company with his friend, made his first visit to the great artist's studio, was Michael Angelo.

This was a great day for Michael Angelo. For months and years he had dreamed of being an artist, and now for the first time he had seen and spoken to the famous teacher, watched the work of the pupils gathered in the studio. Had it been left to his choice, Michael Angelo would have joined the school the next morning. But he had no reason to believe his father would allow him to take up paint brushes instead of going into a profession, or the woolen trade, like his brothers.

In fact, it was because his parents, who were of some rank in Florence, though with little wealth, had planned for him a great position in law or politics, that Angelo had been sent to an academy where it was expected he would get a good education. But instead of studying his books, Angelo made chalk drawings on the walls and floor of his room. This greatly disappointed his father, who first rebuked him, and then, when the lessons were persistently neglected for the pictures, added a flogging. The whole family was worried about the boy's obstinate wish to be an artist. This was why the lad, elated by his visit to the art-school, was still doubtful of the effect his enthusiasm might produce at home.

This enthusiasm would have had little influence with Michael Angelo's father, but for one important fact. This important fact was that the boy's drawings had extraordinary merit. Nobody, not even the annoyed brothers and

uncles who made such continued remonstrance, denied that they were remarkable. So that something more eloquent than Michael Angelo's spoken arguments was constantly pleading his cause. Perceiving that his son had not merely great energy, and great hopes, but great natural aptitude for art, the father finally gave up his own cherished plans, and permitted Michael Angelo to become an apprentice of Ghirlandajo.

When this long-desired permission was given, Michael Angelo was just passing his thirteenth birthday. How much confidence the master had in his new apprentice is shown by the fact that instead of exacting a fee, or taking him on trial, he agreed to pay Michael Angelo six gold florins for the first year, eight for the second, and ten for the third. From the outset, the young artist pursued his studies, as well as the apprentice work assigned to him, with the utmost earnestness and activity. His progress in drawing astonished his companions, and almost bewildered his master, who one day exclaimed on seeing one of Angelo's original sketches: "The boy already knows more about art than I do myself."

At this time the control of the Florentine government was in the hands of Lorenzo de' Medici, then probably the most distinguished man in all Italy. Lorenzo took a most tyrannical view of the people's rights, and his personal habits were not always what they should have been. But he was a man with a brilliant mind, who made great and successful efforts to increase the splendor of the city, and who came to be called Lorenzo the Magnificent. He gave every encouragement to art and literature, particularly when they might extend his own reputation for magnificence. His taste and judgment in matters of art were equal to his shrewdness and courage as a politician. During the time of Michael Angelo's apprenticeship,

Lorenzo formed new plans for furthering art study in the gardens of San Marco, in which he placed many valuable examples of the ancient masters. When Lorenzo suggested to Ghirlandajo the sending of worthy pupils to study sculpture in these gardens, the master selected Michael Angelo and his friend Francesco.

It has frequently been said that the Florentine teacher was jealous of Michael Angelo's genius as a draughtsman, and was prompted by this feeling, in turning the lad from painting to sculpture. Ghirlandajo had certainly received some occasion for irritation, since the apprentice was always very positive in his opinions, and, on one occasion, at least, went so far as to correct a drawing which the master himself had given to one of his pupils as a model. Yet there is no evidence of any unkindly feeling in Ghirlandajo's recommendation. It is quite probable that Michael Angelo had shown a strong leaning toward sculpture. At any rate, he was as delighted to find himself in the gardens of San Marco as if he had been dropped into the Garden of Eden.

One afternoon, the Duke Lorenzo in walking through the garden came upon young Michael Angelo, who was busily chiseling his first piece of sculpture. The Duke saw in the stone the face of a faun which the boy was copying from an antique mask, but which, with his usual impatience of imitation, he was changing so as to show the open lips and teeth. "How is it," said the Duke, drawing closer, "that you have given your faun a complete set of teeth? Don't you know that such an old fellow was sure to have lost some of them?" Michael Angelo at once saw the justice of the criticism. Artists are not always ready to receive adverse comment. Michael Angelo himself was quick-tempered and hard to move. A hot word to one of his boy companions on a certain occasion brought so severe a blow in the face, that all truthful portraits of Michael Angelo have since had to show him with a broken nose. But the Duke's criticism was kindly given, and was plainly warranted, and the young sculptor could hardly wait until the Duke walked on before beginning the correction. When the Duke saw the faun's face again he found some of the teeth gone, and the empty sockets skilfully chiseled out.

Delighted with this evidence of the lad's willingness to seize and act upon a suggestion, and impressed anew by his artistic skill, the Duke made inquiries, learned that Michael Angelo had borrowed stone and tools on his own account in his eagerness to begin sculpture (he was first set at drawing from the statuary), and ended by sending for the boy's father. The result of the consultation was that the Duke took Michael Angelo under his own special patronage and protection, and was so well pleased after he had done it that no favor seemed too great to bestow upon the energetic young artist. Michael Angelo, then only fifteen, not only received a key to the Garden of Sculpture, and an apartment in the Medici Palace itself, but had a place at the Duke's table. In fact, a real attachment grew up between Michael Angelo and the Duke, who frequently called the boy to his own rooms, when he would open a cabinet of gems and intaglios, seek his young visitor's opinions, and enter into long and confidential talks.

Michael Angelo found himself in the company of the best instructors, and otherwise surrounded by many influences that developed his mind and incited his ambition. The most illustrious people in Italy were daily visitors at the Palace, where the Duke not only gave imposing entertainments, but gathered quiet groups of artists, writers, and musicians. It is likely that there were many distracting and even dangerous temptations in life at such a palace. But fortunately Michael Angelo had a strong will, and little love for things that were not noble. He permitted nothing to stop his progress in art.

It was under the encouragement of one of his teachers that Michael Angelo, when about seventeen, undertook to chisel an important bas-relief of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, in which his success was marvelous. Michael Angelo himself, looking on the work many years later, said that he wished he had never given a moment to anything but sculpture.

This remark of Michael Angelo recalls the fact that at the time the Centaurs were carved the author of the work was steadily increasing his knowledge and grasp of painting and architecture, as well as acquiring useful ideas of history and literature. A world of thought-riches

was opening up before him. It may, therefore, be imagined that his grief was very great when, at the end of three years of such happy advancement, the Duke Lorenzo died, and Michael Angelo returned to his father's house in much misery of mind, and set up his studio there. Lorenzo's son Piero asked the boy back to the palace. But the place never was the same, for the new Duke had not his father's qualities of mind. One of his whims was to induce Michael Angelo to work during a severe winter on an immense figure in snow. This was undoubtedly the finest snow man ever built; but Michael Angelo had no heart for work that so soon must melt away.

Before his return to the palace, Michael Angelo had begun a series of careful studies in anatomy, to familiarize himself with every line and dimension of the figure. He toiled at this study for years, until his mastery of the human form was complete. He never painted or chiseled a figure without working out in a drawing the most delicate details of the anat-

omy, so that no turn of vein or muscle might be false to the absolute truth. It is by such means that any mastery is secured. Behind every work of genius, whether book, picture, or engine, is an amount of labor and pains — yes, and of *pain* — that would have frightened off a weak spirit.

When political disturbances broke out in Florence, Michael Angelo hurried away to Venice, and to Bologna. Poor Florence was always tumbling from one revolution into another. The troubles of Florence were reflected in the life of Michael Angelo, who never again found the peace of those San Marco gardens. But Michael Angelo's stern and courageous mind was never crushed by disappointment. After a life crowded with labors, he left behind him colossal triumphs in painting, in architecture, and in sculpture, besides making a great name as a poet. He was a giant in every labor that he undertook, one of the world's greatest men.

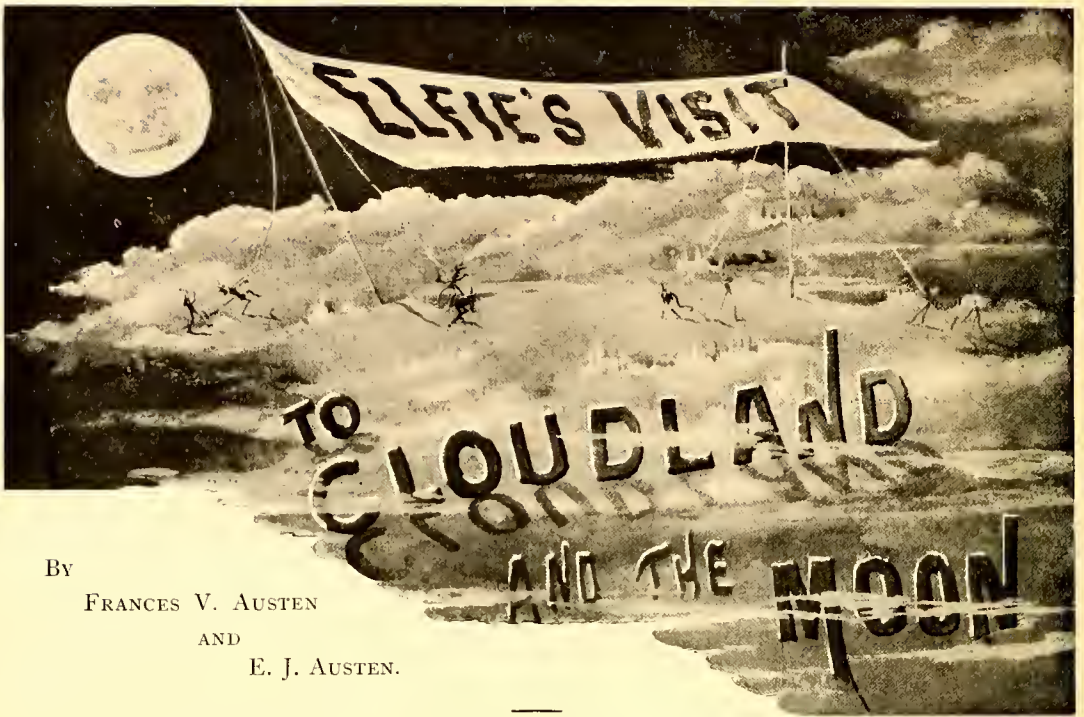
Michael Angelo was born in 1475 at a castle in Tuscany where his father held office as a Governor. His father's name was Ludovico Buonarroti, and he himself was christened Michelagnoli Buonarroti, but for four centuries he has been popularly called Michael Angelo. The head of a faun, upon which the boy worked in the San Marco Gardens, may still be seen in one of the museums of Florence. The piece of sculpture representing Michael Angelo at work on the faun's head, and which forms the frontispiece to this number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, was executed by Emilio Zocchi, and occupies a place in the Pitti Gallery at Florence.

A DECEMBER DITTY.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

THE Holly, oh, the Holly!
 Green leaf, and berry red,
 Is the plant that thrives in winter
 When all the rest are fled.
 When snows are on the ground,
 And the skies are gray and drear,
 The Holly comes at Christmas-tide
 And brings the Christmas cheer.
 Sing the Mistletoe, the Ivy,
 And the Holly-bush so gay,
 That come to us in winter —
 No summer friends are they.

Give me the sturdy friendship
 That will ever loyal hold,
 And give me the hardy Holly
 That dares the winter's cold;
 Oh, the roses bloom in June,
 When the skies are bright and clear,
 But the Holly comes at Christmas-tide
 The best time o' the year.
 Sing the Holly, and the Ivy,
 And the merry Mistletoe,
 That come to us in winter
 When the fields are white with snow!



BY

FRANCES V. AUSTEN

AND

E. J. AUSTEN.

TRICK THE FIRST.

HOW ELFIE WONDERED ABOUT THE MOON AND MOTHER GOOSE, AND HOW E-MA-JI-NA-SHUN APPEARED OUT OF THE SMOKE.

ONCE upon a time, although it was not such a very *very* long time ago, there lived a little girl named Elfie.

Her home was with her papa and mama in one of those pretty villages on the banks of the great Hudson River, which you all know winds through the State of New York. The mighty Catskill Mountains, where old Rip Van Winkle was lost, were not far from her house.

She was really a very pretty child with brown eyes and lovely fair curling hair, and was seven years old on her latest birthday. Besides her papa and mama she had a most delightful grandma and grandpa who lived with them, both of whom used to tell her the most beautiful fairy stories that any little girl ever listened to.

Then she had several aunts who lived in the city, one of whom, Auntie Louie, was quite as good as a story-book herself, for she had been all over the world, and loved to tell tales of her travels to whoever would listen to her. There

was an Aunt Eva, who was very fond of Elfie, and would play with her by the hour, and an Uncle George, who was just as good and kind as Uncle Georges always are in the story-books. So you see that Elfie had no lack of friends, and had so many people to tell her stories that her little mind was full of Mother Goose and goblins and princes and fairies and all the wonderful things that have been written for the amusement of children since the beginning of the world.

Now you would think that if ever there was anybody who ought to be happy, Elfie ought to have been; but in spite of all the stories she had heard and read, and in spite of all the play-things she had to amuse her, she was, in many ways, the most discontented little girl that ever lived. She was always wishing for something that she did not have: one day for a bigger dolly, another for three birthdays a year, another for something else — always wishing, wishing.

You have all read or heard of the little boy who cried for the moon. Well, Elfie actually did that, too, until she grew old enough to know that no one could climb up to get it for her; and then she began to wish she could go there. She kept wishing this so much, that at

last she began to think of very little else, and when in the evening it grew dark, so that she could not see to play any more, she would creep to a seat at the window and watch for the moon.

One thing that surprised her more than anything else about the moon, was the way it would first appear as a tiny streak, and then every night grow a little bigger till at last it was as big and as round as the prize pumpkin Elfie had seen at the State Fair. She supposed it must grow during the day; but then no sooner did it become quite round and full than it would get smaller every night, just as mysteriously as it had grown, till at last it would disappear altogether, to make way for a new one. This puzzled Elfie a great deal; and although she did not speak to people about it, for fear they would laugh at her, or give her some funny answer, she often wished some one would tell her the reason. She became so curious about it that she even dreamed about it; but her dreams never told her why the moon grew larger and smaller, or why it disappeared and came again.

Another thing that worried Elfie greatly was whether Mother Goose was a real person or not. "Who was she?" she wondered. "Was she a 'surely' old lady who gave up her whole time to writing those wonderful rhymes, or was it only just make-believe?" Then, who were Little Tommy Tucker, Humpty Dumpty, Little Jack Horner and all the other delightful people she wrote about? Did they really live anywhere, or were they like old Mother Goose, just "made up"?

Good gracious! when Elfie began to think and wonder, it seemed as if she never would be able to live long enough to find out all about it. To be sure, Uncle George always talked about Mother Goose, and Jack and Jill, and the rest, as if he knew them quite well; and she was quite sure in her own mind that Santa Claus was a real person because her papa and mama and every one of her aunties used to speak of him, just as if they had met him, and did he not always bring her the loveliest presents at Christmas?

Elfie used to feel that if she could only be grown up she would know all about him, just as every one else did.

One Christmas-day, Santa Claus had brought

her more presents than ever, and among them was a splendid book of Mother Goose's rhymes, full of pictures. Elfie thought she never would become tired of reading it, and looking at the lovely pictures; but, after all, it only set her wondering more than ever as to where the artist who drew the portraits of all these people could have seen them; for he must have seen them somewhere, she thought, or he never could have made these beautiful pictures.

One of papa's friends was an artist, and he was also a great crony of Elfie's; so she made up her mind that the very first time she saw Mr. Krome she would ask him about it.

It was not many days after this that Mr. Krome called at the house and found Elfie sitting in a great easy-chair in front of the fire in the parlor, with her wonderful book.



ELFIE READING MOTHER GOOSE.

"Well, my little wonder-child," he said, "what is the trouble now? — and what is the last mystery that little head is puzzling itself over?"

You see, Mr. Krome had heard something of Elfie's funny questions. He took the little girl on his knee and sat down in the chair. After a short talk, she told him all she had been thinking about, and wound up by asking

him where the artists found all the pictures of Tommy Tucker, Jack Horner and the rest of Mother Goose's family.

Mr. Krome smiled at the number of questions that Elfie asked, but said after a little:

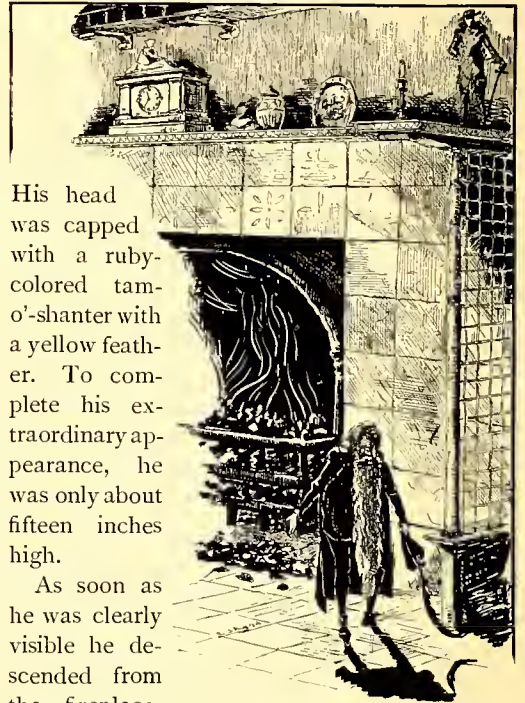
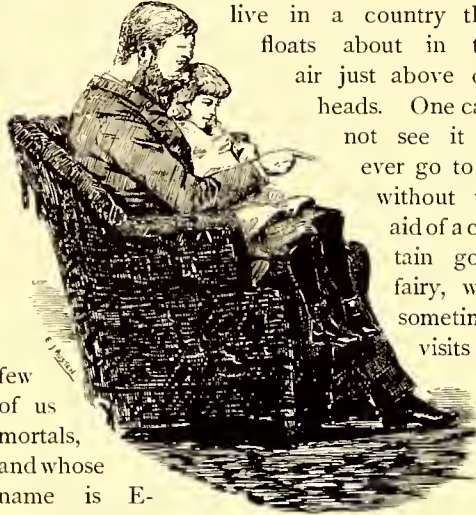
"Well, my dear, I will tell you. You must know that all these people live in a country that floats about in the air just above our heads. One cannot see it or ever go to it, without the aid of a certain good fairy, who sometimes visits a

few of us mortals, and whose name is E-ma-ji-na-shun. The country is the 'Realm of Fancy' or 'Cloudland.'

"Now if you will let me hold you tight and look straight into the fire, I will try to persuade old E-ma-ji-na-shun, who is quite a good friend of mine, and often calls upon me, to pay us a visit and take you back to this wonderful country, where you will perhaps be able to see some of these good people yourself."

Elfie cuddled close up to her friend and fixed her eyes on the fire. For some time she could see nothing but the coal gleaming in the grate, with here and there a deep fiery chasm, while from the mass of black unburned coal on the top shot and flickered tiny little blue flames, which seemed to Elfie, as she sat in her friend's lap, to leap and to dance and to take on all sorts of fantastic shapes. By and by, while she was still looking hard at the fire, she saw that the thin bluish smoke, which had been floating up the chimney in faint streaks, was no longer rising very high from the coals, but was collecting in a little mass of vapor just above the fire, and was slowly taking on the shape of a tiny man. As it grew more and more distinct, she saw that he was very, very old, and that he had a

long white beard, which reached nearly to his toes. He was dressed in the same queer fashion as she had seen in the pictures of goblins and gnomes in her story-books. The color of his garments seemed to have been borrowed from the tints of the fire and the smoke, from which he had come. His tightly fitting jacket, or doublet, was black like the blackest of the coals; so was the outside of a cloak which fell from his shoulders, the lining being the color of the flame. His legs were clad in orange-colored tights, with black trunks slashed with fiery streaks. His hair and beard were the tint of the smoke, and had the same vapory look; the color of his face was like a mixture of hot coals and ashes. His eyes were formed by two of the brightest coals, and twinkled with so much life and jollity that Elfie could see, even if he was as old as his hair and beard made him appear, that he was as full of fun and frolic as a boy.



His head was capped with a ruby-colored tam-o'-shanter with a yellow feather. To complete his extraordinary appearance, he was only about fifteen inches high.

As soon as he was clearly visible he descended from the fireplace, and came forward to where

Elfie sat on Mr. Krome's knee. He took off his cap with a low bow, and said most politely, "At your service, my lady. What is your will?"

"HE TOOK OFF HIS CAP AND SAID POLITELY, 'AT YOUR SERVICE, MY LADY. WHAT IS YOUR WILL?'"

TRICK THE SECOND.

WHAT E-MA-JI-NA-SHUN TOLD ELFIE ABOUT HIMSELF. THE WONDERFUL RIDE TO CLOUDLAND IN A WREATH OF SMOKE. THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.



ELFIE was not a bit frightened, but looked up

at Mr. Krome to tell her what to say. He had already nodded familiarly to the old gentleman, and said in answer to his question:

"First tell this young lady a little about yourself, and then take her on a visit to the 'Realm of Fancy.'"

The little old man's eyes glowed and twinkled merrily as he sat down on a hot coal and placed one little foot on the second bar of the grate. He began to talk in a quaint, funny little voice which sounded for all the world like ashes dropping from the fire.

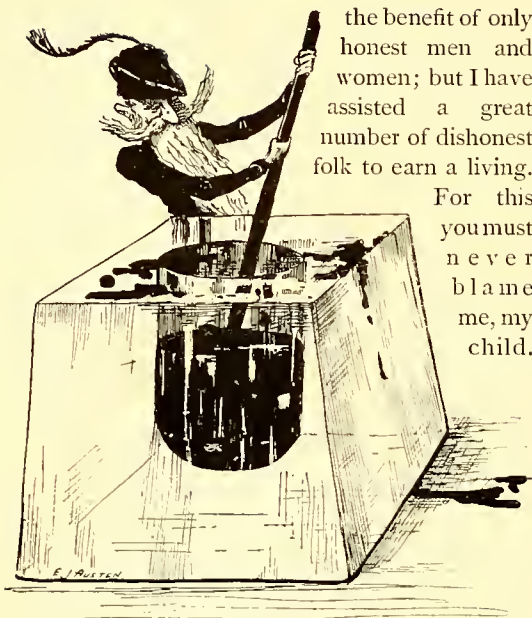
"My name, my dear, is E-ma-ji-na-shun, and I am six thousand years old or older. I have

lost track of my birthday for a long time, but I am just as old as the world. I am the King of the Realm of Fancy, or Cloudland. Indeed I created it, as well as all the people who live in it. I have been acquainted with all the great people that ever lived; and, long after they have died and the history of them has been written, the historians who have lived at a later period have had to come to me for information about them. Sometimes I would forget what I had told them, and tell somebody else something quite different about the same man, but it has made very little difference, and the world has gone on just the same. I invented every story that ever has been written, and have told them to the people who have had the credit of writing them; but they have been such good friends of mine that I have been glad of their success. I am always pleased to make new friends, especially among little girls and boys; and any child who makes a friend of me, and does not neglect me as he grows up, is sure to become famous. But there are many persons who think they are cleverer than I am, and sit down to write without giving me full liberty to stir their ink for them or to ride on their pens.

"I must say, however," he added, with a funny little look at his toes as he swung on the top bar of the grate, "that some people are better without me. I am afraid I have helped to ruin numbers of business men who have come to me for advice instead of going to my brother Common Sense; for I may as well own to you at once, my dear, that I don't know anything at all about business, and I always get the worst of it when I try to have anything to do with it. I have always let Common Sense, and Experience, another brother of mine, look after the printing and selling of my many books; it has been enough for me to do, to invent them."

All the time that E-ma-ji-na-shun had been talking, he had been fidgeting about, first in one position and then in another, so that it had been quite hard at first for Elfie to keep her eyes on him; but as he went on she found it easier. He now selected a very hot piece of coal for a seat, and, crossing his legs, went on:

"I have always tried to use my talents for



STIRRING AN AUTHOR'S INK.

If wicked people will get hold of my ideas, and use them for a bad purpose, I am sure I can't help it. If they would put these same gifts to a good use, they would always do better, as my brother Experience is forever telling them."

"My greatest work in the story-telling line," he continued, in answer to a question of Mr. Krome's, "is, I have always thought, 'The Arabian Nights.'

"I wrote that book centuries ago, and though I could do just as well to-day, if some clever man would only employ me, still people go to that, instead of coming direct to me. Yes, they use the same old stories to-day. They put them in a new dress, and get me to touch them up here and there, disguising them so, sometimes, that even I can hardly recognize them."

While he had been speaking, he had been stirring the coal with his toe until there was quite a cloud of smoke rising up the chimney, and as he came to an end he took off his cap again and held out his hand to Elfie.

"Come, little one, and we will explore the wonderful land you have heard about: My Realm of Fancy, the beautiful country of Cloudland."

Elfie stretched out her hand, and the little man, who seemed as strong as a giant, lifted

the benefit of only honest men and women; but I have assisted a great number of dishonest folk to earn a living. For this you must never blame me, my child.

her down from the chair. In one second more he had seated her comfortably in a cozy nook he had made for her among the blue wreaths of smoke, and, before the little girl could have an idea of where she was,—pouf!—shoo!—she was up the chimney and out of it, floating away to Cloudland.

Elfie could never tell how she got through the chimney; when she looked at it long after, it seemed quite impossible that she could have squeezed into it. As it was, she never felt it, and was through so quickly that she only caught one glimpse of its black sides.

She could only explain this as one of the wonderful tricks of E-ma-ji-na-shun!

They seemed to float through the air as if they really were part of the smoke upon which they were seated; indeed, when Elfie had partly recovered from her astonishment, and was able to look round, she saw that she had become quite like vapor, and as for old E-ma-ji-na-shun, she could see right through him.

It was a splendid ride through the clear frosty air. Elfie was surprised that she felt quite warm, and when she spoke of this, her guide told her that so long as they were with him, and treated him rightly, persons need never feel heat nor cold nor hunger nor want.

Away they floated over the village where Elfie lived with her parents. She could see quite distinctly the chimney from which they had come, and she was not sur-



"ELFIE COULD NEVER TELL HOW SHE GOT THROUGH THE CHIMNEY."

prised to be told by the merry old gentleman that, if she chose to spare the time, they could float over

the houses of her friends, and he would tell her just what they were to have for dinner, or what they were thinking about; but Elfie was in too great a hurry to explore the Realm of Fancy to delay for other things just then.

Higher and higher they went, till the village

Goose and her children are to have a goose for dinner; and the flakes are the feathers that she plucks from the bird. That is the reason I named her Mother Goose, and," he sagely added, "I made up that story a long time ago, in fact, quite soon after I created the old lady, and I consider that she and her history are among the most successful efforts I ever made in the Realm of Fancy—but here we are!" he cried briskly, "step off carefully upon this rock and we will have dinner at one of my castles in the air."

Elfie almost gasped for breath in her astonishment. The smoke on which she came up had disappeared; the snow, the clouds, were gone, and here she was standing on the wide stone steps of a beautiful castle, just such a castle as she had seen in one of Mr. Krome's pictures. There were the gates, the moat, the drawbridge, the battlements, the portcullis, a burly soldier in iron cap and leather jerkin standing at the farther end of the drawbridge—everything that she had read about in her fairy-story books as being necessary for a "really truly" castle.

"This castle, Elfie, my dear," said E-ma-ji-na-shun, "is your own especial property, and whenever you wish to come here and enjoy it, all you have to do is to shut your eyes and call upon me. I will bring you here before you can count ten. Come along, and let us have dinner."

They crossed the drawbridge, which the soldier on guard had lowered with a tremendous clatter as they came near, and passing under the portcullis entered the lofty hall of the castle. There was a splendid fire of logs blazing away in an enormous fireplace, and coming to meet them were two of the dearest old retainers that ever were read about in any story-book that ever was written.

Immediately they said, both speaking at once, "Dinner is served in the dining-hall!"

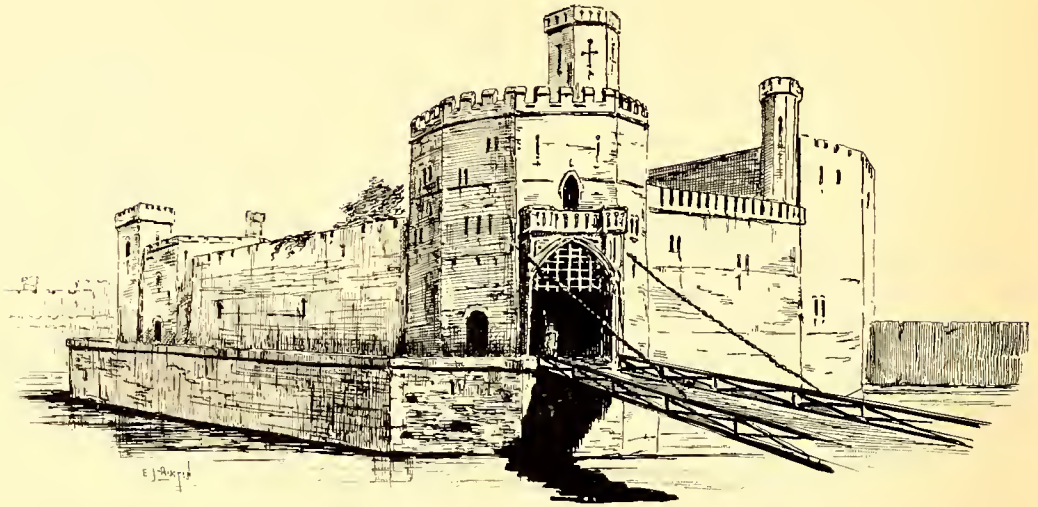


"ELFIE SAW THAT THE AIR ALL AROUND THEM WAS THICK WITH SNOW."

became a mere speck beneath them, and the great river a tiny silver thread. They were already among the clouds, when Elfie saw that the air all around them was thick with snow. "Ha! ha!" laughed E-ma-ji-na-shun, "Mother Goose is plucking one of her flock for dinner."

"What do you mean?" asked Elfie.

"Have n't you ever heard of that?" exclaimed the old man. "Whenever it snows on the earth," he said, "it is a sign that old Mother



"THERE WERE THE GATES, THE MOAT, THE DRAWBRIDGE, THE BATTLEMENTS."

and Elfie with E-ma-ji-na-shun lost no time in following them there.

They sat down to a glorious dinner, consisting of everything that Elfie liked, and she was afraid once or twice, as she ordered another help of some of the very best things, that her mama would appear and tell her not to eat so much. But E-ma-ji-na-shun told her that nothing she could eat or do in the Realm of Fancy would ever hurt her.

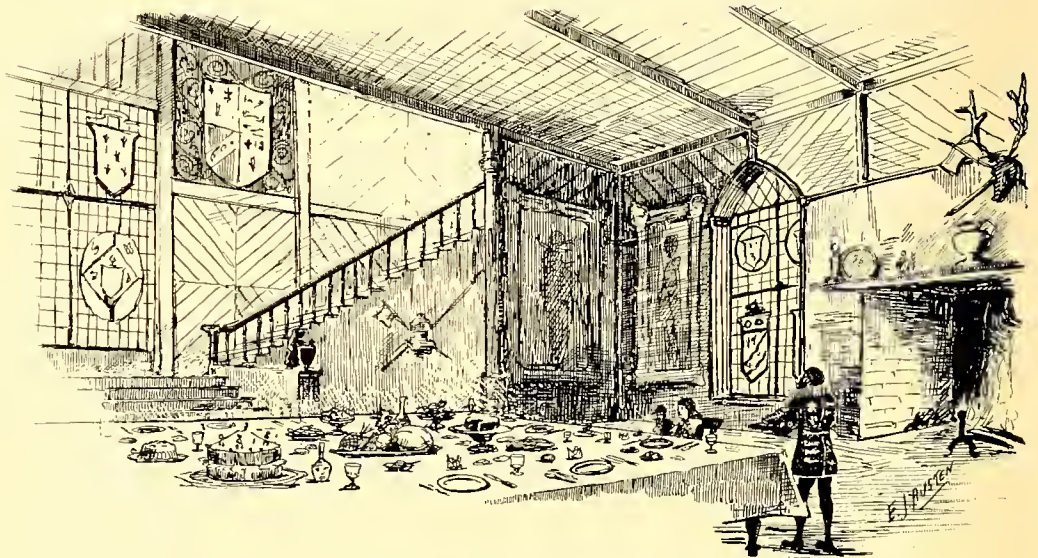
After she had eaten of every kind of candy

and dessert that she ever had tasted, and a large number she had never seen before, they started out from the castle to see the wonderful things E-ma-ji-na-shun had promised to show her.

TRICK THE THIRD.

HOW ELFIE MET THE NORTH WIND, AND WHAT HE SAID TO HER.

WHEN they had recrossed the drawbridge, passed the soldier, who respectfully saluted



"THEY SAT DOWN TO A GLORIOUS DINNER."

Elfie as if she were a princess, and walked down the great stone steps, Elfie had an opportunity of looking around her and seeing what a really remarkable place this country was. There were hundreds of just such castles as her own to be seen from where she stood, and E-ma-ji-na-shun told her that they belonged to poor people who could not afford to live in a real castle on earth. Far away in the distance was a range of mountains, which glistened so gloriously in the sunlight that she was not aston-

“Hullo, Elfie! is this cold enough for you?”

Elfie looked around, and saw what she felt sure must be one of the famous giants she had read about. It was the form of an enormous man, nearly sixty feet high, seemingly made of ice and snow. He had on an ice overcoat, a crown of ice, and a snow beard. His face appeared to be made of strawberry ice-cream, and his legs and feet were two great blocks of frozen snow; his hair was composed of icicles, and under his arm was a tremendous pair of bellows.



“THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF JUST SUCH CASTLES AS HER OWN TO BE SEEN FROM WHERE SHE STOOD.”

ished when her guide told her they were made of solid gold and silver.

Many of the trees which grew near the castles had diamonds, emeralds, and rubies hanging on them for fruit.

They strolled on gently, Elfie looking from side to side with delight, when she heard a terrible, rushing, roaring noise, and at the same time felt an icy cold wind blowing past her and into her face. She looked up to see the cause of the cold and the noise, when she heard a big, blustering, boisterous voice shouting :

On looking further, Elfie saw that he had just come from a gigantic cave in the side of an iceberg, which was floating around in a crimson lake.

“How did you leave all your friends, down below on the earth?” he roared.

“How do you know I came from the earth?” said Elfie, who, seeing that E-ma-ji-na-shun was laughing away heartily, was not afraid.

“Ho, ho! don't you know that I visit that place quite often? I am the North Wind. Ha, ha! Whew-w-w!” he whistled. “Have n't you



"I AM THE NORTH WIND, HA, HA! 'WHEW-W-W!' HE WHISTLED."

been out with your sled in winter, and felt me blow on your nose till it was so numb that you could n't feel it? Have n't I nipped your little fingers and toes, and driven you in crying to mama? Ha, ha, ha!" he shouted till his icy sides cracked, "I remember you, little girl."

Elfie was surprised to find the giant was the North Wind, but she spoke bravely and strongly.

"Well, I don't think you are very kind to little children. I am sure I don't like you a bit, and I wish you would n't speak to me."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the giant, so heartily

the good folks of St. Paul along with their ice-palace, or else they will be grumbling at me finely. So, good-bye, Elfie! Stick to old E-ma-ji-na-shun. He is the best friend of the children, and the old folks as well. Good-bye! Whoop! — Swish! — Whizz! — Whew-w-w — ew!" and away flew the North Wind, leaving a long track of ice and snow to mark his path.

"Like the tail of a comet," said E-ma-ji-na-shun, who had perched himself goblin-fashion on the limb of a tree near-by.

The sight of ice and snow made Elfie think



ONE OF THE PLEASURES ELFIE OWED TO THE NORTH WIND.

that a regular shower of icicles fell around his feet. "Ha! ha! ha! That 's all you little girls know about it. Why, I am one of the very best friends the children have. I make your blood fly through your body, and force you to run about to keep warm. I give you fine ice to skate on, and freeze the snow so that you can go sleigh-riding. I make you as hungry as a hunter, so that you run home and eat so much that you grow up strong and healthy men and women, able to do something in the world, instead of lolling about all day, and having to be waited on, like the children who never feel my cold healthful breath; but I can't stay talking to you any longer. I must be off to Minnesota to help

of Santa Claus, and E-ma-ji-na-shun, even while he was clambering down from the tree, knew her thought and came running toward her.

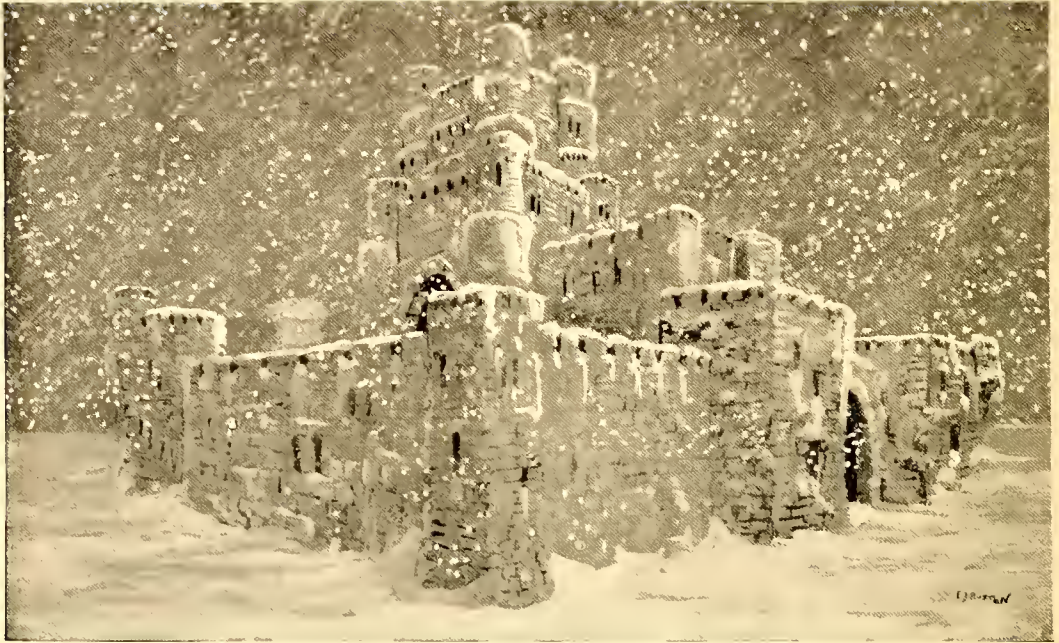
"Come, then, and we will go and see him," said E-ma-ji-na-shun.

"Isn't that splendid!" said Elfie. "Oh, make haste! — please. I'm in such a hurry to see how Santa Claus lives."

"Shut your eyes, turn round three times, and say:

"Linkey, linkey, linkey laws,
Show me the house of Santa Claus!"

Elfie did as she was told, and in a second she felt herself lifted off her feet and flying through



THE ICE-PALACE AT ST. PAUL.

the air, but, before she could gasp for breath, her feet touched the ground and she opened her eyes.

TRICK THE FOURTH.

ELFIE VISITS SANTA CLAUS.



WHEN Elfie opened her eyes she saw she was standing, with E-ma-ji-na-shun by her side, before the door of a magnificent palace.

It seemed to be made of ice and decorated with gold and silver, for it shone so in the rays of the sun that it really hurt her eyes to look at it.

There were walks and terraces all round the palace, formed out of snow, and snow trees cut into the most fantastic shapes. Snow men were set along the terraces to serve for statues.

Elfie gave one good look around before she hurried through the archway. There she found herself in an enormous hall, the ceiling of which seemed to reach nearly to the sky; it was hung with icicles and decorated with glass balls of many colors, and was lighted by millions of tiny wax-candles, the same as those Elfie had seen on the Christmas-tree at home.

In the center of the hall, and seated on a most comfortable-looking arm-chair, made of snow, was old Santa Claus, and Elfie sat down on a snow footstool to examine the kind old man who is so beloved by the children of the earth.

Elfie noticed that he was very much like his pictures. His face was round and rosy, and fairly shone with good humor, and his snow-white hair and beard helped to carry out the kind look of his dear old face. He was clothed in a long red robe, lined and edged with white fur; great heavy boots, also lined with fur, were on his feet and legs; his cap was crimson, and his hands were covered by sealskin gloves.

He was surrounded by a number of little goblins, who were all busy doing something to amuse or please the old man.

Some were bringing him food and drink, while others were playing leap-frog over one another's backs so that he could see and enjoy the game. The old gentleman was watching them closely, and every now and then he would lean back and roar with laughter at their antics.

After a little while he looked over to where Elfie was sitting. As soon as Santa Claus saw

the little girl, he called two of the goblins, and told them to bring her to where he sat.

They turned three or four somersaults on their way, and when they reached her, each seized a hand and led her to the King of the Castle.

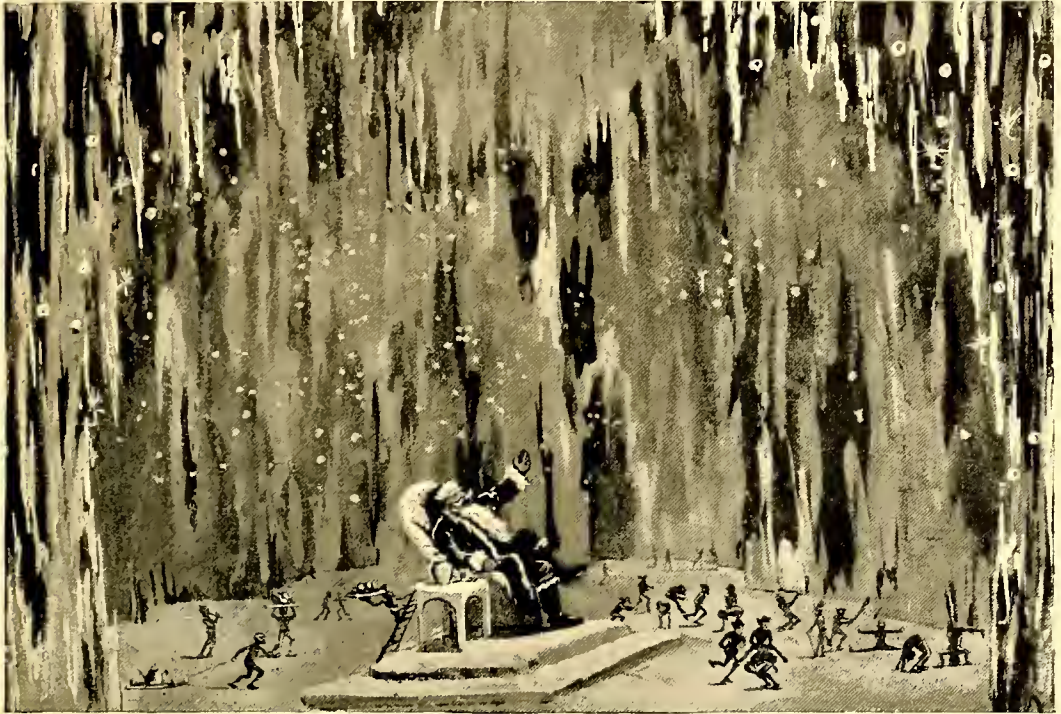
Santa Claus looked at her very kindly for a moment, and then, bending down in the gentlest way you ever saw, he took her upon his knee and gave her a great sounding kiss.

The noise of that kiss echoed through the hall like the crack of a whip. Back and forth the

me so much. How do you ever get down the chimney? Our chimney is so very little that a great big man like you could never get through."

Santa Claus threw back his head and laughed so loud that another shower of icicles came rattling down. There was such a perfect rain of them that Elfie was half afraid she would be buried under them, but the little sprites kept clearing them away as fast as they fell.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! my dear, you will have to ask our friend E-ma-ji-na-shun about



"IN THE CENTER OF THE HALL, AND SEATED ON A MOST COMFORTABLE-LOOKING ARM-CHAIR, MADE OF SNOW, WAS OLD SANTA CLAUS."

echo went until it was lost far away up in the ceiling, where it made a lot of icicles come clattering down like a shower of needles.

"Well, Elfie, my child," said Santa Claus, "how did you get here? The last time I saw you, you were fast asleep in your little crib. I thought you had caught me surely, once, for you woke up and reached over to see if your stocking was filled, but I managed to make myself invisible till you were asleep again; then I left you all those pretty toys that surprised you so on Christmas-day."

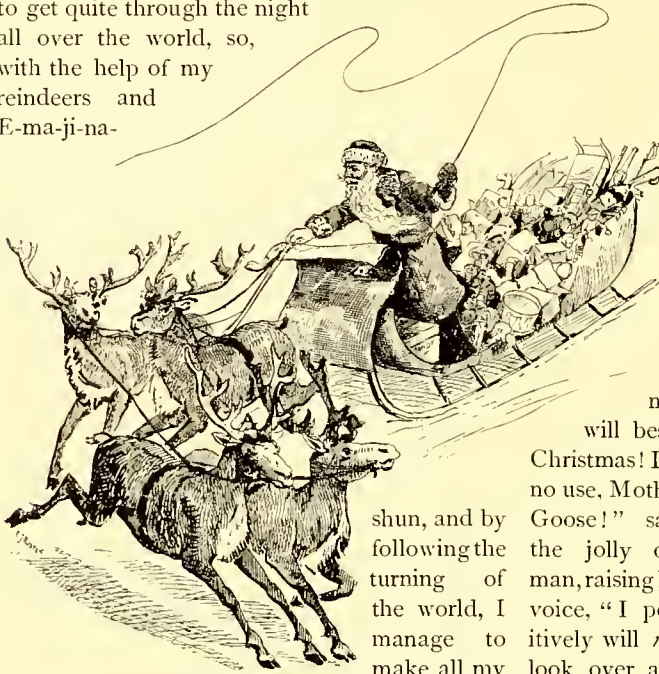
"Oh!" cried Elfie, "that is what has puzzled

that; he's the fellow who helps me out. Whenever I find a chimney is too small (and I generally do, nowadays), I call upon him, and he helps me with his tricks. I don't know how he does it, but he does; and the main thing, my dear, is that, big chimney or little chimney, old Santa Claus gets through just the same."

"But how do you manage to go so far all in one night?" said Elfie.

"Ask your friend again, my dear; that's another one of his tricks. In fact, I am one of his tricks myself, for he made me nearly one thousand years ago, out of a great log of wood,

in the Black Forest in Germany. Of course my reindeers help me to some extent, and then you know that the earth takes twenty-four hours to get quite through the night all over the world, so, with the help of my reindeers and E-ma-ji-na-



shun, and by following the turning of the world, I manage to make all my visits before

morning. But I have to make haste, I can assure you; and I am generally so tired by the time I reach home, that I have to sleep nearly six months of the year to become thoroughly rested.

"Then my little goblins here look after the toy-factory for me, and see to the sending down to the toy-stores on the earth of enough toys to provide for all the birthdays. You may be sure they have their hands full."

While he was speaking, Elfie saw a very funny-looking old woman walking toward them. She was dressed in a black cloak with a red lining; a strange-looking steeple-crowned hat; a red quilted petticoat, short enough to display a pair of very elegant black silk stockings; a red cloak; and low shoes buckled with silver buckles and having very high red heels. Her hair was white

and neatly arranged in a knot, and covered with a net. A pair of large, gold-rimmed spectacles ornamented her hooked nose; she carried a long, crutch-handled stick, and under one arm was a great bundle of papers.

Elfie thought the old lady looked very familiar to her; she felt sure she had seen her or her picture before, and she was just about to ask Santa Claus who she was, when the old gentleman burst out with:

"Oh, dear me, here comes old Mother Goose, with a whole lot of new verses and stories for me to select those that I think will best suit my boys and girls for next

Christmas! It's no use, Mother Goose!" said the jolly old man, raising his voice, "I positively will *not* look over any verses to-day. I am too tired—besides, I am engaged. Call when I am not so busy."

Elfie thought this was rather absurd, seeing that he seemed to have nothing to do but to watch his goblins play leap-frog and to talk to her.

Old Mother Goose—but I think that Mother Goose deserves a new chapter, so we will make a pause and give her one.



"ELFIE SAW A VERY FUNNY-LOOKING OLD WOMAN WALKING TOWARD THEM."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

II.

THE SEARCH FOR THE FLEECE.

SOME years after the Golden Ram died in Colchis, far across the sea, a certain king reigned in Greece, and his name was Pelias. He was not the rightful king, for he had turned his brother from the throne, and taken it for himself. Now, this brother had a son, a boy called Jason, and he sent him far away from Pelias, up into the mountains. In these hills there was a great cave, and in that cave lived Chiron who was half a horse. He had the head and breast of a man, but a horse's body and legs. He was famed for knowing more about everything than any one else in all Greece. He knew about the stars, and the plants of earth, which were good for medicine, and which were poisonous. He was the best archer with the bow, and the best player of the harp, he knew most songs and stories of old times, for he was the last of a people half-horse and half-man, who had dwelt in ancient times on the hills. Therefore, the kings in Greece sent their sons to him to be taught shooting, singing, and telling the truth; and that was all the teaching they had then, except that they learned to hunt, and fish, and fight, and throw spears, and toss the hammer, and the stone. There Jason lived with Chiron and the boys in the cave, and many of the boys became famous. There was Orpheus, who played the harp so sweetly that wild beasts followed his minstrelsy, and even the trees danced after him, and settled where he stopped playing; and there was Mopsus, who could understand what the birds say to each other; and there was Butes, the handsomest of men; and Tiphys, the best steersman of a ship; and Castor, with his brother Polydeuces, the boxer; and Heracles, the strongest man in the whole world was there; and Lynceus, whom they called Keen-eye, because he could see so far, and he could see the

dead men in their graves under the earth; and there was Euphemus, so swift and light-footed that he could run upon the gray sea, and never wet his feet; and there were Calais and Zetes, the two sons of the North Wind, with golden wings upon their feet; and many others were there whose names it would take too long to tell. They all grew up together in the hills, good friends, healthy, and brave, and strong. And they all went out to their own homes at last; but Jason had no home to go to, for his uncle, Pelias, had taken it, and his father was a wanderer.

So at last he wearied of being alone, and he said good-bye to his old teacher, and went down through the hills toward Iolcos, his father's old home, where his wicked uncle, Pelias, was reigning. As he went, he came to a great, flooded river, running red from bank to bank, rolling the round boulders along. And there on the bank was an old woman sitting.

"Cannot you cross, mother?" said Jason; and she said she could not, but must wait till the flood fell, for there was no bridge.

"I'll carry you across," said Jason, "if you will let me carry you."

So she thanked him, and said it was a kind deed, for she was longing to reach the cottage where her little grandson lay sick.

Then he knelt down, and she climbed upon his back, and he used his spear for a staff, and stepped into the river. It was deeper than he thought, and stronger, but at last he staggered out on the further bank, far below where he went in. And then he set the old woman down.

"Bless you, my lad, for a strong man and a brave!" she said, "and my blessing will go with you to the world's end."

Then he looked, and she was gone he did not know where, for she was the greatest of the goddesses, Hera, the wife of Zeus, who had taken the shape of an old woman.

Then Jason went down limping to the city,

for he had lost one shoe in the flood. And when he reached the town he went straight up to the palace, and through the court, and into the open door, and up the hall, where the king was sitting at his table, among his men. There Jason stood, leaning on the spear.

When the king saw him, he turned white with terror. For he had been told that a man with only one shoe would come some day, and take away his kingdom. And here was the half-shod man of whom the prophecy had spoken.

But he still remembered to be courteous, and he bade his men lead the stranger to the baths, and there the attendants bathed him, pouring hot water over him. And they anointed his head with oil, and clothed him in new raiment, and brought him back to the hall, and set him down at a table beside the king, and gave him meat and drink.

When he had eaten and was refreshed, the king said: "Now it is time to ask the stranger who he is, and who his parents are, and whence he comes to Iolcos?"

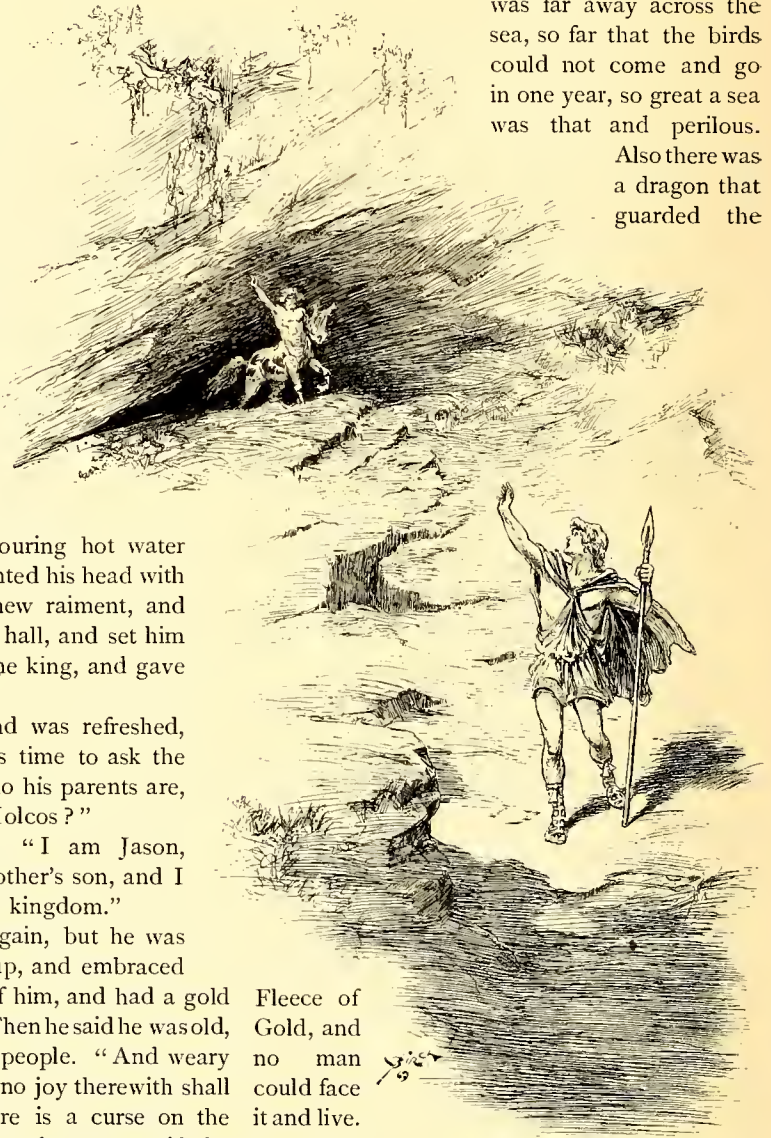
And Jason answered: "I am Jason, Æon's son, your own brother's son, and I am come to take back my kingdom."

The king grew pale again, but he was cunning, and he leaped up, and embraced the lad, and made much of him, and had a gold circlet twisted in his hair. Then he said he was old, and weary of judging the people. "And weary work it is," he said, "and no joy therewith shall any king have. For there is a curse on the country, that shall not be taken away, till the Fleece of Gold is brought home, from the land of the world's end."

When Jason heard that, he cried, "I shall take the curse away, for I shall bring the Fleece of Gold from the land of the world's end, before I sit on the throne of my father."

Now this was the very thing that the king wished, for he thought that if once Jason went after the Fleece certainly he would never come back living to Iolcos. So he said that it could never be done, for the land was far away across the sea, so far that the birds could not come and go in one year, so great a sea was that and perilous.

Also there was a dragon that guarded the



JASON LEAVING CHIRON'S CAVE.

Fleece of Gold, and no man could face it and live.

But the idea of fighting a dragon was itself a temptation to Jason, and he made a great vow by the water of Styx, an oath the very gods feared to break, that certainly he would bring home that Fleece to Iolcos. And he sent out messengers all

over Greece, to all his old friends, and bade them come and help him, for that there was a dragon to kill, and that there would be fighting. And they all came, driving in their

meat, and wine on board, and hung their shields with their crests outside the bulwarks. Then they said good-bye to their friends, went aboard, sat down at the oars, set sail, and so



"JASON ANSWERED: 'I AM JASON, YOUR OWN BROTHER'S SON, AND I AM COME TO TAKE BACK MY KINGDOM.'"

chariots down dales and across hills: Heracles the strong man, with the bow that none other could bend, and Orpheus with his harp, and Castor and Polydeuces, and Zetes and Calais of the golden wings, and Tiphys, the steersman, and young Hylas, still a boy, and as fair as a girl, who always went with Heracles the strong. These came, and many more, and they set shipbuilders to work, and oaks were felled for beams, and ashes for oars, and spears were made, and arrows feathered, and swords sharpened. But in the prow of the ship they placed a bough of an oak-tree from the forest of Dodona, where the trees can speak. And that bough spoke, and prophesied things to come. And they called the ship "Argo," and they launched her, and put bread, and

away eastward to Colchis, in the land of the world's end.

All day they rowed, and at night they beached the ship, as was then the custom, for they did not sail at night, and they went on shore, and took supper, and slept, and next day to the sea again. And old Chiron, the man-horse saw the swift ship from his mountain heights, and ran down to the beach; there he stood with the waves of the gray sea breaking over his feet, waving with his mighty hands, and wishing his boys a safe return. And his wife held in her arms the little son of one of the ship's company, Achilles, the son of Peleus of the Spear, and of the goddess of the Sea Foam. So they rowed ever eastward, and ere long they came to a strange isle where dwelt men with six hands



CHIRON'S FAREWELL TO THE ARGONAUTS.

apiece, unruly giants. And these giants lay in wait for them on cliffs above the river's mouth where the ship was moored, and before the dawn they rolled down great rocks on the crew. But Heracles drew his huge bow, the bow for which he slew Eurystus, king of Æchalia, and wherever a giant showed hand or shoulder above the cliff, he pinned him through with an arrow, till all were slain. And after that they still held eastward, passing many islands, and towns of men, till they reached Mysia, and the Asian shore. Here they landed, with bad luck. For while they were cutting reeds and grass to strew their beds on the sands, young Hylas, beautiful Hylas, went off with a pitcher in his hand to draw water. He came to a beautiful spring, a deep, clear, green pool, and there the water-fairies lived, whom men called Nereids. There were Eunis, and Nycheia with her April eyes, and when they saw the beautiful Hylas, they longed to have him always with them, to live in the crystal caves beneath the water. For they had never seen any one so beautiful. And as he stooped with his pitcher and dipped it to the stream, they caught him softly in their arms, and drew him down below, and no man ever saw him any more, but he dwelt with the water-fairies.

And Heracles the strong, who loved him like a younger brother, wandered all over the country, crying *Hylas! Hylas!* and the boy's voice answered so faintly from below the stream that Heracles never heard him. So he roamed alone in the forests, and the rest of the crew thought he was lost.

Then the sons of the North Wind were angry, and bade set sail without him, and sail they did, leaving the strong man behind. Long afterward, when the Fleece was won, Heracles met the sons of the North Wind, and slew them with his arrows. And he buried them, and set a great stone on each grave, and one of these is ever stirred, and shakes when the North Wind blows. There they lie, and their golden wings are at rest.

Still they sped on, with a west wind blowing, and they came to a country of Giants. Their king was strong, and thought himself the best boxer then living, so he came down to the ship, and challenged any one of that crew: and Polydeuces, the boxer, took up the challenge. So the rest, and the people of the country, made a ring, and Polydeuces and the Giant stepped into the midst, and put up their hands. First they moved round each other cautiously, watching for a chance, and then, as the sun shone

forth in the Giant's face, Polydeuces leaped in, and struck him between the eyes with his left hand, and, strong as he was, the Giant staggered and fell. Then his friends picked him up, and sponged his face with water, and all the crew of Argo shouted with joy. He was soon on his feet again, and rushed at Polydeuces, hitting out so hard that he would have killed him if the blow had gone home. But Polydeuces just moved his head a little on one side, and the blow went by, and, as the Giant slipped, Polydeuces planted one in his mouth, and another beneath his ear, and was away before the Giant could recover. There they stood, breathing heavily, and glaring at each other, till the Giant made another rush, but Polydeuces avoided him, and struck him several blows quickly in the eyes, and now the Giant was almost blind. So Polydeuces at once ended the combat by a right-hand blow on the temple. The Giant fell, and lay as if he were dead. When he came to himself again, he had no heart to go on, for his knees shook, and he could hardly see. So Polydeuces made him swear never to challenge strangers again as long as he lived, and then the crew of "Argo" crowned Polydeuces with a wreath of poplar leaves, and they took supper, and Orpheus sang to them, and they slept, and next day they came to the country of the unhappiest of men.

His name was Phineus and he was a prophet; but, when he came to meet Jason and his company, he seemed more like the ghost of a beggar than a crowned king. For he was blind, and very old, and he wandered like a dream, leaning on a staff, and feeling the wall with his hand. His limbs all trembled, he was but a thing of skin and bone, and all foul and filthy to see. At last he reached the doorway and sat down, with his purple cloak fallen round him, and he held up his skinny hands, and welcomed Jason, for, being a prophet, he knew that now he should be delivered from his wretchedness. Now he lived, or rather lingered, in all this misery, because he had offended the gods, and had told men what things were to happen in the future beyond what the gods desired that men should know. So they blinded him, and they sent against him hideous monsters with wings and crooked claws, called harpies, which fell upon

him at his meat, and carried it away before he could put it to his mouth. Sometimes they flew off with all the meat; sometimes they left a little, that he might not quite starve, and die, and be at peace, but might live in misery. Yet, even what they left they made so foul, and of such evil savor, that even a starving man could scarcely take it within his lips. Thus, this king was the most miserable of all men living.

So he welcomed the heroes, and, above all, Zetes and Calais, the sons of the North Wind, for they, he knew, would help him. And they all went into the wretched naked hall, and sat down at the tables, and the servants brought meat and drink, and placed it before them, the latest and last supper of the harpies. Then down on the meat swooped the harpies, like lightning or wind, with clanging brazen wings, and iron claws, and the smell of a battle-field where men lie dead; down they swooped, and flew shrieking away with the food. But the two sons of the North Wind drew their short swords, and rose in the air on their golden wings, and followed where the harpies fled, over many a sea and many a land, till they came to a distant isle, and there they slew the harpies with their swords. And that isle was called "Turn Again," for there the sons of the North Wind turned, and it was late in the night when they came back to the hall of Phineus, and to their companions.

Now, Phineus was telling Jason and his company how they might win their way to Colchis and the world's end, and the wood of the Fleece of Gold. First, he said, you shall come in your ship to the Rocks Wandering, for these rocks wander like living things in the sea, and no ship has ever sailed between them. For they open, like a great mouth, to let ships pass, and when she is between their lips they clash again, and crush her in their iron jaws. By this way even winged things may never pass; nay, not even the doves that bear ambrosia to Father Zeus, the lord of Olympus, but the rocks ever catch one even of these. So, when you come near them, you must let loose a dove from the ship, and let her go before you to try the way. And if she flies safely between the rocks from one sea to the other sea, then row with all your might when the rocks open again. But if the rocks close on the bird, then return, and do

not try the adventure. But, if you win safely through, then hold right on to the mouth of the River Phasis, and there you shall see the towers of Æetes, the king, and the grove of the Fleece of Gold. And then do as well as you may.

So they thanked him, and next morning they set sail, till they came to a place where high rocks narrowed the sea to the breadth of a river, and the stream ran swift, and the waves roared beneath the rocks, and the wet cliffs bellowed. Then Euphemus took the dove in his hands, and set it free, and she flew straight at the pass where the rocks met, and sped right through, and the rocks gnashed like gnashing teeth, but they caught only a feather from her tail. Then slowly the rocks opened again, like a wild beast's mouth that opens, and Tiphys, the helmsman, shouted, "Row on, hard all!" and he held the ship straight for the pass. And she leaped at the stroke, and the oars bent like bows in the hands of the men. Three strokes they pulled, and at each the ship leaped, and now they were within the black jaws of the rocks, the water boiling round them, and so dark it was that they could see the stars. But the oarsmen could not see the daylight behind them, and the steersman could not see the daylight in front. Then the great tide rushed in between the rocks like a rushing river, and lifted the ship as if it were lifted by a hand, and through the strait she passed like a bird, and the rocks clashed, and only broke the carved wood of the ship's stern. And the ship reeled in the seething sea beyond, and all the men of Jason bowed their heads over their oars, half dead with that fierce rowing.

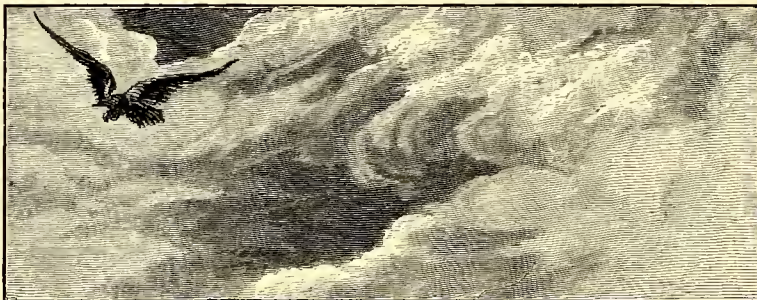
Then they set all sail, and the ship sped merrily on, past the shores of the inner sea,

past bays and towns, and river mouths, and round green hills, the tombs of men slain long ago. And, behold, on the top of one mound stood a tall man, clad in rusty armor, and with a broken sword in his hand, and on his head a helmet with a blood-red crest. And thrice he waved his hand, and thrice he shouted aloud, and was no more seen, for this was the Ghost of Sthenelus, Actæon's son, whom an arrow had slain there long since, and he had come forth from his tomb to see men of his own blood, and to greet Jason and his company. So they anchored there, and slew sheep in sacrifice, and poured blood and wine on the grave of Sthenelus. And there Orpheus left a harp, that the wind might sing in the chords, and make music to Sthenelus below the earth.

Then they sailed on, and at evening they saw above their heads the snowy crests of Mount Caucasus, flushed in the sunset; and high in the air they saw, as it were, a black speck that grew greater and greater, and fluttered black wings, and then fell sheer down like a stone. And then they heard a dreadful cry from a valley of the mountain, for there Prometheus was fastened to the rock, and the eagles fed upon him, because he stole fire from the gods, and gave it to men. And the heroes shuddered when they heard his cry; but not long after Heracles came that way, and he slew the eagles with his bow, and set Prometheus free.

But at nightfall they came into the wide mouth of the River Phasis, that flows through the land of the world's end, and they saw the lights burning in the palace of Æetes the king. So now they were come to the last stage of their journey, and there they slept, and dreamed of the Fleece of Gold.

(To be continued.)



LITTLE HOLDFAST.

(*A Christmas Story.*)

BY ROSWELL SMITH.

It was Christmas Eve in a Western city. Lights shone brightly in all the churches where children were gathered for Christmas festivities, singing Christmas songs and receiving Christmas presents, sometimes from great evergreen trees all abloom with apples, oranges, toys, books, warm mufflers, and warmer mittens for snow-balling and coasting. And even when early in the evenings these festivities were over, and a succession of snow flurries had settled into a steady storm, groups of happy children rushed gleefully out into the cold, cheerless streets, shouting and singing as they scattered to wend their way homeward as fast as their young legs could carry them. Lamps in the shop-windows flickered and shone by turns. Door-steps were silently covered with thick drifts of dry snow, or in a moment left bare and dark. Blinds were shut and curtains drawn close to keep out the cold and storm, though nearly every dwelling showed at least one window cheerful with light and warmth, and decorated with Christmas greens.

The snow was falling faster; the wind from the lake rushed up and down the silent streets and played fantastic tricks with the bewildered snow.

Among the boys who had started homeward in the storm, was one laden with presents for his widowed mother. He was a little fellow with an unpronounceable Norwegian surname, which his mates and school-fellows, following only its sound, had translated into "Holdfast." At first he tried to correct the error, but at length he gave that up, and accepted the new name, with its full meaning, resolved to bear it worthily. He went to the day-school, and to the Sunday-school, and gained the approval of his teachers by his faithfulness and his intelligent interest in his work. When a call was made for recruits for the Sunday-school, Holdfast not only brought in more children than anybody else, but he kept them too; for if they were ab-

sent he was sure to look them up; and so it had come to pass that there were in the school several classes known collectively as the Holdfast Brigade.

The room where his widowed and invalid mother lived was in the poorer part of the city, and it was far from the great and beautiful church whose Christmas festival he had attended.

This was before the days of district-telegraph companies, and uniformed and disciplined messenger boys, but Holdfast was known in the city as a kind of express messenger company in himself. It was mainly by his earnings that his mother had lived since her illness. Almost at daylight he would be at the newspaper office waiting for it to open, to get his bundle of papers in time to deliver on a double route, twice as long as that assigned to any other boy—and at morning and at night, before and after school-hours, he was sure to have errands and commissions. Sometimes these would keep him busy far into the night—for he never felt willing to stop and rest until every parcel and every message had been delivered.

This particular Christmas Eve he was to spend with his mother, but while he was bent on his homeward way, sturdily facing the storm, a man hastily dismounted from a horse and recognizing him said: "Here, Franz, hold my horse until I come back," and almost before he knew it the bridle was in the cold little hand, and the man had disappeared in the driving storm. Franz, suppressing a sigh, buttoned his jacket over his presents, and waited, standing first on one foot, and then upon the other. The passers-by took no note of the tired boy and the chilled and impatient horse. One by one the lights in the windows of the city went out. The passers-by became fewer, until the streets were almost deserted. The gas-lamps in the streets flared in the gusts of wind, and

sometimes these too disappeared, blown out by the unusual gusts. The snow fell thicker and faster, and still the boy held the horse. At first the fine animal had been restless, pawing the snow, and snorting as he snuffed the air; but in time he had lost his spirit and surrendered to his misfortune. Then he made friends with

custody, but Holdfast expostulated — he was to hold him, he said, until the rider came back. The official gave expression to a sentiment more emphatic than complimentary concerning the absent owner of the horse, and marched boy and animal to the nearest livery-stable. There he rang the night-bell, and delivered the horse,



“THE SNOW FELL THICKER AND FASTER, AND STILL THE BOY HELD THE HORSE.”

the boy, his companion in misery, drooping his head down over the lad's shoulder in the pitiful way in which I have seen a mare brooding over its dead colt. The great alarm-bell in the tower of the city hall slowly pealed out the midnight hour. The city marshal and his little force of night-police began their round of the streets to see that the saloons were closed, and that the belated citizens did not suffer from assaults of the disreputable and lawless,—and so it happened that a watchman discovered the cowering horse and lonely boy.

He at once proposed to take the former into

notwithstanding Holdfast's remonstrances, and, with a threat to lock him up also unless he took himself off, sent the boy home.

By this time Franz felt himself to be strangely weak. He scarcely could make his way through the streets. Even the snow and darkness hardly could make them unfamiliar. Dreamily the boy held his slow course; at one moment, he seemed to see the lights and hear the music of the church, and, at another, everything became confused in his mind; he was leading the horse, and they seemed to be dragging some heavy load between them; then the lights came again and the

music, and he would have lain down to dream, and listen, but for his sturdy habit of moving on, moving on, till his route was completed.

At last he saw the feeble candle-light in his mother's window; he reached the door—and, what did it mean?—he could not turn the handle! He tried again and again, when suddenly the door opened. His mother, who had been anxiously waiting for him, once more had come out to peer into the darkness and call his name. Then he fell down upon the steps. His mother pulled him into the bright warmth of the sitting room, and, with a low cry of distress, began to chafe his hands and face, and loosen his clothes. She cried for help in her anxiety; kind neighbors from the adjoining apartment soon came to her aid, for the poor are always kind to the poor. Soon the boy was tenderly cared for and put to bed. His feet and legs were found to be badly frozen, and his fingers numb and swollen.

By and by poor Franz slept, and the city became as silent and noiseless as the falling snow, save the moaning and sighing of the wind, and the clatter of blinds, and the banging of loose shutters.

And the man who had left his horse in the boy's charge—where was he?

It was on Christmas Eve, you know, and he had gone down the street a few steps to get some presents for his little ones, and not finding just what he had looked for, he had been sent by the sleepy salesman to a shop a few doors farther down the street; and there he had met some merry friends, who clapped him upon the shoulder, and laughed and chatted and badgered him gaily as he selected the toys, and insisted upon his getting into their covered wagon with his armful of bundles. They would set him down at his own door in less than no time, they said; and he, as merry as they, full of thoughts of his own little ones, but quite forgetting the horse and that poor, half-frozen boy, enjoyed the jolly drive homeward and was soon warming his toes at his own fireside, the lightest-hearted but most absent-minded man in town, as his friends knew

him to be. He felt that he had done a good evening's work, and he looked upon the storm itself simply as a merry Christmas prank that served only to make matters livelier.

Poor Franz—poor little "Holdfast." Fortunately there were no papers to be delivered on Christmas Day—but it was not for several days thereafter that he was able to get out, and even then, for a time he could get about only by the help of crutches.

The sleighing had been fine, and all the city was alive with merriment and good cheer. In some of the smaller cities of the West, where everybody knows everybody else, there is a kindness and friendship among all classes, that we who live in great cities, and do not know our next-door neighbors, often miss. Franz and his mother had not been forgotten or neglected. The best physician in the place had heard of his illness, and, knowing him well, had come in to see that all went on favorably with the frozen feet.

The man who had forgotten him and the horse, and who, indeed, often forgot for a space his own wife and little ones, did all that money could do to make amends; everybody sent the boy presents; and the Holdfast Brigade was in rather superfluous attendance, if the truth were told. Franz enjoyed all the honors, and many of the disadvantages, of having for the moment become a hero in everybody's estimation.

If you go to his western city to-day, you will hear Franz "Holdfast" well spoken of—an honored though a modest citizen. He does not own the town, and he is not governor of the State. Since that Christmas Eve, everybody knows that Franz "Holdfast" (for the name still clings to him) will keep his promises at whatever cost. Respected by all, he has gained that trust which is the foundation of honor and prosperity. He is master of himself, and a warm friend to small boys—especially on Christmas Eve.

And this is the simple story of the hero of the Holdfast Brigade.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to us, one and all, my friends — and the kind of happy year, too, that will leave us better than it finds us. There is always room for improvement, even in folks who read St. NICHOLAS. And now we'll take up

THE YULE LOG.

WHAT kind of wood is a yule log? It need not come from a yew tree. No, indeed. Yew trees are sad, as a rule; but the yule log always has merry Christmas in its heart, and is cheery even when it is passing away in the bright glow of the hearthstone. There are many pretty stories about the yule log, and as for its being associated with Christmas and jollity, the dear Little Schoolma'am says you have only to search your big dictionaries to find *that* out. Once discover what the word "jolly" comes from, and you will see that words sometimes are most unexpectedly related. In Denmark, in speaking of Christmas Day, they call it "*Yule*" and spell it "J-u-u-l." Now, is n't that queer?

AN ESKIMO JOURNAL.

I AM not at all sure that any of you, my hearers, wish to subscribe to an Eskimo journal; but if you should have such a thing in contemplation, it might be well for you to begin at once learning the name of one which the Little Schoolma'am says was held in high esteem by the Eskimos as late as 1874. She says it may be even more prosperous to-day, but she cannot be absolutely sure of this as she is not one of its constant readers. Here is the pretty name of this journal:

ATUAGAGLDLIUTIT NALINGINARMIK TUSARUM-
INÁSASSUMIK UNIVKAT.

You will find it mentioned, I am told, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Vol. V111., page 546,

and its name is thus translated: "*Something for Reading. Accounts of all Entertaining Subjects.*"

THE WATCH AS A COMPASS.

NEW YORK, November 12th.

DEAR MR. JACK: The other night, when we all were sitting around a big fire, my brother read aloud this astonishing bit of news from the evening paper:

Point the hour-hand of a watch at the sun, that is in a horizontal direction toward the sun. Then the south point will be just half-way between the hour-hand and the XII point.

Well, we were instantly interested, of course, and upon examining papa's watch, it did seem to be as the paper said; but we decided that the best way would be to try it by the real sun itself. It seemed a long way off — but we waited.

And, the next morning, when the sun shone clear and bright, we children tried that experiment with every watch in the house, and *the rule worked perfectly!* Brother Leslie even gave me the little compass from his guard-chain because, as he said, he should n't need it any more. We flew about borrowing everyone's watch, and "trying" till mama said we might as well all have been weather-vanes. We wanted to turn the parlor clock over on its back, but they would n't let us. Yes, sir; morning, noon, and sundown, the rule worked. Ask the boys and girls to try it.

Yours, MABEL J. S.—.

A LONG JOURNEY FOR WHAT?

NEW YORK, Oct. 4, 1890.

DEAR JACK: As you and your chicks seem to be interested to find out things about natural history, I would like to submit this question to their examination. At dinner to-day ... my eye happened to rest on the milk pitcher. I noticed a fly alight on the rim and put down a grain of sugar, nicely balanced on the edge of the pitcher. Then he rubbed his fore legs together as flies often do — and, trying to take hold of the grain again, he started to walk along the edge of the pitcher. Well, he did not have a good hold of the grain and so dropped it, and it fell into the milk. Now, the question is, what object had he in carrying it, and where was he going? The sugar-bowl was clear across the table, about four feet, so he must have had some reason for his labor. C. B.—.

SEVEN THIRTY ELEPHANTS.

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: One day a circus and menagerie train halted at the railway station on its way through this town. Of course there was great curiosity among the railroad men to inspect this queer special train; and with the others the engineer and the fireman of one of the locomotives in the yard left their posts for a short time to see the different menagerie cars.

When they came back and were ready to move their locomotive, they noticed that the cover of the

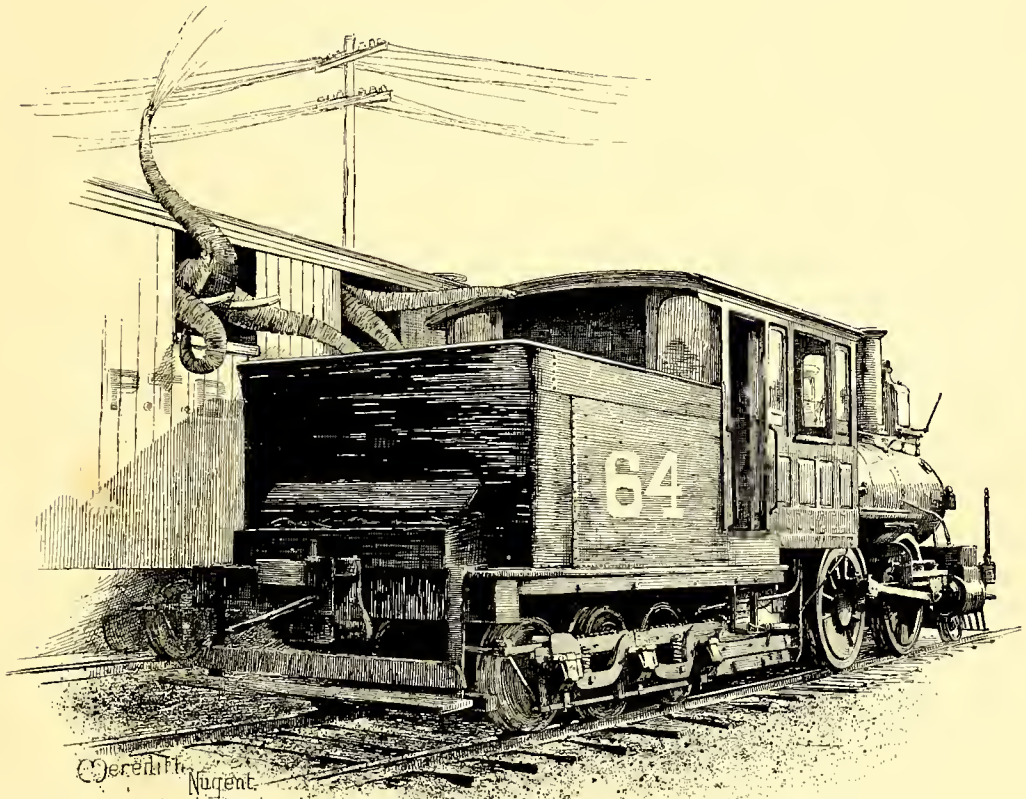
water-tank was open! Further, they luckily discovered that the tank was nearly empty — although it had been full to the brim when they left it.

Such an extraordinary thing had never happened before! No wonder there was great surprise on all sides; every one knew the tank was full when the men had left it; in fact some of the "hands" had seen it filled, neither was there a leak in it, and yet, the tank was empty. The question was, where had the water gone?

Seven thirsty elephants, shut up all day and all night in a car that gave them hardly room to move; their warm bodies fairly touching one another, a paltry allowance of water to quench their thirst, and, then, to be left standing on the hot railroad-track, the sun's rays pouring down

ample, then another, until seven trunks had felt and snuffed around, over engine, tender, and coal. What they sought was not there; but they still kept moving about, and, coming to the water-tank, one of them stopped, felt all over the cover, and at last managed to get the finger-like end under the edge of the cover. Then slowly and carefully it was opened; when, behold! there was what the elephants wanted — water, and plenty of it. The owner of that particular trunk took a long draught, its companions meanwhile shoving and pushing one another, in their anxiety to drink. One after another they filled their trunks with the cool water, and poured it down their dry parched throats.

How grateful! How refreshing! After the long dusty ride, with what keen enjoyment they squirted



THE ELEPHANTS HELP THEMSELVES.

upon the roof of the car, and with only such air as could come through the small open windows! Was it any wonder, when their keen scent told them water was near, that they should search for it? How were they to know that it was not there for their convenience. At any rate, no sooner were the men gone, than through a small window of the elephant car, the dusky trunk of an elephant made its way sinuously out. Another followed its ex-

ample, then another, until seven trunks had felt and snuffed around, over engine, tender, and coal.

The mystery of the empty tank was a mystery but a short time. The keeper of the elephants on visiting the car had found it and the elephants deluged with water. A few inquiries, and the matter was explained to everyone's satisfaction.

Yours truly,

M. B. D.



A GENTLE REMINDER.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

Time: Christmas morning.

Scene: Vicinity of everywhere. A cold day.

CHARACTERS.

A LITTLE GIRL, who is "not in it."

MR. SANTA CLAUS, a benevolent and well-meaning old gentleman, unusually fond of children.

COSTUMES.

LITTLE GIRL: à la ragbag.

MR. S. CLAUS: Furs and an engaging smile.

(MR. S. CLAUS enters during a paper snow-storm, carelessly swinging his empty pack.)

S. C.—My work is done, and now my goal
Is a little north of the old north-pole!

(LITTLE GIRL enters "left." Runs after S. C. and catches his coat.)

L.G.—But, Mr. Claus, one moment stay!
Listen, before you hurry away;
Neither in stocking nor on tree
Has any present been left for me!

S. C.—You've no present? That's too bad!
I'd like to make all children glad.
There's something wrong; the fact is
clear.

I'm very sorry indeed, my dear.

I brought an endless lot of toys
To millions and millions of girls and
boys.

But, still, there are so many about
Some have been overlooked, no doubt!

L. G.—Well, Santa Claus, I know you're kind,
And mean to bear us all in mind.
But I can't see the reason why
We poor are oftenest passed by.

S. C.—It's true, my child. I can't but say
I *have* a very curious way
Of bringing presents to girls and boys
Who have least need of pretty toys,
And giving books, and dolls, and rings
To those who already have such things.
'T is done for a very curious reason
Suggested by the Christmas season:
Should I make my gifts to those who need,
'T would become a time of general greed,
When all would think, "What shall we
get?"

"What shall we give?" they would quite
forget.

So when I send my gifts to-day
'T is a hint: "You have plenty to give
away."

And then I leave some poor ones out
That the richer may find, as they look about,
Their opportunities near at hand
In every corner of the land.
My token to those who in plenty live
Is a gentle reminder, meaning

Give!

(Curtain, and distribution of presents by the
thoughtful audience after they reach home.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an English girl, making my first visit to Washington, and I should like to tell you, as you are one of America's great friends, how much I like it.

I have been here since July, and since my arrival I have been to Canada, San Francisco, Chicago, New York, and a great many smaller cities; I think I like New York best of all.

I am traveling with my uncle and eldest brother. I have five other brothers; two are fifteen and seventeen years old, and they live in London with my papa; the others are grown, and one lives in St. Petersburg, Russia; one is in India, with his regiment, and the other is a naval officer. They are all very good to me, as I am the youngest of all, and they pet me a great deal; I think brothers are lovely, but I know some girls who think their brothers are horrid (some of them *are*).

I remain your loving admirer,

DOROTHEA V. DE C—.

Joy.

(By a young contributor.)

JOY is a beautiful thing—
It keeps sorrow back;
Joy makes the little birds sing,
And the little ducks go quack, quack.
EVELYN H. CHENEY.

NEW ALBANY, PA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I owe the pleasure of reading you to my uncle, who sends you to me as a birthday present. He could not have thought of anything nicer had he tried for years.

My little brother was once standing by the window during a heavy thunder-storm. He was told to come away and replied, "No, I want to see God light matches."

A good many have mentioned their different ways of making dolls, some with flowers, and some with potatoes; my way is to cut the pictures out of fashion plates, and arrange them in groups, some sitting, some lying down, and some leaning against tables or chairs.

Your sincere admirer, FLORENCE L—.

TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little Canadian children, and we have something to tell you, which we hope may interest you. We have an uncle (by marriage), Chas. Corbould, Esq., who was a midshipman in his Majesty's service at the time of Napoleon's imprisonment at Elba.

The commander of his ship had at one time been a prisoner of war in France, and had received great kindness at the hands of the Emperor. So when his ship was near Elba he resolved to put in there, and go and pay his respects to Napoleon.

It so happened that Uncle Corbould was detailed to go with him on shore; we think he said he was "orderly for the day."

However, he went with the captain on shore, and when the latter paid his respects to Napoleon, and, when the interview had ended, the great Emperor turned to Uncle

Corbould, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said to him in English:

"And you, my little man, how long have *you* served his Britannic Majesty?"

Affectionately yours,

ARTHUR AND HELEN D—.

WEST POINT, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Have you ever had a letter from West Point? I have lived here three years, and like it very much. Of course you know what a lovely spot it is, for it is so near New York. I have lived in the army all my life. I was born at Fort Stevens, at the mouth of the Columbia River. I have lived at seven forts: Fort Stevens, Fort Monroe, Fort Trumbull, Fort Adams, Fort Snelling, Fort Warren, and here; though Fort Snelling and West Point are not real forts. I wonder how many little girls could tell in what States these forts are? I am ten years old. Your friend,

CORNELIA E. L—.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a literary cat; he is fond of newspapers. He will not lie in any chair that has not a paper in it. He has a paper for a table-cloth, which he carries on his back to a certain corner of the room, where he is fed. We call him the "Old Man." He is the greatest hunter anywhere around. Nearly every evening at nine o'clock, we hear him calling like an old mother cat, for us to come and see his prize; very often it is a large rat. I have three other nice cats; also pretty colts and calves.

My home is in the beautiful Berkshires, and I love it dearly. Your friend, HELEN T. M—.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only a little shaver, three years and seven months, but have taken two of your volumes. Papa and grandma show me the pictures, and tell me the stories, for mama is not living. I have a big dog, and lots of books and toys, and go to kindergarten five mornings a week. I am going to stand in my express wagon to post this.

PERCY ARNOLD R—.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote you a letter quite a while ago, but it was not printed, and so I try again. Mama says I wrote in too much of a hurry. I never read a description of San José in the Letter-Box. It is a pretty town, situated between two mountain-ranges, in a valley filled with little fruit farms. We can have strawberries every month of the year. Sometimes in winter we can see snow on the mountains, when it is green in the valley. We can see Mount Hamilton from our house. On the summit of it is the Lick Observatory which has the greatest telescope in the world.

There are a great many people from the East and Europe who visit the observatory; they go with a six-horse team. They start about six o'clock in the evening, Saturday, and, after looking at the stars, return at three in the morning. Most people here go to the seaside or to the mountains during the summer months.

Your loving reader, MABEL M—.

GEORGETOWN CONVENT, WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen many letters to you about your charming "Lady Jane," I think I will write you that it is the greatest success of the season. Mrs. Jamison certainly is a delightful writer, and we hope "Lady Jane" will not be the last gem from her pen. Dear Lady Jane is so fascinating, and Tite Souris so comical.

The letter from "An Admirer of the ST. NICHOLAS," speaks of "The Iturbide," once the palace of the Emperor Iturbide, and now a hotel in that old city of Mexico. This made me conclude to tell you that we girls have the grave of one of the daughters of the ex-Emperor in our cloister, and the sisters often show it to us when we go through the convent once a year. Perhaps you have read in the life of John Quincy Adams, his reflections on the fleeting honors of this world, while he was crowning the ex-Princess at one of the commencements in this old convent. On Miss Iturbide's tombstone the date, Oct. 2, 1828, seems a long time ago to youngsters. I must say good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours,
MARY W.—.

TUXTLA, MEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa is the chief engineer on the M. P. L. I have two sisters and one brother.

We have four parakeets. I have one horse of my own. The natives here are lazy. They wear clothes that do not cost more than two dollars a year. You can buy here six oranges for a cent and a half.

We live in the southern part of Mexico, on the Pacific Ocean. We came from Tonalá here on horseback, one hundred and fifty miles. At one time we were three thousand feet above the ocean, twenty-four miles south of us.

The houses are made of mud bricks; they are square, with a courtyard in the middle.

They raise three crops of corn in a year.

They have coffee plantations here; the coffee is good.

There is a church here that they know, without a doubt, to be one hundred and fifty years old, and many believe to be much older. I have lived here ten months, but I can not speak much Spanish.

J. D. O.—.

We take the ST. NICHOLAS, and sometimes we have a long wait for it. When it comes there is a grand rush for it.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Quebec—quaint, picturesque, old Quebec—was one of the most interesting, by far, of the places I visited last summer, and it may be that a few words concerning "The Gibraltar of America" will not be out of place. I enjoyed the Thousand Islands, the Rapids of the noble St. Lawrence, and sight-seeing in Montreal; but Quebec took me by storm. It is very easy, when strolling about the narrow streets of this fascinating old town, to realize that one is in a city nearly three centuries old, and not hard to realize that one is not at home. The city is intensely foreign in aspect. "Quebec is the most fascinating city I've ever seen," said one Buffalo girl, and I, though I have seen many of the most famous places in both the Old World and the New, consider it one of the most picturesque and interesting I've ever beheld. I boarded, while there, in the family of a French Protestant clergyman, where grace was said at the table in the French language, by a gentleman from Montreux, Switzerland. As we approached the city on the morning of the first of August, and I

looked from the steamer's deck—I could not bear to enter a city like Quebec by rail—to the Citadel, and saw the British colors flying in the breeze, I thought, with a thrill at my heart: "Oh! how much it cost to plant those colors there!" Of course I visited the Plains of Abraham, and saw the Monument with its impressive inscription: "Here Wolfe fell, victorious." There is much to see in this old-time city, and yet when I told a business man whom I met on the St. Lawrence that I had spent a week in Quebec, he exclaimed in forcible, if not classic, diction: "Land! I would n't stay in Quebec longer than a day and a half, if you'd pay me." But I stayed in the old French town a week only to realize that I would like to stay a fortnight. How I enjoyed going up and down Breakneck Staircase, in picturesque Little Champlain Street, strolling up and down the Terrace, where all Quebec walks at will, and looking upon the view of great and varied beauty it commands; going to the Montcalm Market where, on Fridays and Saturdays, the French *habitans* from the surrounding country congregate with their stock of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, and last, but not least, strolling up and down the ancient streets of the Lower Town. Quebec streets have queer names: as, Holy Family, Lachevrotiere, D'Aiguillon, Sous Le Fort, etc. But, however much I may enjoy Quebec as a tourist, I'm glad that I don't live there.

I miss Buffalo's shade-trees, Buffalo's verandas, Buffalo's beautiful homes; in short, Buffalo's beauty. Now I am in the "Queen City of the Lakes," and from the window at which I sit and write, I can look out upon the beautiful, blue Niagara, and upon the International Bridge between the British dominions and our own. But I'll not say another word for fear of saying too much.

JULIA B. H.—.

LINCOLN, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you about my seeing little Elsie Leslie here in Lincoln. She was only here one night; she played in the "Prince and the Pauper," which is one of Mark Twain's stories.

I enjoyed seeing the play ever so much, and would not have been so interested if I had not read that interesting article in your magazine about "Elsie Leslie."

The serial story you just commenced in the November number, entitled "The Boy Settlers," is very interesting to me, because I am familiar with the place in which the scene was laid. All my life till three months ago was spent within twenty miles of Dixon. I have heard my grandfather quite often speak of Father Dixon. My grandfather has seen him a good many times.

My grandfather lives at Fulton, where the Howells and Bryants crossed the Mississippi.

Your devoted reader,
BESSIE H. N.—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Margaret H. D., Ethelwynne K., Lilian S., Charlotte T., Gaston O. W. G. and A. B., M. B. C., Monica B., Carrie R. E., W. Neyle C., June B., Harold R. T., Beatrix S. M., William H. H., Sarah E. C., Lycurgus J. W., Katie D., Edward A. H., Paul A. L., Walter F. S., Abigail G., E. P. L., Will D., Clara M., Nannie B. G., Morty J. K., Mary L. B., Josie E. D., A. W. W., Marion R., Winifred C. D., Cora and Mary, Nora M., Charles W., Olive P., Adelaide Y. M., Lilly M., Edith H., Ethel H., Alice H., G. B. S., Cecelia C., Fannie, Elsie, and Louise B., Rose L., S. W. D. and S. M. McL., Yronne, Rita McN., Elsie T., Helen S., Laura Van A., Lucile E. T., Jennie McC. S.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Drama. 2. Robed. 3. Abide. 4. Medal. 5. Adele. II. 1. Redan. 2. Evade. 3. Dazes. 4. Adept. 5. Nests.

PI. Send the ruddy fire-light higher;
Draw your easy-chair up nigher;
Through the winter, bleak and chill,
We may have our summer still.
Here are poems we may read;
Pleasant fancies to our need;
Ah, eternal summer-time
Dwells within the poet's rhyme!

"December," by INA D. COOLBRITH.

CHRISTMAS PUZZLE. From 1 to 14, Sir Isaac Newton; 15 to 26, Christmas Day. Cross-words: 1. Chest. 2. Melon. 3. Tower. 4. Sacks. 5. Diary. 6. Snake. 7. Paint. 8. Fairy.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Paul Reese—Maud E. Palmer—M. Josephine Sherwood—Mamma and Jamie—"The McGs."—"The Sisters"—Grace, Edith, and Jo—E. M. G.—Arthur Grice—Alice Mildred Blanke—"Ayis"—Jo and I—"Lehte"—"Mohawk Valley"—Ralph Rainsford—W. L.—Blanche and Fred—"The Owls"—Effie K. Talboys—Nellie L. Howes—Hollis Lapp—Aunt Martha and Mabel—John W. Frothingham, Jr.—"Miss Flint"—"The Wise Five"—"The Spencers"—"Uncle Mung"—"Nick McNick"—Ida C. Thallon—Pearl F. Stevens—"A Family Affair."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from M. Ella Gordon, 1—Maud E. Palmer, 10—Rosalind, 1—Phyllis, 2—Edythe P. J., 1—Honora Swartz, 4—"The Lancer," 2—A. H. Stephens, 1—R. MacNeill, 1—C. Bell, 1—A. M. Robinson, 1—Clara and Emma, 1—Mabel S. Meredith, 2—G. V., 1—Katie M. W., 9—Grace P. Lawrence, 6—H. M. C. and Co., 4—A. P. C., S. W., and A. W. Ashurst, 9—Nellie, Allie, and Lily, 1—Z. N. Z. K., 1—"B. and Soda," 1—Elsie LaG. Cole, 1—Clara, 5—Charles Blackburne Keefer, 5—W. W. Linsly, 3—Eliza F. D., 2—H. A. R., 10—"Two Dromios," 4—Victor V. Van Vorst, 4—"Paganini and Liszt," 9—Lisa Bloodgood, 5—Hubert Bingay, 10—"Pye," 2—Sissie Hunter, 1—Robert A. Stewart, 9—Mabel S. R., 1—"Amer," 8—Grandma and Arthur, 8—"May and 79," 8—M. H. Perkins, 1—"Rector's Daughter," 4—Mary S. K., 1—Nellie and Reggie, 10—"Charles Beaufort," 10—Camp, 10—Emily Dembitz, 9—"Squire," 6—"H. P. H. S.," 4—"The Nutshell," 7—Bird and Moll, 10—Rachel A. Shepard, 10—Arthur G. Lewis, 9—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 6—C. H. P. and A. G., 9—Eugenie De Stael, 2—Adele Walton, 6—"Wallingford," 7—Dora Newton Bertie, 7—A. O. F., 4—"Mr. F's Aunt," 1.

SCOTTISH DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Diagonals: Hogmanay. Cross-words: 1. Hebrides. 2. Holyrood. 3. Bagpipes. 4. Balmoral. 5. Margaret. 6. John Knox. 7. Galloway. 8. Waverley.

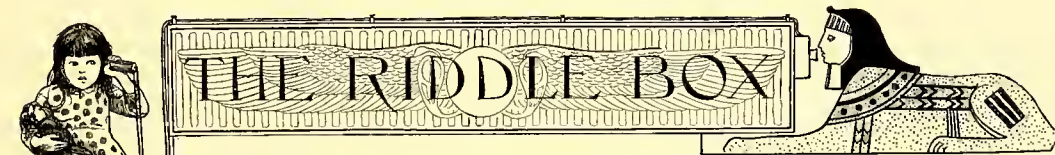
ANAGRAM. Oliver Wendell Holmes. OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. P. 2. Bet. 3. Bides. 4. Pedants. 5. Tensile. 6. Stipend. 7. Slender. 8. Endured. 9. Derived. 10. Revived. 11. Devon. 12. Den. 13. D.

HALF-SQUARES. I. 1. Batman. 2. Avert. 3. Teas. 4. Mrs. 5. Al. 6. N. II. 1. Ecuador. 2. Cannon. 3. Unite. 4. Ante. 5. Doe. 6. On. 7. R.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Christmas, mistletoe.

COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Cross-words: 1. Trig. 2. Anne. 3. Rest. II. 1. Pair. 2. Arno. 3. Raft. III. 1. Antu. 2. Sear. 3. Pile.

WORD-BUILDING. I, in, sin, pins, snipe, ripens, pincers, princess.



NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the cross-words contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the first row of letters, reading downward, and the third row, reading upward, will both spell the same holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An old word meaning a watchword. 2. A subterfuge. 3. Stuffing. 4. Relating to the day last past. 5. Sooner. 6. Similarity. 7. Pertaining to the Rhine. 8. Cunning. 9. A rich widow. 10. A salt formed by the union of acetic acid with a base. 11. Citizens of New England. ARTHUR GRIDE.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A black bird. 2. To love. 3. Elects. 4. Upright. 5. Abodes. E. H. LAWRENCE.

OCTAGONS.

1. A. 2. B. 3. C. 4. D. 5. E. 6. F. 7. G. 8. H. 9. I. 10. J. 11. K. 12. L. 13. M. 14. N. 15. O. 16. P. 17. Q. 18. R. 19. S. 20. T. 21. U. 22. V. 23. W. 24. X. 25. Y. 26. Z.

II. 1. A chariot. 2. A large basin. 3. A company of travelers. 4. Cupidity. 5. Became re-animated. 6. A kind of black snake. 7. A masculine nickname. "SAM U. ELL."

CUBE.

1	2
5	6
3	4
7	8

FROM 1 to 2, a castle; from 2 to 4, referees; from 1 to 3, a large kettle; from 3 to 4, races; from 5 to 6, clear; from 6 to 8, fatiguing; from 5 to 7, oriental; from 7 to 8, opinions; from 1 to 5, to give up; from 2 to 6, one; from 4 to 8, drinks a little at a time; from 3 to 7, part of the day. "KETTLEDROM."

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A color. 4. A small lake. 5. A retinue. 6. Ranking. 7. Pulling apart. 8. A city in Africa. 9. Conquering. 10. A superficial knowledge. ELDRON AND ALICE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the primals will spell the name of one who was "without fear and without reproach"; the finals will spell the surname of a President of the United States; the primals and finals connected will spell the name of an author and traveler who was born on January 11, 1825.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A covering for the head. 2. A fleet of armed ships. 3. Annually. 4. Starry. 5. A kind of rust on plants. 6. A circuitous route.

DIAMOND.

1. In thimble. 2. A useful article. 3. Always on hand. 4. An Australian bird. 5. In thimble.

A. W. ASHHURST.

REVERSALS.

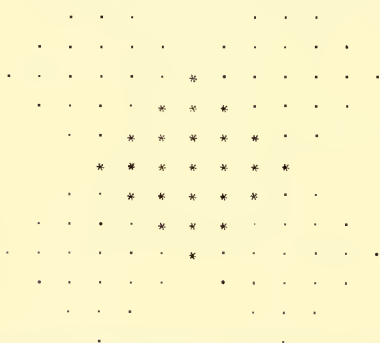
EXAMPLE: A recompense; to suppose. Answer, meed, deem.

1. A coal wagon; a place of public sale. 2. A famous island; having power. 3. A deceiver; to reproach. 4. The place where Napoleon gained a victory in 1796; an object of worship. 5. A volcano in Sicily; a Latin prefix. 6. Active; calamity. 7. One quarter of an acre; entrance. 8. To boast; clothing. 9. Wounded; the god of love. 10. To glide smoothly; an animal. 11. Therefore; an imaginary monster. 12. To look askance; a dance. 13. A share; a snare. 14. An exclamation of contempt; a band of wood.

All of the words described are of equal length, and, when reversed and placed one below the other, the initials will spell the name of an authoress who was born in England on January 1, 1767.

DYCIE.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lances. 2. A decree. 3. Limited to a place. 4. Concise. 5. Diminished in size. 6. A cover. 7. In lances.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lances.

2. A sailor. 3. Wearies. 4. A traveling menagerie. 5. To carouse. 6. The chemical term for salt. 7. In lances.

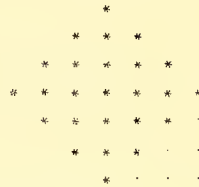
III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In lances. 2. Three-fourths of a word meaning mysterious. 3. Natives of Denmark. 4. Part of a soldier's outfit. 5. A bird. 6. A diocese. 7. In lances.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lances. 2. To injure. 3. A word used in architecture, meaning the plain surface between the channels of a triglyph. 4. A design colored for working in mosaic or tapestry. 5. To perch. 6. A drunkard. 7. In lances.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lances. 2. A fish. 3. A mistake. 4. Irritable. 5. To free from restraint. 6. To deplore. 7. In lances.

F. S. F.

PENTAGON.



ACROSS: 1. In Congress. 2. A vulgar person. 3. The Christian name of a poor toy-maker in "The Cricket on the Hearth." 4. The Indian cane, a plant of the palm family. 5. Modest. 6. A place of exchange. 7. To look for.

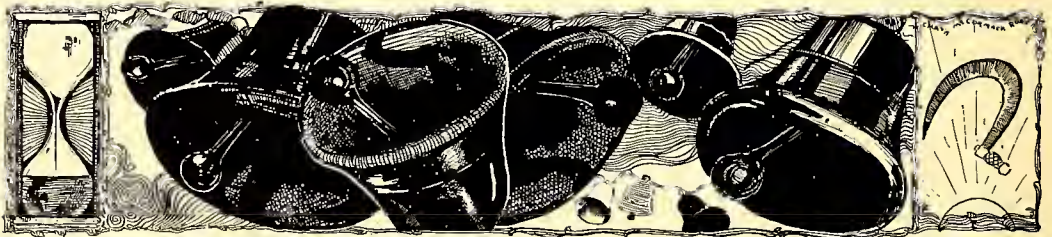
By cutting off the last letter of the fifth word, the last two of the sixth, and the last three of the seventh, a complete diamond will be left.

COUSIN FRANK.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and twelve letters, and an a quotation from an essay entitled "New Year's Eve."

My 41-32-98 is large. My 76-94-47-18-10 is a young person. My 62-37-112-50-80 is to draw up the shoulders to express indifference. My 83-67-22-26-104 is part of a rake. My 6-73-88-59-44 is a small table. My 64-54-3-15-24-100-86 is a large boat with two masts, and usually rigged like a schooner. My 57-70-8-34-102 is to boast. My 43-96-49 is to dress in a fanciful manner. My 91-30-79 is an inhabitant of Hungary. My 107-1-53-110 is solitary. My 39-7-74-71 is in a short time. My 12-81-9-55 is to mulct. My 2-28-97 is marsh. My 90-65-52-4 is the hair of sheep. My 48-61-78-20-105 is tumult. My 68-101-25-31-58-14 and my 106-109-82-63-17-46, each names a marine bivalve. My 36-11-40-84 is one of an ancient tribe who took an important part in subverting the Roman empire. My 51-92-103-33-77 is to hurl. My 29-42-108-45-23 is a norm. My 16-75-69-72-19-38 is a package. My 93-27-13-95-66-85-99 5-111-60-21 is the author of the quotation on which this enigma is founded, and my 87-89-35-56 is the name under which he wrote. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."



F.H.W.S.

GEORGE WILKINSON EDWARDS 1890



AN OLD-TIME VALENTINE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 4.

AN OLD-TIME VALENTINE.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

ONE February midnight, while bright stars laughed above,
A poet, in his garret, sat rhyming "love" and "dove";
He drew his gown about him, because the air was chill;
He wrote of Venus' snowy swans, and dipped his gray goose quill.
And when the cold east kindled with morning's rosy fires,
When all the merry sparrows chirped, and sparkled all the spires,
Appeared a proper bachelor, who could not write a line
(At least in rhyme), in happy time, to get his valentine.
He grasped the hand that penned it, with fervor quite absurd;
He cried, "'T is elegant indeed!"—a cheerful chink was heard,
A silver sound of kissing coins; the poet rhymed for these,
And yoked his teams of "loves" and "doves" to bring him bread and cheese!
To seal the precious missive, well pleased the lover sped;
He sealed it with a heart and dart, extremely neat and red;
He wrote upon the back a name ('t was Jane, if tell I must);
He would have liked to sand the same with diamonds ground to dust.
To knock just like the postman, he used his utmost art;
And Mistress Jane came tripping down; she saw the heart and dart;
Trim Jane, with eyebrows jetty, and dimple in her chin.
"A Valentine? It can't be mine!"—and yet she took it in.
And she and sister Betty laid by their work awhile,
And bent their heads above the sheet, and praised the sugared style;
'T was all of "roguish Cupids," and "rainbow-pinioned Hours,"
And "golden arrows tipped with flame," and "fetters made of flowers."
"I vow it 's vastly pretty; and yet, my dear, you see
It says within '*To Chloe*'—it can't be meant for me!
And yet it says without '*To Jane*'—I think it must be mine!"
Meantime the poet toasted cheese, and blessed St. Valentine!

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How the Mails are Carried.



BY MAX BENNETT.

WE stamp a letter and drop it into the iron box upon the side of a lamp-post, secure in the knowledge that it will reach the friend to whom we wish to send it, even though he live thousands of miles away. Some day the postman brings the answer to our door, and so common a convenience has this great service now become, that we give no thought to the wonder of it. But of all that was done with that letter after it was mailed, until it reached the one to whom it was addressed, the many hands through which it passed, the many watchful eyes which cared for it, we know next to nothing; for so far as the working part is concerned, the post-offices and postal cars offer only closed doors to the general public. It is right, moreover, that this should be so, and if at some time the thought has come that we would like to inspect the contents of a mail-bag, it has been followed by the thought that we would not care to have our own letters and packages handled by outsiders.

The government strictly requires that no one but duly authorized persons, under oath, shall

be allowed to handle the mails; and the business part of the post-office and the postal car are closed to all others.

All this privacy, however, is peculiar to the mail itself. A knowledge of the work of sorting it, and of the methods by which this great business is carried on is free to every one.

In cities and large towns the letters are gathered from the boxes by the carriers and taken to the central office or to designated branch stations. In smaller places they are mailed directly at the office. If the office is large enough to require a number of clerks, one is detailed for the work of getting the mail ready for despatch, and is called the mailing clerk. The table at which he works is called the mailing table, and is raised so high from the floor that he can work comfortably at it while standing. The back edge is usually a few inches the higher, so that the top will incline toward the person at work; and into the table is set, so as to be even with the top, a large piece of rubber an inch or more in thickness. On the table beside this lie the canceling stamp and ink pad. The government requires that the stamp be of metal, and the ink black and indelible, but this rule is sometimes broken in small country offices by the use of rubber stamps and colored inks. The government furnishes all necessary stamps and ink, and the only excuse for not following the rule is that where there are few letters the rubber stamp and common ink may be more convenient. The penalty for removing the cancellation from a stamp and using the stamp again, is imprisonment for from six months to three years, or a fine from \$100 to \$500.

The letters and postal cards taken from the

box are arranged in piles, all right side up; and the mailing clerk, placing a pile of them on the table in front of him, cancels them with almost incredible rapidity, sliding each piece, before he strikes it, upon the rubber in the table, thus securing a good impression of the stamp, and a slight rebound to aid the next stroke.

It has become a custom which all thoughtful persons always observe, to place the stamp on the upper right-hand corner of the envelop, but few people have ever stopped to think what was the reason for this choice of position. The canceling stamp and the postmarking stamp are fastened side by side upon the same handle, and if the stamp is correctly placed one blow makes both impressions. If, however, the stamp is on the lower right-hand corner the postmark falls on the address, and both are blurred, while if the stamp is on the left-hand side, the postmark, which is always at the left of the canceler, does not strike the envelop at all, and a second blow is necessary to secure it. So if the stamp is anywhere except in the upper right-hand corner it makes just twice as much work for the clerk, and this, where he is stamping many thousand pieces every day, is no small matter. There has been in use for some time, in the post-office in Boston, a number of canceling machines, into which the letters, all faced upward, are fed. These machines, if the stamps are correctly placed, do the work quite well, leaving on the envelop the row of long black lines which we all have noticed on Boston letters.

I am not able to learn, however, that there is any other office in the country, as yet, which uses these. The Boston office has also quite recently put in operation a most ingenious machine for canceling and postmarking postal cards, which differs from the other in the greater rapidity of its work. Two hundred cards can be placed in it at once, a crank is turned, and click, click! they fall into a basket, all stamped.

It seems to be the impression of many people that the mail when sent from an office is gathered carelessly together and thrown into a mail bag which is then locked and despatched. This is wholly wrong, for even in the smallest offices the letters and cards are all gathered face upward and tied into a neat package. The government furnishes the twine to do this, and some

idea of the immensity of the postal service can be formed from the fact that in one year the cost to the government of the twine for this purpose (which though strong is of the cheapest quality) was nearly seventy-two thousand dollars.

As the offices grow larger the size of the mailing case increases and the distribution grows more elaborate. The mailing case is a case of pigeonholes, set up before the mailing clerk, each opening being labeled "Boston," "Providence," "New York," "Boston and Albany," etc. Into the first are put all the letters for Boston, into the second all those for Providence, while into the one marked "Boston and Albany" go all the letters for the offices on the road connecting these two places, unless there may be among them



A CARRIER COLLECTING LETTERS FROM A LETTER-BOX.

cities so large as to have a box to themselves. Of course, the larger the office is, the more letters there will be, and consequently a need for more boxes. Boston, for instance, sends mail-pouches directly to many hundred of the larger towns all over New England, and therefore

there must be, in the mailing case of the Boston office, a box for every one of those towns.

So far in this article I have spoken, for convenience, only of letters; but the same methods apply also to newspapers and packages, except that the greater size of these requires larger boxes for sorting, and more sacks for carrying. Letters and all sealed mail are always sent in leather pouches, locked; newspapers and other similar matter, in large canvas sacks, merely drawn together with a cord and fastened with a slide. It is to be noticed that the bag made of leather is always called a "pouch," while the one made of cloth is always called a "sack."

Nearly every railroad in the United States carries, at least once a day, one or more men whose business it is to receive, sort, and deliver the mail gathered at the towns along or near that road.

If there is little work to be done, one man does it alone, in a small room built in a part of the baggage-car or smoking-car. As the business increases, two or more men work together, having a whole car for their accommodation. This car is drawn directly behind the engine, so that there shall be no occasion for any passing through it. With still more business, between the large cities, two or more cars are run; until between New York and Chicago we have a whole train run exclusively for the mail service, made up of five cars and worked by twenty men. A line of railroad between two cities, used in this way, for sorting the mail, is called an "R. P. O.," or "Railway Post-Office," and there is an immense number of such in the country, taking their names from the chief offices on the line.

Such are the "Boston and Albany," "Boston, Springfield, and New York," "Portland and Island Pond," "Chicago and Cedar Rapids," and many hundred others. The runs vary greatly in length, ranging from twenty miles to as high as a thousand miles. The extremely long runs, with the exception of the "New York and Chicago," are found only in the West, where there are great distances between the cities. On such a run there will be two or more men, one crew sleeping while the other works. The "New York and Chicago" is divided into three sections. On this run, the twenty men who

start out from New York are relieved by as many more at Syracuse, and these in turn are relieved at Cleveland by another company who take the train into Chicago. As a general thing, however, a run is planned to be about the distance which can be covered in a day.

On all the more important lines there are two sets of men, one for day and one for night service. If the run is a short one with but little mail, one man does the work alone, running every day, and usually having several hours to rest at one end of the road or the other. Where the run is long enough, so that the trip takes all day, there will be four sets of men. One man, or set of men, starts at one end of the run, and covers the entire line, meeting the other somewhere on the route, and returning the next day. When these men have worked a week, they go home to rest a week, and the others take their places. Such is the arduous nature of the work, the strain to mind and body, and particularly to eyesight, from working all day long in the constant jar and rattle, that few men would be able to retain a place were it not for these periods of rest.

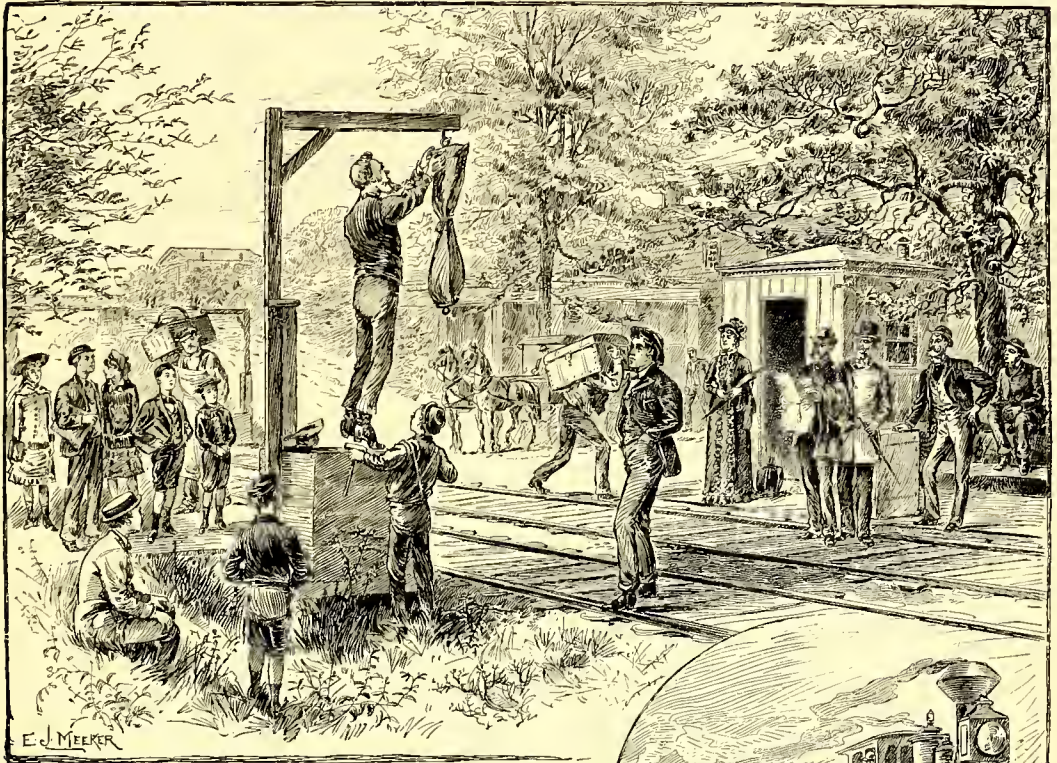
The railway mail service of the whole country is divided for convenience into eleven divisions, all under the charge of a general superintendent at Washington. Each separate division has a superintendent of its own. There were, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, 5094 clerks in the service, and they handled that year 6,528,772,060 pieces of ordinary mail matter, besides registered pieces. The salaries of the clerks range from \$500 to \$1300 according to the amount of work or responsibility.

We have seen how the mail is made up and despatched from the post-office. Let us see how it is received at the postal car. On a run of average importance, one whole car will be devoted to the work. In one end of this car a space several feet in length is reserved for storing the sacks filled with mail. Often a hundred or more of them are on board at one time. Near this space are the doors, one on each side, through which the mails are received and delivered.

On many postal-cars there is fastened to each doorway an ingenious iron arm called a crane, which can be swung outward; and, while

the train is still at full speed, this catches and brings in a pouch hung on a frame at some way-station so small that the train does not stop there.

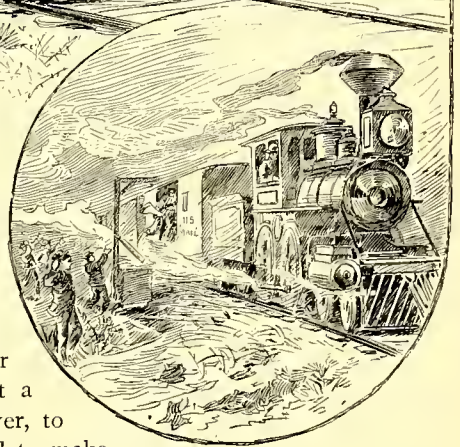
In the opposite end of the car is the letter case, where the letters are sorted. This contains several hundreds of pigeonholes labeled with the names of all the large cities of the country, the railway post-offices with which this one connects, etc. If the run happens to be



AT A WAY-STATION. GETTING READY FOR A FAST MAIL-TRAIN.

in New England, for instance, there are also boxes for each one of the Southern States, and Western States and Territories.

Each car is furnished with canceling stamp, pad, and ink; for each car is a post-office in itself, and must receive, wherever it stops, the letters which for convenience people would rather mail there than at a post-office. The postal clerk is only required, however, to keep on hand two-cent stamps, and he is not obliged to make change. Between the ends of the car and occupying much the larger space, the "paper man" has his station. Where two or more men run in the same car, one man has command of the others and is called "the clerk in charge." As a general thing he sorts only letters, and is spoken of sometimes as the "letter clerk," while the others are called "paper men" or "helpers." On the New York and Chicago train, mentioned before, one whole car is devoted to sorting letters, and the four others to papers. The responsibility of the clerk in charge is supposed to be the greatest, and he usually receives the largest salary. Through the middle of the car extends a table two or three feet in width, made in sections so as to fold up if necessary, and often twenty feet long.





CANCELING AND POSTMARKING LETTERS ON THE TRAIN.

On this the papers are sorted, and all around it are hung the sacks, covering the walls before and behind. In a postal car fitted up with the latest improvements, from one hundred to two hundred sacks can be hung, and half as many pouches in addition. The sorting of the papers differs from that of the letters in the particular that the former are in most cases thrown directly into the sacks, while the latter are sorted into boxes. A very recent invention, which is found a great improvement, is a double floor, laid firmly on rubber springs above the floor of the car, in front of the cases and tables where the clerks have to stand all day long. This greatly diminishes the jar of the train.

It is the duty of the helper to lock and unlock all the pouches, and to put off and take on

all the mail at the stations. And just here a word about mail locks and keys. All over this whole great country, from Maine to California, and from St. Paul to New Orleans, every mail lock is the exact counterpart of every other one of the many hundreds of thousands; and every one of these, the key in any post-office in the country, whether it be the smallest cross-roads settlement or the immense New York City office, will lock and unlock. Every key is numbered, and though the numbers run high into the thousands,—the key which I last used was number 79,600,—a record of every one is kept by the government, and its whereabouts can be told at any time. Once in six or seven years, as a measure of safety, all the locks and keys are changed. New ones of an entirely different pattern are sent out, and the old ones are called in and destroyed.

When the helper takes in a pouch at a station, he unlocks it and pours out the mail upon his table. Before he hangs it up, he must look into it carefully to see that no stray letter or paper remains at the bottom, as is very apt to be the case; for any that were left there would be delayed, perhaps a whole day. If the pouch which he opens is from a small office the letters will all be in one package, and this he hands directly to the letter clerk, and sorts the papers himself. If it is from a larger office the letters will be in several packages. All those for Boston will be by themselves in a package, on the face of which is tied a brown paper slip, printed plainly "Boston." Another will be marked "New York," etc. These he throws directly into the pouches going to those cities. The remainder of the letters will be for various places and will be tied in a number of bundles which the letter clerk must sort, or "work" as the process is called. If the run is a long one with much business, there will be a great many packages; and if the letters were put up without system, it would be impossible for the letter clerk to work them all until he was far past many of the offices on the line, and then all the letters which he found for those places would have been carried by and thus delayed. To obviate this, the offices along the line are divided into sections, the sections being numbered. Thus, for instance, on the Boston and Albany,

moving west, the sections are as follows, the distance being two hundred and three miles:

1. Boston to South Framingham. 2. South Framingham to Worcester. 3. Worcester to Palmer. 4. Palmer to Springfield. 5. Springfield to Westfield. 6. Westfield to Pittsfield. 7. Pittsfield to State Line. 8. State Line to Chatham Village, N. Y. 9. Chatham Village to Albany, N. Y.

All mail for places between Boston and South Framingham is put into one package and marked "Boston and Albany, West, No. 1," and that for the other sections is marked in a similar manner. The clerk is in his car long before the train leaves Boston, and before he starts, his No. 1 mail—and often much more—is worked. Then the No. 2 is finished before he reaches South Framingham. Thus, he is always able to keep ahead of time.

The letters for the large cities are quickly disposed of. Those for the Western and South-

nearly all New England, and he must have in his mind the location of every one of the hundreds of post-offices in all this area, and know just which way to send a letter so as to have it reach its destination quickest. If this could be learned once for all it would be no small task, but time-tables, and stage-routes, and post-offices, are continually changing, and he must keep up with the changes. There are at present in the New England States, for example, the following numbers of offices: Maine, 1066; New Hampshire, 526; Vermont, 523; Massachusetts, 839; Rhode Island, 129; Connecticut, 484. In New York State the number rises to 3317. The agent who runs on the Boston and Albany railway, for instance, must have in his mind the location of every office in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and a part of those in New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York. This run is not ex-



A MAIL WAGON RECEIVING MAIL AT THE NEW YORK GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

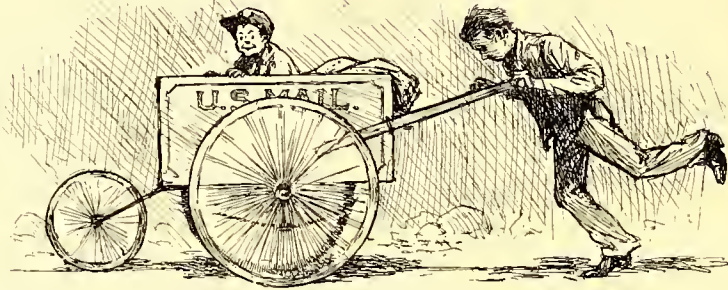
ern States and Territories are made up into packages by States merely, and sent on their way to be more fully worked by someone else before their destination is reached. All this is, however, only a small part of the postal clerk's duty. His run connects more or less directly with half a hundred others, extending over

ceptional. Many others are equally hard; some harder. An agent is expected to keep in mind the location of 5000 offices. Where the run is so long that its distribution requires more than this, one man is trained to take charge of some part of it while another learns some other part.

The superintendent of a division in which a

Railway Post Office is situated must learn of all the changes relating to distribution in his division, keep his men informed of them, and see that the men properly perform their duties.

The time required by each man is also noted, and is reckoned into the standing, since the efficiency of a postal clerk depends largely upon the rapidity with which he can work. An



A FREE RIDE TO THE POST-OFFICE.

The first division comprises all of New England, and the headquarters of the superintendent are in Boston. Twice a week he issues a printed bulletin of several pages, giving information of changes that have been made and instructions for new work. These bulletins are sent regularly to all postal clerks and to the larger offices. Once in so many months every clerk is examined by his superintendent, or some one designated by him, to see how well the clerk has mastered, and retained, the work of his position. The way in which this examination is made is interesting. The examinations are made by States, and we will suppose a clerk is to be examined on Massachusetts. The examiner has a small case of pigeonholes, usually made to fold up so as to be light and portable. This is labeled, by means of movable labels, just as a car would be in which the man to be examined is an agent. In addition to this the examiner furnishes a set of cards, as many in number as there are offices in Massachusetts, the name of some one office being written on each of the cards.

The clerk takes these cards and rapidly sorts them into their proper places in the case, just as if he was sorting so many letters into the case in his car. The examiner watches the operation, and when it is done takes the cards out, one by one, to see what errors have been made. A written report of every examination is made out, giving the percentage of each clerk, as in the case of a pupil at a school examina-

tion. The time required by each man is also noted, and is reckoned into the standing, since the efficiency of a postal clerk depends largely upon the rapidity with which he can work. An efficient paper clerk will throw from fifteen to twenty pieces in a minute, and an equally good letter clerk will sort from thirty to forty letters in the same time. The reason the latter is able to work so many more pieces is because they are already faced up for him, while the paper mail comes in a jumble.

Another way in which the division superintendent can oversee the work of his clerks is by means of the facing slips.

As already has been stated, all the letters going to any one office, or to any division of a railway, are tied into a bundle on the face of which is placed a brown paper slip, about as big as a postal card, on which is plainly printed the destination of the package. Every postal clerk, or post-office clerk using one of these slips is obliged to put on it his own name and address, and the date it was used. Now when some other clerk comes to open the package, if he finds in it any letters which have been put there by mistake, and thus have been delayed, he at once writes upon the back of the slip a list of the errors, and sends it in to the office of the superintendent of the division. Here an account is kept with every man in the division. He is debited with all the errors reported against him, and credited with all that he reports against anybody else. At the end of each month a record of this account is sent him, that he may be encouraged in well-doing, or spurred on to improvement.

It is this complex system, so carefully enforced, which has given us our present excellent mail service.

The contract of the government with all railways requires the latter to deliver the mails at, and bring them from, offices within eighty rods of the station. Where the distance is greater, the government has to furnish a carrier.

After the mails are received at the office of destination the work is simple. All letters are

stamped on the back with the day and hour of receipt, so that if they have been delayed on the way it will be shown that the delay was not at that office. Unless it is a large office, the letters and papers are put directly into the boxes. If the office is large enough for free delivery, the carriers take the larger part of the mail, but their work, and the methods for quickly handling the mail in a city office, would furnish material for a separate article.



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A LITTLE man bought him a big bass-drum ;
 Boom — boom — boom !
 "Who knows," said he, "when a war will come?"
 Boom — boom — boom !
 "I 'm not at all frightened, you understand,
 But, if I am called on to fight for my land,
 I want to be ready to play in the band."
 Boom — boom — boom !

He got all his children little snare-drums ;
 Boom — tidera-da — boom !
 And they 'd practice as soon as they 'd finished
 their sums.

Boom — tidera-da — boom !
 " Won't you stop it, I beg you ? " he often said.
 " I 'm trying to think of a text, but instead
 The only thing I can get into my head



Boom — tidera-da — boom !
 " We 're just like our papa," in chorus said they,
 " And, if we should ever get into the fray,
 Why, it 's safer to thump than to fight any day ! "
 Boom — tidera-da — boom !

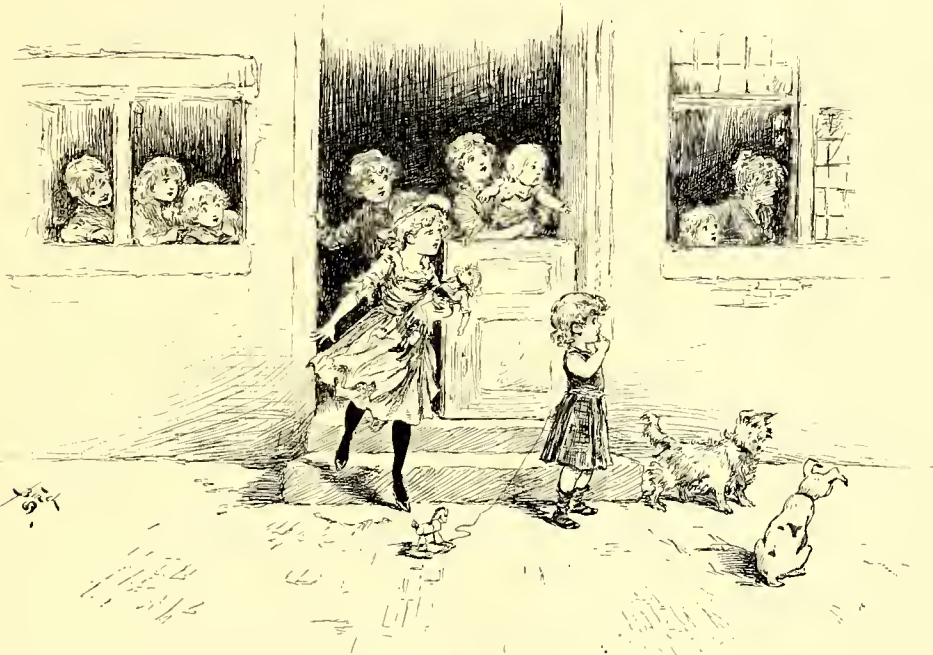
And, showing her spirit, the little man 's wife —
 Boom — tidera-da — boom !
 With some of her pin-money purchased a fife ;
 Boom — tidera-da — boom !
 And, picking out tunes that were not very hard,
 They 'd play them while marching around the
 back yard,
 Without for one's feelings the slightest regard.
 Boom — tidera-da — boom-a-diddle-dee —
 Boom — tidera-da — boom !

The little old parson, who lived next door —
 Boom — tidera-da — boom !
 Would throw up his hands, as he walked the
 floor ;

Is your boom — tidera-da — boom-a-diddle-
 dee —
 Boom — tidera-da — boom ! "



And all of the people, for blocks around —
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 Kept time at their tasks to the martial sound;
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 While children to windows and stoops would fly,
 Expecting to see a procession pass by,
 And they could n't make out why it never drew nigh,
 With its boom—tidera-da—boom-a-diddle-dee—
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!



It would seem such vigor must soon abate;
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 But they still keep at it, early and late;
 Boom—tidera-da—boom!
 So, if it should be that a war breaks out,
 They 'll all be ready, I have no doubt,
 To help in putting the foe to rout,
 With their boom—tidera-da—boom—
Boom—tidera-da—Boom—
 Boom—tidera-da—boom-a-diddle-dee—
 Boom—BOOM—BOOM!

THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

(Began in the November number.)

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT THE OWNER OF THE SCOW SAID.

As they walked down to the lake together, they saw the wreck, still adrift and smoking, not far from shore. But it was deep in the water, and the hay was reduced to a low, sunken, black, and formless mass, which exposed scarcely any surface to the wafting wind.

"The water has got into the old hulk, and foundered it, and soaked out the fire," Mr. Allerton observed.

"Don't call it an old hulk," Toby replied. "It was almost new when I had the bad luck to borrow it."

"But it could n't have had much value."

"That 's what I hope Mr. Brunswick will say; but I 'm afraid he won't!"

"There are not so many boats on this lake that it seems necessary to burn them up," said the teacher. "I wonder there are not more. Summer boarders are coming now, and if other people are half as fond of the water as I am, row-boats and sail-boats should be in demand."

"Do you spend the summer here?" Toby asked.

"A large part of it, at any rate; I don't know of a more attractive place to pass a vacation. If I thought I should keep your school another year—"

"You 'll do that, very surely!"

"It is n't sure at all. I find there are many discordant elements in the place, and I am by no means satisfied that I am the man to harmonize them. But, as I was saying, if I thought I should stay, I would have a boat of my own."

"You can take mine any time," said Toby. "I 've been so busy I have n't put it into the water yet. But I mean to have it in soon."

"I am very much obliged to you. I should think it would be a good thing, for somebody who has a little leisure, to keep a few boats to let, and to take people out rowing."

"That 's a good idea!" Toby exclaimed. "Is n't there anybody you can suggest it to?"

"How about the young fellow you call Yellow Jacket?"

Toby thought a moment.

"It would be just the thing for him, if he only had the boats, and a little business enterprise. Shiftless habits and one leaky boat would n't answer."

"I 'm afraid not," said the master. "But the fellow seems to have good stuff in him, if one could manage to get hold of him and bring it out."

"He 's a jolly, good-hearted chap," said Toby; "though something of a braggart. He might get a good living, if he would only take hold of some kind of work, and stick to it, instead of letting his mother and sisters support him. About all he cares to do is to catch wasps and paddle his boat. That 's he, out there now, with the three other boys."

"Which is Yellow Jacket?"

"The one with the suspenders crossed on his back over his yellow flannel shirt. He nearly always wears yellow flannel—to be in keeping with his nickname, I suppose. They are going to look at the wreck."

"He has really saved two or three lives, I hear." Mr. Allerton mused a moment. "I think I must manage to get acquainted with him."

While Yellow Jacket and his companions were rowing around the foundered scow, and punching their oars into the heap of burnt hay, Mr. Allerton and Toby walked on toward Mr. Brunswick's house.

"There 's Mr. Brunswick now, coming down to the shore!" said Toby, drawing an anxious

breath. "He 's looking off at the scow. I 'd give something to know what he 's thinking."

"Perhaps we shall find out," said the schoolmaster. "I don't see why you should be afraid of meeting him."

"I 'm not exactly afraid," replied Toby; "but I know it will be disagreeable. I should dislike to tell him, even if I knew I was n't to blame for anything. A fellow hates explanations and a row and all that sort of thing, even when he 's sure of being in the right. He 's calling."

"How is she?" shouted old Bob, from the shore, to young Bob in Yellow Jacket's boat.

"What?" young Bob answered, standing upright in the bow, and calling back over the heads of his companions.

"How 's the scow?"

"There 's no scow left! There 's a half-burnt bottom, that 's all,—full of water and burnt straw," replied his son, from the boat. Young Bob, to illustrate, punched an oar into the mass. "The upper part of the sides is all gone!" he added.

The iceman stood silent for a moment, with his hands on his hips, and his arms making triangles with his sides; then turned to accost Toby, with ironical pleasantry.

"Wal, young feller! That 's a pooty pictur'!"

"You see what has happened," said Toby, trying to be pleasant in return, but making a sickly business of it.

"I ruther think I du!—Don't take more 'n half an eye to see that," replied the elder Bob, with a smile as cool as if it had been kept on a large quantity of his own ice until served up for the occasion. "I never thought you 'd be fool enough to burn her up, whatever happened."

"Neither did I think so," said Toby, more at his ease. "But you see I—or somebody—was. It makes very little difference to you who was the fool. Your scow is burnt, and she 'll have to be paid for. That 's the short of it, Mr. Brunswick."

"Yes; that 's to the p'int; that 's fair," said the iceman, his sarcastic grin somewhat relaxing. "Who 's to pay?"

"I—if nobody else does; if I live," replied Toby, his spirits rising more and more. "I borrowed it, and I 'm responsible." He had said that to himself many times, and it was now

a satisfaction to say it aloud to the owner of the boat, with the schoolmaster within hearing. "Only I hope it won't be very costly."

"I don't know 'bout that," Mr. Brunswick said, doubtfully. "Scow was new last summer. Had her built a-purpose for my business. Guess she must 'a' cost twenty dollars and up'ards. I 've got the bills for the lumber and labor."

Mr. Allerton, who had kept in the background, now said:

"I should suppose Mr. Tazwell would pay for the scow without raising a question."

"Mabby he will, and mabby he won't," replied the elder Bob. "I 've no dealin's with Tazwell, as I told Toby here. I shall look to Toby; he can look to Tazwell."

"That 's all right," said Toby. "I have saved the oars."

He was starting to go, when Mr. Brunswick asked.

"How did the fire ketch? Ye ha'n't told me yit."

"I did n't suppose that would make much difference, as far as you are concerned," Toby answered. "Tom Tazwell tried to light his cigarette, I tried to hinder him, we got into a scuffle, and somehow the hay caught from his matches."

"Wal!" The iceman's lips tightened with a grim expression. "If he was my boy, I guess he 'd never hanker much after lightin' another cigarette on a load of hay, long as he lived!"

Then he called to young Bob in the boat:

"Can't ye manage to hitch yer painter on to what 's left of her, and tow her in?"

There was a consultation in the boat; then Yellow Jacket made answer:

"Ain't nothing to hitch on to."

"Pull ashore," said old Bob, "and I 'll give ye an ice-hook. Ye can ketch on to her with that."

He once more turned his ironic grin upon Toby and the teacher.

"We 'll haul her up," he said; "and if Tazwell wants what 's left of his hay, he can come and git it. Or he can send an idiot of a boy with a cigarette and matches. Guess the ' won't be no danger of its gittin' afire a second time!"

He turned and entered the tool-room of the

ice-house, from which he presently brought out a long-handled ice-hook. While the boys in the boat were rowing in to receive it, Mr. Allerton

the store, was taking down the shutters, when Toby made his appearance. Neither Tom nor his father had arrived. Mr. Tazwell usually came late; and Tom went to business or stayed away, about as he pleased.

"We did n't see you on Saturday afternoon," Peters remarked with a look of quiet drollery, over a shutter he was handling. "How was that?"

"Did n't you know?" replied Toby, as drily. "Mr. Tazwell gave Tom and me a stint, to get some hay, and excused us from the store till this morning."

"Did you bring home the hay?" asked Peters.

"We brought it part way," said Toby.

"I guess Tazwell was delighted," suggested Peters.

"No doubt about it," replied Toby.

He was sick with anxiety to know what Mr. Tazwell had said of the catastrophe, and what was generally thought of his own share in it; but he would not ask, and Peters did not volunteer to tell him. Toby helped



"'HOW IS SHE?' SHOUTED OLD BOB, FROM THE SHORE."

and Toby walked back along the shore to the village.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT THE OWNER OF THE HAY SAID.

TOBY did not return to the store until Monday morning. By that time he had pretty well recovered from the inconvenience his burns occasioned, and was ready for work again.

Peters, the clerk, whose duty it was to open

about the shutters, and then went to work sweeping.

The morning was well advanced when Tom and his father walked in together, cheerfully conversing.

Tom gave Toby a supercilious look, but Mr. Tazwell took no notice of him. He was a polite and politic man, who had his impulses well under control. He rarely raised his voice above a low and well-modulated tone, and he was often most quiet when most angry; but at such

times there would be an expression in his gray eyes, and even in the stoop of his genteel shoulders, which those who knew him understood.

There was no mistaking the silent manner that took possession of him the moment he saw Toby. The boy stood ready to give him "Good-morning," if spoken to; and to receive any amount of censure for interference with Tom and his matches. But Mr. Tazwell passed him and without a word entered the counting-room.

Determined to rise above his trouble, Toby turned to Tom and asked: "How is Bertha this morning?"

"Well enough," Tom replied, with something of the repressed and ominous paternal manner; but he could not resist the temptation to add, "—thanks to Yellow Jacket."

Toby had very little jealousy in his nature; but he felt this as a blow. Tom, who was stooping behind a box in the back room, to change his boots, looked up and said:

"Was not he splendid?"

"Who?" said Toby.

"Yellow Jacket, of course. Father says he is going to make him a handsome present."

"I hope he will," replied Toby. "He won't, though, and you know it."

"I know it?" said Tom, in a blaze of resentment. The son had not yet acquired the self-control which worldly prudence imposed upon the father. "Then why should I tell you so?"

"Just to hurt my feelings." That was what Toby thought, and firmly believed, but he was too proud to say it. Yet his burning sense of injury would not let him remain silent. "If he chooses to give Yellow Jacket something," he said, "I don't know who is to object. I was only thinking—" But there he stopped, afraid of saying too much.

"Speak out! What were you thinking?" Tom demanded.

"He might give something to some other people, too," said Toby. "There are enough who feel, if he has any money to spare, some of it belongs to them."

The moment he had made this allusion to the creditors he believed to have been defrauded, he felt how indiscreet it was, and was sorry for it.

Mr. Tazwell's treatment of him, which seemed

so cruel under the circumstances, and which had no doubt been caused by Tom's misrepresentations, would not alone have provoked him to it; nor would he at another time have cared much for Tom's ungenerous taunts. But these were sparks to something compressed in his bosom, ready for an explosion. What Mr. Brunswick had said to him of the failure had reawakened his worst suspicions, lulled for a season; and he was full of the feeling that his mother was the victim of a deep and deliberate wrong.

But Tom did not—or pretended he did not—understand him.

"Oh!" said he; "you think you are entitled to something, as well as Yellow Jacket? I see what has made you flare up so. *You* want a reward."

"I want a reward?" Toby repeated, with amazement and indignation. "For what?"

"For what you think you did, helping Yellow Jacket lift Bertha out of the water."

"Helping Yellow Jacket—!" Toby exclaimed; but there he paused.

Was it possible that no more was known of what he had done for Bertha than what Tom himself had seen while swimming aimlessly about behind the scow and calling for help? Or, even if all were known, could anybody deem him so base as to wish for any other recompense than to know that Bertha and her friends recognized his readiness to risk anything for her sake?

Such astounding injustice and ingratitude, on the part of her own brother, filled him with rage and grief. He could make no reply to such a charge as that.

"How much do you think you ought to have?" Tom urged, with an exasperating sneer.

"Tom Tazwell," said Toby, "you know no more what is in my mind than a barking dog knows what's going on in the moon!"

And he went about his affairs, while customers coming in prevented Tom from following up his attacks.

All that day, and the next, Mr. Tazwell addressed not a word to Toby, who received his orders from Peters, and from Tom, who was more insolent than ever.

By Wednesday, Toby had made up his mind to endure his employer's silence no longer. A

little before noon he walked into the counting-room, where Mr. Tazwell was seated at his desk.

"Mr. Tazwell," he began, in a voice that trembled despite his utmost efforts to be brave. The merchant turned and gave him a cold look out of his gray eyes. "I was n't here Saturday night —"

The boy had got so far, when he was stopped by his own heart-beats.

"We were made aware of that fact," Mr. Tazwell replied, in his most ominous quiet tones.

His words broke the spell, and Toby took courage.

"For that reason," he said, "I did n't draw my week's pay. As mother has need of the money, I —"

Mr. Tazwell took from his pocket-book a number of bank-notes, which he spread on the desk and turned over with his thumb. Drawing out four one-dollar bills, he shoved them toward Toby, without a word.

So far so good. But what the boy most dreaded to say was still to come. The sight of the bank-notes that were still lying on the desk emboldened him. He fumbled his week's wages in his nervous fingers, and made the venture:

"There is the scow,— Mr. Brunswick's boat that got burnt, and that he expects to be paid twenty dollars for."

"I am sorry for Mr. Brunswick," the merchant replied, as if he were expressing regret for something that had occurred at the North Pole.

But Toby was not to be rebuffed. He had got his breath now, and he spoke boldly:

"He looks to me for the pay; and I suppose I must look to you."

"Look to me?" queried the merchant. "I don't understand."

"You mean to say," Toby replied, his heart swelling with something besides fear of his employer, "that you don't understand why you should pay for the boat that was burnt when we were bringing home your hay in it?"

"Certainly; that 's just what I mean to say. The boat was borrowed against my advice and without my consent."

"I did n't think so," said Toby. "You told us we had better take the wagon; but when Tom suggested the boat, you did n't object.

Anyway, Tom consented to my borrowing it; he was glad enough to have me. And we were both in your service. And Mr. Brunswick would like to be paid," he added, facing his employer with pale but unflinching looks.

"No doubt," said Mr. Tazwell. "So would I. But I have n't asked you to pay me for my hay, and fork, and rake; let alone Thomas's rifle."

"No," said Toby, "and I should think it strange if you had!"

"It would n't be strange," said the merchant, in a low, even tone, but with an intense glitter in his steady eyes. "Nine employers out of ten would think themselves justified in keeping back the amount out of your wages. But out of regard for your mother, I have n't proposed to do it."

"I am obliged to you for your regard for my mother!" said Toby, aware that his face was growing white.

He meant this for sarcasm, but the politic Tazwell did not see fit to take it so.

"I accept the loss of the hay, but I have nothing to do with the loss of the boat. You borrowed it, and you burned it up. I have heard that Brunswick says he told you he would n't lend it to me,—coupled with some insulting remark that I don't care to repeat."

Toby could not deny this.

"Now, I say if he was foolish enough to lend the scow to you, and you accepted it on such terms, I wash my hands of the result."

"When it was Tom's matches that fired it?" returned Toby.

"It was your interference with Thomas and his matches that caused the accident."

Mr. Tazwell's level tones, as he said this, and the eyes of the man, as he looked piercingly at Toby, even the stoop of his shoulders as he leaned over toward the boy, were full of their most relentless expression. Poor Toby felt that he was losing the battle.

"I did interfere!" he exclaimed. "For I could n't sit still and see him light his cigarette right there on the load of hay. Do you say he did right?"

"By no means. I would n't have him light his cigarette anywhere. I am opposed to his smoking at all. But there is n't the slightest probability that he would have set the hay afire, if you had let him alone — not the slightest."

Toby felt that further argument was useless; and the burning fullness of his heart could not be relieved by any words he was prepared to speak. He stood for a moment, with pale and quivering lips, then silently withdrew.

CHAPTER XV.

TOBY BLACKS HIS EMPLOYER'S BOOTS.

THE boy carried home his meager week's earnings, with an account of his recent interview with Mr. Tazwell.

"It was all I could do to keep my wrath from bursting out on him," he said. "But I held it in. Now there 's twenty dollars I must pay Mr. Brunswick out of my own pocket, if I ever can; for I sha'n't let you pay a dollar of it, Mother! I would n't work for Tazwell another day, if it was n't for earning that money."

The widow counseled patience; but it was with pain and pity that she saw him return to the store that afternoon.

Mr. Tazwell now condescended to give him orders, and even Tom spoke to him pleasantly. There was a rather brisk trade, but after five o'clock the customers had departed. Then Mr. Peters went to his supper, in order to come back and remain in the store while the rest went to theirs, and to shut it up afterward.

"Tobias!" Mr. Tazwell called from his office, the door of which was open, "see here a moment."

Toby went, hoping to hear that Mr. Tazwell had something more generous to say regarding the payment for the scow.

"As there seems to be not much else to do just now," said the merchant, "you may take my boots and black them."

It was not the first time he had been required to do that menial service; and he had submitted to it humbly. The boots were on the floor beside the desk. He took them in silence, and carried them to the back room, where he had begun to polish one, when Tom came in.

"While you are about it," Tom said, "you may black mine."

Toby stood with his coat off, his left hand in a boot, and his right holding the brush, and gave Tom a look; remembering all at once

something Tom had predicted, at the time when he announced the failure.

Tom did not heed the look, but taking a pair of boots from a closet, dropped them beside the box where the blacking was kept, and walked out again.

"He said I might be his bootblack some time," thought Toby. "We 'll see!"

He took the time occupied in polishing one boot, to consider what he should do.

"I 'll black his father's boots," he said to himself, "but I won't black Tom's. If that is expected of me, it 's time for me to strike. I 'll find out!"

He put down brush and boot, and walked behind the main counter to the office door, bent upon another and perhaps final interview with the merchant.

The door was closed, but not latched; and he overheard Tom talking earnestly within. Without the slightest intention of being an eavesdropper, Toby paused, fearing he had chosen a bad time for his visit.

Tom was asking for money to enable him to make some sort of trade for a rifle to replace the one he had lost in the lake.

"Yellow Jacket declares he can't get it; and if he can't, nobody else can. And it 's too bad that I should lose a gun that way, through no fault of my own."

"I don't know about that," the father remonstrated, but in the tone of indulgence that usually softened his reproofs of his son. "I have begged you so many times to give up your smoking! If it had n't been for that —"

"If it had n't been for Toby," Tom interrupted him. "If he had only minded his own business. Aleck says he 'll trade for twenty dollars; and everybody knows his rifle 's worth more than that and my old shot-gun. Only twenty dollars, father!" pleaded Tom.

Just the sum which Toby himself had asked for to pay Mr. Brunswick for his boat! But how differently was this second request received. It was no longer in Toby's power to cease to listen and to go away.

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do," said Mr. Tazwell. "I 'll give you the twenty dollars, provided you will make me the most solemn promise you ever made in your life, not to smoke any more."

Tom had made several such promises before; but he was ready enough to make another.

"I have n't touched tobacco since that time," he said; "and I don't mean ever to smoke again. I pledge you my word I won't, if you 'll give me the money."

"Well, remember," the father replied, in a tone more of entreaty than command; "and, one thing, Thomas, don't let Toby nor anybody know it. It would n't do, you understand, to have it get out, just now, that I have money to spare for such a purpose."

"But what shall I tell Aleck, if I make the trade?" Tom asked.

"Tell him he must keep the money 'to boot' a secret, and even he may as well be led to suppose you came by it in some other way."

At first, when Toby began to listen to this conversation, the rush of blood to his head made such a roaring sound that he could hardly hear anything else. But that tumult had subsided. He regained his self-possession; and, instead of breaking in impetuously on father and son, as he was tempted to do, he returned quietly to the back room and to his task.

It seemed to take a long time to put a satisfactory polish on the second boot. This might have been owing to his agitated frame of mind; he felt that the crisis had come, and was hardly aware what his hands were doing.

Presently Tom came in haste for his boots.

"Not ready yet?" he said impatiently; "you *are* a slow coach."

"You may as well take them as they are," Toby replied significantly.

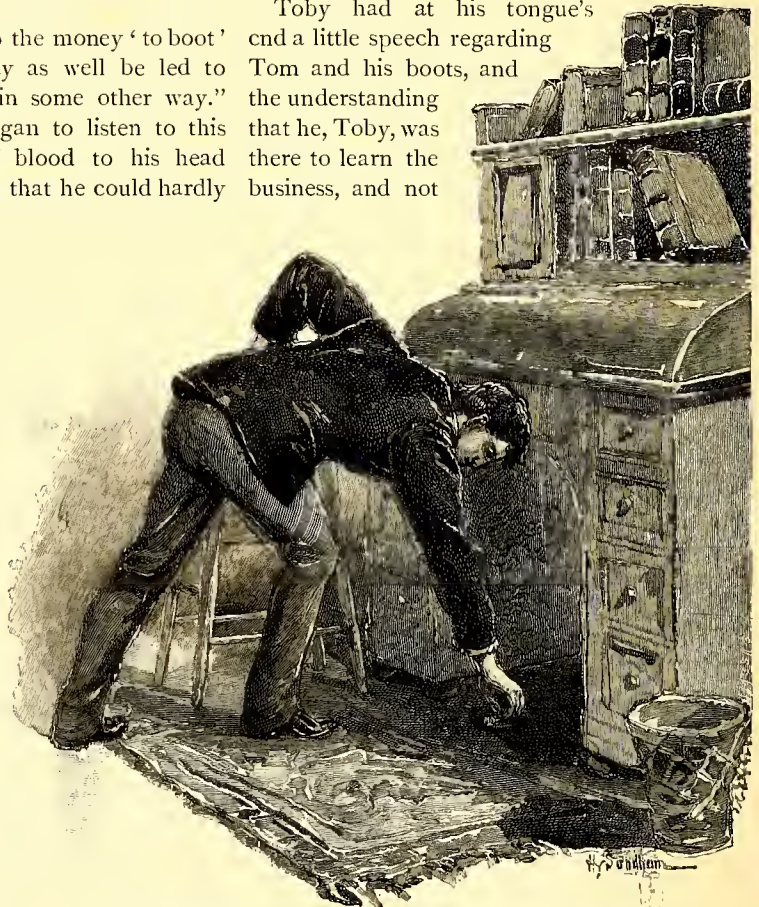
"I won't; and I can't wait any longer for them," Tom declared, as he clapped on his hat and left the store.

"He 's in a hurry to finish his trade with Lick Stevens," thought Toby. And he muttered aloud, with a grim sort of smile: "He would have had to wait a long while, if he had stayed for me to black his boots."

The other pair were now polished, and the owner was calling for them. Toby remained to wash his hands and to put on his coat; then, without haste, but with a swelling heart, obeyed the summons. He found Mr. Tazwell sitting with one shoe off, and showing about as much impatience as it was in his calculating nature ever to betray.

Toby had at his tongue's end a little speech regarding

Tom and his boots, and the understanding that he, Toby, was there to learn the business, and not



"TOBY PICKED IT UP AND PUT IT IN HIS POCKET. (SEE PAGE 269.)"

for such tasks as he had the most of the time been set to do. But he did not deliver a word of it; a result he would not have believed possible, when he went so resolutely to confront his employer.

For, as he stooped to set down the boots, an

object on the floor fixed his attention, and put everything else for the moment out of his thoughts. It was lying close beside the edge of the desk, that hid it from the merchant's eyes, but not from the boy's. He could almost have picked it up, without being detected in the act; but he made no attempt to do so.

"Try to be a little more prompt in future," said Mr. Tazwell, pulling on one of the neatly-fitting congress-boots, and regarding it. "But you have done them well. And, Tobias," as Toby was retiring, "stay and look after things until Mr. Peters comes back; then you can go home."

He took his hat, and walked off with his cane under one arm, putting on his gloves. Toby watched till he had turned a corner, then stepped back into the office, saw the thing he had noticed still on the floor by the desk, picked it up, and put it into his pocket.

It was a twenty-dollar bank-note.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TWENTY-DOLLAR BANK-NOTE.

IN a short time the clerk, Peters, returned to the store; and Toby, with the bank-note in his breast pocket, and an uncomfortable feeling under it, started for home.

Was it the little monitor, conscience, that troubled him? He could not understand why it should. He had promptly and defiantly declared to himself that he was justified in taking the money and keeping it, and handing it over to Mr. Brunswick in payment for the scow.

"Yes! and even if I should keep it myself," he argued, "where would be the wrong? Has n't *he*"—meaning the merchant—"kept back from us a hundred times as much, and more, by downright dishonesty? But this is n't dishonest, to get back a little that he owes us, when it seems as if it had been dropped on purpose under my very hand."

But suppose the money should be missed, as it probably would be, and he should be accused and questioned? It was n't so pleasant thinking of that, but he reasoned:

"They can't call it stealing, for I won't deny anything. 'Yes! I found the money, and I went straight and handed it over to the rightful

owner. The rightful owner is Mr Brunswick; I gave it to him.' That 's what I 'll say, and they may make the most of it."

So, with his coat buttoned over the bank-note in his pocket, and the uneasy feeling under it in his unreasoning heart, he took his way homeward, along one of the shady village streets.

The parsonage was to be passed, and he was rather sorry he chose that way, when he discovered Tom Tazwell talking with Aleck the Little, in front of the gate. They seemed to have two guns under discussion, one of which Aleck had leaned against the fence, while Tom poised and aimed, and carefully examined the other.

All this Toby saw when he was far enough off to have changed his course and taken another way home, perhaps without being noticed by either of the boys. But why should he avoid Tom? At all events he must n't appear to avoid him now, he said to himself as he walked straight on.

But while he was still at a distance, sudden and strange movements on Tom's part attracted his attention. Holding the gun by his side while it rested on the ground, he felt in one of his pockets, gave a start, felt in another; then, handing the gun to Lick Stevens, explored all his pockets with an air of wonder and consternation.

"He has missed the money just as he was going to pay it over and close the bargain," said Toby to himself, with a thrill of interest. "He sees me! I must n't laugh!" For the thrill touched his risibilities, and he shook with suppressed convulsions of merriment.

Having evidently satisfied himself that the money was lost, Tom put back those of his pockets which he had turned wrong side out, and started to walk very fast toward the store. Then he saw Toby. Lick, meanwhile, with both guns in his keeping, leaned by the gate-post, watching his friend with an incredulous smile.

To hide his emotion, and give the muscles of his face some mechanical employment, Toby called out: "What 's the matter, Tom?"

"Have you come straight from the store?" asked Tom anxiously.

"As straight as convenient, with a corner to turn," Toby replied, as unconcernedly as possible. "Why?"

"Have you seen—have you picked up" (Tom hesitated) "anything by the way?"

"I have seen lots of things by the way," said Toby.

"But I—I might have dropped it—I went home for my shot-gun," said Tom; "you did n't go up to the house?"

"Not to-day," replied Toby. "What have you dropped?"

"No matter," said Tom suddenly. "I thought I had it in my vest pocket, and how I ever lost it is a perfect mystery. Did you go into the office after I left?" Tom was recovering from his bewilderment, and beginning to retrace in memory all his movements since his father gave him the money.

"Yes," said Toby; "I carried your father his boots."

Tom was fearful that the bank-note, if he inquired for it explicitly, would be connected immediately with his trade for Lick Stevens's gun; a difficulty which Toby perceived. A moment later Tom hurried away.

When Toby approached the parsonage gate, he found Aleck the Little laughing derisively; and it was a relief to Toby to be able to laugh, too. "Tom did that pretty well, did n't he?" said the parson's son. "He would make a tip-top actor!"

"How so?" Toby asked.

"He was going to trade for my rifle; and he was to give me his fowling-piece and twenty dollars."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes," said Aleck; "but you must n't tell. He made me promise not to; for he said he was ashamed of giving so much to boot. Now, see the fellow's craft. He's just like his dad, for all the world."

"I don't understand," replied Toby.

"Don't you see?" said Lick. "He had no twenty dollars! It was only a pretense. Now, he'll be back here in a little while, and beg me to trust him for the money, because he has been so unlucky as to lose it. He had already teased me to make the trade, without the cash down, but I would n't. Do you blame me?"

"Not a bit!" said Toby.

He wondered how Aleck could bring himself to speak in that way of Tom, whose most intimate friend he professed to be; yet he was not ill-pleased to hear Tom belittled. It was with quite altered feelings that he now went on homeward.

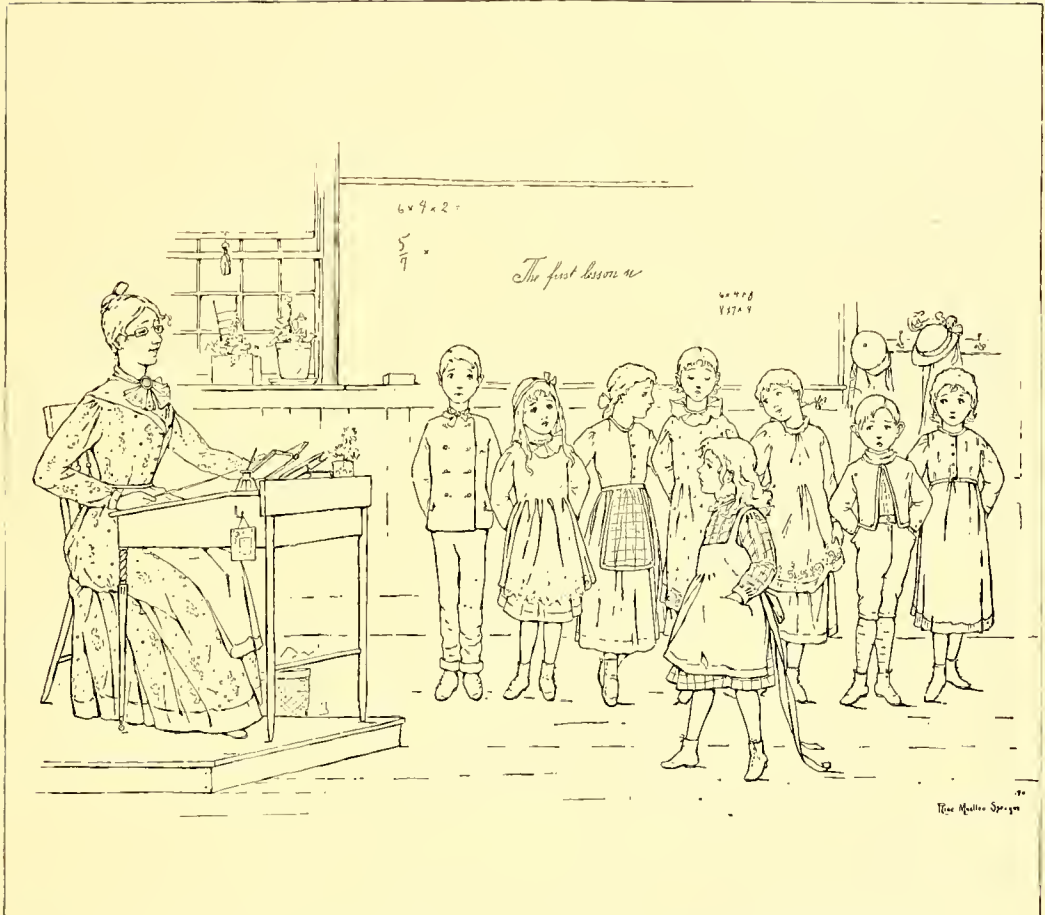
"If the money is missed," he said to himself, "it will be accounted for well enough; Tom had it, and has no idea how or where he lost it! It will never be traced to me."

(To be continued.)



GOING TO THE HEAD.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.



SWIFTLY past the rueful class,
With a skipping tread,
Little Mary Ellen 's
Going to the head.

Roughly straying yellow locks,
Ribbon lost at play,
But she is the one who spelled
The word the proper way.

Apron-strings that all untied
Switch the dusty floor —
Little, unkempt, heedless maid,
Her victory counts the more.

Quality is in oneself,
After all is said —
Little Mary Ellen 's
Going to the head.

THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

(Begun in the November number.)

III.

THE WINNING OF THE FLEECE.

NEXT morning the heroes awoke, and left the ship moored in the river's mouth, hidden by tall reeds, for they took down the mast, lest it should be seen. Then they walked toward the city of Colchis, and they passed through a strange and horrible wood. Dead men, bound together with cords, were hanging from the branches, for the Colchis people buried women, but hung dead men from the branches of trees. Then they came to the palace, where King Æetes lived, with his young son Absyrtus, and his daughter Chalciopé, who had been the wife of Phrixus, and his younger daughter, Medea, who was a witch, and the priestess of Brimo — a dreadful goddess. Now, Chalciopé came out and she welcomed Jason, for she knew the heroes were of her dear husband's country. And beautiful Medea, the dark witch-girl, saw Jason, and as soon as she saw him she loved him more than her father and her brother and all her father's house. For his bearing was gallant, and his armor golden, and long yellow hair fell over his shoulders, and over the leopard skin that he wore above his armor. And she turned white and then red, and cast down her eyes, but Chalciopé took the heroes to the baths, and gave them food. Then Æetes asked them why they came, and they told him that they desired the Fleece of Gold. Then he was very angry, and told them that only to a better man than himself would he give up that Fleece. If any wished to prove himself worthy of it he must tame two bulls which breathed flame from their nostrils, and must plow four acres with these bulls. And then he must sow the field with the teeth of a dragon, and these teeth when sown would immediately grow up into armed men. Jason said that, as it must be, he would try this adven-

ture, but he went sadly enough back to the ship and did not notice how kindly Medea was looking after him as he went.

Now, in the dead of night, Medea could not sleep, because she was so sorry for the stranger, and she knew that she could help him by her magic. Then she remembered how her father would burn her for a witch if she helped Jason, and a great shame came on her that she should prefer a stranger to her own people. So she arose in the dark, and stole just as she was to her sister's room, a white figure roaming like a ghost in the palace. And at her sister's door she turned back in shame, saying, "No, I will never do it," and she went back again, and came again, and knew not what to do; but at last she returned to her own bower, and threw herself on her bed, and wept. And her sister heard her weeping, and came to her, and they cried together, but softly, that no one might hear them. For Chalciopé was as eager to help the Greeks for love of her dead husband, as Medea was for love of Jason. And at last Medea promised to carry to the temple of the goddess of whom she was a priestess a drug that would tame the bulls. But still she wept and wished she were dead, and had a mind to slay herself; yet, all the time, she was longing for the dawn, that she might go and see Jason, and give him the drug, and see his face once more, if she was never to see him again. So, at dawn she bound up her hair, and bathed her face, and took the drug, which was pressed from a flower. That flower first blossomed when the eagle shed the blood of Prometheus on the earth. The virtue of the juice of the flower was this, that if a man anointed himself with it, he could not that day be wounded by swords, and fire could not burn him. So she placed it in a vial beneath her girdle, and so she went secretly to the temple of the goddess. And Jason had been warned by Chalciopé to meet her there, and he was coming with Mopsus who knew the speech of birds. Then Mopsus heard a crow

that sat on a poplar tree, speaking to another crow, and saying :

“Here comes a silly prophet, and sillier than a goose. He is walking with a young man to meet a maid, and does not know that, while he is there to hear, the maid will not say a word that is in her heart. Go away, foolish prophet; it is not you she cares for.”

Then Mopsus smiled, and stopped where he was; but Jason went on, where Medea was pretending to play with the girls, her companions. When she saw Jason she felt as if she could not come forward, nor go back, and she was very pale. But Jason told her not to be afraid, and asked her to help him, but for long she could not answer him; however, at the last, she gave him the drug, and taught him how to use it. “So shall you carry the Fleece to Iolcos, far from here; but what is it to me where you go, when you have gone from here? Still remember the name of me, Medea, as I shall remember you. And may there come to me some voice, or some bird with the message, whenever you have quite forgotten me!”

But Jason answered, “Lady, let the winds blow what voice they will, and what that bird will, let him bring. But no wind nor bird shall ever bear the news that I have forgotten you, if you will cross the sea with me, and be my wife.”

Then she was glad, and yet she was afraid, at the thought of that dark voyage, with a stranger, from her father's home, and her own.

So they parted, Jason to the ship, and Medea to the palace. But in the morning Jason anointed himself and his armor with the drug, and all the heroes struck at him with spears and swords, but the swords would not bite on him nor on his armor. And he felt so strong and light that he leaped in the air with joy, and the sun shone on his glittering shield. Now they

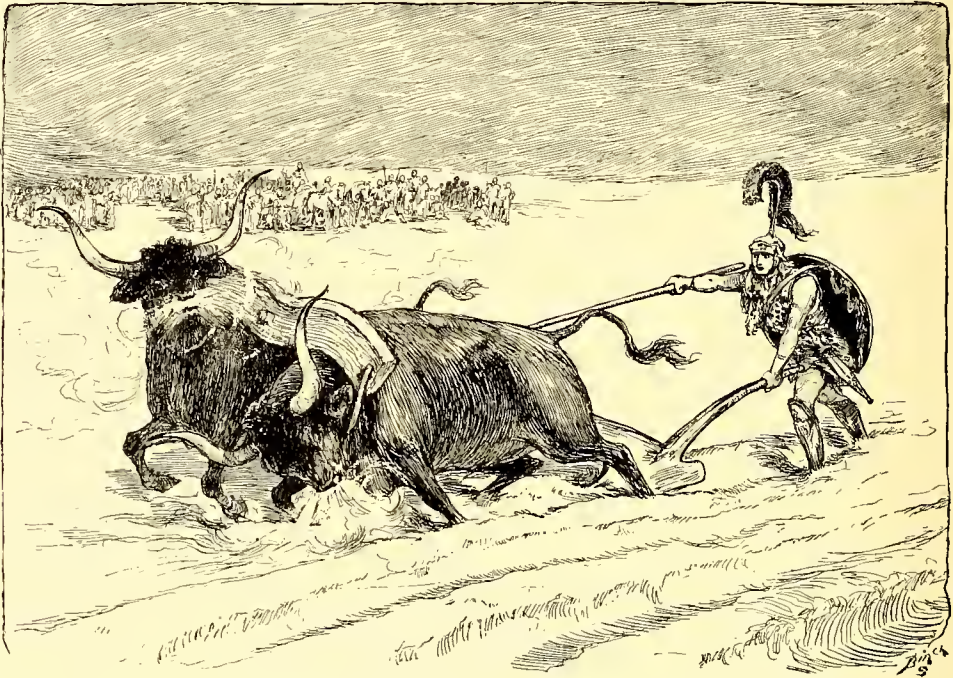


JASON AND MEDEA.

all went up together to the field where the bulls were breathing flame. There already was Æetes, and Medea, and all the Colchians had come to see Jason die. A plow had been brought, to which he was to harness the bulls. Then he walked up to them, and they blew

fire at him that flamed all round him, but the magic drug protected him. He took a horn of one bull in his right hand, and a horn of

utes of striking and shouting, while the sparks of fire sprang up from helmet, and breastplate, and shield. And the furrow ran red with blood,



JASON PLOWS WITH THE FIRE-BREATHING BULLS.

the other in his left, and dashed their heads together so mightily that they fell. When they rose, all trembling, he yoked them to the plow, and drove them with his spear, till all the field was plowed in straight ridges and furrows. Then he dipped his helmet in the river, and drank water, for he was weary; and next he sowed the dragon's teeth on the right and left. Then you might see spear points, and sword points, and crests of helmets break up from the soil like shoots of corn, and presently the earth was shaken like sea waves, as armed men leaped out of the furrows, all furious for battle. But Jason, as Medea had told him to do, caught up a great rock, and threw it among them, and he who was struck said to his neighbor, "You struck me. Take that!" and hewed him down through the helmet; but another said, "You shall not strike him!" and ran his spear through that man's breast, but before he could draw it out another man had cleft his helmet with a stroke, and so it went. A few min-

and wounded men crawled on hands and knees to strike or stab those that were yet standing and fighting. So ax and sword and spear flashed and fell, till now all the men were down but one, taller and stronger than the rest. Round him he looked, and saw only Jason standing there, and he staggered toward him, bleeding, and lifting his great ax above his head. But Jason only stepped aside from the blow which would have cloven him to the waist, the last blow of the Men of the Dragon's Teeth, for he who struck fell, and there he lay, and died.

Then Jason went to the king, where he sat looking darkly on, and said, "O King, the field is plowed, the seed is sown, the harvest is reaped. Give me now the Fleece of Gold, and let me be gone." But the king said, "Enough is done. To-morrow is a new day. To-morrow shall you win the Fleece."

Then he looked sidewise at Medea, and she knew that he suspected her, and she was afraid.

Now Æetes went and sat brooding over his wine with the captains of his people; and his mood was bitter, both for loss of the Fleece, and because Jason had won it not by his own prowess, but by magic aid of Medea. And, as for Medea herself, it was the king's purpose to put her to a cruel death, and this she needed not her witchery to know. And a fire was in her eyes, and terrible sounds were ringing in her ears, and it seemed she had but one choice, to drink poison and die, or to flee with the heroes in the ship, "Argo." But at last flight seemed better than death. So she hid all her engines of witchcraft in the folds of her gown, and she kissed her bed where she would never sleep again, and the posts of the door, and she caressed the very walls with her hand in that last sad farewell. And she cut a long lock of her yellow hair, and left it in the room, a keepsake to her mother dear, in memory of her maiden days. "Good-by, my mother," she said, "this long lock I leave thee in place of me; good-by, a long good-by to me who am going on a long journey: good-by, my sister Chalciope, good-by; dear house, good-by."

Then she stole from the house, and the bolted doors leaped open of their own accord, at the swift spell Medea murmured. With her bare feet she ran down the grassy paths, and the daisies looked black against the white feet of Medea. So she sped to the temple of the goddess, and the moon overhead looked down on her. Many a time had she darkened the moon's face with her magic song, and now the Lady Moon gazed white upon her, and said, "I am not, then, the only one that wanders in the night for love, as I love Endymion the sleeper, who wakens never! Many a time hast thou darkened my face with thy songs, and made night black with thy sorceries. And now,

thou too art in love! So go thy way, and bid thy heart endure, for a sore fate is before thee."

But Medea hastened on till she came to the high river bank, and saw the heroes, merry at their wine in the light of a blazing fire. Thrice she called aloud, and they heard her, and came to her, and she said, "Save me, my friends, for all is known, and my death is sure. And I will



THE HARVEST OF THE DRAGON'S TEETH. (SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

give you the Fleece of Gold for the price of my life."

Then Jason swore that she should be his wife, and more dear to him than all the world. And she went aboard their boat, and swiftly they rowed to the dark wood where the dragon who never sleeps lay guarding the Fleece of Gold. And she landed, and Jason, and Orpheus with his harp, and through the wood they went, but that old serpent saw them coming, and hissed so loud that women wakened in Colchis town, and children cried to their mothers. But Orpheus struck softly on his harp,

and he sang a hymn to Sleep, bidding him come and cast a slumber on the dragon's wakeful eyes.

This was the song he sang :

Sleep! King of gods and men!
 Come to my call again,
 Swift over field and fen,
 Mountain and deep :
 Come, bid the waves be still ;
 Sleep, streams on height and hill ;
 Beasts, birds, and snakes, thy will
 Conquereth, Sleep !
 Come on thy golden wings,
 Come ere the swallow sings,
 Lulling all living things,
 Fly they or creep !
 Come with thy leaden wand,
 Come with thy kindly hand,
 Soothing on sea or land
 Mortals that weep,
 Come from the cloudy west,
 Soft over brain and breast,
 Bidding the Dragon rest,
 Come to me, Sleep !

This was Orpheus's song, and he sang so sweetly that the bright small eyes of the Dragon closed, and all his hard coils softened and uncurled. Then Jason set his foot on the Dragon's neck, and hewed off his head, and lifted down the Golden Fleece from the sacred oak tree, and it shone like a golden cloud at dawn. But he waited not to wonder at it, but he and Medea and Orpheus hurried through the wet wood-paths to the ship, and threw it on board, cast a cloak over it, and bade the heroes sit down to the oars, half of them, but the others to take their shields, and stand each beside the oarsmen, to guard them from the arrows of the Colchians. Then he cut the stern-cables with his sword, and softly they rowed, under the bank, down the dark river to the sea. But by this time the hissing of the Dragon had awakened the Colchians, and lights were flitting by the palace windows, and Æetes was driving in his chariot with all his men, down to the banks of the river. Then

their arrows fell like hail about the ship, but they rebounded from the shields of the heroes, and the swift ship sped over the bar, and leaped as she felt the first waves of the salt sea.

And now the Fleece was won. But it was weary work bringing it home to Greece, and that is another story. For Medea and Jason did a deed which angered the gods. They slew her brother Absyrtus, who followed after them with a fleet. And the gods would not let them return by the way they had come, but by strange ways where never another ship has sailed. Up the Istes (the Danube) they rowed, through countries of savage men, till the Argo could go no further, by reason of the narrowness of the stream. Then they hauled her overland, where no man knows, but they launched her on the Elbe at last, and out into a sea where never sail had been seen. Then they were driven wandering out into Ocean, and to a fairy far-off Isle where Lady Circe dwelt, and to the Sirens' Isles, where the singing women of the sea beguile the mariners ; but about all these there is a better story, which you may some day read, the story of Odysseus, Laertes' son. And at last the west wind drove them back through the Pillars of Heracles, and so home to waters they knew, and to Iolcos itself, and there they landed with the Fleece, and the heroes all went home. And Jason was crowned king, at last, on his father's throne, but he had little joy of his kingdom, for between him and beautiful Medea was the memory of her brother, whom they had slain. And the long story ends but sadly, for they had no happiness at home, and at last they went different ways, and Medea sinned again, a dreadful sin to revenge an evil deed of Jason's. For she was a woman that knew only hate and love, and where she did not love with all her heart, with all her heart she hated. But on his dying day it may be that he remembered her, when all grew dark around him, and down the ways of night the Golden Fleece floated like a cloud upon the wind of death.



A COLD WEATHER PREDICAMENT IN 1791.

TO PRINCE ORIC.

(Six Years Old.)

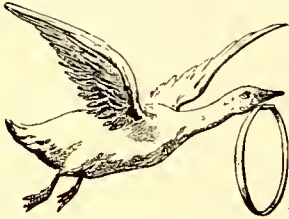


Do you remember, centuries gone by,
 When you were Prince, and I, your subject, came
 To kiss your hand and swell the loud acclaim
 Wherewith the people greeted you, and cry —
 “Long life, and love, and glory, oh, most high
 And puissant lord!” — the city was aflame
 With torches ; banners streamed ; and knight and dame
 Knelt at your feet — your proud smile made reply.
 I think you *do* remember ; for I caught
 That same swift smile upon your royal lips
 When once again (the centuries’ long eclipse
 At end), I found my monarch, and my homage brought :
 “Long life, and love, and glory, now as then !”
 And you ? — your smile is my reward again.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

ELFIE'S VISIT TO CLOUDLAND AND THE MOON.

BY FRANCES V. AND E. J. AUSTEN.



TRICK THE FIFTH.
MOTHER GOOSE AND
HER TROUBLES.
THE CELEBRATED
BROOMSTICK.

LD Mother Goose evidently did not hear what Santa Claus said, for she came hobbling along, humming to herself in a cracked voice :

“There was an old woman who lived in a shoe —”

“None of that!” shouted Santa Claus, and the clatter of the icicles, which fell in a perfect shower, made Mother Goose look up.

“None of that!” repeated Santa Claus. “I am so tired of that old woman and her everlasting shoe that I am thinking of having her scratched out of my new books. If you have n’t any new rhyme you had better go home again.”

“Ho! ho!” cried Mother Goose. “You ungrateful soul, you! Why, that old poem — yes, I insist upon it — *poem*,” she repeated, striking her stick on the ground, “that old *poem* has pleased more children than you could count in a month of Sundays! None of the modern poets seem to know how to write to please the babies. Here are the last verses I’ve received. Read ’em! read ’em! and then tear ’em all up. I declare that unless I get some really good ones before next Christmas I’ll just send out the same old batch! The children never seem to get tired of *thosc*. Listen to this nonsense,” added the old lady, taking a sheet from the bundle.

MRS. ARITHMETIC’S PARTY.

MRS. ARITHMETIC gave a fine ball
To little and great, to big and to small;
No one was neglected; she tried very hard
Not to leave out one person who should get a card.
There was sweet Miss Addition, the first one to come,
And she footed it gaily with young Mr. Sum,
Who, ’t was easy to see, was her favorite. Though
Subtraction proposed, she had answered him — No!

This refusal, of course, made Subtraction quite solemn, And he left very early, hid away in a column.
Then Multiplication, that jolly old elf,
Who was always on very good terms with himself
(Though all those who knew the same Multiplication
Declared that he caused them unending vexation).
Division came later, and, needless to say,
Behaved himself meanly, as is always his way.
He made friends into foes, and spoiled all the fun
Of the poor little figures, from 9 down to 1.
The cute little Fractions were there (very small)
With their brothers the Decimals, not quite so tall,
And every one present had brought his relations,
None prouder than Lord Algebraic Equations.
The Duke Logarithm and the Count Trigonometry
Had quite a long chat with the Marquis Geometry.
Only five of the figures danced in the quadrille,
Six, Seven, and Eight went away feeling ill,
While old Mr. Nine, who ate a large supper,
Sat down in the library and read Martin Tupper.
At last it was time for the people to go;
Each charming young figure selected her beau,
And in leaving their hostess, they said, one and all,
They had greatly enjoyed Dame Arithmetic’s ball.

“Fancy giving that for the mamas to read to their babies. They always will put too many *ideas* into the poetry. They will be expecting the babies to *think*, next thing we know!



THE GREEDY BOY.

“Here’s another one. Did you ever hear the like?”

Why is the little boy crying?
Why does the little boy cry?
He has eaten so much of the rare roast beef,
He has no room left for the pie.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed jolly old Santa Claus. "Old Mother Goose is suffering from what men and women on earth call Pro-fes-sion-al Jeal-ous-y. We shall have to give you some medicine in the shape of some ad-verse crit-i-cism. That will cure you! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh, you will, will you?—you'll give me some of that medicine, will you? You would better not! Why, there is not a man nor a woman on earth who has ever been a child who would not rise up and declare such conduct shameful! No, sir; you would better not—so take my advice. As for the poets, I have given them up, long ago, as hopeless. So many of them have taken to living altogether up here 'in the clouds,' and they bother me all the time for orders to compose new rhymes for the children; but I have forbidden them to stir outside of the gardens of their own house.

"Then the house where they live when they are in the clouds, I am sure is just like a lunatic asylum, for they strut about declaiming and making up new poems on everything that takes place on earth, so that it is really quite laughable to see them.

"Some of them are nice, lovable people, and I take care they are not bothered by the noisy ones; but some are quite dangerous, and one class, especially, I have had to shut up by themselves. They call them on earth, the Spring poets—they are dreadful, indeed. But there, Santa Claus! I can't stay here chattering to you; just look through that lot of nonsense when you have time, and if you find anything worth saving, save it.

"Mercy on us! Who is that?" said the old lady suddenly, as she caught sight of Elfie. "Dearie, dearie me!" she said, setting her spectacles straight, "I declare, child, you gave me quite a turn. I actually thought it was Contrary Mary, who had run away again. Come here, and let me look at you," and Mother Goose fell back into an arm-chair which

one of the little goblins had brought for her, and beamed so sweetly on Elfie that the little girl slipped down from Santa Claus's knee and ran into the kind old lady's outstretched arms.

"And what is your name, my dear?" said the dame, after embracing Elfie and setting her on a



"'MERCY ON US! WHO IS THAT?' SAID THE OLD LADY SUDDENLY."

footstool, which had risen through the floor at a nod from E-ma-ji-na-shun.

"I'm Elfie," replied the little girl.

"Elfie, eh?—and a dear sweet little girl you look," said old Mother Goose; "and so you have started out with old E-ma-ji-na-shun to



"THEY STRUT ABOUT DECLAIMING AND MAKING UP NEW POEMS."

explore the wonders of Cloudland, have you? Well—well—there are not many little girls like you who come up here. Nearly everybody waits till they are older; but we love the children best, after all," and she stooped down and kissed Elfie again. "Now, what, of all that I

can show you, would you like to see most?" Mother Goose asked.

"Oh!" said Elfie, "I want to see where you live, and I want to see the Old Woman who lives in the shoe, and Jack and Jill, and Tommy Tucker, and Jack Horner, and Jack Sprat, and Little Bo-peep."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mother Goose, "and so you shall, my lamb, you shall see them all, and more, too; and what is better, I will give you a ride on my broomstick. What do you think of that?"



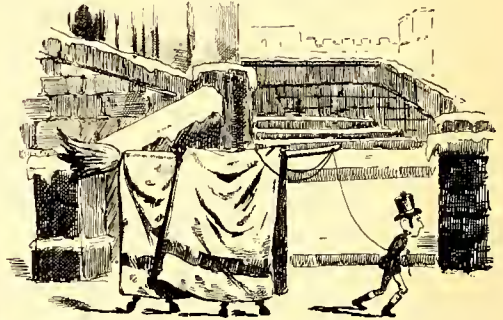
ELFIE MAKES A TRIAL TRIP ON THE BROOMSTICK.

Elfie was at first a little timid about riding on the broomstick; but, at the kind old lady's suggestion, she made a short trial trip on a broom that happened to be in the room and found it delightful. Then she did not know how to say enough, but she said "Thank you!" over and over again until Mother Goose stopped her with a kiss.

"Come along then, dearie! E-ma-ji-na-shun will come with us, for you could not go a step up here without *him*. Say good-bye to Santa Claus, and we will start at once, for I must get home and give Little Boy Blue his supper, and see that Contrary Mary has n't run away again."

Elfie went up and kissed Santa Claus, and

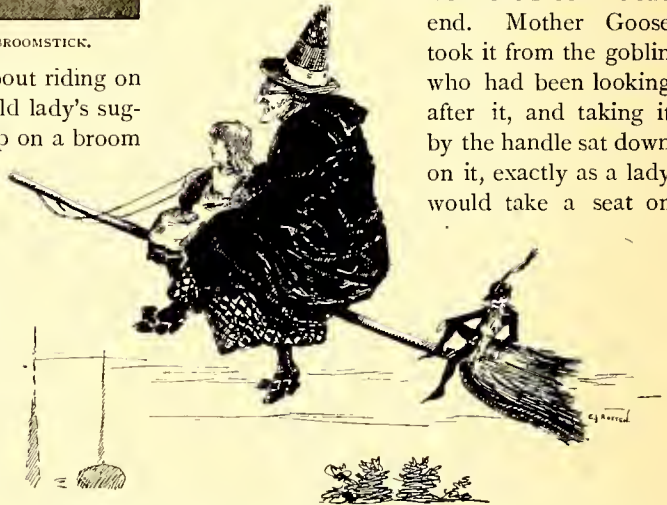
started out with Mother Goose. They passed through the wonderful entrance, across the terraces, and down the snow steps.



THE CELEBRATED BROOMSTICK BEING LED UP AND DOWN.

There Elfie saw one of Santa Claus's sprites leading the celebrated broomstick up and down, for Mother Goose said he had become rather warm on the way from her dwelling, and she did not care to leave him standing still in the snow for fear that he might become chilled.

Elfie examined the famous stick very curiously, for she had often wondered how a broomstick could make such journeys as this one did. She was rather surprised, and a wee bit disappointed, to see that it was nothing but an ordinary every-day broomstick, with a very old, worn-out broom at one end. Mother Goose took it from the goblin who had been looking after it, and taking it by the handle sat down on it, exactly as a lady would take a seat on



MOTHER GOOSE, ELFIE, AND E-MA-JI-NA-SHUN JOURNEYING ON THE BROOMSTICK.

a horse; Elfie took a seat in front of her, while E-ma-ji-na-shun jumped on behind and perched himself gracefully on the broom-part.

No sooner was Mother Goose seated than the stick began to jump and dance about, and, after one or two leaps as if to show its powers, away it went sailing through the air; keeping well up above the tallest trees.

Elfie thought it delightful, and told Mother Goose so, but the old lady was too busy managing her steed to be able to give much attention to her. They flew and flew till they came in sight of what looked to Elfie like an enormous book standing on end; one of the covers was toward them, and the broomstick, guided



THE HOME OF MOTHER GOOSE.

by Mother Goose, descended gently to the ground in front of it.

"Here we are at home!" said Mother Goose, and she took Elfie in her arms and jumped down from the broomstick; which at once started of its own accord in the direction of the stable.



TRICK THE SIXTH.

MOTHER GOOSE'S HOME, AND ALL THE STORIES.
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD TELLS ELFIE ABOUT
THE FAIRY-STORY PEOPLE. A PIECE OF THE
MOON.



"HY, what a funny house it is!" cried Elfie, taking a good look at what Mother Goose called her home.

"It looks like a great book."

"Yes, my dear, that is just what it is intended to be," said the old lady. "You see it is quite different from other houses, for though it is built in stories the stories are one behind the other, just like a book, a story for every leaf. Come along, now, and you shall see."

Mother Goose clapped her hands and instantly the cover of this wonderful book flew open. But we must not forget what a splendid sight this cover was. It was covered with all sorts of the loveliest colors, and pictures of all of Mother Goose's children done in gold and silver. It was like the outside of the finest Christmas book you ever saw, only a thousand times more beautiful.

Well, when the cover flew open, Elfie saw the first story and a wonderful sight it was. There was the old woman that lived in the celebrated shoe, and scores upon scores of children ran about the place laughing and shouting at the top of their voices, and evidently driving the old woman nearly crazy. The old woman herself looked older and more wrinkled than anybody whom Elfie had ever seen, and she seemed to be worrying herself all the time about the behavior of the children, for she would run about in every direction, correcting this one, punishing the other, or kissing another, just as she thought each deserved.

The shoe had a door in the side and was as big as an ordinary house; a line of windows was in front where the holes for the laces would be in a real shoe, and the roof was made of what looked like a stocking stuffed into the top. On a big sign in front was written the story:

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
Who had so many children, she did n't know what
to do;

So she gave them some broth, without any bread,
And spanked them all soundly and sent them to bed.

Elfie wanted to stay and play with the children, but Mother Goose told her that, if she did,

his supper, and was introduced to Jack Sprat and his wife. Then she had a long talk with Little Bo-peep, who told her all about losing the sheep, and she met Miss Muffet and the spider.

It took them a long time to see all the book, but they were through at last, and old Mother Goose said :

"Now I will show you some other friends of yours. They don't properly belong to my family, but as I am in the story-telling business, they are placed in my charge to take care of. Look this way!"

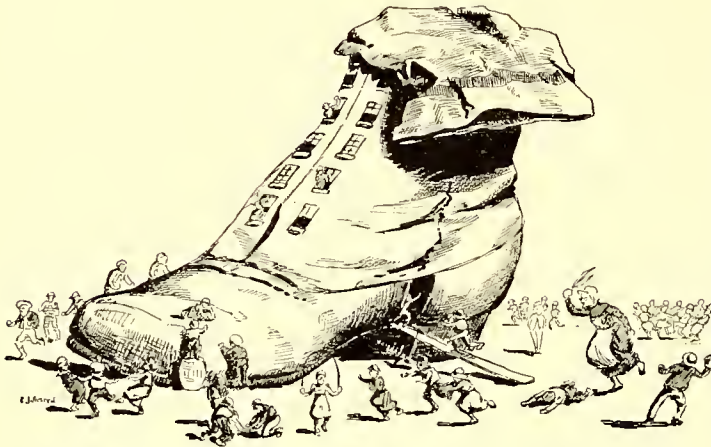
Elfie looked up and saw a very pretty cottage, and there, leaning out of the window, was a lovely little girl with blue eyes and golden hair, and a red hood on her head.

In front of the door, and almost blocking it up, was a dreadful sight—nothing else than a hideous wolf, stone dead.

"Little Red Riding Hood!" cried Elfie. "Do let me go up to her and kiss her!" She knocked at the door, and a sweet little voice inside called out :

"Pull the string of the latch and walk in."

Elfie pulled the string and the door opened. She ran upstairs, and after kissing Little Red

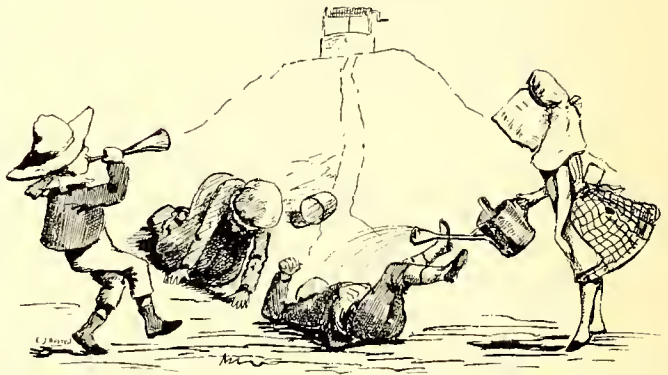


"THE SHOE HAD A DOOR IN THE SIDE AND WAS AS BIG AS AN ORDINARY HOUSE."

the old woman might punish her and send her to bed just as she did the others. So, after a little while they passed on to the second story.

Here lived Jack and Jill, Contrary Mary, and Little Boy Blue. They were having a game all together, and Mother Goose gave Elfie permission to join in. Jack and Jill would walk up a little hill at the end of a long walk, to a well that was at the top, where they would fill a pail with water. Then they would start back, carrying the pail between them—when they would trip up and come tumbling down with the pail of water rolling after them. Then Contrary Mary would at once sprinkle them with her watering-pot, while Little Boy Blue blew a loud toot-toot on his horn; and everybody laughed till it was time for Jack and Jill to start off again. On the walls were big sheets of paper with the stories of Jack and Jill, Contrary Mary, and Little Boy Blue.

After leaving this story they went through the others. Elfie saw Jack Horner eating the celebrated pie, out of which he picked a plum for her; she heard little Tom Tucker sing for



LITTLE BOY BLUE, JACK AND JILL, AND CONTRARY MARY.

Riding Hood (for she felt as if they were old friends) she sat down with her on the edge of the snow-white bed, and began to ask her about her adventures and how she came there.

"Well, dear," said Red Riding Hood, "you must know that after my grandmother was eaten up, and the horrid wolf was killed, there was no one to live in the cottage. So the people of Cloudland said that as the earth children would always love to hear my story, it would be best for me to live here forever, and keep the wolf, just as he was killed, in front of the door; so that any one who disbelieved the story, could see us both and know it was true."

"How deeply interesting," said Elfie; "but do you live here all by yourself? Don't you ever see anybody?"

"Oh, yes," replied Red Riding Hood. "Cin-

great fun for us, and sometimes when Blue Beard or some of the other people won't behave, we get E-ma-ji-na-shun to give them indigestion, so that they get quite ill and keep quiet."

"And how *are* Cinderella and her prince, and the Sleeping Beauty and *her* prince, and all the rest of the good people?" asked Elfie, full of curiosity.

"Oh, they are all well and happy," replied Red Riding Hood. "You see, we story-book people, after our stories are finished, just go on living happily forever."

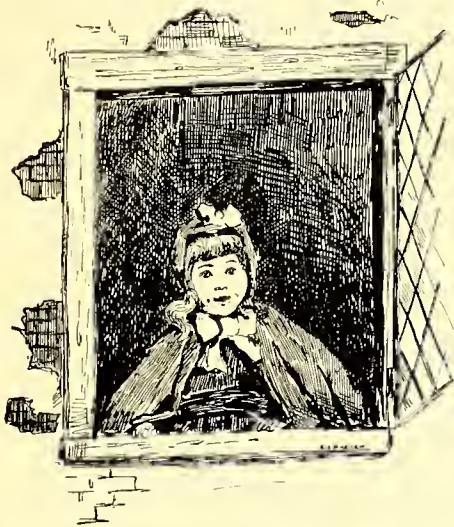
"Is n't that splendid!" said Elfie. "But Mother Goose is waiting for me. Good-bye, dear; I am so glad to have met you!"

"Good-bye, Elfie! Call again when you come to Cloudland. Good-bye!" and Elfie ran down to Mother Goose, who had waited for her in front of the house.

"Now, Elfie, child, what is the next thing you wish to see in Cloudland?" said Mother Goose, with a smile.

"The toys and the dollies," said Elfie, at once.

Mother Goose clapped her hands. E-ma-ji-na-shun touched Elfie on the shoulder, and before she quite knew what had happened Elfie found herself flying toward the Cave of the North Wind. But what toys and dolls she saw in that region is told in another part of her adventures.



"AT THE WINDOW WAS A LOVELY LITTLE GIRL."

derella lives in the palace you see over there, and she often calls, and the Sleeping Beauty is not far away. Then Jack the Giant Killer calls every Saturday evening," she added with a pretty blush. "He wishes me to marry him when we grow up, but I do not think they will let us marry," she sighed.

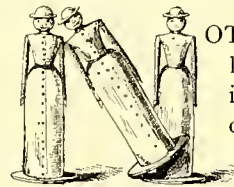
"Then the two Babes that were lost in the Wood are buried under the leaves close by here, and the Robins often come and tell me their sad story.

"Oh, yes," she went on, "I have lots of company; all the people in the fairy-story books are good friends of mine, and we sometimes have a big picnic in the woods all together.

"Puss in Boots and Hop-o'-my-thumb make

TRICK THE SEVENTH.

THE TOY CASTLE. THE WONDERFUL THINGS AND FUNNY SIGHTS THAT ELFIE SAW THERE. MAGGIE MAY. THE INVALID DOLL.

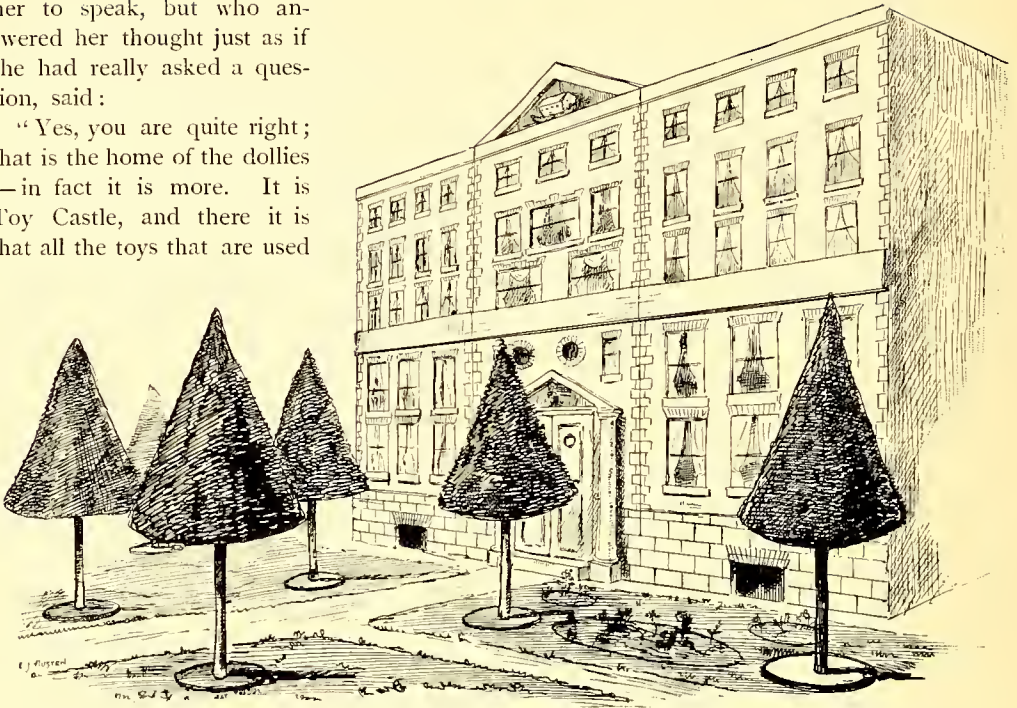


NOT very far from the crimson lake on which floated the iceberg which contained the cave of the North Wind, Elfie saw a very large castle which was quite different from the others she had seen. It somehow reminded her of the doll's house which she had at home, although it was a thousand times larger: and she thought to herself, "I wonder if that is where the dollies live."

E-ma-ji-na-shun, who never seemed to require

her to speak, but who answered her thought just as if she had really asked a question, said:

"Yes, you are quite right; that is the home of the dollies—in fact it is more. It is Toy Castle, and there it is that all the toys that are used



TOY CASTLE; WHERE THE DOLLIES LIVE.

on earth are made and stored. Let us go and see them!"

In front of the castle or house or villa (Elfie hardly knew which to call it, for it looked not unlike either of them), was a very pretty garden, set thick with toy trees, and laid out with imitation flower-beds and gravel walks. The front of the house was a queer mixture of a castle, a villa, and a doll's house. They opened the front gate and walked up the path leading to the front door; on each side of this walk were little green trees, all placed very neatly on round stands and carefully arranged in two perfectly straight lines. They were all neatly painted a bright green, and were evidently the pride of the doll



THE DOLL GARDENER.

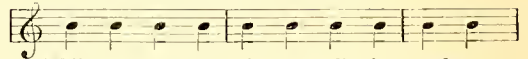
gardener who attended them, and who was leaning against the fence.

When they reached the door, which was painted green like the trees, they saw it was adorned with a very handsome knocker and that there were also two bell-handles, one on each door-post. To make quite sure, they pulled each bell and knocked a rat-tat-tat on the knocker. They had not long to wait before the door was opened by a very trim little doll, dressed in a neat cotton gown, with a cute, pretty apron, and a tiny lace cap. She was not half as tall as Elfie, and had to stand on a chair to reach the door-knob.

She made a stiff little curtsy, and said in a very funny voice:

"Will you be pleased to walk in, madam?"

She spoke her words without any change in her voice, all on one note like this,



Will you be pleased to walk in, madam. and stopped short at the end as if she spoke by clockwork. "Which is exactly what she

does," said E-ma-ji-na-shun, in answer to Elfie's thought.

They followed the hired-girl dolly into the hallway of the villa, and she turned with funny little jerky steps into the parlor on the right, and



THE DOLL MAID.

held open the door for Elfie and her companion to follow.

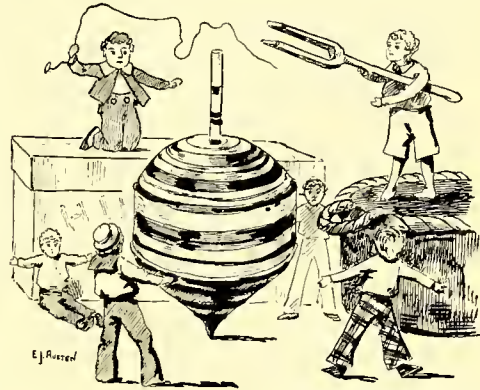
When the little girl looked around the room, she at first thought she must be in an immense toy-store. The ceiling was so high above her head that the paper lanterns hanging from it, with which the room was lighted, seemed like tiny stars. There were thousands of these lamps, and they gave an excellent light. Very little light came in at the windows, for though they were real glass, they were nearly covered by the curtains painted on them. "Just like those in my doll's house!" thought Elfie.

Toys of every kind lay scattered all over the room, and hung from hooks in the walls and ceiling. Some of them Elfie had never seen before, but many looked like those Santa Claus had brought on Christmas Day for her and her little friends. Then there were dolls of all sorts, conditions, and sizes *amusing themselves* in all sorts of ways, while a great number simply hung from the hooks or sat on the shelves, which ran all round the room, and these looked gravely on while the others played.

Some little boy-dolls were having much fun spinning a great top, which was larger than any one of them; more of them were riding around the room on toy bicycles or playing football with a rubber ball, while a group in the corner were trying to break in a very fierce and restive rocking-horse which seemed to take great delight in kicking off the tiny jockeys as soon as they had mounted him.

Against one side of the room there was a great pile of dolls, some in boxes, and others simply wrapped in tissue-paper, and most of them only half dressed. There were so many of them that Elfie could only just see the top of the heap as it extended toward the ceiling.

Then on the floor, on the chairs, on the tables, were other dolls, big dolls and little dolls, white dolls, black dolls, red dolls, gentlemen-dolls, and lady-dolls, though by far the greater number were ladies; walking about and talking with sweet little clockwork voices, and playing all sorts of cute little games. Some of the ladies were dressed most gorgeously in satin, silk, tulle or lace; and, as Elfie stood looking at them with delight, a band of toy musicians struck up the "Blue Danube" waltz, and straightway a space was cleared on the floor, the dolls took partners,



"SOME LITTLE BOY-DOLLS WERE HAVING MUCH FUN SPINNING A GREAT TOP."

and away they started with a dance. Round and round the room they flew, and no doubt they would have danced forever if the music had not stopped with a loud click! The conductor of the orchestra came forward and said:



Ladies and gentlemen, the band needs winding up!

Then the dolls who had been dancing walked around the room three or four times, arm in arm; and the gentlemen-dolls said to the lady-dolls, "May I bring you something?—ice-cream or lemonade?" and some of the ladies

While Elfie was laughing and enjoying the sight, with the aid of E-ma-ji-na-shun, who explained everything she did not quite understand, one of the lady-dolls who was very richly dressed in a purple silk polonaise, with a canary satin



THE PARLOR OF TOY CASTLE.

said, "No, thank you; I am not the least tired or thirsty,"—and others said, "Well, if you will be so kind, I will take just the tiniest morsel of ice-cream"—or "the smallest drop of lemonade"; and then the gentlemen-dolls would go into the corner and come back with other little waiter-dolls who carried tiny trays with glasses, with real lemonade in them, and dishes with a wee speck of ice-cream, which the lady-dolls tasted, and seemed to enjoy very much, and altogether they appeared to be having a very good time, indeed.

skirt, and real lace at her throat and on the sleeves, came up to her and said:

"How do you do? I am pretty well, thank you. How did you leave your mama and papa? It is very nice weather—I think it will rain to-day"—click!

Elfie had a hard time not to laugh at the strange, squeaky little voice, especially as while the dolly was speaking Elfie could hear the whirr-r-r of the clockwork which served her for lungs. When the young lady had reached "rain to-day," she stopped short, opened her

mouth two or three times without speaking, and then pointed to a keyhole in her shoulder.

"She needs winding up," said E-ma-ji-na-shun.

So Elfie took one of the keys that were lying on a table and wound her ladyship up.

Directly it was done, she began again: "You seem to be surprised that we are having such a



E. J. AUSTEN

"THE DOLLS WHO HAD BEEN DANCING, WALKED AROUND THE ROOM."

good time here. But you see, this is our home, and the home of all the dollies that are made, until a batch of us are sent for to keep up the supply on earth. At Christmas time the house is cleared out entirely, and Santa Claus takes the whole lot with him to supply the little earth-children. Then, during the year, as the children's birthdays come round, more of us are sent for, and it keeps the workmen busy to make us fast enough. Some of the dresses that you see have taken quite a long time to make. The dress that I wear took one of the best of the dolls' dress-makers two whole days to make"—click!

Elfie looked again at the dolly's frock and saw that it was very much finer than any of her own, and the fine lady-doll was gazing quite scornfully at Elfie's gown. But Elfie's mama had taught her not to think so much about her dress as about her behavior, so she said to the doll, gently:

"I suppose you have n't any kind mama to teach you to be good and unselfish; mine has

told me that so long as my clothes are clean and whole, I should never be ashamed of them."

The doll looked surprised and tried to speak but only made a whizzing noise with a click!—click!—and pointed to her shoulder. Elfie wound her up again and she said:

"Why, I never heard of such a thing! All we have to think about up here is the kind of dresses we are going to wear, and the number of times we shall be asked to dance."

"Poor thing!" said Elfie, for she thought of all the loving talks she had had with her kind mama, and the funny stories her papa had told her.

"I hope you can be sent to me on my birthday or next Christmas so that you can hear all the good things I hear."

"So do I," said dolly, "for I shall have to belong to somebody, and I would rather be given to you than to some little girl who would not be so kind to me."

"I would give you the loveliest name!" cried Elfie.

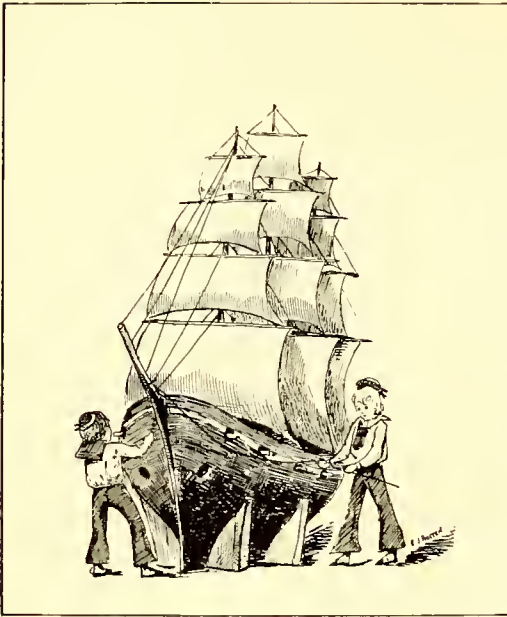
"What would you call me?" piped dolly.

"Maggie May!" replied our little traveler. "I have a great mind to call you that now as long as I am here; shall I?"



THE DOLL THAT NEEDED TO BE WOUND UP.

"Oh, yes!" squeaked the doll, "and then I shall not find it so strange to be called by a name when I go to the earth. Oh, dear! when I think of going I feel quite wretched! We lead



THE TWO SAILOR DOLLS.

such lovely lives here, and play all day long the most delightful games, which dear old Santa Claus invents for us. We are always sorry when the time comes for us to leave, for we never know what our future will be. Some of the dolls have come back to tell us of their adventures; one dolly" — click!

Elfie wound her up again and Maggie May continued: "whose mistress named her Isabella, came back here yesterday, and I will ask her to tell you the sad things that happened to her."

Maggie May walked across the room with her funny jerky walk and stopped in front of a little invalid chair which stood in one corner. In it lay a poor pale-faced dollie, propped up on pillows. She looked frightened, and shook her head when Maggie May spoke to her, but in a few moments Maggie nodded to two little sailor dolls, who had been very busy in the recess behind the invalid playing with a toy ship — a very fine specimen with three masts and fitted with ten brass cannon. These merry tars hitched up their trousers, touched their caps to Maggie May, and giving a "Yo-heave-ho!" raised the invalid chair, with poor Isabella, upon their brawny shoulders; then, with the greatest of care, they brought the chair and its suffering burden over to where Elfie was standing, and set Isabella down before her. She looked a little bit afraid when she saw Elfie, but the little girl looked at her so kindly and with so much pity, that the afflicted doll took courage and held out one thin little arm.

Elfie took her up and saw that she was a cripple; she had only one arm and but one leg, her head was quite bald, and one of her poor eyes was out.

Elfie did not like to ask her how she came to be so miserable, for she looked so much like one of Elfie's own little dolls which she had thrown into the woodshed, out of the way, that she felt ashamed. The little doll did n't wait to be asked questions, but after being wound began to tell Elfie of her adventures.

(To be continued.)



"POOR ISABELLA."

THE BOY SETTLERS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[*Began in the November Number.*]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SETTLERS AT HOME.

A WIDE, shallow river, whose turbid waters were yellow with the freshets of early summer, shadowed by tall and sweeping cotton woods and water-maples; shores gently sloping to the current save where a tall and rocky bluff broke the prospect up stream; thickets of oaks, alders, sycamores, and persimmons—this was the scene on which the Illinois emigrants arrived as they journeyed to their new home in the Far West. On the north bank of the river, only a few hundred rods from the stream, was the log-cabin of Younkins. It was built on the edge of a fine bit of timber-land in which oaks and hickories were mingled with less valuable trees. Near-by the cabin and hugging closely up to it, was a thrifty field of corn and other garden stuff, just beginning to seem promising of good things to come; and it was a refreshing sight here in the wilderness, for all around was the virgin forest and the unbroken prairie.

Younkins's wife, a pale, sallow, and anxious-looking woman, and Younkins's baby boy, chubby and open-eyed, welcomed the strangers without much show of feeling other than a natural curiosity. With Western hospitality, the little cabin was found large enough to receive all the party, and the floor was covered with blankets and buffalo-skins when they lay down to sleep their first night near their future home in the country of the Republican Fork. The boys were very happy that their journey was at an end. They had listened with delight while Younkins told stories of buffalo and antelope hunting, of Indian "scares" and of the many queer adventures of settlers on this distant frontier.

"What is there west of this?" asked Charlie, as the party were allotting the floor and the shallow loft among themselves for the night.

"Nothing but Indians and buffalo," said Younkins, sententiously.

"No settlers anywhere?" cried Sandy, eagerly.

"The next settlement west of here, if you can call it a settlement, is Fort Kearney, on the other side of the Platte. From here to there, there is n't so much as a hunter's camp, so far as I know." This was Younkins's last word as he tumbled, half dressed, into his bunk in one corner of the cabin. Sandy hugged his brother Charlie before he dropped off to sleep, and whispered in his ear, "We're on the frontier at last! It's just splendid!"

Next day, leaving their cattle and wagon at the Younkins homestead, the party, piloted by their good-natured future neighbor, forded the fork and went over into the promised land. The stream was rather high as yet, for the snow, melting in the far-off Rocky Mountains as the summer advanced, had swollen all the tributaries of the Republican Fork, and the effects of the rise were to be seen far down on the Kaw. The new-comers were initiated into the fashion of the country by Younkins, who directed each one to take off all clothes but his shirt and hat. Then their garments were rolled up in bundles, each man and boy taking his own on his head, and wading deliberately into the water, the sedate Younkins being the leader.

It seemed a little dangerous. The stream was about one hundred rods wide, and the current was tolerably swift, swollen by the inrush of smaller streams above. The water was cold, and made an ominous swishing and gurgling among the underbrush that leaned into the margin of the river. In Indian file, Mr. Howell bringing up the rear, and keeping his eyes anxiously upon the lads before him, they all crossed in safety, Sandy, the shortest of the party, being unable to keep dry the only garment he had worn, for the water came well up under his arms.

"Well, that was funny, anyhow," he blithely

remarked, as he wrung the water out of his shirt, and, drying himself as well as he could, dressed and joined the rest of the party in the trip toward their future home.

Along the lower bank of the Republican Fork, where the new settlers now found themselves, the country is gently undulating. Bordering the stream they saw a dense growth of sycamores, cottonwoods, and birches. Some of these trees were tall and handsome, and the general effect on the minds of the new-comers was delightful. After they had emerged from the woods that skirted the river, they were in the midst of a lovely rolling prairie, the forest on the right; on their left was a thick growth of wood that marked the winding course of a creek which, rising far to the west, emptied into the Republican Fork at a point just below where the party had forded the stream. The land rose gradually from the point nearest the ford, breaking into a low, rocky bluff beyond at their right and nearest the river, a mile away, and rolling off to the southwest in folds and swales.

Just at the foot of the little bluff ahead, with a background of trees, was a log-cabin of hewn timber, weather-stained and gray in the summer sun, absolutely alone and looking as if lost in this untrodden wild. Pointing to it, Younkins said, "That's your house so long as you want it."

The emigrants tramped through the tall, lush grass that covered every foot of the new Kansas soil, their eyes fixed eagerly on the log-cabin before them. The latch-string hung out hospitably from the door of split "shakes," and the party entered without ado. Everything was just as Younkins had last left it. Two or three gophers, disturbed in their foraging about the premises, fled swiftly at the entrance of the visitors, and a flock of blackbirds, settled around the rear of the house, flew noisily across the creek that wound its way down to the fork.

The floor was of puncheons split from oak logs and laid loosely on rough-hewn joists. These rattled as the visitors walked over them. At one end of the cabin a huge fireplace of stone laid in clay yawned for the future comfort of the coming tenants. Near-by, a rude set of shelves suggested a pantry, and a table, home-made and equally rude, stood in the middle of

the floor. In one corner was built a bedstead, two sides of the house furnishing two sides of the work, and the other two being made by driving a stake into the floor and connecting that by string-pieces to the sides of the cabin. Thongs of buffalo-hide formed the bottom of this novel bedstead. A few stools and short benches were scattered about. Near the fireplace long and strong pegs driven into the logs served as a ladder on which one could climb to the low loft overhead. Two windows, each of twelve small panes of glass, let in the light, one from the end of the cabin and one from the back opposite the door, which was in the middle of the front. Outside, a frail shanty of shakes leaned against the cabin, affording a sort of outdoor kitchen for summer use.

"So this is home," said Charlie, looking around. "What will mother say to this—if she ever gets here?"

"Well, we've taken a heap of comfort here, my old woman and me," said Younkins, looking around quickly and with an air of surprise. "It's a mighty comfortable house; leastways we think so."

Charlie apologized for having seemed to cast any discredit on the establishment. Only he said that he did not suppose that his mother knew much about log-cabins. As for himself, he would like nothing better than this for a home for a long time to come. "For," he added, roguishly, "you know we have come to make the West, 'as they the East, the homestead of the free.'"

Mr. Younkins looked puzzled but made no remark. The younger boys, after taking in the situation and fondly inspecting every detail of the premises, enthusiastically agreed that nothing could be finer than this. They darted out of doors and saw a corral, or pound, in which the cattle could be penned up, in case of need. There was a small patch of fallow ground that needed only to be spaded up to become a promising garden-spot. Then, swiftly running to the top of the little bluff beyond, they gazed over the smiling panorama of emerald prairie laced with woody creeks, level fields as yet undisturbed by the plowshare, blue distant woods and yet more distant hills among which, to the northwest, the broad river wound and disap-

peared. Westward, nothing was to be seen but the green and rolling swales of the virgin prairie, broken here and there by an outcropping of rock. And as they looked, a tawny yellowish creature trotted out from behind a roll of the prairie, sniffed in the direction of the boys, and then stealthily disappeared in the wildness of the vast expanse.

"A coyote," said Sandy, briefly. "I've seen

without discomfort, while it was so high, were left on the south bank to receive the returning party.

There the boys sat, hugely enjoying the situation, while the others were loading the wagon and yoking the oxen on the other side. The lads could hear the cheery sounds of the men talking, although they could not see them through the trees that lined the farther bank of



THE SETTLERS' FIRST HOME IN THE DESERTED CABIN.

them in Illinois. But I just wish I had my gun now." His wiser brother laughed as he told him that it would be a long day before a coyote could be got near enough to be knocked over with any shot-gun. The coyote, or prairie-wolf, is the slyest animal that walks on four legs.

The three men and Charlie returned to the further side of the fork, and made immediate preparations to move all their goods and effects to the new home of the emigrants. Sandy and Oscar, being rather too small to wade the stream

the river. The flow of the stream made a ceaseless lapping against the brink of the shore. A party of catbirds quarreled sharply in the thicket hard-by; quail whistled in the underbrush of the adjacent creek, and overhead a solitary eagle circled slowly around as if looking down to watch these rude invaders of the privacy of his dominion that had existed ever since the world began.

Hugging his knees in measureless content, as they sat in the grass by the river, Sandy asked,

almost in a whisper, "Have you ever been homesick since we left Dixon, Oscar?"

"Just once, Sandy; and that was yesterday when I saw those nice-looking ladies at the fort out walking in the morning with their children. That was the first sight that looked like home since we crossed the Missouri."

"Me, too," answered Sandy, soberly. "But this is just about as fine anything can be. Only think of it, Oscar! There are buffalo and antelopes within ten or fifteen miles of here. I know, for Younkins told me so. And Indians, not wild Indians, but tame ones that are at peace with the whites. It seems too good to have happened to us; does n't it, Oscar?"

Once more the wagon was blocked up for a difficult ford, the lighter and more perishable articles of its load being packed into a dugout, or canoe hollowed from a sycamore log, which was the property of Younkins, and used only at high states of the water. The three men guided the wagon and oxen across while Charlie, stripped to his shirt, pushed the loaded dugout carefully over, and the two boys on the other bank, full of the importance of the event, received the solitary voyager, unloaded the canoe and then transferred the little cargo to the wagon. The caravan took its way up the rolling ground of the prairie to the log-cabin. Willing hands unloaded and took into the house the tools, provisions, and clothes that constituted their all, and, before the sun went down, the settlers were at home.

While in Manhattan, they had supplied themselves with potatoes; at Fort Riley they had bought fresh beef from the sutler. Sandy made a glorious fire in the long disused fireplace. His father soon had a batch of biscuits baking in the covered kettle, or Dutch oven, that they had brought with them from home. Charlie's contribution to the repast was a pot of excellent coffee, the milk for which, an unaccustomed luxury, was supplied by the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Younkins. So, with thankful hearts, they gathered around their frugal board and took their first meal in their new home.

When supper was done and the cabin, now lighted by the scanty rays of two tallow candles, had been made tidy for the night, Oscar took out his violin, and, after much needed

tuning, struck into the measure of wild, warbling "Dundee." All hands took the hint and all voices were raised once more to the words of Whittier's song of the "Kansas Emigrants." Perhaps it was with new spirit and new tenderness that they sang:

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where the Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

"I don't know what the Pilgrim's gonfalon is," said Sandy, sleepily, "but I guess it's all right." The emigrants had crossed the prairies as of old their fathers had crossed the sea. They were now at home in the New West. The night fell dark and still about their lonely cabin as, with hope and trust, they laid them down to peaceful dreams.

CHAPTER IX.

SETTING THE STAKES.

"We must n't let any grass grow under our feet, boys," was Mr. Aleck Howell's energetic remark, next morning, when the little party had finished their first breakfast in their new home.

"That means work, I s'pose," replied Oscar, turning a longing glance to his violin hanging on the side of the cabin, with a broken string crying for repairs.

"Yes, and hard work, too," said his father, noting the lad's look. "Luckily for us, Brother Aleck," he continued, "our boys are not afraid of work. They have been brought up to it, and although I am thinking they don't know much about the sort of work that we shall have to put in on these beautiful prairies, I guess they will buckle down to it. Eh?" and the loving father turned his look from the grassy and rolling plain to his son's face.

Sandy answered for him. "Oh, yes, Uncle Charlie, we all like work! Afraid of work? Why, Oscar and I are so used to it that we would be willing to lie right down by the side of it, and sleep as securely as if it were as harmless as a kitten! Afraid of work? Never you fear 'the Dixon boys who fear no noise'—what's the rest of that song?"

Nobody knew, and, in the laugh that followed,

Mr. Howell suggested that as Younkins was coming over the river to show them the stakes of their new claims, the boys might better set an extra plate at dinner-time. It was very good of Younkins to take so much trouble on their account, and the least they could do was to show him proper hospitality.

"What is all this about stakes and quarter-sections, anyway, Father?" asked Sandy. "I'm sure I don't know."

"He does n't know what quarter-sections are!" shouted Charlie. "Oh, my! what an ignoramus!"

"Well, what is a quarter-section, as you are so knowing?" demanded Sandy. "I don't believe you know, yourself."

"It is a quarter of a section of public land," answered the lad. "Every man or single woman of mature age—I think that is what the books say—who does n't own several hundred acres of land elsewhere (I don't know just how many), is entitled to enter on and take up a quarter of a section of unoccupied public land, and have it for a homestead. That 's all," and Charlie looked to his father for approval.

"Pretty good, Charlie," said his uncle. "How many acres are there in a quarter-section of land?"

"Yes, how many acres in a quarter of a section?" shouted Sandy, who saw that his brother hesitated. "Speak up, my little man, and don't be afraid!"

"I don't know," replied the lad, frankly.

"Good for you!" said his father. "Never be afraid of saying that you don't know when you do *not* know. The fear of confessing ignorance is what has wrecked many a young fellow's chances for finding out things he should know."

"Well, boys," said Mr. Bryant, addressing himself to the three lads, "all the land of the United States Government that is open to settlement is laid off in townships ten miles square. These, in turn, are laid off into sections of six hundred and forty acres each. Now, then, how much land should there be in a quarter-section?"

"One hundred and sixty acres!" shouted all three boys at once, breathlessly.

"Correct. The Government allows every man, or single woman of mature age, widow or unmarried, to go upon a plot of land, not more

than one hundred and sixty acres nor less than forty acres, and to improve it, and live upon it. If he stays there, or 'maintains a continuous residence,' as the lawyers say, for a certain length of time, the Government gives him a title-deed at the end of that time, and he owns the land."

"What?—free, gratis, and for nothing?" cried Sandy.

"Certainly," said his uncle. "The homestead law was passed by Congress to encourage the settlement of the lands belonging to the Government. You see there is an abundance of these lands, so much, in fact, that they have not yet been all laid off into townships and sections and quarter-sections. If a large number of homestead claims are taken up, then other settlers will be certain to come in and buy the lands that the Government has to sell; and that will make settlements grow throughout that locality."

"Why should they buy when they can get land for nothing by entering and taking possession, just as we are going to do?" interrupted Oscar.

"Because, my son, many of the men can not make oath that they have not taken up Government land somewhere else; and then, again, many men are going into land speculations, and they don't care to wait five years to prove up a homestead claim. So they go upon the land, stake out their claim, and the Government sells it to them outright at the rate of a dollar and a quarter an acre."

"Cash down?" asked Charlie.

"No, they need not pay cash down unless they choose. The Government allows them a year to pay up in. But land speculators who make a business of this sort of thing generally pay up just as soon as they are allowed to, and then, if they get a good offer to sell out, they sell and move off somewhere else, and do the same thing over again."

"People have to pay fees, don't they, Uncle Charlie?" said Sandy. "I know they used to talk about land-office fees, in Dixon. How much does it cost in fees to enter a piece of Government land?"

"I think it is about twenty-five dollars—twenty-six, to be exact," replied Mr. Bryant.

"There comes Younkins," he added, looking down the trail to the river bank below.

The boys had been washing and putting away the breakfast things while this conversation was going on, and Sandy, balancing in the air a big tin pan on his fingers, asked: "How much land can we fellows enter, all told?" The two men laughed.

"Well, Alexander," said his father, ceremoniously, "We two 'fellows,' that is to say, your Uncle Charlie and myself, can enter one hundred and sixty acres apiece. Charlie will be able to enter the same quantity three years from now, when he will be twenty-one; and as for you and Oscar, if you each add to your present years as many as will make you twenty-one, you can tell when you will be able to enter and own the same amount of land; provided it is not all gone by that time. Good-morning, Mr. Younkins." Sandy's pan came down with a crash on the puncheon floor.

The land around that region of the Republican Fork had been surveyed into sections of six hundred and forty acres each; but it would be necessary to secure the services of a local surveyor to find out just where the boundaries of each quarter-section were. The stakes were set at the corner of each section, and Younkins thought that by pacing off the distance between two corners they could get at the point that would mark the middle of the section; then, by running lines across from side to side, thus:

 they could get at the quarter-sections nearly enough to be able to tell about where their boundaries were.

"But suppose you should build a house, or plow a field, on some other man's quarter-section," suggested Charlie, "would n't you feel cheap when the final survey showed that you had all along been improving your neighbor's property?"

"There is n't any danger of that," answered Younkins, "if you are smart enough to keep well away from your boundary line when you are putting in your improvements. Some men are not smart enough, though. There was a man over on Chapman's Creek who wanted to have his log-cabin on a pretty rise of ground-like, that was on the upper end of his claim. He knew that the line ran somewhere about

there; but he took the chances-like, and when the line was run, a year after that, lo, and behold! his house and garden-like were both clean over into the next man's claim."

"What did he do?" asked Charlie. "Skip out of the place?"

"Sho! No, indeed! His neighbor was a white man-like, and they just took down the cabin and carried it across the boundary line and set it up again on the man's own land. He 's livin' there yet; but he lost his garden-like; could n't move that, you see"; and Younkins laughed one of his infrequent laughs.

The land open to the settlers on the south side of the Republican Fork was all before them. Nothing had been taken up within a distance as far as they could see. Chapman's Creek, just referred to by Younkins, was eighteen or twenty miles away. From the point at which they stood toward Chapman's, the land was surveyed; but to the westward the surveys ran only just across the creek, which, curving from the north and west, made a complete circuit around the land and emptied into the Fork, just below the fording place. Inside of that circuit, the land, undulating, and lying with a southern exposure, was destitute of trees. It was rich, fat land, but there was not a tree on it except where it crossed the creek, the banks of which were heavily wooded. Inside of that circuit somewhere, the two men must stake out their claim. There was nothing but rich, unshaded land, with a meandering woody creek flowing through the bottom of the two claims, provided they were laid out side by side. The corner stakes were found, and the men prepared to pace off the distance between the corners so as to find the center.

"It is a pity there is no timber anywhere," said Howell, discontentedly. "We shall have to go several miles for timber enough to build our cabins. We don't want to cut down right away what little there is along the creek."

"Timber?" said Younkins, reflectively. "Timber? Well, if one of you would put up with a quarter-section of farming land, then the other can enter some of the timber land up on the North Branch."

Now, the North Branch was two miles and a half from the cabin in which the Dixon party were

living; and that cabin was two miles from the beautiful slopes on which the intending settlers were now looking for an opportunity to lay out their two claims. The two men looked at each other. Could they divide and settle thus far apart for the sake of getting a timber lot?

It was Sandy who solved the problem. "I'll tell you what to do, Father!" he cried, eagerly, "you take up the timber claim on the North Branch, and we boys can live there; then you and Uncle Charlie can keep one of the claims here. We can build two cabins, and you old folks can live in one and we in another."

The fathers exchanged glances, and Mr. Howell said: "I don't see how I could live without Sandy and Charlie."

Mr. Howell looked vaguely off over the rolling slope on which they were standing, and said: "We will chance it with the boys on the timber land; but I am not in favor of taking up two claims here. Let the timber claim be in my name or yours, and the boys can live on it. But we can't take up two claims here and the timber besides—three in all—with only two full-grown men among the whole of us. That stands to reason."

Younkins was a little puzzled by the strictness with which the two new-comers were disposed to regard their rights and duties as actual settlers. He argued that settlers were entitled to all they could get and hold; and he was in favor of the party's trying to hold three claims of



"YOUNKINS ARGUED THAT SETTLERS WERE ENTITLED TO ALL THEY COULD GET AND HOLD."

Younkins brightened up at Sandy's suggestion, and he added that the two men might take up two farming claims, side by side, and let the boys try and hold the timber claim on the North Branch. Thus far, there was no rush of emigration to the south side of the Republican Fork; most of the settlers went further to the south; or they halted further east, and fixed their stakes along the line of the Big Blue, and other more accessible regions.

"We 'll chance it, won't we, Aleck?" said Mr. Bryant.

one hundred and sixty acres each, even if there were only two men legally entitled to enter homesteads. Would n't Charlie be of age before the time came to take out a patent for the land?

"But he is not of age to enter upon and hold the land now," said his father, stiffly.

So it was settled that the two men should enter upon the quarter-section of farming land, and build a cabin as soon as convenient, and that the claim on the North Fork, which had a fine grove of timber on it, should be set apart for the

boys, and a cabin built there too. The cabin in the timber need not be built until late in the autumn; that claim could be taken up by Mr. Howell, or by Mr. Bryant; by and by they would draw lots to decide which. Before sundown, that night, they had staked out the corners of

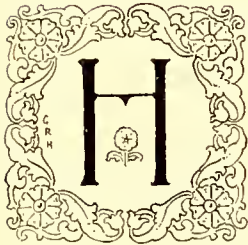
the one hundred and sixty acre lot of farming land, on which the party had arrived in the morning.

It was dark before they returned from looking over the timber land in the bend of the North Fork of the Republican.

(To be continued.)

MEHITABLE LAMB.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.



ANNAH MARIA GREEN sat on the north door-step, and sewed over and over a seam in a sheet. She had just gotten into her teens, and she was tall for her age, although very slim. She wore a

low-necked, and short-sleeved, brown delaine dress. That style of dress was not becoming, but it was the fashion that summer. Her neck was very thin, and her collar-bones showed. Her arms were very long and small and knobby. Hannah Maria's brown hair was parted from her forehead to the back of her neck, braided in two tight braids, crossed in a flat mass at the back of her head, and surmounted by a large green ribbon bow. Hannah Maria kept patting the bow to be sure it was on.

It was very cool there on the north door-step. Before it lay the wide north yard full of tall waving grass, with some little cinnamon rose-bushes sunken in it. Hardly anybody used the north door, so there was no path leading to it.

It was nearly four o'clock. Hannah Maria bent her sober freckled face over the sheet, and sewed and sewed. Her mother had gone to the next town to do some shopping, and bidden her to finish the seam before she returned. Hannah Maria was naturally obedient; moreover, her mother was a decided woman, so she had been

very diligent; in fact the seam was nearly sewed.

It was very still—that is, there were only the sounds that seem to make a part of stillness. The birds twittered, the locusts shrilled, and the tall clock in the entry ticked. Hannah Maria was not afraid, but she was lonesome. Once in a while she looked around, and sighed. She placed a pin a little way in advance on the seam, and made up her mind that when she had sewed to that place she would go into the house and get a slice of cake. Her mother had told her that she might cut a slice from the one-egg cake which had been made that morning. But before she had sewed to the pin, little Mehitable Lamb came down the road. She was in reality some years younger than Hannah Maria, but not so much younger as Hannah Maria considered her. The girl on the door-step surveyed the one approaching down the road, with a friendly and patronizing air.

"Hullo," she sang out, when Mehitable was within hailing distance.

"Hullo," answered back Mehitable's little, sweet, deferential voice.

She came straight on, left the road, and struck across the grassy north yard to Hannah Maria's door-step. She was a round, fair little girl; her auburn hair was curled in a row of neat, smooth "water curls" around her head. She wore a straw hat with a blue ribbon, and a blue and white checked gingham dress; she also wore white stockings and patent leather "ankle-ties."

Her dress was low-necked and short-sleeved, like Hannah Maria's, but her neck and arms were very fair and chubby.

Mehitable drew her big china doll in a doll's carriage. Hannah Maria eyed her with seeming disdain and secret longing. She herself had given up playing with dolls, her mother thought her too big; but they had still a fascination for her, and the old love had not quite died out of her breast.

"Mother said I might come over and stay an hour and a half," said Mehitable.

Hannah Maria smiled hospitably. "I 'm keepin' house," said she. "Mother 's gone to Lawrence."

Mehitable took her doll out of the carriage with a motherly air, and sat down on the door-step with it in her lap.

"How much longer you goin' to play with dolls?" inquired Hannah Maria.

"I don't know," replied Mehitable, with a little shamed droop of her eyelids.

"You can't when you get a little bigger, anyhow. Is that a new dress she 's got on?"

"Yes; Aunt Susy made it out of a piece of her blue silk."

"It 's handsome, is n't it? Let me take her a minute." Hannah Maria took the doll and cuddled it up against her shoulder as she had used to do with her own. She examined the blue silk dress. "My doll had a real handsome plaid silk one," said she, and she spoke as if the doll were dead. She sighed.

"Have you given her away?" inquired Mehitable in a solemn tone.

"No; she 's packed away. I 'm too old to play with her, you know. Mother said I had other things to 'tend to. Dolls are well 'nough for little girls like you. Here, you 'd better take her; I 've got to finish my sewin'."

Hannah Maria handed back the doll with a resolute air, but she handed her back tenderly; then she sewed until she reached the pin. Mehitable rocked her doll, and watched.

When Hannah Maria reached the pin she jumped up. "I 'm comin' back in a minute,"

said she, and disappeared in the house. Presently Mehitable heard the dishes rattle.

"She 's gone after a cooky," she thought. Cookies were her usual luncheon.

But Hannah Maria came back with a long slice of one-egg cake with blueberries in it. She broke it into halves, and gave the larger one to Mehitable. "There," said she, "I 'd give you more, but mother did n't tell me I could cut more 'n one slice."

Mehitable ate her cake appreciatively; once in a while she silyly fed her doll with a bit.



"MEHITABLE DREW HER BIG CHINA DOLL IN A DOLL'S CARRIAGE."

Hannah Maria took bites of hers between the stitches; she had almost finished the over and over seams.

Presently she rose and shook out the sheet with a triumphant air. "There," said she, "it 's done."

"Did you sew all that this afternoon?" asked Mehitable, in an awed tone.

"My! yes. It is n't so very much to do."

Hannah Maria laid the sheet down in a heap on the entry floor; then she looked at Mehitable. "Now, I 've nothin' more to do," said she. "S'pose we go to walk a little ways?"

"I don't know as my mother 'd like to have me do that."

"Oh, yes, she would; she won't care. Come along! I'll get my hat."

Hannah Maria dashed, over the sheet, into the entry and got her hat off the peg; then she and Mehitable started. They strolled up the country road. Mehitable trundled her doll-carriage carefully; once in a while she looked in to see if the doll was all right.

"Is n't that carriage kind of heavy for you to drag all alone?" inquired Hannah Maria.

"No; it is n't very heavy."

"I had just as lief help you drag it as not."

Hannah Maria reached down and took hold by one side of the handle of the doll-carriage, and the two girls trundled it together.

There were no houses for a long way. The road stretched between pasture-lands and apple-orchards. There was one very fine orchard on both sides of the street a quarter of a mile below Hannah Maria's house. The trees were so heavily loaded with green apples that the branches hung low over the stone walls. Now and then there was among them a tree full of ripe yellow apples.

"Don't you like early apples?" asked Hannah Maria.

Mehitable nodded.

"Had any?"

"No."

"They don't grow in your field, do they?"

Mehitable shook her head. "Mother makes pies with our apples, but they 're not mellow 'nough to eat now," she replied.

"Well," said Hannah Maria, "we have n't got any. All our apples are baldwins, and greenin's. I have n't had an early apple this summer."

The two went on, trundling the doll-carriage. Suddenly Hannah Maria stopped.

"Look here," said she; "my Aunt Jenny and my Uncle Timothy have got lots of early apples. You just go along this road a little farther, and you get to the road that leads to their house. S'pose we go."

"How far is it?"

"Oh, not very far. Father walks over sometimes."

"I don't believe my mother would like it."

"Oh, yes, she would! Come along."

But all Hannah Maria's entreaties could not stir Mehitable Lamb. When they reached the

road that led to Uncle Timothy's house, she stood still.

"My mother won't like it," said she.

"Yes, she will."

Mehitable stood as if she and the doll-carriage were anchored to the road.

"I think you 're real mean, Mehitable Lamb," said Hannah Maria. "You 're a terrible 'fraid cat. I 'm goin' anyhow, and I won't bring you a single apple; so there!"

"Don't want any," returned Mehitable with some spirit. She turned the doll-carriage around. Hannah Maria walked up the road a few steps. Suddenly she faced about. Mehitable had already started homeward.

"Mehitable Lamb!" said she.

Mehitable looked around.

"I s'pose you 'll go right straight home, and tell my mother, just as quick as you can get there."

Mehitable said nothing.

"You 'll be an awful telltale if you do."

"Sha'n't tell," said Mehitable in a sulky voice.

"Will you promise,—'Honest and true. Black and blue. Lay me down and cut me in two,—that you won't tell?"

Mehitable nodded.

"Say it over then."

Mehitable repeated the formula. It sounded like inaudible gibberish.

"I shall tell her myself when I get home," said Hannah Maria. "I shall be back pretty soon anyway, but I don't want her sending father after me. You 're sure you 're not goin' to tell, now, Mehitable Lamb? Say it over again."

Mehitable said it again.

"Well, you 'll be an awful telltale if you do tell after that!" said Hannah Maria.

She went on up one road toward her Uncle Timothy Dunn's, and Mehitable trundled her doll-carriage homeward down the other. She went straight on past Hannah Maria's house. Hannah Maria's mother, Mrs. Green, had come home. She saw the white horse and buggy out in the south yard. She heard Mrs. Green's voice calling "Hannah Maria, Hannah Maria!" and she scudded by like a rabbit.

Mehitable's own house was up the hill, not far beyond. She lived there with her mother and grandmother and her two aunts; her father

was dead. The smoke was coming out of the kitchen chimney; her Aunt Susy was getting supper. Aunt Susy was the younger and prettier of the aunts. Mehitable thought her perfection. She came to the kitchen-door, when Mehitable entered the yard, and stood there smiling at her.

"Well," said she, "did you have a nice time at Hannah Maria's?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What makes you look so sober?"

Mehitable said nothing.

"Did you play dolls?"

"Hannah Maria's too big."

"Stuff!" cried Aunt Susy. Then her shortcake was burning, and she had to run in to see to it.

Mehitable took her china doll out of the carriage, set her carefully on the step, and then lugged the carriage laboriously to a corner of the piazza, where she always kept it. It was a very nice large carriage, and rather awkward to be kept in the house. Then she took her doll and went in through the kitchen to the sitting-room. Her mother and grandmother and other aunt were in there, and they were all glad to see her, and inquired if she had had a nice time at Hannah Maria's. But Mehitable was very sober. She did not seem like herself. Her mother asked whether she did not feel well, and in spite of her saying that she did, would not let her eat any of her Aunt Susy's shortcake for supper. She had to eat some stale bread, and shortly after supper she had to go to bed. Her mother went up-stairs with her, and tucked her in.

"She's all tired out," she said to the others, when she came down; "it's quite a little walk over to the Greens', and I s'pose she played hard. I don't really like to have her play with a girl so much older as Hannah Maria. She is n't big enough to run and race."

"She did n't seem like herself when she came into the yard," said Aunt Susy.

"I should have given her a good bowl of thoroughwort tea, when she went to bed," said her grandmother.

"The kitchen fire is n't out yet; I can steep some thoroughwort now," said Aunt Susy, and she forthwith started. She brewed a great bowl of thoroughwort tea and carried it up to

Mehitable. Mehitable's wistful innocent blue eyes stared up out of the pillows at Aunt Susy and the bowl.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"A bowl of nice hot thoroughwort tea. You sit up and drink it right down, like a good little girl."

"I'm not sick, Aunt Susy," Mehitable pleaded faintly. She hated thoroughwort tea.

"Well, never mind if you're not. Sit right up. It'll do you good."

Aunt Susy's face was full of loving determination. So Mehitable sat up. She drank the thoroughwort tea with convulsive gulps. Once in a while she paused and rolled her eyes piteously over the edge of the bowl.

"Drink it right down," said Aunt Susy.

And she drank it down. There never was a more obedient little girl than Mehitable Lamb. Then she lay back, and Aunt Susy tucked her up, and went down with the empty bowl.

"Did she drink it all?" inquired her grandmother.

"Every mite."

"Well, she'll be all right in the morning, I guess. There is n't anything better than a bowl of good hot thoroughwort tea."

The twilight was deepening. The Lamb family were all in the sitting-room. They had not lighted the lamp, the summer dusk was so pleasant. The windows were open. All at once a dark shadow appeared at one of them. The women started—all but Grandmother Lamb. She was asleep in her chair.

"Who's there?" Aunt Susy asked in a grave tone.

"Have you seen anything of Hannah Maria?" said a hoarse voice. Then they knew it was Mr. Green.

Mrs. Lamb and the aunts pressed close to the window.

"No, we have n't," replied Mrs. Lamb. "Why, what's the matter?"

"We can't find her anywheres. Mother went over to Lawrence this afternoon, and I was down in the east field hayin'. Mother, she got home first, and Hannah Maria was n't anywhere about the house, an' she'd kind of an idea she'd gone over to the Bennets'; she'd been talkin' about goin' there to get a tidy-pattern

of the Bennet girl, so she waited till I got home. I jest put the horse in again, an' drove over there, but she 's not been there. I don't know where she is. Mother 's most crazy."

"Where is she?" they cried, all together. "Sittin' out in the road, in the buggy."

Mrs. Lamb and the aunts hurried out. They and Mr. Green stood beside the buggy, and Mrs. Green thrust her anxious face out.

"Oh, where do you suppose she is?" she groaned.

"Now, do keep calm, Mrs. Green," said Mrs. Lamb in an agitated voice. "We 've got something to tell you. Mehitable was over there this afternoon."

"Oh, she was n't, was she?"

"Yes, she was. She went about four o'clock, and she stayed an hour and a half. Hannah Maria was all right then. Now, I tell you what we 'll do, Mrs. Green: you just get right out of the buggy, and Mr. Green will hitch the horse, and we 'll go in and ask Mehitable just how she left Hannah Maria. Don't you worry. You keep calm, and we 'll find her."

Mrs. Green stepped tremblingly from the buggy. She could scarcely stand. Mrs. Lamb took one arm, and Aunt Susy the other. Mr. Green hitched the horse, and they all went into the house, and up-stairs to Mehitable's room. Mehitable was not asleep. She stared at them in a frightened way, as they all filed into the room. Mrs. Green rushed to the bed.

"Oh, Mehitable," she cried, "when did you last see my Hannah Maria?"

Mehitable looked at her, and said nothing.

"Tell Mrs. Green when you last saw Hannah Maria," said Mrs. Lamb.

"I guess 't was 'bout five o'clock," replied Mehitable in a quavering voice.

"She got home at half-past five," interposed Mehitable's mother.

"Did she look all right?" asked Mrs. Green.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Nobody came to the house when you were there, did there?" asked Mr. Green.

"No, sir."

Aunt Susy came forward. "Now look here, Mehitable," said she. "Do you know anything about what has become of Hannah Maria? Answer me, yes or no."

Mehitable's eyes were like pale moons; her little face was as white as the pillow.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, what has become of her?"

Mehitable was silent.

"Why, Mehitable Lamb!" repeated Aunt Susy, "tell us this minute what has become of Hannah Maria!"

Mehitable was silent.

"Oh," sobbed Mrs. Green, "you must tell me. Mehitable, you 'll tell Hannah Maria's mother what has become of her, won't you?"

Mehitable's mother bent over her, and whispered, but Mehitable lay there like a little stone image.

"Oh, do make her tell!" pleaded Mrs. Green.

"Come, now, tell, and I 'll buy you a whole pound of candy," said Mr. Green.

"Mehitable, you *must* tell," said Aunt Susy.

Suddenly Mehitable began to cry. She sobbed and sobbed; her little body shook convulsively. They all urged her to tell, but she only shook her head between the sobs.

Grandmother Lamb came into the room. She had awakened from her nap.

"What 's the matter?" she inquired. "What ails Mehitable? Is she sick?"

"Hannah Maria is lost, and Mehitable knows what has become of her, and she won't tell," explained Aunt Susy.

"Massy sakes!" Grandmother Lamb went up to the bed. "Tell grandmother," she whispered, "an' she 'll give you a pep'mint."

But Mehitable shook her head, and sobbed.

They all pleaded, and argued, and commanded, but they got no reply but that shake of the head, and sobs.

"The child will be sick if she keeps on this way," said Grandmother Lamb.

"She deserves to be sick!" said Hannah Maria's mother in a desperate voice; and Mehitable's mother forgave her.

"We may as well go down," said Mr. Green with a groan. "I can't waste any more time here; I 've got to do something."

"Oh, here 't is night coming on, and my poor child lost!" wailed Hannah Maria's mother.

Mehitable sobbed so, that it was pitiful in spite of her obstinacy.

"If that child don't have somethin' to take,

she 'll be sick," said her grandmother. "I dunno as there 's any need of her bein' sick if Hannah Maria *is* lost." And she forthwith went stiffly down-stairs. The rest followed—all except Mrs. Lamb. She lingered to plead longer with Mehitable.

"I would n't go over to Timothy's to-night, if I were you," said Mrs. Green. "Jenny's dreadful nervous, and it would use her all up; she thought so much of Hannah Maria."

Mrs. Green's voice broke with a sob.

"No, I'm not going there," returned Mr. Green.



"THEY ALL PLEADED, AND ARGUED, AND COMMANDED."

"You're mother's own little girl," said she, "and nobody shall scold you whatever happens. Now, tell mother what has become of Hannah Maria."

But it was of no use. Finally, Mrs. Lamb tucked the clothes over Mehitable with a jerk, and went down-stairs herself. They were having a consultation there in the sitting-room. It was decided that Mr. Green should drive to Mr. Pitkin's, about a quarter of a mile away, and see if they knew anything of Hannah Maria, and get Mr. Pitkin to aid in the search.

"It is n't any use. It is n't likely they know anything about her. It's a good five mile off."

Mr. Green got into his buggy and drove away. Mrs. Green went home, and Aunt Susy and the other aunt with her. Nobody slept in the Lamb or the Green house that night, except Grandmother Lamb. She dozed in her chair, although they could not induce her to go to bed. But first she started the kitchen fire, and made another bowl of thoroughwort tea for Mehitable.

"She'll be sick jest as sure as the world, if she does n't drink it," said she. And Mehitable lifted

her swollen, teary face from the pillow and drank it. "She don't know any more where that Green girl has gone to than I do," said Grandmother Lamb, when she went down with the bowl. "There is n't any use in pesterin' the child so."

Mrs. Lamb watched for Mr. Green to return from Mr. Pitkin's, and ran out to the road. He had with him Mr. Pitkin's hired man and eldest boy.

"Pitkin's harnessed up, and gone the other way, over to the village, and we're goin' to look round the place thorough, an'—look in the well," he said in a husky voice.

"If she would only tell," groaned Mrs. Lamb. "I've done all I can. I can't *make* her speak."

Mr. Green groaned in response, and drove on. Mrs. Lamb went in, and stood at her sitting-room window and watched the lights over at the Green house. They flitted from one room to another all night. At dawn Aunt Susy ran over with her shawl over her head. She was wan and hollow-eyed.

"They have n't found a sign of her," said she. "They've looked everywhere. The Pitkin boy's been down the well. Mr. Pitkin has just come over from the village, and a lot of men are going out to hunt for her, as soon as it's light. If Mehitable only would tell!"

"I can't make her," said Mrs. Lamb, despairingly.

"I know what I think you'd ought to do," said Aunt Susy in a desperate voice.

"What?"

"*Whip her.*"

"Oh, Susy, I can't! I never whipped her in my life."

"Well, I don't care. I should." Aunt Susy had the tragic and resolute expression of an inquisitor. She might have been proposing the rack. "I think it is your duty," she added.

Mrs. Lamb sank into the rocking-chair and wept, but, within an hour's time, Mehitable stood shivering and sobbing in her night-gown, and held out her pretty little hands, while her mother switched them with a small stick. Aunt Susy was crying, down in the sitting-room. "Did she tell?" she inquired, when her sister, quite pale and trembling, came in with the stick.

"No," replied Mrs. Lamb. "I never will whip that dear child again, come what will."

And she broke the stick in two, and threw it out of the window.

As the day advanced, teams began to pass the house. Now and then, one heard a signal horn. The search for Hannah Maria was being organized. Mrs. Lamb and the aunts cooked a hot breakfast, and carried it over to Mr. and Mrs. Green. They felt as if they must do something to prove their regret and sympathy. Mehitable was up and dressed, but her poor little auburn locks were not curled, and the pink roundness seemed gone from her face. She sat quietly in her little chair in the sitting-room, and held her doll. Her mother had punished her very tenderly, but there were some red marks on her little hands. She had not eaten any breakfast, but her grandmother had made her some more thoroughwort tea. The bitterness of life seemed actually tasted, to poor little Mehitable Lamb.

It was about nine o'clock, and Mrs. Lamb and the aunts had just carried the hot breakfast over to the Green's, and were arranging it on the table, when another team drove into the yard. It was a white horse and a covered wagon. On the front seat sat Hannah Maria's aunt, Jenny Dunn, and a young lady, one of Hannah Maria's cousins. Mrs. Green ran to the door. "Oh, Jenny, *have* you heard?" she gasped. Then she screamed, for Hannah Maria was peeking out of the rear of the covered wagon. She was in there with another young lady cousin, and a great basket of yellow apples.

"Hannah Maria Green, where *have* you been?" cried her mother.

"Why, what do you think! That child walked 'way over to our house last night," Aunt Jenny said volubly; "and Timothy was gone with the horse, and there was n't anything to do but to keep her. I knew you would n't be worried about her, for she said the little Lamb girl knew where she'd gone, and —"

Mrs. Green jerked the wagon-door open, and pulled Hannah Maria out. "Go right into the house!" she said in a stern voice. "Here she would n't tell where you'd gone. And the whole town hunting! Go in."

Hannah Maria's face changed from uneasy and deprecating smiles to the certainty of grief. "Oh, I made her promise not to tell, but I

s'posed she would," she sobbed. "I did n't know 't was going to be so far. Oh, mother, I'm sorry!"

"Go right in," said her mother.

And Hannah Maria went in. Aunt Susy and Mrs. Lamb pushed past her as she entered. They were flying home to make amends to Mehitable, with kind words and kisses, and to take away the taste of the thoroughwort tea, with sponge cake and some of the best strawberry jam.

Later in the forenoon, Mehitable, with the row of smooth water curls round her head, dressed in her clean pink calico, sat on the

door-step with her doll. Her face was as smiling as the china one. Hannah Maria came slowly into the yard. She carried a basket of early apples. Her eyes were red. "Here are some apples for you," she said. "And I'm sorry I made you so much trouble. I'm not going to eat any."

"Thank you," said Mehitable. "Did your mother scold?" she inquired timidly.

"She did, first. I'm dreadful sorry. I won't ever do so again. I — kind of thought you 'd tell."

"I'm not a telltale," said Mehitable.

"No, you're not," said Hannah Maria.

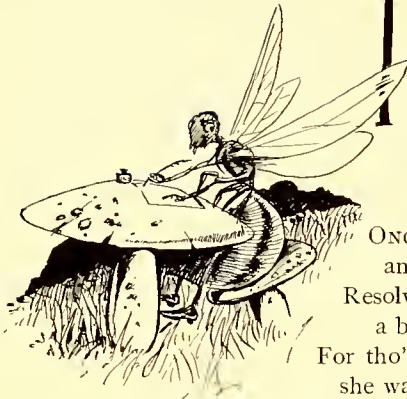


A FAMILY GROUP: JESSIE AND HER DOLLIES, AND HER DOLLY'S DOLLY.

The Artful Ant.

A Tragic Tale

BY OLIVER HERFORD.



ONCE on a time
an artful Ant
Resolved to give
a ball,
For tho' in stature
she was scant,

She was not what you 'd call
A shy or bashful little Ant.
(She was not shy at all.)

She sent her invitations through
The forest far and wide,
To all the Birds and Beasts she knew,
And many more beside.
(" You never know what you can do,"
Said she, " until you 've tried.")

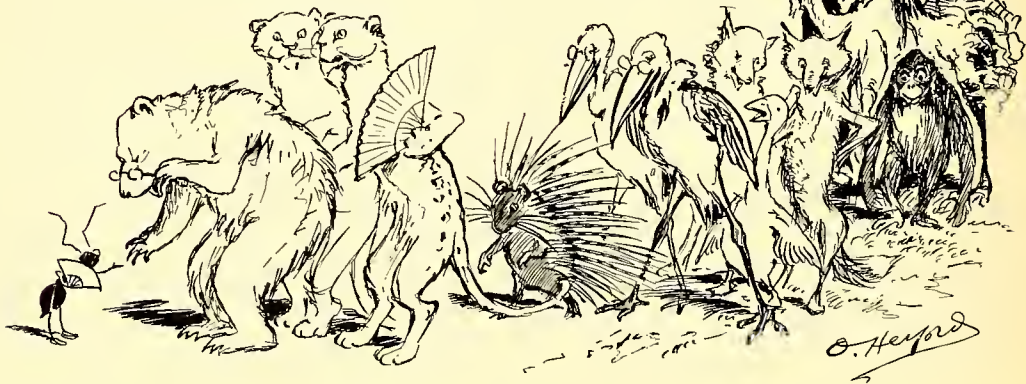
Five-score acceptances came in
Faster than she could read.
Said she: " Dear me! I 'd best begin
To stir myself indeed!"
(A pretty pickle she was in,
With five-score guests to feed!)

The artful Ant sat up all night,
A thinking o'er and o'er,

How she could make
her scanty store,
Enough to feed
five-score.
(Between ourselves, I
think she might
Have thought of
that before.)

She thought, and
thought, and
thought all night,
And all the follow-
ing day,
Till suddenly she
struck a bright
Idea, which was
— (but stay!
Just what it was I
am not quite
At liberty to say.)

Enough, that when
the festal day
Came round, the
Ant was seen



To smile in a peculiar way,
As if—(but you may glean
From seeing tragic actors play
The kind of smile I mean.)

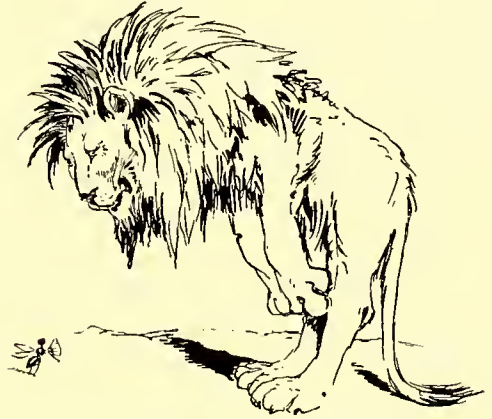


From here and there and everywhere
The happy creatures came,
The Fish alone could not be there.
(And they were not to blame.
“They really could not stand the air,
But thanked her just the same.”)

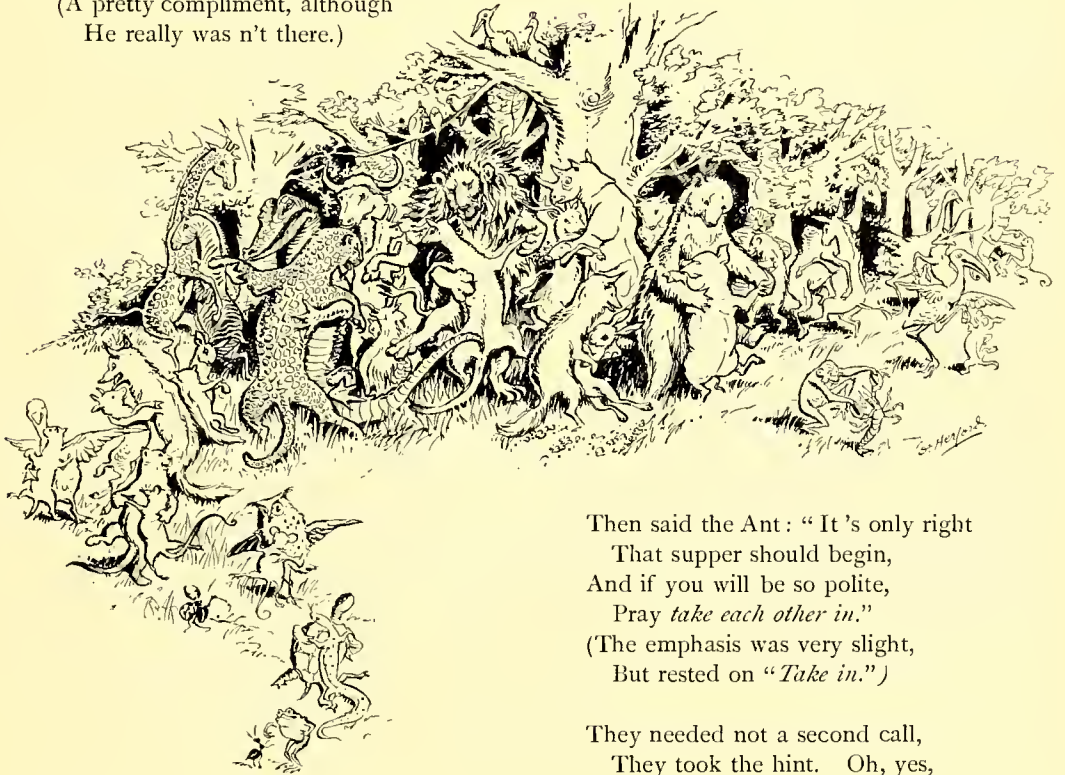
The Lion, bowing very low,
Said to the Ant: “I ne'er
Since Noah's Ark remember so
Delightful an affair.”
(A pretty compliment, although
He really was n't there.)

They danced, and danced, and danced, and
danced ;
It was a jolly sight !

They pranced, and pranced, and pranced,
and pranced,
Till it was nearly light,



And then their thoughts to supper chanced
To turn. (As well they might !)



Then said the Ant : “ It 's only right
That supper should begin,
And if you will be so polite,
Pray *take each other in.*”
(The emphasis was very slight,
But rested on “ *Take in.*”)

They needed not a second call,
They took the hint. Oh, yes,

The largest guest "took in" the small,
 The small "took in" the less,
 The less "took in" the least of all.
 (It was a great success!)

As for the rest — but why spin out
 This narrative of woe? —
 The Lion took them in about
 As fast as they could go.
 (He went home looking very stout,
 And walking very slow.)

* * * * *

And when the Ant, not long ago,
 Lost to all sense of shame,
 Tried it again, I chance to know
 That not one answer came.
 (Save from the Fish, who "could not go,
 But thanked her all the same.")



IN THE PARK PLAYING "PUSS IN THE CORNER."

LADY JANE.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LADY JANE COMES TO HER OWN.

THE next morning, when Margaret brought little Jane, Mrs. Lanier sent for them to come to her room, and there she heard the strange story that Paichoux had told Margaret.

Putting together one thing and another, the incidents seemed to form a chain of which there was only one link missing, and that was an explanation of the mystery surrounding the fate of the young mother. What had become of her? and how had Madame Jozain got possession of the child, as well as of the property?

"It is work for a skillful detective," said Mrs. Lanier, when Margaret had told her of Paichoux's plan.

And Margaret replied that with the aid of a little money the snarl could soon be unraveled.

"The money will be forthcoming," returned Mrs. Lanier. "It shall be my sacred duty to begin an investigation as soon as the child's identity is established. Mr. Lanier will interest himself with me, and every possible effort shall be made to get at the bottom of the mystery. Meanwhile, my good Margaret, you must leave little Jane with me. Jane Chetwynd's child must not be dependent on charity."

To this Margaret readily agreed, and then Lady Jane was called from the nursery, where she had been with Mrs. Lanier's little girls, during this long, serious conversation.

The child came in dressed in her homely orphan's garb, with all her beautiful hair braided and hanging stiffly down her back; but she was lovely in spite of her unlovely attire, her sweet little face was dimpled with smiles, and her wide eyes were full of pleasant expectation.

"Come here, my dear," said Mrs. Lanier holding out her hands. "Now, tell me: which name do you like best, Lady Jane, or simply Jane?"

She hesitated a moment, and looked wistfully at Margaret, while a slight shadow passed over her face. "I like Lady Jane, but Mother Margaret likes Jane best."

Then Mrs. Lanier opened a drawer and took out a photograph in a velvet frame.

"My dear," she said, holding it before her, "who are these?"

In an instant the child's face changed. Every vestige of color fled from it, as she fixed her eyes on the picture with a look of eager affection and pitiful surprise.

"It's papa and mama!" she exclaimed passionately. "It's my dear, dear mama!"

Then, with a cry of distress, she threw herself into Margaret's arms and sobbed bitterly.

"This is proof enough for me," said Mrs. Lanier, as she laid the picture away, "the recognition was instantaneous and complete. She is Jane Chetwynd's child. Margaret, leave her to me; I will love her and comfort her."

An hour after, Mrs. Lanier was sitting in her library, writing hastily and excitedly, when the door-bell rang, and, just as she was addressing a letter to "Richard Chetwynd, Esq.," Arthur Maynard entered.

The boy looked quite pale and anxious as he glanced at Mrs. Lanier's flushed, excited face.

"Don't ask me any questions; just wait a moment," she said, with a reassuring smile.

Presently, there was a sound of children's voices on the stairs, and three little girls entered the room quietly and demurely. They were dressed exactly alike in dainty white frocks and broad sashes; two were pale and dark; they were Ethel and May Lanier; and one was fair and rosy, with wonderful golden hair hanging in burnished, waving masses below her waist, while the thick fringe across her forehead, although it looked a little refractory, as if it had just been cut, gave her a charmingly infantile and picturesque appearance.

The moment the little Laniers saw Arthur Maynard, they ran to him, talking and laughing gaily, while Lady Jane (for it was she, though quite metamorphosed through the skill of Mrs. Lanier's French maid, and one of Ethel's dainty suits) remained standing shyly in the center of the room.

Mrs. Lanier was watching the sweet face with its puzzled, anxious expression. Lady Jane held her hands tightly clasped, and her soft brows were slightly contracted while she looked with large, serious eyes at the merry group. Presently, a winsome smile broke over her face, and, going slowly forward, she said softly:

"If you please, are n't you the boy who gave me the blue heron?"

Arthur Maynard was quite beside himself with delight. Holding out both hands, he drew her to him, and, putting his arms about her caressingly, said gaily:

"Yes, Lady Jane, I'm the very boy. And so you remember me? I thought you'd forgotten me long ago."

"Oh, no, no! I had n't, but"—with a little tremulous smile—"you—you did n't know me, did you?"

"Yes, you darling, I did; I was only waiting to see if you really remembered me."

"Oh, but you did n't know I saw you once before."

"No, indeed. When and where was it?" asked Arthur, eagerly.

"It was a long while ago. It was Mardi-Gras, and I was lost; but you could n't see me, because I had on a domino," replied Lady Jane, with dancing eyes, and a roguish little smile. "I called you, and you heard me, because you looked around; but you could n't see me."

"Well, I declare! Now I remember. Of course, I could n't guess that the little, pink, crumpled thing was Lady Jane. Why did n't you call me again?"

"Oh," with a little sigh, "I thought maybe you did n't remember me."

"As if I could ever forget! But where is Tony? Have you given him away?" and he looked into her eyes with a smile.

"No, I did n't give him away. I loved him too much to give him to any one; but he's lost. He broke his string while I was out sing-

ing, Tante Pauline said, and she was too lame to catch him, and I searched everywhere for him, and then I could n't sing any more—and—and—" Here she paused, flushing deeply, while tears gathered on her lashes.

"She's just the same adorable little creature," whispered Arthur to Mrs. Lanier, while he stroked her hair softly. Then he bent over her and asked her very earnestly and gravely:

"Do you remember that day on the cars, Lady Jane, when I gave you Tony?"

"Why, yes,—or I would n't know you," she replied ingenuously.

"Well, your mama was with you then. Where is she now?"

"Oh," with a very sad sigh, "I don't know; she's gone away. I thought she'd come back, and I waited, and waited; but now I don't look any more. I think she's with papa, and is n't coming back."

"When did she go? My darling, try to remember about your mama," urged Mrs. Lanier gently.

"It was so long ago, I can't tell when it was," she said dejectedly. "I was ill, and when I got well, Tante Pauline said she had gone."

"Was it in Good Children Street that she went?"

"No, it was before. It was away across the river, because Tante Pauline, and Mr. Raste, and I, and Tony in his basket, all came in a big boat."

"You see Jane Chetwynd never left Gretna," said Mrs. Lanier, to Arthur, in an awe-struck voice.

"Where is Tante Pauline now?" continued Arthur.

"I don't know. I ran away, and I have n't seen her for ever so long."

"Why did you run away from her? Did n't you love her?"

"No, no! Please don't ask me,—Oh, please don't!" and suddenly she covered her little, flushed, troubled face with both hands and began to cry silently.

"We must n't question her any more, Arthur," said Mrs. Lanier, softly, as she soothed the child. "Her little heart has been probed to the very depths. She is a noble little soul and she won't utter a complaint against that wretched woman."

"Never mind, my darling. Forget all about Tante Pauline. You will never see her again, and no one shall make you unhappy. You are my child now, and you shall stay with me always, and to-morrow we are going to buy Christmas presents for all your friends in Good Children Street."

"And I"—whispered Arthur, pressing his cheek close against her golden head—"I have a Christmas present for you, so don't cry any more but prepare to be very happy."

"I have just written to her grandfather," said Mrs. Lanier, after they had sent Lady Jane away to the children, all smiles and dimples again. "I see by the papers that he has returned from Europe. There's not the least doubt that she is Jane's child, and, if he has any heart, he'll come and investigate this mystery. I don't dare do anything until I shall have heard from him."

"That will be very soon; he will probably be here in a day or two, for he is on his way now."

"Arthur, what do you mean? How has he heard?"

"Oh, Lady Jane has a great many friends who are deeply interested in her. Paichoux, the dairyman, has been in correspondence with the millionaire, and I have been interviewing Paichoux. The little Frenchman put me on Paichoux's track. It seems that Paichoux got Mrs. Churchill's watch from Madame Jozain's son, and Paichoux was inspired to write to the jeweler in New York, whose name and the number of the watch were on the inside of the case, to find out for whom that watch was made. After some delay a letter came from Mr. Richard Chetwynd himself, telling Paichoux that the watch was made for his daughter Jane Chetwynd. The jeweler had forwarded Paichoux's letter to Mr. Chetwynd, who was in Paris, and the millionaire has hastened home to investigate. His prompt action is a favorable omen for Lady Jane."

The next day, the day before Christmas, and just one year from the time when Lady Jane sat on the church steps eating the bread and apple given to her by a charitable impulse, she was making almost a royal progress in Mrs. Lanier's carriage, as lovely in her rich dress as a little fairy and every bit as much admired as

Pepsie had predicted she would be, in the future, when she should ride in a blue chariot drawn by eight white horses. Mrs. Lanier's generosity allowed her to remember every one with suitable gifts, and her visit to Good Children Street was something long to be remembered. Mrs. Lanier when she found herself once more in the presence of Diane d'Hautreuve, almost wept with shame and regret, to think that for all these years she had forgotten one who was once a queen in society by right of both birth and wealth. "It is unpardonable in me," she said to herself when she saw the gentle lonely woman hold the child to her heart so fondly. "It is unpardonable to forget and neglect one so entirely worthy of the best, simply because she is poor. However, now that I have discovered her through Lady Jane, I will try to make up for the indifference of years by every attention that I can show her."

While these thoughts were passing through Mrs. Lanier's mind, Lady Jane was unfolding before Mam'selle Diane's dazzled eyes a rich mourning silk.

"You must have it made right away," she whispered, pressing her rosy cheek to her friend's, "for Mrs. Lanier says you will visit your friends again, and I want you to wear my Christmas present the first visit you make."

Then Pepsie was made happy by a beautiful wheeled chair for the street, which was so arranged with numerous springs that she could be lifted over rough places without hurting her poor back; and Madelon was the recipient of a beautiful, warm cloak; and Tite's love of finery was fully gratified by a gay hat "wid feeders on it"; little Gex was fitted out with a supply of useful articles; and the Paichoux, one and all, were remembered with gifts suitable for each, while the orphans' Christmas tree was loaded with presents from Lady Jane, who only the year before had clung to the railings cold and hungry, and peeped in at the glittering display which was being prepared for other little orphans not half as friendless and needy as she was.

And the homely, kind face of Mother Margaret fairly shone with happiness, as she watched her little favorite dispensing pretty gifts with a beaming smile of love and good-will to all.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas eve, and Mrs. Lanier's beautiful house was bright with lights and flowers, and merry with music and laughter.

There were, beside the little Laniers and Lady Jane, a dozen children or more who had been invited to see the wonderful Christmas tree, which Mr. and Mrs. Lanier, and Arthur Maynard had spent the greater part of the day in decorating. It stood at one end of the drawing-room, and its broad branches were fairly bending beneath the treasures heaped upon them. It glowed and sparkled with the light of a hundred wax-candles, reflected over and over by innumerable brilliant objects, until it seemed like Moses's burning bush, all fire and flame; and amid this radiant mass of color and light were the most beautiful gifts for every member of the family as well as for the happy little visitors; but the object which attracted the most curiosity and interest was a large basket standing at the foot of the tree.

"Who is that basket for, Papa?" asked Ethel Lanier, of her father, who was unfastening and distributing the presents.

"We shall see presently, my dear," replied Mr. Lanier, glancing at Lady Jane, who stood, a radiant little figure, beside Arthur Maynard, watching every movement with sparkling eyes and dimpling smiles.

At last, with a great deal of difficulty, the basket was untied, and Mr. Lanier read, in a loud, distinct voice, from a card attached to it: "For Lady Jane Churchill. With Arthur Maynard's love and good wishes."

"There! I thought it was for Lady Jane!" cried Ethel, delightedly. "I know it's something lovely."

Mr. Lanier, with no little ceremony, handed the basket to Arthur, who took it and gave it to Lady Jane with a low bow.

"I hope you will like my present," he said, smiling brightly, while he helped the wondering child untie the strings that fastened the cover.

Her little face was a study of mingled curiosity and expectancy, and her eyes sparkled with eagerness as she bent over the basket.

"It's so large. What can it be? Oh, oh, oh!

It's *Tony!*" she cried, as the cover was lifted and the bird hopped gravely out and stood on one leg, winking and blinking in the dazzling light. "It's Tony! dear, dear Tony!" and in an instant she was on her knees hugging and kissing the bird passionately.

"I told you I would find him for you," whispered Arthur, bending over her, almost as happy as she.

"And you knew him by the three little crosses, did n't you? Oh, you're so good, and I thank you so much," she said, lifting her lovely, grateful eyes to the boy's face. She was smiling, but a tear glistened on her lashes.

"What a darling she is!" said Mrs. Lanier, fondly. "Is n't it pretty to see her with the bird. Really, it is an exquisite picture."

She was like an anxious mother over a child who had just been restored to her.

"You know me, Tony, don't you? and you're glad to see me?" Lady Jane asked, over and over, while she stroked his feathers and caressed the blue heron in the tenderest way.

"Do you think he remembers you, Lady Jane?" asked Mr. Lanier, who was watching her with a smile of amusement.

"Oh, yes, I know he does; Tony could n't forget me. I'm sure he'll come to me if I call him."

"Please try him. Oh, do try him!" cried Ethel and May.

Mr. Lanier took the bird and placed him behind a chair at the extreme end of the room, where he stood gravely blinking and nodding; but the moment he heard Lady Jane's little chirp, and the call "Tony, Tony," he ran fluttering to her and nestled close against her.

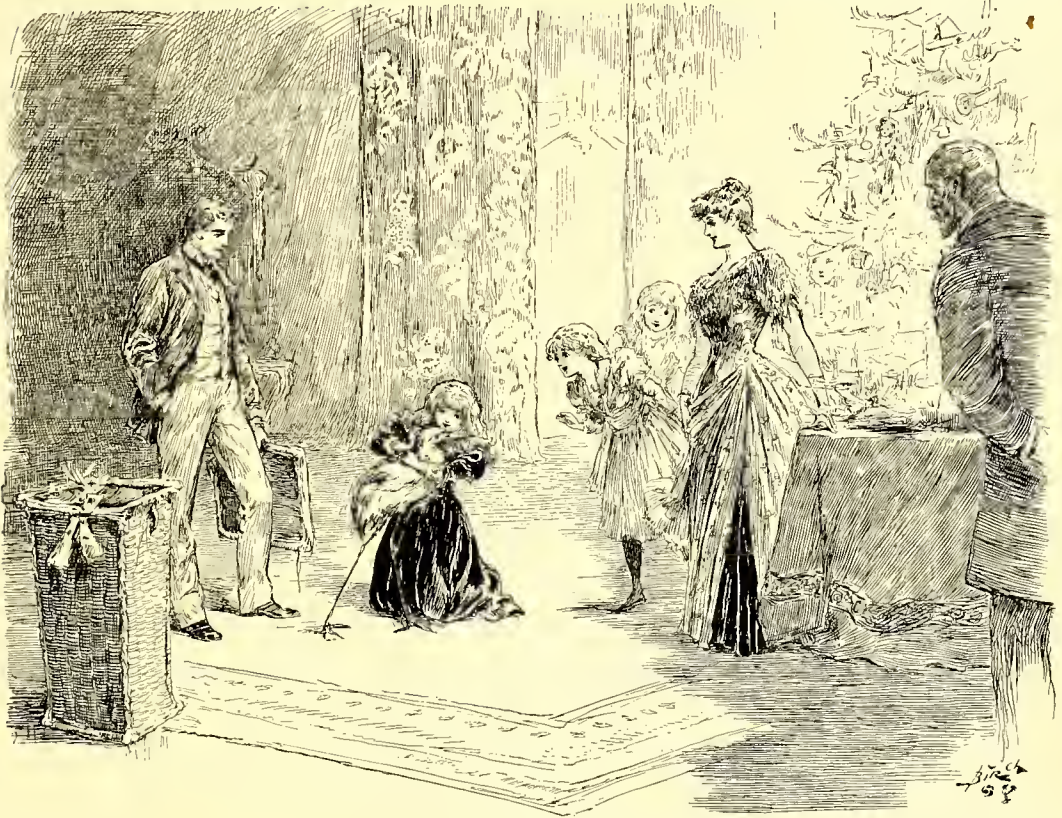
Every one was pleased with this exhibition of the bird's intelligence, and the children were nearly wild over the new acquisition. The other presents were forgotten for the moment, and they could do nothing but watch every movement with admiration and delight.

To Lady Jane, the recovery of her lost treasure was the crowning point of happiness; and she consented reluctantly to leave him alone in the conservatory, where he was to spend the night, and where he looked very comfortable, as well as picturesque, standing on one leg under a large palm.

"It is almost time for Mr. Chetwynd's coming," said Mrs. Lanier, glancing at the clock. "Mr. Lanier will meet him at the station and bring him here, if he will accept our hospitality. I'll confess I'm filled with consternation. He used to be such a grim, cold man; he never even softened to Jane's young friends; he was polite and kind, but never genial, and I dare say he has quite forgotten me. It's a trial for me to meet him with this awful mystery hanging

"It is Mr. Chetwynd," she said to Arthur. "They have come; he is in the library, and Mr. Lanier asks me to bring the child."

A few moments later, Mrs. Lanier led Lady Jane into the room where Mr. Richard Chetwynd waited to receive her. He was a tall, pale man, with deep, piercing eyes, and firmly closed lips, which gave character to a face that did not lack kindness of expression. As she advanced, a little constrainedly, holding the child by the



"OH, OH, OH! IT'S TONY!" CRIED LADY JANE."

over Jane's last days. Oh, I hope he will take kindly to the child! He idolized her mother before she thwarted his plans, and now I should think his remorse would be terrible, and that he would do everything to atone for his unkindness."

"I have faith in Lady Jane," laughed Arthur. "It must be a hard heart that can withstand her simple winning ways."

Just at that moment a servant entered, and handed Mrs. Lanier a card.

hand, he came forward to meet her with an air of friendly interest.

"Perhaps you have forgotten me, Mrs. Lanier," he said, cordially extending his hand; "but I remember you, although it is some time ago that you used to dine with my daughter in Gramercy Park."

"Oh, no, I have not forgotten you, Mr. Chetwynd; but I hardly expected you to recall me among all Jane's young friends."

"I do, I do, perfectly," he replied, with his eyes

fixed on Lady Jane, who clung to Mrs. Lanier and looked at the tall, grave stranger with timid scrutiny.

Then he held out his hand to the child.

"And this is Jane Chetwynd's daughter. There is no doubt of it; she is the image of her mother," he said in a low, restrained voice. "I was not prepared to see such a living proof. She is my little Jane as she was when a child—my little Jane—my darling! Mrs. Lanier, will you excuse me?—the sight of her has quite unnerved me!"

And suddenly sinking into a chair, he pressed the child to his heart and hid his face on her bright, golden head.

What passed between Lady Jane and her grandfather, Mr. and Mrs. Lanier never knew, for they slipped quietly out of the room, and left the saddened man alone with the last of his family—the child of that idolized but disobedient daughter, whose marriage he had never forgiven until that moment, when he held in his arms, close to his heart, the little one, her living image.

It was some time before Mr. Chetwynd appeared, and when he did he was as cold and self-possessed as if he had never felt a throb of emotion, nor shed a tear of sorrow on the pretty head of the child, who held his hand, and prattled as freely and confidingly as if she had known him always.

"What will Mother Margaret say," she exclaimed, looking at Mrs. Lanier with wide glistening eyes, "when I tell her that I've found Tony and my grandpapa both in one Christmas? I never saw a grandpapa before; Pepsie read to me about one in a book, and he was very cross, but this one is n't. I think he's very good."

Before long, Mr. Chetwynd did not seem to have any other interest in life than to gratify every wish the child expressed.

"She has taken complete possession of me," he said to Mrs. Lanier; "and now my greatest happiness will be to make her happy. She is all I have, and I shall try to find in her the comfort of which her mother deprived me."

In spite of his affection for the child, his feelings did not entirely change toward the mother; he could not forget that she had disappointed him, and preferred a stranger to him; that she had given up wealth and position to bury herself

in obscurity with a man he hated. It was a bitter thought, yet his fatherly affection would spare no pains to solve the mystery that hung over her last days.

Money and influence together soon put the machinery of the law in motion; therefore it was not a month after Mr. Chetwynd's arrival in New Orleans, before everything was as clear as day. The young widow was traced to Madame Jozain's; there were many who remembered the death and funeral. The physician's certificate at the Board of Health bore the name of Dr. Debrot, who was found, and interviewed during one of his bright moments; he described the young mother and child, and remembered even the blue heron; and his testimony, sad though it was, was still a comfort to Jane Chetwynd's friends. She had died of the same fever that killed her husband, and she had been carefully nursed and decently buried.

A careful search was made for her personal effects; but nothing was recovered except the watch that Paichoux was fortunate enough to secure. Mr. Chetwynd handed Paichoux a large check in exchange for it, but the honest man refused to take any more than he had paid Raste Jozain in order to get possession of it. However, the millionaire proved that he was not ungrateful, nor lacking in appreciation, when he presented Paichoux with a rich, plain watch suitably inscribed, from the donor to a most valued friend. And when the pretty Marie was married, she received from the same jewelers who had made the watch an exquisite silver tea-service, which was the pride of her life, and which was cherished not only for its value, but because it was a gift from Lady Jane's grandpapa.

Mr. Chetwynd made a number of visits to Good Children Street in company with Mrs. Lanier and Lady Jane. And there were a great many long consultations held by Mam'selle Diane, the millionaire, and the banker's wife, while Lady Jane played with her jolly little friend the canary, among the branches of the rose bush. During these conversations there was a great deal of argument and anxious urging on the part of the visitors, and a great many excuses, and much self-depreciation on the part of the gentle faded lady.

"I have been buried so long," she would say pathetically, "that the great world will appal and confuse me. I shall be like a blind person suddenly made sensible of the light."

"But you will soon become accustomed to the light," urged Mrs. Lanier.

"And I might long for seclusion again; at my age one cannot easily change one's habits."

"You shall have all the seclusion you wish for," said Mr. Chetwynd, kindly.

"Besides I am so old-fashioned," murmured Mam'selle Diane, blushing deeply.

"A quality which I greatly admire," returned Mr. Chetwynd, with a courtly bow.

"And think how Lady Jane loves you," said Mrs. Lanier, as if to clinch the argument.

"Yes, my love for her and hers for me are the strongest points in the situation," replied Mam'selle Diane, reflectively, "when I think of her I can hardly refuse to comply with your wishes."

At that time it seemed as if Lady Jane acted the part of fairy godmother to those who had been her friends in her days of adversity, for each had only to express a wish and it was gratified.

Pepsie's cottage in the country was about to become a reality. In one of the charming, shady lanes of Carrollton they found just such a bowery little spot as Pepsie wished for, with a fine strip of land for a garden. One day Mr. Chetwynd and Lady Jane went down to Good Children Street and gave the deed of it to Ma-

demoiselle Madelon Modeste Ferri, which was Pepsie's baptismal name although she had never been called by it in all her life. The little cripple was so astonished and delighted that she could find no words of thanks; but, after a few moments of very expressive silence, she exclaimed: "After all, my cards were right, for they told me over and over that I should go to



LADY JANE AND HER GRANDFATHER.

live in the country; and now I'm going, thanks to Lady Jane!"

When little Gex was asked what he most wished for in the world, he hesitated for a long time, and finally confessed that the desire of his life was to go back to Paris.

"Well, you shall go, Mr. Gex," said Lady Jane, confidently, "and I shall see you there, for I'm going to Paris with grandpapa soon."

It is needless to say that Gex went, and the little shop in Good Children Street saw him no more forever.

And Margaret, the good Margaret. What could Lady Jane do for her? Only the noble woman and the destitute orphans could testify to the generous aid that came yearly in the shape of a check for a large amount from Lady Jane for dear Mother Margaret's home.

"And Mam'selle Diane, dear Mam'selle, what can I give her?" asked Lady Jane, eagerly.

"There is only one thing to do for her," said Mrs. Lanier, "and that is to take her with you. Your grandpapa has begged her to take charge of your education. Poor, lonely woman! she loves you dearly, and, in spite of her reluctance to leave her seclusion, I think she would go to the world's end with you."

And it was so arranged that when Mr. Chetwynd and Lady Jane left New Orleans, Mam'selle Diane d'Hautreuve went with them, and the little house and tiny garden were left to solitude, while the jolly canary was sent to keep Tony company in the conservatory.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AS IT IS NOW.

ALL this happened years ago, some ten or twelve, more or less, and there have been many changes in that time.

In front of the iron railing where Lady Jane clung on that cold Christmas Eve, peering into the warmth and light of the Orphans' Home, there is now a beautiful little park, with magnolias, oaks, fragrant white jasmine, and pink flowering crape myrtle. Flowers bloom there luxuriantly, the birds sing merrily, and it is a spot beloved of children. Their joyous laughter mingles with the songs of birds and the busy hum of little voices in the Orphans' Home a few paces away.

In the center of that square, on a green mound bordered with flowers, stands a marble pedestal, and on that pedestal is a statue: it is the figure of a woman seated, and holding a little orphan to her heart. The woman has a

plain face, the thin hair is drawn back austere-ly from the broad forehead, the eyes are deep set, the features coarse, the mouth is wide. She is no high-born dame of delicate mold, but a woman of the people; her hands, caressing the orphan at her side, are large and rough with honest toil; but the face, and the whole figure, is beautiful with purity and goodness. It is Margaret, the orphans' friend, who though a destitute orphan herself, by her own worth and industry earned the wealth to found homes and asylums, to feed and clothe the indigent, to save the wretched and forsaken, and to merit the title of Mother to the Motherless.

And there sits her marble image through summer's heat and winter's cold, serene and gentle, under the shadow of the home she founded. It is a monument of honest, simple virtue and charity, as well as an enduring testimony to the nobility of the women who erected this statue in respectful recognition of true greatness, under the homely guise of honest toil.

If one of my young readers should happen near this spot, just at the right moment, on some fine evening in early spring, he or she might perchance see an elegant carriage draw up near the statue of Margaret, while its occupants, an elderly woman of gentle and distinguished appearance, and a beautiful young girl, study the homely, serene face of the orphans' friend.

Presently the girl says reverently: "Dear Mother Margaret! She was a saint, if ever earth knew one."

"Yes, she was a noble woman, and she came from the poor and lowly. All the titles and wealth of earth could not ennoble her as did her own saintly character."

The occupants of the carriage are Lady Jane and Mam'selle Diane d'Hautreuve.

The beautiful child is now a beautiful girl of seventeen, her schooldays are over, and she has not disappointed the expectations of her friends. At home and abroad she is known not only as the Chetwynd heiress, but also for her many accomplishments, as well as for beauty and charitableness. And her wonderful voice, which time has enriched and strengthened, is a constant delight to those who hear it. And the good sisters and grateful little orphans in Margaret's

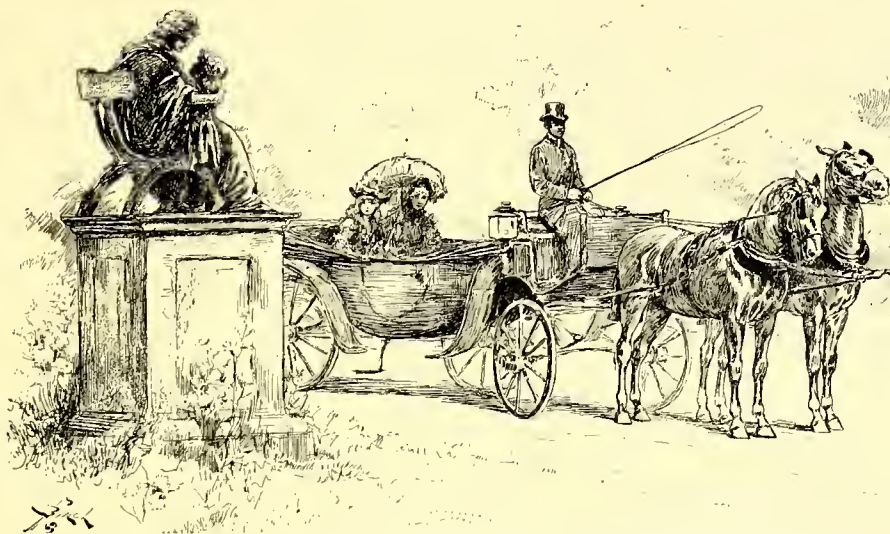
Home count it a day long to be remembered when Lady Jane sits down among them, and sings the hymns she loved so well in those old days when she herself was a homeless little orphan.

Mr. Chetwynd still likes to spend part of the year abroad; but he has purchased a beautiful winter home in the garden district of New Orleans. The Laniers are neighbors, and Lady Jane and Mam'selle Diane spend several months every spring in its delightful seclusion.

And here Madelon comes to bring her de-

when the bright-faced little cripple, who seems hardly a day older, spreads out her beautiful needlework before Lady Jane, and expatiates eloquently on the fine results she obtains from the Paris patterns, and exquisite materials with which she is constantly supplied. She is a natural little artist with the needle, her dainty work sells readily and profitably. "Just think!" she says with one of her bright smiles, "I could buy a piano now, if I wished to, and I think I shall, so that you can play to me when you come."

During sunny afternoons, on a certain lawn



LADY JANE AND MAM'SELLE D'HAUTREVE BEFORE THE STATUE OF MOTHER MARGARET.

licious cakes, which she now sells to private customers instead of from a stand on the Rue Bourbon, and Tante Modeste often rattles up in her milk-cart, a little older, a little stouter, but with the same bright face; and on the same seat where Lady Jane used to sit, is one of Marie's little ones, instead of one of Modeste's. "Only think, my dear," she says proudly, "Tiburce is graduated, and is studying law with Marie's husband, who is rising fast in his profession."

But of all Lady Jane's good times, there is none pleasanter than the hours she spends with Pepsie in the pretty cottage at Carrollton,

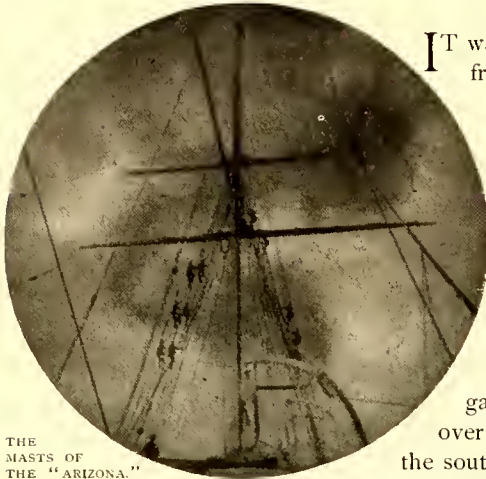
in the garden district, there is nearly always a merry party playing tennis; while a gentle-faced woman sits near holding a book, which she seldom reads, so interested is she in watching a golden-haired girl and a handsome young man, who frequently interrupt their game to enjoy the grave antics of a stately blue heron stalking majestically about the lawn, or posing picturesquely on one leg under a glossy palm.

But we must not approach the border-land of romance. Lady Jane is no longer a child, and Arthur Maynard is years older than the boy who gave her the blue heron.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY IN THE EAST.

BY LUCY MORRIS ELLSWORTH.

The quaint and interesting diary from which these extracts are taken was kept by a little girl only ten years old, and of her own accord, as a record of her travels last year through Egypt, Italy, and Greece. The selections here given are printed, word for word, as they were written.



THE
MASTS OF
THE "ARIZONA."

STEAMSHIP "ARIZONA," Oct. 22d.

IT was Tuesday morning at nine o'clock when we started from New York harbor and in the evening I was quite sick and stayed in bed until Friday then I got up and Saturday I was able to go to the meals in the saloon. Fraulein is sick in bed yet and said a few days ago that she was a miserable wretch. Yesterday a man was sitting on the northern deck and a wave came from the south and went over the top of the deck and gave him such a ducking that I think he will not forget it. A few days ago Mamma and Papa were sitting on the deck without having their chairs tied on and the ship gave an awful rock and they went pretty near head over heels. And another time all the gentlemen went on the southern deck and a big wave came and wet them very much and wet Bradford so much that he had to change every stitch. I have had quite a good many falls and once I cut my knee but not very much. Yesterday the ship rocked ten feet.

LONDON, Oct. 27th.

We are now in Morley's Hotel and right in front of our parlor is the Trafalgar Square with two very beautiful fountains and five Statues. We arrived here on Friday, Oct. 25th. Yesterday we went out shopping with Miss W—— to show us the stores and how much money to pay for it. And we went to the Parliament Houses. In the first room there was a throne but the Queen does not sit in it very often; then we went into the next room and we saw another great big throne, where the Queen sits when all the lawyers come together. It is a very foggy and rainy morning.

In church I could not understand a word, because the minister spoke so softly. There are a good many children there: boys and girls. The girls wore very pretty white caps, black short-sleeved dresses, white collars and long white aprons. I thought altogether they looked very pretty. The boys were dressed in uniform. We saw the boys march in to their dinner and first they all stood behind their benches and folded their hands and sang a little prayer and took their seats. Mamma and Papa are going out to walk but I can not go, because it is so wet and muddy. The name of the church where we went was "the Foundling Hospital."

The lights in London are very pretty in a dark night like to-night. We went by the treasury and saw two horse-guards on coal black horses and red shirts brass and silver helmets and a blue mantel to keep themselves from getting wet. When the church-bell rings it always rings a tune, but it is so much out of tune that I can not make any thing out of it.

Oct. 28th.

To-day we went to St. Paul's church and the Tower of London. Fraulein and I borrowed a peace of paper and a pencil from Papa and wrote down what we thought we could not remember.

First in St. Paul's we went up 24 steps, then we went up 122 steps into the Library where 12,000 volumes were. Then we went up another lot of stairs and came to the Whispering Gallery, and Mamma, Fraulein, Bradford, Helen, and I went over to the other side and Papa and another man stayed near the entrance. The man that stayed with Papa found out what Bradford's name was and he asked him how old he was in a whisper and Bradford and all the rest of us heard him just as clearly as if he was right next to us and Bradford answered that he was nine years old and then the man replied he would be a man soon and lots of other things, which I did not understand. I will have to stop now, because I must go to bed. Good-night everybody.

Oct. 29th.

We did not come to the Hotel yesterday for our Luncheon, but we ate it in the Throne Room of Richard II. The room had a place, where the music players sat, when they played. Today we are going to the Zoo and Westminster Abbey, so I think I can write quite a good deal. . . . Here I am again at my journal, to write all I saw to-day. First we went to Westminster to see it, but the minister began to preach, so we could not walk about to see things. The next place was the Zoo, where we saw Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Monkeys, Cats, Parrots, and O so many other animals, so many I could not count them. We fed the elephants. There was a monkey and her name was Sally and the keeper showed us her tricks. He gave her an apple to come out of her house. Then he cut another apple into a little piece and a big piece, and he said: "take the smallest piece, Sally," and she took the smallest piece and ate it. Then he told her to take some soop and she took up the spoon and drank a little bit, then he took it and fed her; then she took the cup and drank it all down. He told her take up three straws. "Sally, there is one, now go on." And she counted three and gave it to him. Then he said again: "take up five, Sally," and she counted five straws, and gave it to her master. "Take up one straw and stick it through the key-hole," he said, and she did. "Stick it through the loop-hole, Sally," and she did. "Now stick it through my button-hole," said he, and she did. Then we went to the other monkey, who had his cage write next to Sally's. And when he saw that we were coming to him he came down from the bars turned his back to us and sat down. Then he sat around and put his hand through the bars and begged for some biscuits. We gave him some but he would beg over and over again, until we went away. Then we went to the snakes of all kinds. And the Alligators were very big. We saw a turtle a foot and a half long and about three-quarters of a foot wide.

GIBRALTAR, Nov. 8th.

. . . The last day on the steamer "Merzipore" coming from London was Guy Fawkesday, so we had a very merry time; we had all kinds of races, cock-fights and we had a potatoe race only for the ladies and a flat race only for the children. There were seven children on board, we made it three more which is ten. . . . I think Gibraltar is a *very* pretty place. . . . We went to the house where the guards stay and got a guide. He took us up a beautiful path with flowers blooming all over the wall. Then we went up a big hill and came to where the cannons are, and we went out and saw real live monkeys, not in a cage, but wild and cross, climbing all over the trees and coming in through the cannon holes to get some water to drink. . . .



THE
"THREE-
LEGGED" RACE.

November 26th.

. . . We went to Algeciras where we saw two very young bulls used for the Bull fight. Nine young horses and two pretty little ponies, seven dogs two aggravate the bull, a little wild hog and

two big white mice with little pink ones. In more cages were other white mice with little bits of pink eyes. . . .

SUEZ, January 9, 1890.

When we came from Naples in the "Orizaba" we went through the Suez canal; there were lots of little and big Arab boys begging for money and they ran along the sand-bank until we got to Suez. Miss F—— a friend of mine only on the steamer lent



THE
LITTLE
GIRLS ON THE
"MERZIPORE."

me some of her paints to sketch the sand-bank while we were standing still. I made a sketch and put it in my Journal.

They have no ladie's saddles here so everybody has to ride on gentle-mans saddles. Helen, Papa and I went out riding yesterday and just as the donkey boys heard that somebody wanted to have a ride they all came rushing because they wanted to have their donkeys taken so they could earn some money. They all came around Papa and crowded him so that he said he thought he was going to be swallowed up. The Hostess came out with a whip to drive them away but they did n't care at all. The waiter went up to the top of the house with a bucket full of cold water and poured it down on the donkeys and men both. At last Papa jumped on a donkey and all three of us rode away. We saw quite a good

many camels some lying down

and some standing. To-day we went to church and when we came home we saw donkey-boys. They asked us if we wanted a ride and we said no. They said do you want to ride my Miss Mary Anderson. Then another one said: ride my Good old Man. Those names were funny names for donkeys I think and I suppose you think so to.

CAIRO, Jan. 12, 1890.

We went through the principal streets. Just before sunset we went to the mosque in the Citadal. They would not let us go in without great big flopping slippers which we wore all the time walking around the mosque.

I bought a piece of alabaster for a cabin of curiosities when I am at home. This is a beautiful Hotel we are staying at. Everything is furnished beautifully.



THE
DONKEY
NAMED "MISS
MARY ANDERSON."

Wednesday, 15th.

Yesterday it rained very hard in the morning; but in the afternoon it just sprinkled. Papa, Fraulein, Helen and myself went to the dentists. I had a double tooth pulled out, Helen had a single tooth pulled and I do not know what Papa had done with his tooth neither do I know what Fraulein had done with hers. We walked to the dentists and without a bit of exaggeration that the donkeys went up to their knees in water. The streets were all flooded with the rain.

When we got there the servant washed our rubbers inside and out and so we could not put them on. . . . In Suez we saw a hole caravan lying down. I hope it is not going to rain all the while we are here. Mamma and Papa are going up the Nile next Tuesday. I went

to the Arabic meusium with Mamma and Papa. There were some very pretty lamps and places to put the Koran in.

January 17th.

Yesterday morning we went all of us to the Isl of Rhoda with our man who brings us around. We went to the gardens, mosque and up some steps to see the view. We saw the two great

big pyramids. We are going to see the dancing dervises this afternoon. The gardener gave us two mandarins each, we eat them on the way back again to the

Hotel. We have seen a beautiful yet small mosque all set in with beautiful stones and nearly every one had a different patern. Day before yesterday we went to see the fair. We saw a dancing lady dancing with little tin saucers two in each hand and slapping them together. Papa gave her some money and we went on. There were lots of people dressed up and one man was all dressed in bags had red paint on his cheeks and had a sword in one hand. Then we saw an old man with one eye out and a great big terban. I should say it was half a foot wide made of bags.

January 19th.



THE DAY AFTER THE GREAT RAIN.

To-day I am going to begin with the pyramids. We

took a large wagon and we went a beautiful road which led there. We bought some eggs for lunch but we forgot to eat them because we had plenty other things for all of us. When we got there Papa got a letter out of his pocket and read it to the sheak. Then he stepped out of the carriage and gave him a decoration and on this decoration was the head of Washington. Papa gave Mamma his kodak and while the sheak was listing with great attention to him Mamma took his picture. The sheak was very good to us and he gave us all two very nice Arabs and they took us inside the pyramid to the kings chamber and to the Queens. It was awfully hot inside and I thought it very lucky that I had and all the rest had taken off our cloaks. Then when we came out we went to have lunch.

We brought it out with us so we did not have the trouble

to by it on the way or go into the Mena Hotel a beautiful Hotel that was near the pyramids. Then after

we had finished our lunch we got two other Arabs to help us up to the top of the pyramids. We got up the best way we could and took rests when we were tired. When we got up to the top our Arabs tried to sell us some old money but we would not by them anyway I could not because I had no money. We stayed up there and an Arab asked Papa if he would like to see him go down the pyramid we were on and up the other in ten minutes. Papa asked how much he would ask for it and he said 5 shillings or six. Papa said yes and he went down one and up the other. He did it in 11 minutes and nine moments. Then we went down again and the Arabs said always yump, yump. I could not understand them at first but at last I did. Then we went to ride camels and see the sphinx. We rode the camels to the sheak's house where we all sat cross-legged on a mat and the sheak



ON THE ROAD TO THE PYRAMIDS.

passed around tea. Our dragoman was offered some and he said "no I can not take it, give it to the children." Then we said we did not drink tea. He said: Well if the gentleman will give me permission to drink it I will. He drank it because papa said he might. When we got through we took the camels and rode to our carriage which was standing out in the road. Then we said good-by to the sheak and we drove away to our Hotel. Just think I climbed up the pyramids at the age of 10. I hope I shall remember it all my life.



"WHILE THE SHEAK WAS LISTING WITH GREAT ATTENTION MAMMA TOOK HIS PICTURE."

It was a beautiful day and we were going to the Bulack meuseum, but Papa does not feel well. He went to Mr. Stanley's banquet last night and I think that is what made him ill.

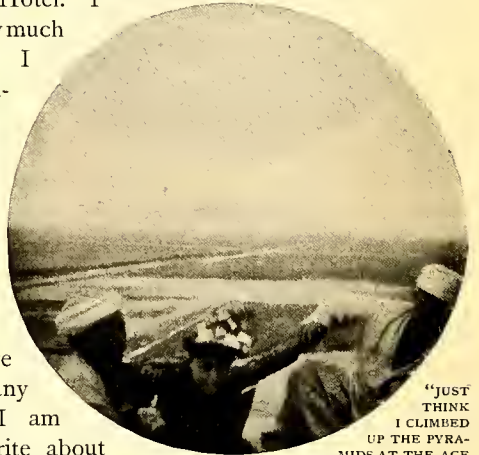
We are going to pack to-day because we are going to Mrs. H——'s for three weeks while Mamma and Papa go up the Nile.

January 23rd.

Yesterday we went to the Geesa meuseum where we saw so many, many things which I am

going to write about now. When we went

in the first room there were two statues in the middle of it. There was one lady and one man. Herr Brugsch Bay said they looked perfectly new when he found them and now they have lost some of the color since they were removed. There were many stones all put in wooden cases with writings on them. I can not discribe every room and everything because there were to many things. The second room was larger than the first. There was a wooden man in the middle with a railing around it. The feet were new but everything else on the body was old and cracked. More rooms had old stones and stone kings. There were great big kings and little ones all in the same room. Mamma read the hyroglificks to us and told us storys about



"JUST THINK I CLIMBED UP THE PYRAMIDS AT THE AGE OF TEN."



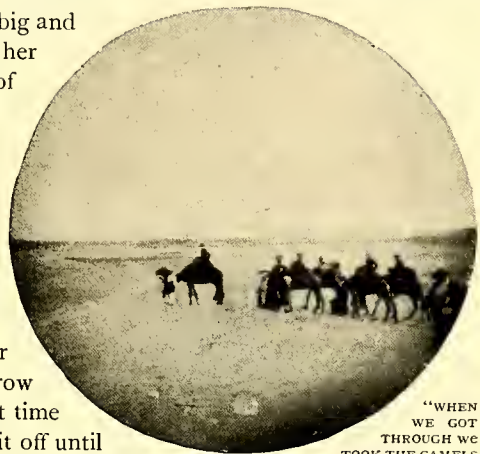
"AN ARAB ASKED PAPA IF HE WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM GO DOWN THE PYRAMID WE WERE ON AND UP THE OTHER IN TEN MINUTES."

them. I will repeat one story Mamma told me. There was a big stone with oxen hiding behind some bushes and the men who owned the cattle were hunting them in a little boat. One man

came to the others and said he saw them behind the bushes. He took them in the boat with them and whipped very hard when they got on the land. Then we went to the next room where was a mummy in a glass case. The under jaw was gone and so was the breast. Then we got to very, very old mummy cases; some with the bottom broken out and some with the top broken off. The next room consisted of big black statues and quite small sphinxes. Then we went up some long stairs into a little room with a little table in it and some chairs around it. We had two baskets of lunch with us, one for Mr. and Mrs. D—— and one for us. When we had finished we went up another pair of stairs where the mummies were. Herr Brugsch showed us and told us about the mummies and where he found them. We saw a queen with a little baby at the foot of it. Some of them were still wrapped up in the linnen in which they were found. One mummy was so old that his skin stuck to his bones. His neck was awfully long; I should say it was nearly half a foot. Then we saw the meat which was found in a basket. There was a calfs head, a leg of motten and different things. In another basket they found little blue stone slaves because they thought he would come to life again and then all these little slaves would work for him. I [have] nothing more to say or write about the museum interesting but the jewels. There was a big and long beautiful chain which a queen wore around her neck when she was found. And a bracelet made of gold and shaped into a snake. A little boat was there with little lead images rowing. . . .

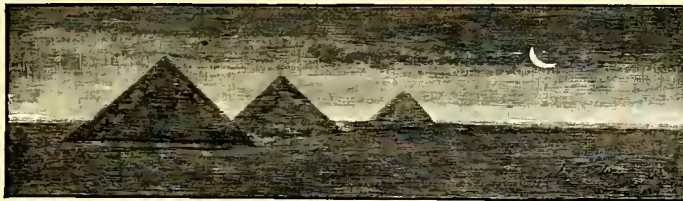
February 4, 1890.

Yesterday was the day we were going to the sham battle. We ordered a carriage and went to the place where the battle was to be when the soldiers said it was not going to be until to-morrow. Now we could not go to-morrow because we have our French lesson. We had put our lesson off until to-morrow and we are going to make up for it Saturday. Next time a soldier comes I am going to ask him why they put it off until to-day. Well we were not going home without seeing anything so we drove to the Obalisk and the Virgen tree. It looks very old but we don't believe that the holy family ever rested in its shade because it could not be two thousand years old. The Obalisk was just covered with bee-hives. There were pictures of ducks, snakes, knives and other things carved in the stone.



"WHEN
WE GOT
THROUGH WE
TOOK THE CAMELS
AND RODE TO OUR CARRIAGES."

(To be concluded.)





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-day to you, my friends and Valentines! Skating, and coasting, and snowballing are in danger, I am told, for there is a suspicious warmth in the air, and all the icicles in my meadow are shedding tears.

Ah, well! the course of true winter never did run smooth outside of the Arctic regions, so we may as well be content.

Meantime, we must improve the shining moments. February is a short month in this part of the country; therefore, without further delay, let us take up our first subject:

SPORT FOR MALDONADO BOYS.

DEAR MR. JACK: My father read something aloud to my little brother and myself last Saturday, that interested us very much. It was from Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," and I thought, as it was very short, I would copy it for you to show to your happy crowd. Here it is:

... We everywhere [near Maldonado, in Uruguay] saw great numbers of partridges (*Nothura major*). These birds do not go in coveys, nor do they conceal themselves like the English kind. It appears a very silly bird.

A man on horseback, by riding round and round in a circle, or rather in a spire, so as to approach closer each time, may knock on the head as many as he pleases. The more common method is to catch them with a noose, or little lazo, made of the stem of an ostrich's feather, fastened to the end of a long stick. A boy on a quiet old horse will frequently thus catch thirty or forty in a day.

You and the Little Schoolma'am will be sorry for these partridges and so am I, but that does not affect the fact that it means considerable fun for the Maldonado boys.

WALTER L. F.

A GARDEN PROTECTOR.

DEAR JACK: Is this statement true? It was sent to my mother, and the friend who sent it said he had cut it from the Houston "Post," published in Texas.

"A shoemaker of Hubbard City is about to patent a most useful invention. He calls it a patent garden protector. It consists of two pieces of hard wood, each about ten inches long, sharpened at one end and having a hole bored in the other. These are to be tied to the legs of chickens that infest gardens, with the sharp ends of the sticks in such a position that they will drag behind. Then when the chicken attempts to scratch, the sharp ends of the pieces of wood will stick in the ground and thus walk the chicken right out of the garden in spite of itself."

Your little friend,

HERBERT G.

Well, my boy. I've inquired of the Deacon, and he says "it sounds plausible"; but my birds titter over it very suspiciously. They tell me the domestic hen is exceedingly cute, and if she should find herself being walked out of a garden by any patented trick of this sort, she would not stop scratching, but would simply turn herself about and be walked into it again. Authorities differ, you see.

TOT'S ADOPTED FAMILY.

NOW you shall hear a true story, which has been written down on purpose for you by Tot's owner.

Tot came to me one morning with a puzzled and inquiring look in her large, beautiful brown eyes. "What *would* you do with him?" she seemed to say. "He worries me more than all the others put together."

Tot was a small cream-colored Eskimo dog, and it was one of her adopted children, a turtle, that was just then causing her motherly heart so much anxiety. After thus questioning me with her expressive eyes, a bright idea seemed to strike her. She ran to her closet and separated the troublesome turtle from the other members of her rather singular family, pushing him with her nose into a corner of the room. Then she brought some pieces of muslin, and covered him over so that not a bit of him could be seen. "There, now, I think he will sleep and give me time to attend to my other children," was her apparent comment.

Tot was in the habit of adopting all the motherless strays she came across. At the time of which I write, we had two little ducks that had been left orphans. Tot heard them complaining one day. It seemed to make her very miserable. At last she could bear it no longer; so downstairs she went, and, to my utter astonishment, returned with one of the ducklings, safe and sound, in her mouth, depositing it in the box with her three puppies. In the course of the day she succeeded in bringing the other little fellow upstairs and placing him with his brother. The ducks seemed quite happy with their adopted mother, and, when older, followed her everywhere, running after her, and screaming if she got too far ahead of them. A singular thing it was that Tot and her own children never injured these feathered foundlings. But I am sorry to say that Tot never loved the turtle, always covering up the ungainly little creature whenever it ventured to put out its head or be sociable with the rest of the family. Your friend, A. E.

WINDOW PICTURES.

I'VE heard the dear Little Schoolma'am give wonderful accounts of beautiful things that she finds upon the school-room windows, on cold Monday mornings, when the big boy has belated himself in lighting the school-house stove—but they are tame compared with the scenes which your friend Mabel Nichols views at home. Hear this description which she has lately sent you:

WINDOW PICTURES.

FROM eve till dawn, the long night through,
Cold winter's elfin band
Such pictures drew
As never grew
Beneath the touch of human hand.
In dawn's dim light they faintly gleamed
On frozen panes, and glimpses seemed
To give of fairy-land.

The boughs of great old trees were bent
With silver sheen; and forth was sent
A frosty light from distant height,
Where glitt'ring spires appeared to sight,
And far-off castle walls.

Now here at hand, like a silver strand,
Hanging in mid-air fairly,
A drawbridge spanned the chasm grand,
Gleaming before us airily.

A stream flowed down the mountain's side,
And cast a silvery spray,
Then dashing on with leap and slide,
With graceful bound and easy glide,
It reached the boulders gray,
And in deep gorges swept away.

Now o'er the cold, gray landscape came
A wavering light, a pale rose tinge
That touched the leaves and mosses' fringe,
Then slowly grew to ruby flame
Setting the distant peaks aglow,
Melting from frozen heights their snow.

So fairy-land now fades away,
And we may watch in vain.
Our frost-made pictures melt from sight —
The drops roll down the pane.

WAS IT MAN'S FIRST DWELLING?

LONG, long ago some men traveling in the low countries of South America came upon a remarkable dwelling.

Only a little one-story habitation, seven feet by nine, left by its owner sweet and clean. A cot of one room, just large enough to hold a whole family of little ones, provided they did not need too much room for running and jumping.

Such a beautifully decorated little dwelling! None but a master in the art could have fashioned the delicately ornamented roof reaching high above the vines clinging about it—and a roof warranted not to leak during the hardest rain, and sure to last for ages and ages. There were two entrances to this primitive mansion, one at the front and one at the rear, not very large to be sure, but large enough for one to crawl through comfortably, and these entrances

scalloped and cut with a perfection not to be excelled — were always open, too, as if waiting for an occupant. And all to be had rent free! Now was not this a remarkable structure for our travelers to find in the wilderness?

There were unmistakable proofs, too, of its having been inhabited, and by savages, undoubtedly of a very ancient day. On examining the dwelling and remnants of others (for the discoverers found only one perfect one), these wise men decided it must have been at one time the bony covering of some animal of the armadillo family.

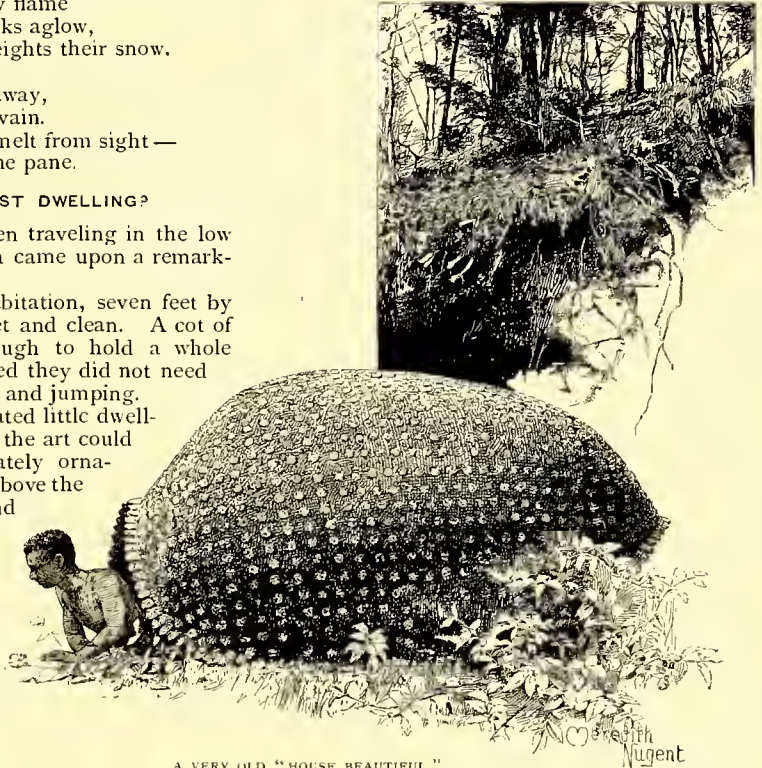
Further research and study convinced them they had found, not only a perfect armor of the Glyptodon, the gigantic armadillo of prehistoric times, but, what was still more wonderful, that this armor, abandoned by its original wearer, had become, probably, the very first habitation of man.

The only perfect one of these dwellings, now known to be in existence, is in the possession of the French Government, and is kept in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris.

A number of casts or copies have been taken of this ancient homestead, and one of these is to be found in each of the larger museums in the United States.

FROM THE DEACON'S SCRAP-BOOK.

"SPEAK as you think, be what you are, pay your debts."



A VERY OLD "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL."

THE LETTER-BOX.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT and the Little Schoolma'am request us to give their thanks to May G. M., of Troy, N. Y., and to D. B. McL. (who writes from Scotland), for good letters on the difference between red and white clovers. May's letter, they say, is excellent because it is the record of close personal observation of nature, and D. B.'s is admirable because it proves that when once his attention is called to a subject he is just the boy to study it up, and, on request, "pass along" the information he gains. They thank, also, Helen T. G., a little girl of Southern Dakota, who has sent them a very neatly written account of John James Audubon.

Judging from the letters Jack has received, it is very evident that the history of the great naturalist has lately been read by hundreds of his congregation.

CLINTON, Mo.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old, and am always glad when the day brings you. I like all of your stories. I have been so anxious to read "Lady Jane," I have been going up town every day for nearly a week to see if you had come. To-day brought you. It seemed real to us when we read of the kind Margaret who took Lady Jane in, for my little brother had a nurse that was an adopted daughter of Margaret's, and she had told us so many things about Margaret, how she was kind and good, and always ready to help the poor and needy.

Your little friend,

ALICE B.

DURING the winter season, whatever has to do with charity or helpful giving has an especial claim. And as the following letter from Mrs. Dodd embodies a practical and excellent plan for helping poor children, and one which, in part, answers the question often asked by children and young girls, "What can *we* do?" we gladly show it to our readers.

THE BROWNIES' GUILD.

GLEN RIDGE, Nov. 21, 1890.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS READERS: You have all been so interested in the pictures of the busy "Brownies," that I am sure you will wish to join the real living little "Brownies," who are working for their needy and suffering brothers and sisters. If I but had the talent of Mr. Palmer Cox, I would draw a picture of my little Brownies carrying boxes and packages to homes of distress, to hospitals, and to cases of need, wherever they might be; but as it is, you will have to imagine such a one, with all the little Brownies, representing yourselves and your companions. This charity that I speak of exists now among the grown people, but we have formed a children's branch of this Guild, and call the children the "Brownies' Branch of the Needlework Guild of America." Each little society, wherever it may be, is independent, with the exception that a yearly report is to be sent once a year to headquarters. There need not be any sewing circles,

unless you desire them. By simply giving two articles of clothing for children, you become a member of the Guild, during a whole year! This seems very little, but, children, if you could only have been present at our last meeting, when, to our surprise and delight, we opened packages containing altogether two thousand garments, you could have seen how much many can do by each giving a little. The two meetings are in October and January, as then the distribution is more necessary than in the warmer months. Each Guild is formed of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, Directors, and Subscribers. The directors are those who collect from ten other people outside of the Guild-workers, so that when they hand in their yearly offering, their package will contain two garments given by themselves, with twenty others from their ten subscribers. It is of great advantage to be a director, as you have a vote in giving to any charity in which you may be interested. Any little boy or girl who can talk may be a Brownie, and even a director, as each child can surely get ten friends to contribute two garments each. The very first little Brownie who ever joined, and who is just eight years old, has fifteen subscribers. It would be better for the very little members to choose some older person for their president, until they are old enough to do for themselves. The garments given must be *new*; we know ourselves how nice a feeling it is, to have new clothes on; and while cast-off clothing has made many a child warm and comfortable, there is a little different feeling about being dressed in new clothes; one feels as if one could act better. Do not you all think so too? I hope I shall have encouraging words from all the places from which I see your letters dated in the "Letter-box." Help me to form a band of Brownies, all around the world, and remember that each guild will add a link. Not only form one for yourselves, but start them in other places. As it will be too late for the January work this year, let it be February, and then next year we may begin in good order. I shall be most happy to answer any questions that the Brownies may desire to ask, as this is a regularly organized guild, and we shall have to abide by its rules. All Brownie correspondence may be addressed to

MRS. CHARLES T. DODD,

Secretary of the Glen Ridge Branch, Glen Ridge,
New Jersey.

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading your last number, and was so interested in "Lady Jane." I thought the little girls and boys might like to read a letter from New Orleans.

I am a little boy nine years old, and have two sisters, one eleven and the other eight. We have a Creole nurse who lives on Good Children Street. When she first came to us, four years ago, she could scarcely understand English, and, although a grown woman, had never been in the American portion of the city. You know Canal Street divides the city into two parts. The French is below and the English above.

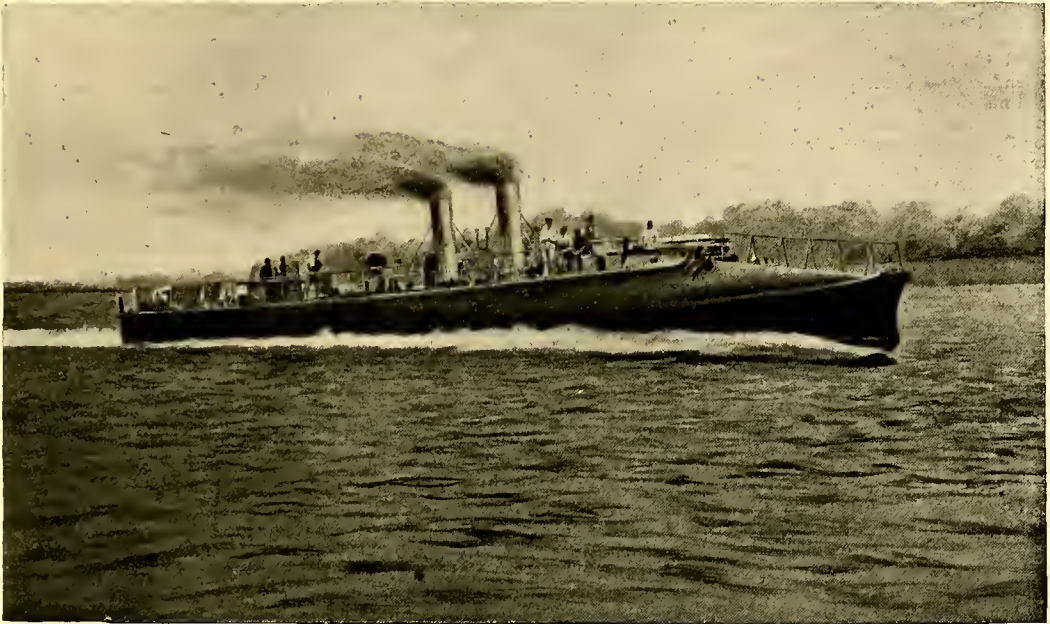
Lady Jane's Mardi Gras was just as natural as could be. I have often seen a crowd of boys scrambling for nickels on the Banquette. I like to read travels and about fights.

In the October *ST. NICHOLAS* I read "How a Single Shot Won a Fight" over about five times. I think it was a pretty good shot, don't you?

I am just finishing "Robinson Crusoe," but always put down any book I am reading to exchange for the new *ST. NICHOLAS*. From your little friend,

AUDLEY MAXWELL P.—

We are indebted to Mr. Thornycroft, the well-known builder of torpedo boats, for the following letter and the spirited picture which accompanies it. This instantaneous view of a torpedo boat at full speed is a welcome supplement to the article by Ensign J. M. Ellicott in the November *ST. NICHOLAS*.



THE "ARIETE" STEAMING AT FULL SPEED—MORE THAN 26 KNOTS AN HOUR.

EYOT VILLA, CHISWICK MALL,
Nov. 10, 1890.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: Some of the young members of my family have called my attention to the interesting article in your November number, entitled "David and Goliath in Naval Warfare." Will you allow me to make a slight correction? It was the "Ariete," built for the Spanish Government which, at the time it was built, was the fastest vessel afloat. The "Coureur," built later for the French navy did not attain quite so high a speed as given in your magazine; it was a sister vessel to the Ariete, but carried rather more load.

Will you accept the accompanying photograph of the Ariete which I myself took from the deck of another torpedo boat, when the Ariete was running at full speed?

The American torpedo boat, the "Cushing," I am pleased to say, is fitted with "Thornycroft" boilers, designed by my firm.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN I. THORNYCROFT.

CAÑON CITY, COLO.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I went to the top of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas last week. As so many people

from all points of the world come here to visit the cañon, I thought your readers might like to hear what a boy of eleven thinks of it.

We drove from our home in Cañon City to the top of the Grand Cañon in two hours and a half. The distance is about twelve miles by carriage road, which goes to the highest point. As we stood at the top, we could look down, down, to the Arkansas river, which runs through the cañon; by its side is the railroad, and the cars passed while we were looking over; they looked like little tin cars in the toy-stores. The river looked like a silver thread. By the side of the track were three tents; they looked like ant-hills; the track-walkers stay in these tents when they rest from walking; they walk the track always before every train is due, to see whether rocks are on the track;

if they find any, they flag the train, and it stops; men are then sent at once to take the rocks from the track. These rocks often fall; some of them are large enough to smash the cars.

Mama was afraid to let me look down, for it was two thousand feet to the bottom, and about a quarter of a mile across to the other side.

While we stood on the edge of the chasm, five ravens flew across to the other side; it was so quiet up there that we could hear the rustle of their wings.

We ate our lunch on a big rock at the top, and it tasted very good, for we were hungry. At the base of the entrance of the Grand Cañon, is marked on the rocks "5280 feet," which is the height from the level of the sea.

Then we climbed two thousand feet more, to the top, so we were 7280 feet above sea level.

There is a mountain near Cañon City called Monument Mountain; some people call it Frémont. When at the top of the cañon, the top of Monument Mountain is level with the eye.

I have taken *ST. NICHOLAS* three years.

Ever your friend, HELBERT B.—

SCHLÜSSELBURG, GOVERNMENT OF ST. PETERSBURG,
RUSSIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Russia in the "Letter-Box," so I thought I would write you one, and I hope you will print it.

I have eight sisters and three brothers. Two of my brothers are in England, and the third one is at home, but the others come home for the summer holidays, and we have great fun!

We live on an island quite close to Lake Ladoga, and we generally bathe there every day if it is fine weather. Our island is called St. Catherine's Island; it is a mile long, and Empress Catherine built a palace here; our house is on the same foundation as the palace was, and we have some of her old furniture. The distance from here to St. Petersburg is sixty versts (nearly 40 miles). On another island, and very far from us, at the mouth of the Neva, is the fortress where Nihilists are kept.

Not long ago people were allowed to visit the fortress, but now it is forbidden; but, this winter the governor there has been ill, and the officer who took his place is a friend of my father's, so he let us go and see it. We did not see the prisoners' cells, but we saw a very nice church. In the church there is a Bible which was given by Peter the Great. The cover is gold, with some diamonds, rubies, and emeralds set in it. There is also a picture supposed to be painted by St. Luke, and which some Russians say works miracles. We were not allowed to see anything else.

We have a very nice skating-ground, with fir-trees all round it. We all skate every day. We have also an ice-hill on the skating ground, and we go down on small sledges or mats.

I like your stories very much, and I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the prettiest story I have ever read.

Sincerely yours,
MARGARET MCC.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE, HAMPTON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can not resist giving you a few suggestions as to the proper answer of the question asked by your correspondent, Kate G. C., from Fort Du Chesne, some time ago: "Can Indians be civilized?" There are eighty-seven Indian boys in this building, the "Wigwam,"—a dozen of them little fellows, between twelve and fifteen, and just as full of fun, nonsense, and boyish life as the brightest white boys can be. What do you think some of them announced to me a few weeks ago? "A pair of little wrens are building in our honeysuckle vine." Soon every boy knew it. The house-raising was watched with interest, the four blue eggs hailed with delight, and, though many times a day the vines were parted, and the mother and her brood watched by eager black eyes, the little ones grew to the flying age so tame that when, one early morning a few days ago, they left their nest, the Indian boys played with them for a little while, and then saw them fly away with happy father and mother to the sheltering trees of the National Cemetery, near-by.

Can Indians be civilized?

Again: A tiny kitten, "the smallest thing, to live alone," as our youngest boy says, was found down the road, and brought to the sitting-room in the arms of a great six-foot Indian boy. Its bed is in the basement, but every morning it is found on the softest pillow of my lounge, brought up by some gentle pair

of hands. Midget, as the kitten is called, has eighty-seven devoted friends.

Can Indians be civilized?

The other day I was very busy. "I have ten thousand things to do at once," I exclaimed. "How I wish I could help you do some of them," was the earnest reply of a boy who has been here but seven months.

While I am writing, two Indian boys, a Sioux, from Dakota, and an Onondaga, from New York, are playing a game of chess by my table. A little full-blood Sioux boy, looking at the pictured bull-fights in a "Harper's Weekly," says: "Je whiz! What bad man, to try kill cow and cow kill horse! I no like it."

For three years I have been in daily contact with these boys, and have met with, not only perfect courtesy, but, better than that, perfect kindness and thoughtfulness toward me, and remarkable loyalty, harmony, and friendliness among themselves.

There are fourteen tribes represented; no quarreling, no bad feeling. What would "Kate G. C." say, I wonder, could she see what I am watching? Four good-looking, manly, Indian seniors, who are just graduated, playing tennis remarkably well. A fifth Indian senior is watching them—a clever, earnest fellow, who, as valedictorian of his class, has just taken the highest honor given by the school. If the Letter-Box printed illustrated letters, I would send you a picture of our "H. I. N."—Hampton Indian Nine—who play so good a game of ball, in so honest, fair, and gentlemanly a way, that they are sought by every neighboring club.

Can Indians be civilized?

Pardon me if my letter is too long. I hope, for the sake of justice to the Indians, that it is interesting enough to print. Very sincerely yours,

A HAMPTON FRIEND OF ST. NICHOLAS.

MANY of our young readers, and their elders too, for that matter, will be glad to know that revised and enlarged editions of two excellent and most entertaining books for young folk have recently been issued by the United States Book Company, New York: "Histories of My Pets," and "Stories of My Childhood," by Grace Greenwood.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Louise W., Willie A. B., Jr., Belle A., L. W. J., Isabella C., Mabel E. W., Fanny T. and Rosa R. R., Milton D., Elsie M. R., Rhoda S., Nellie H., Ray B., Edythe P. G., Frances P., Lemuel A. DeB., Agnes R., "Three Irish Girls," Edith M. W., Maud R., Lutie M., B. F. and H. B., Harry W., W. B. G., Heine K., Keleka A., Mary S., Sophia G. M., Helen B., Isabel M. G., Marie W., Howard W. D., Margaret K., Marion and Edith, Bertie J. C., R. D. S., Irene, Nellie and Blanche, Catharine and Sibly, Millicent W. D., Nellie U., Florence G. G., Leslie, Madge, Frank O. O. P., Florrie G., Tom C. G., Elsie G., Rachel B., Virginia E. V., Albert A., Elmer E. L., Alice G. R., G. B. F., M. E. D., May M., Leila C., Mary N., Emily D., Margaret A., E. Lowber S., May M., C. A. S., Mabel and Edith P., Marie L. M., Lucy H. C., E. N. H. and R. T. G., Anna M. G., Edna G., Nellie D., Willie K., Lola K., George, M. I. H., Hattie D., Rebecca B., "Cœur de Lion."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. New Year's Day. Cross-words: 1. Nayword. 2. Evasion. 3. Wadding. 4. Vestern. 5. Earlier. 6. Analogy. 7. Rhenish. 8. Slynness. 9. Dowager. 10. Acetate. 11. Yankees. WORD-SQUARE. 1. Raven. 2. Adore. 3. Votes. 4. Erect. 5. Nests. OCTAGONS. I. 1. Cab. 2. Tamar. 3. Caloric. 4. Amoroso. 5. Baronet. 6. Risen. 7. Cot. II. 1. Car. 2. Laver. 3. Caravan. 4. Avarice. 5. Revived. 6. Racer. 7. Ned. CUBE. From 1 to 2, chateau; 2 to 4, umpires; 1 to 3, caldron; 3 to 4, nations; 5 to 6, evident; 6 to 8, tedious; 5 to 7, eastern; 7 to 8, notions; 1 to 5, cede; 2 to 6, unit; 4 to 8, sips; 3 to 7, noon. WORD-BUILDING. A, at, tan, tarn, train, rating, tearing, Tangiers, mastering, smattering. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Bayard; finals, Taylor. Cross-words: 1. Bonnet. 2. Armada. 3. Yearly. 4. Astral. 5. Rubigo. 6. Detour.

DIAMOND. 1. T. 2. The. 3. Thumb. 4. Emu. 5. B. REVERSALS. Maria Edgeworth. 1. Tram. 2. Elba. 3. Liar. 4. Lodi. 5. Etna. 6. Live. 7. Rood. 8. Brag. 9. Sore. 10. Flow. 11. Ergo. 12. Leer. 13. Part. 14. Pooh. ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. L. 2. Law. 3. Local. 4. Laonic. 5. Waned. 6. Lid. 7. C. II. 1. C. 2. Tar. 3. Tires. 4. Caravan. 5. Revel. 6. Sal. 7. N. III. 1. C. 2. Dar(k). 3. Dances. 4. Canteen. 5. Reeve. 6. Sec. 7. N. IV. 1. C. 2. Mar. 3. Meros. 4. Cartoon. 5. Roost. 6. Sot. 7. N. V. 1. C. 2. Eel. 3. Error. 4. Nervous. 5. Loose. 6. Rume. 7. S. PENTAGON. 1. C. 2. Cad. 3. Calc. 4. Calc. 5. Demure. 6. Burse. 7. Seck. NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Of all sound of all bells — bells, the music highest bordering upon heaven — most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year." CHARLES LAMB.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Paul Reese — Clare Sydney H. — Maud E. Palmer — E. M. G. — "Sandyside" — Annette Dembitz — "The McG's" — Mama and Jamie — Edith Sewall — Alice Mildred Blanke and Sister — Josephine Sherwood — "The Wise Five" — "Lehte" — Frank and Ned — "We Two" — "Infantry" — Jo and I — John W. Frothingham, Jr. — W. L. — Helen C. McCleary — "Paganini and Liszt" — "Uncle Mung" — Ralph Rainsford — Hubert L. Bingay — Ida C. Thallon — Reggie and Nellie — No Name — "Miss Flint" — Jessie and Miriam — "Charles Beaufort" — "Camp" — Isabel, Pansy, and Arthur — Scotta.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from H. S. and E. A. Coffin, 1 — E. A. and A. Jones, 2 — Hyme, 6 — H. M. C. and Co., 5 — S. W. and Emma Walton, 3 — R. Mount, 1 — "We Three," 5 — "Maud and Nell," 2 — Catherine Bell, 1 — Clara and Emma, 3 — C. and Estelle Ions, 2 — Albert Walton, 5 — Maud C. Maxwell, 6 — Joyce Wharnclyffe, 2 — "Pye," 3 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — "A Proud Pair," 8 — Arthur B. Lawrence, 3 — Honora Swartz, 3 — Alice C. Caldwell, 3 — Robert A. Stewart, 6 — "Blanche and Fred," 8 — Alice Duryee, 4 — M. Covington, 1 — Franklin Carter, Jr., 1 — Capole Cane, 4 — James Munro, 1 — "Dog and Cat," 8 — "May and 79," 6 — Laura Kready, Bertha Snyder, and Maud Huebener, 6 — Nellie M. Archer, 1 — "The Lancer," 3 — Edith D. White, 1 — "McGinty and Catnip," 1 — B. T., 2 — A. B. C. D., 1 — Georgette, 3 — A. and G. V., 1 — E. De Stael, 1 — Alice B. Ross, 1 — Phyllis, 1 — "The Nutshell," 6 — "Lucia and Co.," 8 — "Benedick and Beatrice," 6 — "Squire," 6 — Pearl F. Stevens, 7 — F. D. 3 — "Toodles," 2 — Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 3 — Mina and Florence, 5 — Elsa Ehrh, 3 — Sissie Hunter, 2 — Mollie V. Sayers, 8 — "White Star," 8 — Adrienne, 2 — "Mama and Elizabeth," 7.



PECULIAR ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain seven letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the fourth row of letters will spell the name of a poet, the first row of letters will spell the name of one of his poems, and the last row of letters may all be found in the word comprehension.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Emblems. 2. Burdensome. 3. Amendments. 4. Sliding boxes. 5. Manifests. 6. Great numbers. 7. Small singing birds. 8. Derivations. DYCE.

A TRIANGLE.

- 1
- 2 19
- 3 . 18
- 4 . 17
- 5 . . 16
- 6 . . . 15
- 7 14
- 8 13
- 9 12
- 10 11

I. A LETTER from Wales; 2 to 19, a Roman weight; from 3 to 18, a spring of mineral water; from 4 to 17, the instrument by which a ship is steered; from 5 to 16, empty; from 6 to 15, according to rule; from 7 to 14, an extract of lead; from 8 to 13, the act of drawing;

from 9 to 12, a band of musicians; from 10 to 11, pertaining to coins.

From 1 to 10, the surname of an eminent person who was born in February; from 11 to 19, a name given to the second day of February. G. F.

A NEST OF BIRDS.

EACH of the following descriptions suggests the name of a bird. Example: A vegetable and a winged animal. Answer, peafowl.

- 1. An insect, and one of a base-ball nine.
- 2. To fight, and a series.
- 3. A masculine nickname, and a preposition.
- 4. A share, and a steep elevation.
- 5. A farm-building, and to imbibe.
- 6. To murder, and a graceful animal.
- 7. A tract of low land, and a jolly time.
- 8. A state of equality, and to decay.
- 9. An instrument used in partaking of food, and a masculine nickname.
- 10. Much seen in winter, and what flags are made of.
- 11. A stupid fellow.
- 12. A lash, needy, and a masculine nickname.
- 13. A monarch, and a disciple of Izaak Walton.
- 14. A musical instrument, and a winged animal.
- 15. A worthless dog, and the Christian name of the author of "Ben Hur."
- 16. Found on the seashore, and a musician.
- 17. A foreign country.
- 18. Used by artists, to support, and an aquatic fowl.
- 19. A personal pronoun, and a preposition.
- 20. A tortoise, and the emblem of innocence.
- 21. Found in the barnyard, a letter, and a number.
- 22. A coin, and a biped.
- 23. To drink, and part of an army.

"KNIGHTLY POINT."

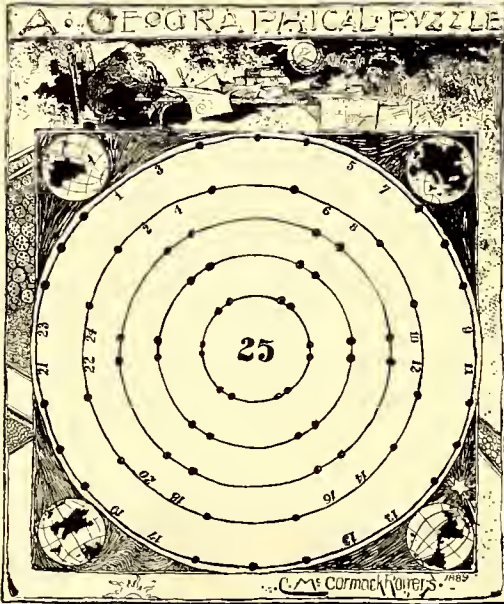
WORD-BUILDING.

- 1. A vowel.
- 2. A French pronoun.
- 3. To allow.
- 4. A time of fasting.
- 5. A small bay.
- 6. Tacit.
- 7. Small singing-birds.
- 8. A watchman. ELDRED AND ALICE.

WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. A wanderer. 2. A measure of weight. 3. Pertaining to the voice. 4. To exalt. 5. To let anew.
 II. 1. Natron. 2. A feminine name. 3. Aquatic fowls closely allied to the gulls. 4. A French word meaning "listlessness." 5. A substance which exudes from certain trees.

E. H. LAWRENCE.



FROM 25 TO 1, the "Athens of America"; 25 to 3, a Scandinavian town; 25 to 5, a gulf of the Indian Ocean; 25 to 7, an Atlantic Bay; 25 to 9, a large island; 25 to 11, a city of South America; 25 to 13, a city of Germany; 25 to 15, an Asiatic country; 25 to 17, a range of mountains in Europe; 25 to 19, a city in Germany; 25 to 21, a city in India; 25 to 23, a city in Maine; 3 to 5, a country in Africa; 7 to 9, the former name of a city in Japan; 11 to 13, a town in Ohio; 15 to 17, a lake in North America; 19 to 21, a town in France; 23 to 1, a city in France; from 4 to 6, a famous volcano; from 8 to 10, a town of Syria; from 12 to 14, an ancient city famous for its purple dye; from 16 to 18, one of the great divisions of the globe; from 20 to 22, one of the United States; from 24 to 2, one of the United States.

R. P. M.

PI.

No eth dwin ni rubyfare
 Wons-kafels loafst listl,
 Falh clindeni ot nutr ot rian
 Pigginn, prindgip, clihl.
 Tenh het swath slewh eht stamers,
 Dan lonslew sevirr wells het eas :
 Fi eht trinew veer neds
 Who tapelans ti lwil eb.

BROKEN WORDS.

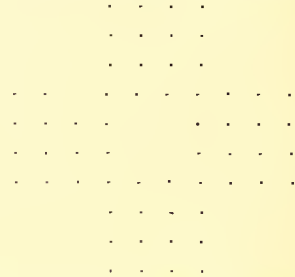
EXAMPLE: Separate conferred, and make the first quality and indebted. Answer, best-owed.

1. Separate harkens, and make catalogue, and entity.
2. Separate to exceed, and leave uncovered, and to strive.
3. Separate in mental apprehension, and leave an idea, and a confederate.
4. Separate a pretty, red stone, and leave a fish, and what it might be caught with.
5. Separate the order of plants to which mushrooms and toad-

6. Separate oriental, and leave a point of the compass, and the osprey.
7. Separate a diminutive nobleman, and leave a title of nobility, and a marine fish.
8. Separate a name for the sea-cow, and leave to grieve, and a preposition.
9. Separate disclosed, and leave to open, and a masculine nickname.
10. Separate a thread used by shoemakers, and leave a substance produced by bees, and termination.

When the above words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the initials of the first row of words will spell the surname of an American poet who was born in February; and the initials of the second row, the title of one of his most beautiful poems. CYRIL DEANE.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.



- I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Idle talk. 2. An opening. 3. An exclamation. 4. To try.
- II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A narrow board. 2. A Buddhist priest. 3. A masculine name. 4. Employment.
- III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To move fast. 2. A flower. 3. A celebrated mountain in Greece. 4. An East Indian tree, valuable for its timber.
- IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A famous German philosopher. 2. The agave. 3. A part of speech. 4. A pavilion.

C. B.

HOOR-GLASS.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. To fire. 2. The bassoon. 3. Pertaining to the language of the ancient Norsemen. 4. A pole. 5. In rodent. 6. A heavy stick or club. 7. A short story intended to enforce some useful precept. 8. Small flat pieces of anything on which to draw, paint, or engrave. 9. A mineral named after Herder, its discoverer.

The central letters, reading downward, spell a word meaning estimable.

"THE LANCER."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-nine letters, and form a four-line verse.

My 46-90-25-99 is the author of "The Song of the Shirt." My 3-60-82-18-33 is the name of an English poet, a friend of Southey, who died at the age of twenty-one. My 42-14-93-8-51 is the author of "Lamia." My 73-48-38-66-29-79-22 is the name of the attendant fool of King Arthur. My 27-71-88-63-5-96-40-85 is the name of one of the knights of the Round Table. My 31-98-56-20 is a roaring sound. My 62-35-11-24-54-13 are sounds. My 77-87-69-1-74 are passages. My 36-64-57-45-10-91 is an edge. My 95-58-89-15-80-7-83-70 are advantages. My 9-52-34-50-32-68 is a conflict. My 6-39-19-41 is a quarter of an acre. My 2-84 is an exclamation. My 65-61-12-86-4 is early. My 16-37-49-78-43-26 is a celebrated magician supposed to have lived in Britain about 450 A. D. My 59-21-44-94-28-17-97-67 is the author of the stanza on which this enigma is founded, and my 23-72-55-47-92-30-53-75-81-76 is one of his most famous poems.

THOMAS H. MARTIN.



"CÆSAR AND POMPEY."
ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS FROM A STUDY BY J. H. DOLPH,

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 5.

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CÆSAR AND POMPEY.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

PLUMP little puppies of high degree, sound asleep in the morning sun,
Dreaming away as cosily as if o'er-wearied by work well done,
Toothless bitings and tiny growls, toddling walks of a yard at a time
Tire them out till they sleep like owls,— what have they done to deserve a rhyme?
Here may be valor and patience, too. Who can tell as they lie asleep?
Doughty deeds they may some day do — faithful vigils they yet may keep.

Perhaps they 've quarreled and will not speak — till they 've forgotten the cause of strife.
Pompey's ear may have had a tweak he 'll "not forgive in all his life!"
But when they wake, no doubt you 'll find they 'll play as lovingly as before;
"Out of sight is out of mind," till they 've had a tiff once more.
Snug little velvet coats, doze away, undisturbed by hopes or fears,
You have only to romp and play — not for you are the long school-years!

Geography is not so hard — when it means the place for a bone or two,
The shadiest corner of the yard, or the broken slat where you scramble through.
Reading,— the smile on your master's face, the language of pats and kindly praise.
Spelling,— the words that mean disgrace, or the mild reproof of his warning gaze.
Arithmetic,— of sugar lumps; Vocal Music, in whines and barks;
Dancing Lessons in runs and jumps, or breathless scampers in sunny parks.

Your course of study is short and clear. The heartier praise is therefore due
That in the space of a single year you learn full faith and devotion true.
"Brag is good, but Holdfast better." Which you may be, 't is hard to tell.
Watchdog, pointer, hound, or setter, learn your work and do it well!
Sleep well, Cæsar! Pompey, slumber! Through your minds may visions pass
Of "blue ribbons" without number, countless medals, all first class!

THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[*Began in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XVII.

TOBY'S SECRET.

TOBY TRAFFORD had but few secrets that his mother and Mildred did not share. And he had now a burning one, of which impulse and habit alike made him long to unburden himself in their sympathizing presence. But would it be wise to tell them at once of his finding the bank-note, and consult them with regard to the use he proposed to make of it?

Of course he would tell them when the whole thing was settled, but in the mean time the secret might be an unpleasant one for them to keep. His mother was scrupulously sensitive as to all moral obligations; it would be sure to prove a source of trouble to her, and she might not approve of his conduct. Perhaps this last was, after all, the main consideration that caused him to hold in reserve the most important incident, in giving an account at the supper-table of the day's doings.

He went so far as to repeat the conversation between Tom and Mr. Tazwell which he had overheard, and to call out an opinion from his mother by saying:

"I just wanted to rush in and grab that twenty dollars which he refused to me, but which Tom got from him so easily by a little teasing and a promise he will break next week. I felt I had the better right to it."

"A right to it or none, my son," said the widow, "I trust you will never use such means to possess yourself of money even if you think it belongs to you."

"Of course I would n't do such a thing as that," said Toby; "but if I could have got hold of it in any quiet, honest way—" He hesitated, looking across the table into his mother's tender, serious face, and wishing he dared to tell

her what was at that very moment in his jacket pocket.

"I can't conceive of any honest way of our ever getting money from Mr. Tazwell except openly, with his consent," Mrs. Trafford replied, "or by process of law, to which I shall not resort."

Toby dropped his eyes, somewhat disconcerted by this turn in the conversation. But he looked up again quickly to tell the comical sequel, acting, in lively pantomime of face and gesture, Tom's dismay on discovering his loss of the identical bank-note.

Mildred laughed. The time had been, not long before, when Toby delighted to twit his sister, boy-fashion, with her partiality for Tom Tazwell. But all that was past.

"Now, if you had only found it," said she, "the retribution would have been complete!"

Toby felt her eyes fixed on him as she said this, and dropped his own again.

"It might be some trouble to know just what to do with it," he replied.

"It would n't trouble me!" Mildred declared. "Just let me have the handling of a little of the money Mr. Tazwell owes us, and I would show you. There are so many things we need!"

Again Toby looked up, and their eyes met across the table. She spoke jestingly, but he wondered whether she might not be more than half in earnest.

After supper he went out to give some finishing touches to his boat, which he was painting in the barn. Through the open door the glow of the western sky shone in upon him from over the lake. He was working with his back to it in a brown frock that covered him to his knees, when a diffused shadow glided across the floor.

"Hello!" he said, scarcely looking up from the name on the stern — MILLY — which he was carefully going over with his fine brush.

"If I could n't do those letters better than that," said Mildred, in her old teasing way, "I

would get somebody else to do them for me, or I'd paint them out altogether. I don't know that I care to have a boat named after me."

"But you did care; you were pleased enough when it came home with your name on it," said Toby.

"That's so," she replied. "But it was more

stood off a little way to criticize his work. "Do you think they look very bad? I could n't, of course, have done them originally, but I flattered myself I could go over them without making a very bad botch."

"It's no botch at all," said Milly. "They look very well, indeed. I was only joking.

I'm afraid you won't have much time to use the boat this year, Toby."

"I think I'll find the time to take you out now and then, in the evening. Or I'll lend it to Mr. Allerton, and let him take you out," he said, with a mischievous smile. "You will like that better."

"Oh, Toby! Now, can't you joke me about somebody who is n't almost twice as old as I am, and who does n't wear his hair in a little knot on the top of his bald crown? I wish you would! I'll give you the names of two or three persons, if you are too dull to think of any; I'll do all I can to help you out. You seem quite lost," she went on with charming mock seriousness, "since you gave over trying to plague me about Tom Tazwell."

"Let me hear nobody mention his name with yours!" said Toby. "But was n't it funny, his losing the money?"

And, laying down his brush, he once more en-



"AFTER SUPPER HE WENT OUT TO GIVE SOME FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS BOAT."

because you thought enough of me to give it my name, than for any honor there might be in it. I should n't ever know you cared for me, if it was n't, once in a while, for some such thing as that."

"Perhaps it's only once in a while I do care for you," said Toby, with a gentle laugh. He

acted the scene at the parsonage gate.

"See here, Toby!" Mildred said in a low voice, "what ever became of that money,—do you know?"

"Why do you ask that question?" Toby quickly resumed his brush, regretting that he had again brought up the perilous subject.

"I don't know; there was something in your face, when we were talking at the table, that I could n't quite understand. I thought perhaps you knew more than you chose to tell."

Toby regarded her inquiringly. "And were you in earnest in what you said?"

"About what I would do with any of the Tazwell money? Of course I was!"

"Milly!" he said excitedly, "I've been dying to tell somebody, and I'll tell you. I picked up that money in Mr. Tazwell's office; and I have it here in my pocket!" pointing to his coat, which was hanging from a beam in the barn.

"Oh, Toby!" she exclaimed, with frightened surprise. "How could you?"

"Why, what did you say you would do yourself?" cried Toby.

"Did I say I would keep money I found in that way? If I did, I could n't have meant it. You know how it is. One likes to talk, and tell what one would do, in certain cases. But a thing may look very different when it actually happens."

Toby broke out impatiently: "I never saw anything so unreasonable and inconsistent as a girl can be, when she tries!"

Mildred did not attempt to defend herself. "What will you do with it?" she asked, gently.

Toby told his plan, and defied her to raise any valid objection to it.

"It is, of course, the best thing," she said, "provided—but the truth is, Toby—I don't know! I'm sorry you told me!"

"Then why did you come out here on purpose to pump me?" he demanded, throwing down his brush with vexation. "That is n't treating a fellow fairly; now, is it?"

"Perhaps not," Milly replied, with true and tender sisterly solicitude. "And I'm not going to find fault with you, nor betray your secret. Only I would n't have you do anything that mother would think was wrong. I wish you could talk about it with somebody who is wiser than I."

"So do I; but who is there I can go to with a thing of this kind?" said Toby. "Mother is n't very wise in worldly matters; you know that she would be sure to advise me to do what is against her interest and ours—mine particularly. I tell you, it makes me tired to think of

working to earn all that money to pay Mr. Brunswick, when I have it right here in my possession, out of the pocket of the man who really ought to pay it."

"Well!" said Mildred, "I can't blame you. And I'm not going to oppose you. But I want you to consider all the consequences, whatever you do."

"I have considered," said Toby doggedly, returning to his work. "I've made up my mind, and I don't think I'll change it. I'm going right over to pay that bill to Mr. Brunswick, soon as ever I have finished the leg of this Y."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SCHOOLMASTER HELPS TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

THE sunset light had nearly gone from the sky, but the crescent moon was shining low over the lake, its broken image reflected "like a golden goblet falling and sinking" in the fluctuations that a rocking boat sent shoreward, when Toby walked thoughtfully along the solitary path toward the ice-man's cottage.

A grayish mist hung over the borders of the lake, mingling with the moonlight that faintly silvered banks and trees and bushes. Sounds of voices from the boat, made musical by the silence and distance, were wafted across the water. The air was refreshingly cool and moist; the stars were brightening in the dark vault, while two or three of the largest flitted like fire-flies in the molten depths of the lake; just the night, it seemed, to enjoy a lonely walk.

But Toby, it is to be feared, was not enjoying it very much. The trouble in his heart, which had come to him with the finding of the money, and which he had so resolutely endeavored to dismiss, returned with a strength that increased with every step he took toward Mr. Brunswick's house. He had almost reached the door—he had the money in his hand—when his heart failed him, and he turned back.

Before he had got half-way home, however, he paused, and, standing on the shore, called up his original determination.

"There's no use making a dolt of myself over this thing," he muttered half aloud. "It's

as plain as day. I am going to pay this money to Mr. Brunswick."

And yet he did not stir. Perhaps because, just then, he heard a sound of footsteps, and perceived the figure of a man approaching.

He waited for him to pass. But the man, looking intently at him, stopped so near that Toby could smell a pink in his coat-front.

"Good-evening, Mr. Allerton," said the boy.

"Tobias? I thought that I recognized you," said the schoolmaster. "You seem to be in a brown study; much as you were that day when I found you looking up at the old sign."

"I am in the brownest kind of a brown study!" Toby frankly confessed.

"Anything new? Anything you would care to tell me?" And the teacher laid a sympathizing hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I should like to tell you, if you would like to hear," said Toby impulsively; "for I am puzzled!"

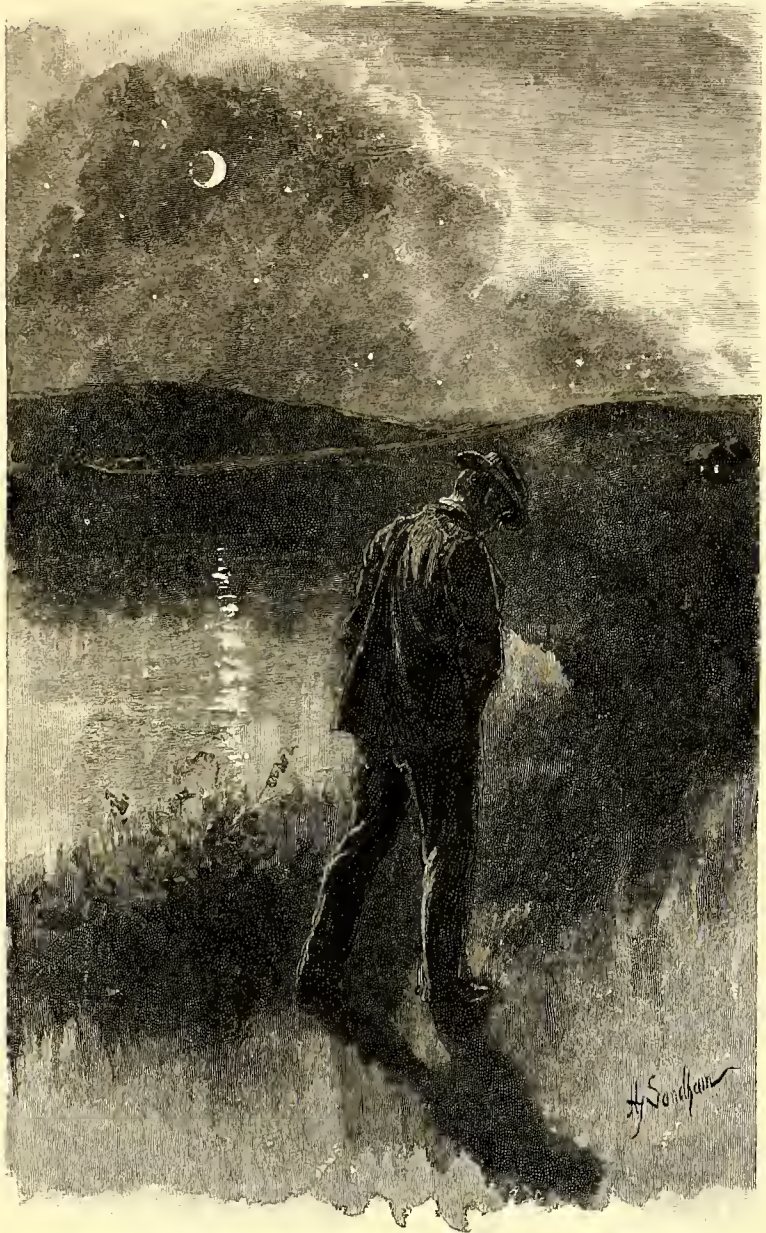
"Perhaps I can help you untie the knot; let's see."

Thus encouraged, Toby told the history of the twenty-dollar note, and frankly asked for counsel.

"It seems perfectly right for me to keep it and pay it to Mr. Brunswick," he said as he ended his story, "and yet I don't know,—somehow I can't feel quite satisfied."

Mr. Allerton was amazed that Mr. Tazwell should have refused to pay for the scow.

"Let's look this thing carefully over, Tobias."



"TOBY WALKED THOUGHTFULLY ALONG THE SOLITARY PATH."

What seems right at first sight, is not always best. When you give Mr. Brunswick the money, shall you tell him how you came by it? For that will be the fair thing, so far as he is con-

cerned. If he receives money which you have come by in that way, he ought to know it."

"I suppose so," replied Toby; "I rather thought I should tell him."

"That will be comparatively easy," said Mr. Allerton. "The test of your strength will come when you meet Mr. Tazwell. Don't you think you ought to be just as frank with him as with Mr. Brunswick?"

"I don't know," said Toby. "I meant to own up if I was accused of taking the money. I would n't lie about it."

"No, you could n't afford to do that. But it will be pretty hard for you to step up to him and say frankly that you have taken the matter of doing justice to Mr. Brunswick into your own hands. You don't wish the slightest suspicion of underhand dealing to attach to a matter of this sort."

"I think you are right," said Toby; "and I should n't wonder if that was the secret of the misgivings I could n't get rid of."

"Very likely," said Mr. Allerton. "It would be very hard for you to pursue a course of deception; you are a truthful boy, and you require a consciousness of truth to make you happy. Suppose you had seen that money lying in Mr. Tazwell's drawer, would you have felt justified in taking it?"

"Oh, dear, no!" exclaimed Toby; "that would have been too much like stealing."

"But finding it on the floor, where it had been accidentally dropped—and knowing perfectly well, as you do, who dropped it—Is there, after all, much difference between the two cases?"

"I don't know as there is."

"Say, 'I don't know *that* there is.'" Mr. Allerton could n't forget that he was a school-master. "And here 's another thing," he went on. "Is n't it a little dangerous for us to take into our own hands questions of right and wrong that concern us personally, and settle them to suit ourselves? Suppose everybody should assume to do that—it would make the world seem a little more ragged about the edges than it does now; don't you think so?"

"There 's enough of that sort of thing going on already," said Tobias, a little grimly, "and we have to suffer from it."

"Is n't it better to suffer some injury than to adopt that principle ourselves? The point is this," Mr. Allerton continued, lifting his hat with one hand, and putting up the other under it for a little pat, there in the pale gleam of the setting moon. "You expect to have to pay for the burnt boat, if Mr. Tazwell does n't. Don't you think you would feel better, on the whole, to work hard and earn the money, than to come by it in this way?"

"If I knew how to earn it!" said Tobias despairingly.

"You are young; don't be downhearted; ways will open to a willing boy like you," said the master cheerily. "Be brave and straightforward, and don't shirk. We are all tempted at times to do things not exactly wrong in themselves, but which require a little covering up," he went on, like one speaking from experience and conviction. "For my part, I find they don't pay. An advantage gained by the slightest crookedness leaves such a sting in a sensitive nature! But I am not going to preach to you. There is one thing, however, I would earnestly advise. A boy of your age, with such a mother as you are blessed with, should always think twice before doing a thing of which she might disapprove."

"I believe you!" exclaimed Toby.

They walked along the shore together, not in the direction of the ice-man's house.

"Now, I wish you could tell me what to do about staying in the store," Toby said, after a minute's silence. "*She* leaves it all to me. I am just made a drudge of; that 's all. If I had only myself to think of, I would n't remain there another day. But she can't afford to lose even the small wages I earn. And now, to have to pay that money to Mr. Brunswick! It will be a very large piece of humble pie for me to eat, if I have to submit, and black Tom Tazwell's boots."

"If I were in your place, I think I should submit to almost anything but a loss of self-respect," replied the master, "rather than throw up my chance of eventually working into a good business."

"That 's just it!" said Toby. "I could go to the city every morning, and black boots all day at the railroad station, if necessary, with-

out losing as much self-respect as it would cost me to black Tom's!"

"Is n't there a little prejudice in that?"

"Perhaps. But I'll tell you. My position in the store is—or should be—the same as Tom's. He has no more right to require me to black his boots than I have to ask him to black mine."

"But he is your employer's son."

"Yes; and that is just what he presumes upon," said Toby. "It was always understood that he and I were to go in on equal terms. To be sure, that was before the failure. But even after that, Mr. Tazwell promised my mother that he would do all in his power to prevent its making any difference in my prospects. Now see how it is. He has got everything into his own hands, and our interest in the business has dwindled down to nothing. To save her little bit of property from going to pay his debts, she consented to be considered as a creditor of the firm, instead of a partner; and signed an agreement to accept thirty cents on the dollar for what little he admits that he owes, after turning over to her some worthless bonds and a mortgage that is n't much better."

"It seems a hard case," said the schoolmaster.

"It is wicked!" Toby exclaimed, with rising passion in his voice. "A woman like my mother! Now, as for the business, I am not sure it will ever be worth while for me to work up in it, even if I can. Why, when my father was alive, ladies used to come from a long distance, even from the city, to trade with him, and get him to order their silks. Now people pass the store every day, to go and buy their goods in the city. That's a sample of the way things are going. Oh, I was a great dunce!" said Toby bitterly, "ever to put any more faith in Tazwell or the business when I knew what I did!"

"But you have n't made a very great sacrifice by going into the store, even if you step out of it now," Mr. Allerton suggested. "Whatever happens, a boy like you should have faith in his own future. Be ready to take advantage of whatever comes to your hand, and I have no doubt you will find means of getting a living, perhaps in some

wholly unlooked-for way. We hope and plan, but it is usually the unexpected that happens. Is that boat going to land?"

"Yes; it's Yellow Jacket's boat. He hauls it up under this willow," replied Toby.

"I spoke to him, a day or two ago, about keeping boats to let," said Mr. Allerton. "But I could n't get much out of him. He seemed somehow to be afraid of losing his freedom, if he committed himself to anything. He's a queer fellow."

"Hello, Yellow Jacket!" Toby called out from the shore.

"Hello, Toby! Burnt up any scows lately?" Yellow Jacket called back to him from the boat.

"Not many. Who's that with you, besides Bob?" Toby asked.

"Nobody but Butter Ball."

"See here, boys!" said Toby, "I am going to have my boat ready to put into the water to-morrow evening, and I want you to come over and help me launch her. And, Yellow Jacket, here's Mr. Allerton who would like to speak to you a minute."

"I guess I know what about," said Yellow Jacket. "But tell him I can't!"

"I am afraid you are missing a chance, Patterson," spoke up the schoolmaster. "You know I told you the want of boats, or of a little money, need n't stand in your way, if you take hold of the thing in earnest."

"I know. But I can't! We'll help you launch your boat to-morrow night, though, Toby," said Yellow Jacket.

"Much obliged!" replied Toby, walking on with the teacher. Then he said to Mr. Allerton: "How many times I have heard him say *I can't* in just that way, to things it was for his own interest to say *I can* to, with a will."

"I should have liked to get hold of him, and to help make a man of him," said Mr. Allerton regretfully. "If he would only have come ashore and talked with me! He's as shy as a loon!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PROBLEM IS SOLVED.

ARRIVED at the store the next morning, Toby heard from the clerk, Peters, a lively account of

Tom's returning there the evening before, in search of his twenty-dollar note, and almost accusing him—Peters—of having picked it up.

"You have n't seen it, of course?" he said to Toby.

"I!" replied Toby. "I should like to find a few twenty-dollar notes lying around loose, in this establishment! I met Tom about the time he must have missed it. But he did n't say anything to me about any lost money. He spoke of losing something but did n't say what."

"That 's how he talked when he first came in and questioned me. But he finally told me it was money, and charged me not to tell any one, not even his father. I must tell you, though," said Peters; "for a thing of that kind concerns us both. He may accuse you next. By the way, Tom was pretty mad when he went to put on his boots, and found you had n't blacked 'em."

"But he did put them on, I see," said Toby, noticing that the boots were gone. "I told him he might as well not wait for me to do that little job?"

"You did, 'did you?" cried a sharp voice, which was not that of the clerk Peters, but of Tom himself, whose anxiety about the lost money had brought him to the store at an unusually early hour. He had glided in by the back way, just in time to overhear Toby's remark about the boots. "Now, you may just black the old shoes first, and the boots afterward."

Toby laughed ironically, and proceeded to dust the counters.

"You won't?" Tom demanded.

"Not until I am ordered to by the boss of the store; and that is n't you—not quite yet," said Toby.

"But he 'll order you; and I advise you not to wait," said Tom. "I 've told him. You should have seen the look he gave, when he said 'I 'll see!' You know what that look means."

Toby made no reply, and Tom took Peters aside to consult him about the money.

"No; I 'm sure he knows no more about it than I do," Toby overheard Peters say to Tom, while both looked across the store at him.

As soon as Mr. Tazwell came in, Tom hastened to interview him in his office. It was not

many minutes before he put his head out of the door and called:

"Toby, you are wanted—by the 'boss.'"

Toby promptly put aside what he was doing, and entered the office. Tom remained to witness his humiliation.

"You want me, sir?" said Toby. For Mr. Tazwell appeared to be busy with some papers, and did not look up. Tom backed off between a window and the safe and grinned. "Shall I come again?" said Toby, determined not to stand there very long in that embarrassing position.

The crook in the Tazwell shoulders became expressive, as, turning over the papers, still without looking up, he said:

"You were told last evening to black Tom's boots?"

"Yes, sir; Tom told me to."

"And why did n't you black them?"

The employer now looked up, keeping his hand on his papers.

"I did n't wish to," the boy replied, white, but without faltering.

"You are here," said Mr. Tazwell, in very low, distinct tones, "to do what you are told, whether you wish to or not. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Toby did not know for a moment that he could find breath to say what was trembling on his lips. But he remained standing.

"You can go," said Mr. Tazwell, returning to his papers.

Toby did not stir, except that his lip twitched and his chest heaved. He *felt* Tom grinning at him from the window behind his father; but did not look at him.

"I said, you can go," Mr. Tazwell repeated.

Then Toby spoke; and the moment he began, his breath came and his courage with it.

"If I black Tom's boots, will he black mine?"

"That is a strange question!" said Mr. Tazwell, once more deigning to look up.

"It may seem so to you. But I always understood that Tom and I were to come into the store on equal terms. I have not refused to clean your boots, Mr. Tazwell; and I will clean Tom's if he will clean mine."

The employer regarded him with a look that actually betrayed surprise, but did not answer.

"I don't suppose that will be a pleasant arrangement for any of us," said Toby, stammering a little. "And as I came here to learn the business,—and don't see much prospect of learning it, by doing the things I am usually set at,—perhaps it will be a good thing,—all around—if I go."

Tom had ceased to grin. Mr. Tazwell got the better of his momentary surprise, gave a shrug that left an additional crook in his shoulders, and said:

"As you please."

Still Toby lingered.

"Perhaps, then," he said, "you will have the kindness to pay me my wages up to last night. We will say nothing about this morning."

"I have n't intended to drive you out of the store, Tobias," said the merchant, with a smile meant to be pleasant and conciliatory. "I hope your mother will understand it so."

"She will understand that I could n't stay, under the circumstances," the boy replied. "Shall I come in again for my pay?"—as Mr. Tazwell made no sign of giving him any money.

"Had n't you better wait till Saturday night, and think it over?"

The merchant was truly sorry to lose so useful a servant; it was plain he had not expected this result, and that he was willing to make some concessions, if Toby would accept them.

"I have thought it over," said Toby. "I don't see any use in waiting till Saturday. But if it is n't convenient to pay me—it's a small matter, anyhow!"—turning away.

"It is n't that," said Mr. Tazwell, producing some money. "I will pay you your wages to next Saturday night."

"Excuse me," said Toby. "I can't take—as wages—what I have n't earned." And he passed back a part of the money.

"Very well!" said the smiling merchant, while Tom stared.

He too was sorry to lose so convenient a drudge; and perhaps something of his old friendship and liking for Toby returned, now that they were likely to part.

"Oh, come, Toby!" he said. "I would n't quit, if I were you. I'll make everything right."

But Toby paid no heed to this appeal.

"There's one thing more, Mr. Tazwell," he

said. "I spoke to you yesterday about paying for the burnt scow."

"And I reminded you of what Mr. Brunswick says he said of me when he lent it to you. If after listening to such remarks regarding your employer you took the boat and burnt it up, I am surprised that you should speak to me a second time about it." There was no smile on the merchant's face now. "You did n't deny his making the remarks he brags of, as I hoped you would." Toby did not speak. "Besides, I've no money but for my most urgent obligations, at this time."

Then Toby replied: "I had n't the slightest intention of asking you for the money a second time. What I was aiming at was this: The money you denied to me, for the loss of the boat, you afterward gave to Tom, here, to make up for the loss of his gun. Perhaps you thought that one of your 'urgent obligations.'"

Mr. Tazwell turned and gave Tom a questioning look. Tom tried to speak, but stood frightened and dazed.

"He did n't tell me; he has kept his promise to you, as far as I am concerned," continued Toby. "But the money you gave him he lost. I found it. And here it is."

"Thomas!" said Mr. Tazwell, as sternly as he ever spoke to his favorite child, "why have n't you told me this?"

"I hoped it would turn up!" Tom said, with very mingled feelings, in which it is hard to say whether fear of the paternal displeasure or joy at seeing the money again was uppermost.

"Where did you find it?" Mr. Tazwell asked, taking the money, and carefully putting it into his own pocket instead of handing it again to Tom.

"Here, on the office floor, last evening. I saw it when I brought your boots."

"When I was here? Why did n't you tell me?"

"Because I thought at first I'd keep it and pay it to Mr. Brunswick," Toby confessed.

"And why did n't you?" The searching gray eyes fixed on Toby had a changed expression.

"I concluded it was n't quite honest and straightforward; and that I'd rather come by the money in some way that was."

Toby's face was almost radiant as he said this, beaming with noble satisfaction.

Mr. Tazwell bent over his desk and fumbled his papers in silence. Toby started to go.

"One moment, Tobias!" said the merchant. "Did your mother send you back with the money?"

"No, sir; she knows nothing about it."

Tazwell lifted his hand from his papers and passed it over his forehead.

"I am obliged to you, Tobias," he murmured, as if the words stuck in his throat.

"You are quite welcome," Toby replied cheerfully.

And he walked out of the office, leaving father and son together.

CHAPTER XX.

"SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG."

"I SUPPOSE I can have that money, to finish my trade for Lick Stevens's rifle. He's expecting it."

With these words Tom broke the embarrassing silence that followed Toby's departure.

"Do you think you deserve any money, or any favors from me whatever?" the elder Tazwell replied, with concentrated displeasure. "See what a position I am placed in by your conduct!"

"I don't see what I've done!" mumbled Tom.

"Why did n't you tell me you had lost the money? Why were you so careless as to lose it at all? Why, in the first place, did you come and beg it of me just at this time?"

"I thought ——," began Tom.

"You thought only of your own pleasure and advantage, as always," said his father. "You never think of mine. I am much to blame for upholding you as I do. Why did you insist on his blacking your boots? See what has come of it!"

"You said he could."

"I have said a good many things to please you, that I ought not to have said. How did he get to know so much about my giving you the money? You must have told."

Mr. Tazwell closed his desk and reached for his hat.

"I hope to die if I did!" Tom exclaimed.

But the elder looked unconvinced. "Say! can't I have it?" the son pleaded in an injured tone. "I promised to leave off smoking."

Without a word, but with huge dissatisfaction in his drawn features and rigid stoop, Mr. Tazwell walked out of the store.

Toby, in the mean while, on his way home, saw Aleck the Little, preparing to mount his bicycle in the parsonage yard, and stopped to speak with him.

"It was just as I expected," said the minister's son. "Tom came back here last evening, and wanted me to make the trade and trust him for the boot-money."

"The money has been found," replied Toby.

"You don't say so!" Aleck exclaimed, leaning his wheel against the gate-post. "I did n't believe there was any."

"I know you did n't. But I did. I had it in my pocket all the time," said Toby, with a laughing look over his shoulder as he moved on.

"Where are you bound now?" cried Aleck.

"Home; to do a little work in the garden, and then tinker up my wharf."

"Sho! did Tom let you off from the store?"

There was a slight squint in one of Lick Stevens's eyes that gave them a malicious expression, when he chose to be sarcastic. Toby paid no attention to the jeer, but answered gaily, "I have nothing more to do with the store, or with anybody in it."

"Lignum-vitæ!" exclaimed Aleck, in astonishment. "Tell me about it! Kicked out?"

"Kicked out," echoed Toby, hurrying on; "only it was my own feet that did the kicking."

Aleck mounted his bicycle and rode by his side to hear more of the story,—which Toby, however, did not seem inclined to tell,—then wheeled and took a turn through the village. He was riding to and fro in front of the store, sounding his bell now and then, in the hope of attracting Tom's attention and calling him out, when Tom's sister Bertha, accompanied by another girl, came down the street.

"See here, Aleck Stevens!" cried Bertha, as they separated to let him ride between them, "if you don't keep off the sidewalks, I'll call the police and have you arrested."

"The police never see *me*," he boasted, not without reason, as he turned into the street

and came back zigzagging beside the girls. "If you go into the store, Bertha, please tell Tom I want to see him. What was the row? I suppose you know Toby has left the store," said Aleck, his off eye squinting with a gleeful twinkle at Bertha's surprise. "Good-by; I guess I won't wait for Tom," and he sailed away on his wheel.

Bertha left her companions and ran into the store, to inquire into the truth of this startling report. "Yes," said Tom, with assumed indifference resting on his hands and swinging himself between the ends of two counters. "We have lost his invaluable services."

"Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed, "it is your doing, I know!"—for he had boasted to her, the night before, that he would make Toby clean his boots. "Where 's papa?"

"I don't know. I wish I did. He has got something in his pocket I want; and I can't go out and speak with Lick Stevens till I get it. Tell him from me—"

"I shall tell him nothing!" said Bertha, as with a look of grief and scorn she went out of the store and hurried home to her mother. So when Mr. Tazwell went to dinner, he found that the unpleasant news had preceded him.

"Is it true," Mrs. Tazwell asked, "that Tobias has left you for good?"

"For good or for bad," he answered dryly, as he passed on into the library with an air that forbade further questioning.

He was not an unkind man in his family; but when he appeared with that fixed and taciturn expression, even his wife rarely ventured to approach him. She followed him on this occasion, however, and said anxiously:

"Was it the matter of the boots?"

"Partly that. I can't talk about it now."

"Bertha is much distressed," Mrs. Tazwell persisted. "She thinks Toby has been strangely ill-used. Not in this thing only. She tells of Thomas's imposing on him in many ways. And in the matter of setting fire to the hay—"

"I'd rather not hear anything more about that," he said, turning and pacing the floor.

"So you have said all along, unwilling to hear anybody's story but Thomas's. It is n't for me to take part against my own son," she went on, "but I do wish you would listen to me for once, if you would know the truth."

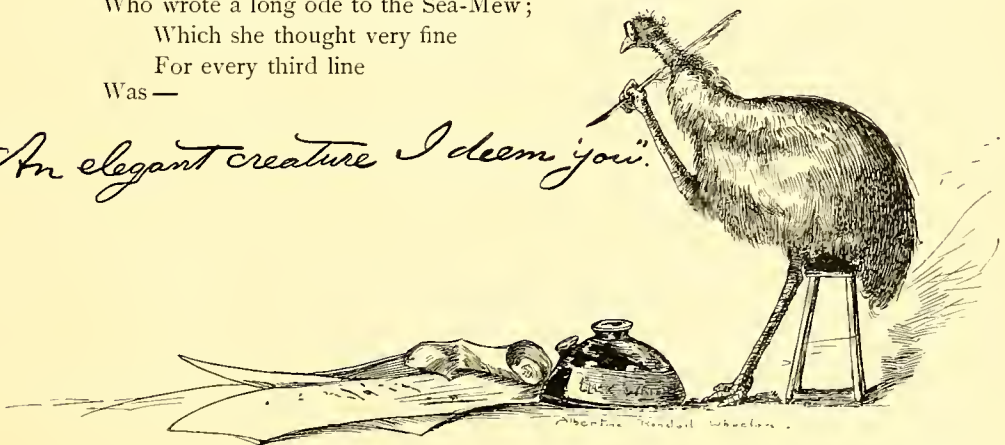
"I know enough," said the merchant, with his voice deep in his throat. "Will you respect my wishes and leave me?"

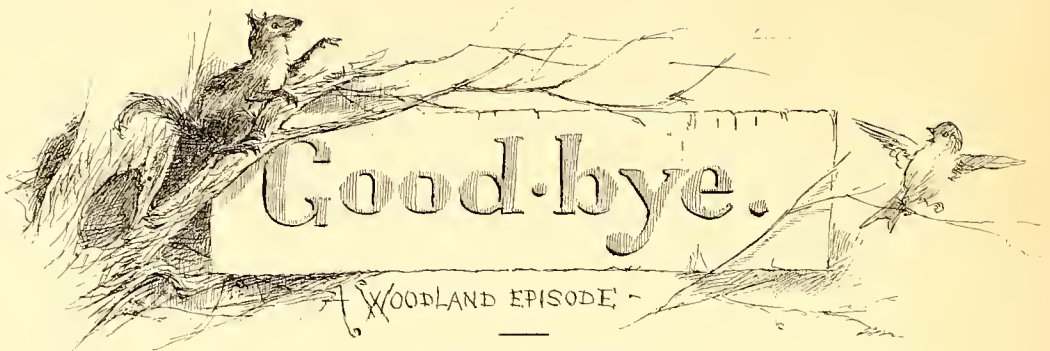
"He will hear nothing," said Mrs. Tazwell, going out to Bertha, who was awaiting her. "Something must have gone wrong with him to-day."

(To be continued.)

THERE once was an excellent Emu
Who wrote a long ode to the Sea-Mew;
Which she thought very fine
For every third line
Was —

"An elegant creature I deem you."





BY OLIVER HERFORD.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA: MISS BIRD, and MRS. CHIPMUNK.

Scene: The woods. Time: Last November.

MISS BIRD.—Why, Mrs. Chipmunk! how do you do?

MRS. CHIPMUNK.—I'm quite well, thanks, Miss Bird; and you?

MISS B.—I'm sorry to say my health is poor, So my doctor has ordered a southern tour.
Could n't you manage to come along? It would do you good—

MRS. C.—Yes, I'm far from strong, And it's just what I'd most like to do
If I'd only a pair of wings—

MISS B.—Pooh! Pooh!
There are trains for people who cannot fly.

MRS. C.—Yes, but the fares are so dreadfully high!
So really I must n't think of that—

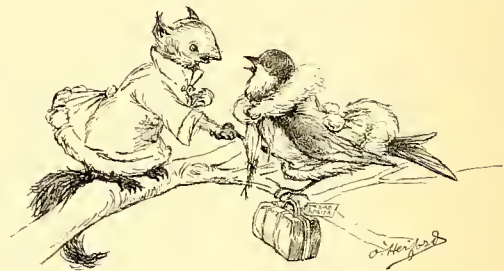
MISS B.—If only you'd wings like your cousin Bat.

MRS. C.—*If only!* but then I have n't, you see. Besides, I've rented a hole in a tree, On the first-floor branch just three trees west

Of the oak where you built your last year's nest.

MISS B.—A charming neighborhood! just the thing
For a winter home—

MRS. C.—Well, I hope, next spring, When you're here again, you will try to call.



MISS B.—You are very kind—

MRS. C.—Oh, not at all!

MISS B.—Good-bye, Mrs. Chipmunk.

MRS. C.—Oh, *must* you fly?
Then, a pleasant journey!

MISS B.—Good-bye!

MRS. C.—*Good-bye!*



HUZ AND BUZ.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



"HUZZY! WAKE UP, QUICK! WHAT IS THAT?"

"Huzzy, why do you suppose Missus has put us in this basket, all huddled together?"

"Don't know, I 'm sure, Buzzy. But she told us to lie still; so we must."

"What will happen if we don't, Huzzy?"

"We shall be whipped."

"Well, it 's nice and warm here in the sun, Huzzy! Suppose we go to sleep."

"Suppose we do! Prrrrrr! prrrrrrr!"

"Huzzy! Wake up, quick! What is that?"

"What is *what*, you stupid kitten? Why can't you let me sleep?"

"Look! That queer thing the Master is bringing. Oh! he makes it stand up on three long, dreadful legs. Did you ever see anything with three legs before, Huzzy?"

"No—I think not. It *is* queer, Buzzy. Do you think it is alive?"

"Yes, it must be alive, for it has a head, and a great round eye. Oh! it is looking at us. It is moving! Oh! and the Master's head is gone, and there 's a black thing instead."

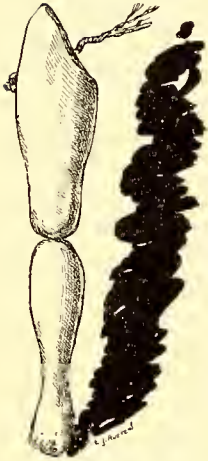
"Buzzy, something dreadful is going to happen to us. I would rather be whipped than killed. Let us jump out and run into the barn. Miaow!"

Once out of the basket, they took their time, and they did n't know that there was any more danger from that strange instrument. But it took them as they retreated. Don't tell—but here they are!



ELFIE'S VISIT TO CLOUDLAND AND THE MOON.

BY FRANCES V. AND E. J. AUSTEN.



TRICK THE EIGHTH.

SABELLA TELLS ELFIE HER SAD STORY. HOW THE ROCKING-HORSE THREW THE JOCKEYS OVER HIS HEAD. THE ROCKING-HORSE'S SONG.

ISABELLA gasped and wheezed very much at first, and she had to be refreshed by winding up quite often. I will leave out all the gaps in her story, which ran like this:

“Last year I was as beautiful a doll as any that you see here. I could dance more lightly, and could walk with fewer jerks than any of them, and all the gentlemen dolls used to be proud of my notice; but on Christmas Day Santa Claus took me away and left me at a beautiful house down on the earth. It was night when we arrived, and I was very much frightened when he went down the chimney with me in his arms and a lot of other toys on his back, and hanging to his belt. The little girl to whom I was to be sent was fast asleep, and when I saw her pretty face I felt very glad I was to have so sweet a mama.

“I was placed with the other toys on a large Christmas-tree in the parlor, and when I bade Santa Claus good-by, my thoughts were full of the fun the little girl and I would have the next day; but I was soon tired of staying upon the tree, and should have fallen asleep if I had not had on my nice silk frock with the lace apron. I did not want to rumple my lovely dress, for we dolls think more of our clothes than of anything else, so I had to stay awake.

“There were a number of square frames on the walls, some of them with very large dolls' heads hanging in them. One looked very

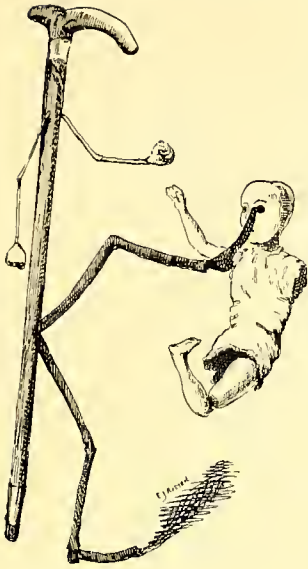
like the little girl I had seen asleep upstairs, while another was a very sweet-faced grown-up doll. But she was quite dead, for she did not understand any of the doll language that I spoke to her.

“I was very glad when it was morning, and a servant maid came and threw open the window-shutters, letting in a flood of cheerful sunshine. Pretty soon in trooped three lovely children, who shouted and screamed with delight when they saw the tree. The little girl who was to be my mama soon had me down from my perch, and hugged and kissed me as if she would eat me. I thought I should love her very much, as she seemed to care so much for me.

“Soon after, a lady came in, and then I saw that what I had taken for a doll's head hanging in the frame was really a portrait of this lady. She looked very sweet and lovely, and was my owner's mama.

“My little mistress thought I was the nicest present she had ever had. For a long time she was very careful of me, and we had some happy games together. She used to tell me all her secrets, and I should have told her mine, but she could not understand the doll language, as you do while you are in Cloudland.

“But at last, she began to tire of me; she cared for me less and less, and one terrible day, a day I shall never forget, she pulled off my arm and one of my legs and threw me into a dark closet. My hair caught on a nail, and was torn off my head in the fall. I cried bitterly. The pain of my broken limbs was not so trying as the feeling that my mistress, who had loved me so much, should have treated me so cruelly. There was a walking-stick, which belonged to my mama's papa, in the closet, and he told me in a very gruff voice to be quiet. He said he had had to walk all over the town during the day, and could not have his rest disturbed by the



THE CRUEL WALKING-STICK.

better since I have been back here, and I suppose I shall be repaired and returned, but you may fancy how I dread it. I cannot tell you of all the horrible things I suffered. During the last days of my stay I was terribly neglected. I was once left out on the wet grass all night, and I have suffered from rheumatism ever since; while I have been slapped and beaten over and over again when I had committed no fault. I wish I could stay here forever!" sobbed poor Isabella, as she concluded her story and sank back on her pillow.

Elfie felt very sorry for the poor dolly; for her heart told her that she had treated more than one of her own dollies in the same way, and she thought Santa Claus must be very forgiving to overlook her faults and bring her a new doll every Christmas.

But in this wonderful toy castle there were so many things to attract her attention that she was soon thinking of something else. She kissed poor Isabella, whose clockwork heart gave a grateful "click" at the caress, and, nodding to Maggie May, she moved off to further examine the wonders that were all around her.

crying of a doll-baby. I did not stop soon enough to satisfy him, and he knocked one of my eyes out. After lying there for what seemed to me an age, I heard the well remembered soft step of dear old Santa Claus in the room outside. I shouted loudly, and he came to the closet and carried me away.

"I have been slowly getting

Elfie had not taken a dozen steps, before she heard a tremendous clatter in the corner where she had seen the little jockey-dolls trying to master the rocking-horse. She went over to see what was the matter, and she found that the animal had reared right up on its nose and thrown every one of its would-be riders over its head. Two or three of them had fallen into a tub of water, where the little sailor dolls were busily launching a model of the *Volunteer* racing yacht.

Luckily for them, E-ma-ji-na-shun was near. The old man, with great presence of mind, seized a skipping-rope from a nail and threw it to the drowning dolls. They all managed to grasp it, and were dragged ashore by the brave sailor laddies.

The horse stayed just as he had thrown himself, with his nose on the ground and his hind legs and tail in the air. Elfie tilted him back again on to his rockers, and he gave two or three defiant prances before he rocked himself to a standstill.

"Why, what 's the matter with you, rocking-horse?" said Elfie.

"Nothing," snorted the gallant steed. "Nothing! What does a girl know about a rocking-horse? Ugh!"

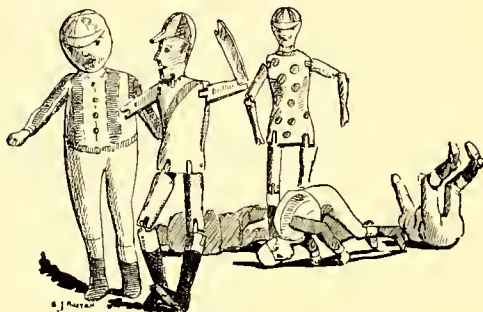
"Nothing, of course; but why did you throw these poor little fellows into the water?" asked



"TWO OR THREE OF THE JOCKEYS FELL INTO A TUB OF WATER."

Elfie, gently, and she took up one of the little jockeys to dry him. He was made of wood, and his eyes had a very *don't-care* look.

"Never you mind about 'these poor little fellows,'" grunted the rocking-horse; "they are



THE ROCKING-HORSE BREAKERS.

quite able to take care of themselves without any of *your* interference!"

Elfie thought the rocking-horse was very impertinent, but when she looked at the horse-breakers, she quite believed him. They were certainly the hardest looking dolls she had ever seen. Two or three were carved out of wood, like the hero she had rescued, some were rubber, while two at least of them were made of iron or some other metal, and looked able to put up with any tumble the horse might give them.

She looked at the little chap she held in her hand, and, without changing his stony glare, he said in a gruff hoarse whisper:

"We 're all right, Miss; don't you bother about the likes of us! We 've got to break him in before he is allowed to leave here, and we 're going to do it, Miss,—at any cost!"

Elfie was pleased to see how plucky the little fellow was. She supposed that it was the way the jockey-doll had been taught. She put him on the ground, and he at once climbed up to the back of the rocking-horse, who immediately reared and threw him off.

This last feat seemed to please the fiery steed very much. He pranced and rocked so fiercely that not one of the jockeys dared to go near him. At last, after one or two very daring leaps, he gave two or three loud snorts and began to sing with much spirit:

THE ROCKING-HORSE'S SONG.

THOUGH I 'm only a horse set on rockers
And am made altogether of wood,
I am wicked clear through to my saddle,
And I glory in not being good.

Fol-de-rol-lol-de-ray.

I suppose that the reason for this is
I was cut out "cross-grained" as a colt,
Which makes me so vicious and fractious,
That I kick, rear, plunge, shy, and bolt!

Fol-de-rol-lol-de-ray.

Go bring here the man from the circus
Who thinks that he knows how to ride,
Who is called on the bills the Horse-Breaker,
Oh, call him! I 'll lower his pride.

Fol-de-rol-lol-de-ray.

Or bring me the cowboy so joyous,
Who is known far and near on the plains
As the man called the best bronco rider,
I will give him a fall for his pains.

Fol-de-rol-lol-de-ray.



THE FRACTIOUS ROCKING-HORSE.

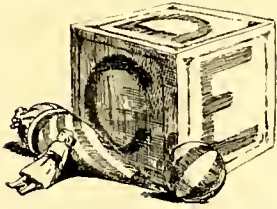
I was made by a left-handed goblin,
Broken-nosed, with a cast in my eye;
'T is impossible ever to tame me,
Give it up, now, you jockeys, don't try!

Fol-de-rol-lol-de-ray.

Elfie laughed heartily at the conceit of the rocking-horse, and gave him an imitation apple which she found among a lot of other china fruit on the shelf. Then, nodding good-by to the little horse-breakers, she passed on to the farther end of the room.

TRICK THE NINTH.

ELFIE MEETS GRIMGUFFIN. HIS SAD STORY.
E-MA-JI-NA-SHUN TAKES HER TO VISIT
THE TOY FACTORY.



ELFIE walked slowly along, seeing something new at every step. When she reached the end of the room she saw what she at first

took to be a hideous ogre, standing up against the wall and staring at her with great goggle eyes. The head was a terrible sight. It seemed to Elfie to be as large as the big table in her papa's library—it was very nearly round, and had a tuft of hideous red hair on the top and under the chin. The nose was painted a fiery red, and its mouth, which was stretched wide open, was a red flannel bag.

Its body was rather small for the head, but still as large as a good-sized man, and it was dressed in clothes which reminded Elfie of the clown's dress she had seen at the circus.

"What is that?" she said to Maggie May, who had followed her with little jerky steps.

"Oh, that 's just a game," she said, "and it is nothing but pasteboard. The way to play," she said, "is to take one of these balls which are in the basket on the floor, and try to throw it into the monster's mouth. Whenever the ball goes in, a little bell rings on the creature's head, and the lucky player receives a bag of peanuts as a prize."

"Oh yes!" said Elfie, and as she did not care for that sort of game, was going to walk on, when E-ma-ji-na-shun whispered to her:

"That is all very true what Maggie May says, but this monster was really an ogre once; he is the very same one that used to own the seven-leagued boots, and was condemned for his bad conduct to stand with his mouth wide open forever for people to throw balls into."

Elfie looked at the creature with a new curiosity, and as she looked, the monster spoke. He could not close his mouth, so that the words were very indistinct; but Elfie made out that he was trying to say:

GRIMGUFFIN'S LAMENT.

I USED to be an ogre, I was fond of little children,
My name it was Grimguffin (see the story in the books).
I have been condemned forever to stand with mouth wide
open;
You can't say it *looks* easy, and it 's harder than it looks.

What makes my sad fate harder is, I 'm always very hun-
gry,—
I would give the whole wide world to eat a bit of pickled
boy!
But, you see, I 've been forbidden to eat anything but
playthings,
And base-balls are the only food that give me any joy.

Then, as if to tantalize me, when folks try to treat me
kindly,
By feeding me, the throwers all are nearly sure to miss.
Then I suffer dreadful anguish, for I see the nice balls
wasted;

Oh, I 'm sure I never did deserve an awful fate like this!



GRIMGUFFIN.

So if you please, kind maiden, take a ball or two and throw
them.

As many as you wish to — I 'd like about a score,
A few will keep me going, though of course I 'll still
be hungry,

For I could eat the basketful, and twice as many more.

"Poor old Grimguffin!" said Elfie, "I am sure you are being punished severely enough for your sins. Here is some luncheon for you";

and she threw two of the balls very neatly into the ogre's open mouth. He was evidently much

sawing, whittling, cutting, hammering, modeling, sewing, and gluing the different materials



BUSY TIMES IN THE TOY MANUFACTORY.

pleased, and he rang the little bell on the top of his head quite merrily as Elfie walked away with old E-ma-ji-na-shun.

They had by this time seen nearly all the lower floor of the castle, and Elfie asked her guide to show her the upper part.

"Very well, my dear," said the obliging goblin. "Come this way, please."

"Hey, presto! Abracadabra! Houp-la! Here we are."

Elfie felt herself whisked through the air, and, before she could speak, found herself standing in another part of the building.

"That 's my patent elevator, my dear," said E-ma-ji-na-shun. "Here we are on the second floor. This part of the house, my child, is used for the manufacture of most of the toys you have seen downstairs."

It really was a wonderful sight. Hundreds of little goblins, who looked something like their king, E-ma-ji-na-shun, were hard at work

used in making the beautiful toys Elfie and the other earth children enjoy so much.

The room was long and low, and there were no windows to be seen. Light was provided by dozens of glow-worms, who ran about with their tiny lamps and threw their light just where the workmen needed it.

There were hundreds of little tailor goblins, seated cross-legged on a bench, sewing away on the clothes intended for the boy-dolls, which were being made by another set of workmen. Then there were thousands of little goblin dress-makers, all busy making dresses for the lady dolls. There were tiny blacksmiths and tiny carpenters, all as hard at work as possible; for E-ma-ji-na-shun told Elfie that the toymakers could hardly make toys fast enough to take the place of those the little earth children were always breaking.

The room was so long that Elfie could not see the end of it, and she could not understand

how so long a room could be in the dolls' castle, as she had seen it from the outside; but her guide only chuckled and said:

"Another one of my tricks, my dear! Don't make your head ache by trying to explain the tricks of E-ma-ji-na-shun. Now I will show

made forty toys, all of them different, and yet his stick seemed to get no shorter.

"Another trick, I suppose," said she, and E-ma-ji-na-shun nodded and laughed heartily.

When they left him they walked down to the other end of the room. There they saw the goblin bakers making the gingerbread horses and men that are sold at Christmas. Twenty very fat little goblins were busy biting the holes in the doughnuts. E-ma-ji-na-shun told Elfie that this work was so trying to the nerves of the workmen that a fresh lot of goblins had to be engaged each week.

Close by was the toy-animal factory. Here they were making rocking-horses, toy sheep, rabbits, oxen, etc., one lot of workers being kept busy all the time chopping off animals for Noah's Arks.

Then there was a room for baby carriages and express-wagons, and so many things to look at that Elfie's head was

nearly turned with excitement. In fact, she felt that if she should see any more, she would have a headache. As usual, E-ma-ji-na-shun knew her thought although she said nothing. He at once turned away from the playthings and spoke to Elfie.

"Are you tired of the toys?" asked E-ma-ji-na-shun, kindly.

you my head workman, the champion toy-maker of Cloudland. There he is; now watch him at work."

The workman that Elfie was looking at was a light red goblin, picked out with green; that is, his face, hands, and legs were red, his body was red with green stripes, while his hair, eyebrows, eyes, teeth, and finger-nails were green. His nose was a deeper red than the rest of his face, making a very pleasant contrast.

He held in one hand a long round stick and in the other a little hatchet, and as he stood at his bench he kept repeating the verse:

Tweneey, Tweneey, Twiney-twum,
Cattle-a-weeneey, winey wum,
Spick, spack, must be done—
Tweneey, Twiney, Twenty-one.

Every time he said "twenty-one," he would hit the stick with his hatchet, and immediately some sort of a toy was made, complete! There was a top, or a doll, or a music-box, or a lead soldier, or a boat, just whatever he thought the workmen were most in need of at that moment.

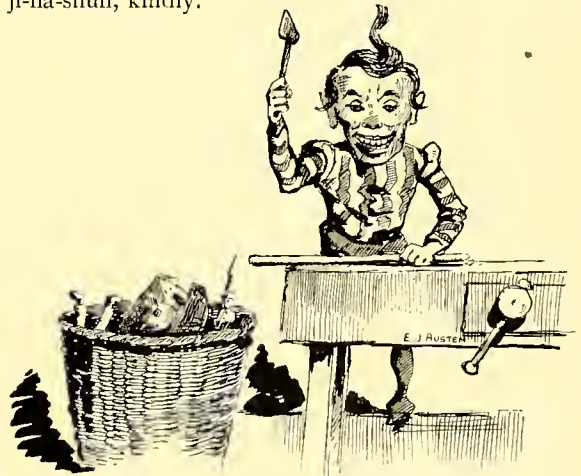
Elfie thought it was wonderful; and she watched old Handiman, which was the goblin's name, for some minutes, during which time he

"A little," said Elfie.

"Then we'll return to Mother Goose this very moment!" said the goblin.



THE LITTLE TAILOR GOBLINS.



OLD HANDIMAN, THE CHAMPION TOY-MAKER.

Again they rose into the air, and after a pleasant flight of a few minutes, Elfie met the dear old lady again.

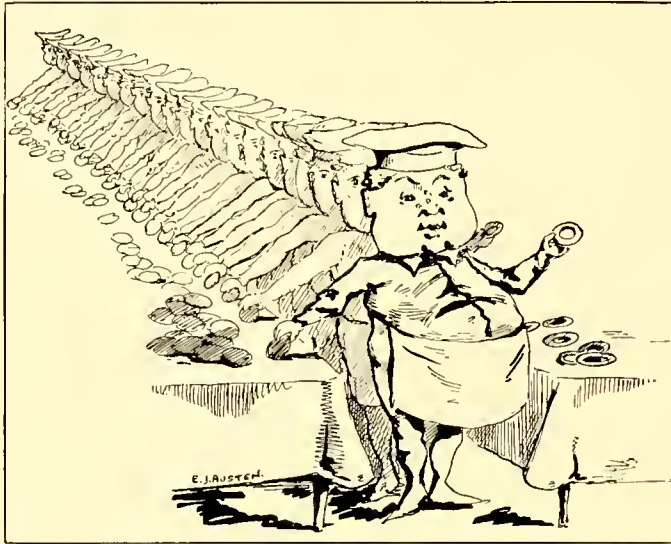
"Ha! ha! my dear," chuckled the soft, quaint little voice of E-ma-ji-na-shun, who was seated on Elfie's shoulder. "Whenever you don't understand anything you must come to me to help you out. I can always explain everything fully. To be sure, when you get down to earth again, it is likely you will wonder just as much as ever about all the things I have explained to you, but then you will always have the satisfaction of knowing that what I have told you *might* be true after all. And now, if you will be so good as to take a seat on this yellow stone, I will explain this moon business to you."

"Why! what a funny stone!" said Elfie, looking at the seat he had pointed out to her, which seemed to her a round, yellowish-green looking stone.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "you may well say that. Look at it again. What does it look like?"

"It looks like cheese," replied Elfie.

"It *is* cheese," said E-ma-ji-na-shun; "taste it! smell it! It is cheese, and the very best quality, too, for it is a piece of the identical moon itself!"



"TWENTY FAT LITTLE GOBLINS WERE BITING THE HOLES IN THE DOUGHNUTS."

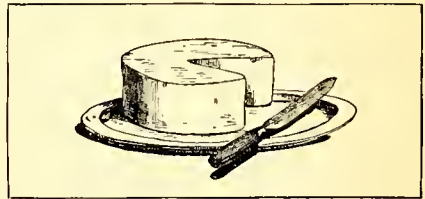
"Oh! you dear old Mother Goose," she cried; "it seems to me that I have seen everything and everybody I have ever wondered at, and I'll never, never forget you, and I hope I shall come back again and again. Yes," Elfie went on, "there is nothing now that I have wondered at that I have not seen — except —"

"What?" asked Mother Goose.

"Except the moon," said Elfie.

"The moon, child!" cried the dame, "Whatever do you want to know about the moon?"

"I want to know what it is, and why it gets small and large again, and who the Man in the Moon is, and oh dear me! I don't understand it at all," sighed the little girl.



(To be continued.)

The Turtle and the Katydid.

BY HARRY ROBINSON.



“DEAR Turtle,” chirped the Katydid, “what makes you walk so slow?”
(They’re sadly ungrammatical, are Katydids, you know.)



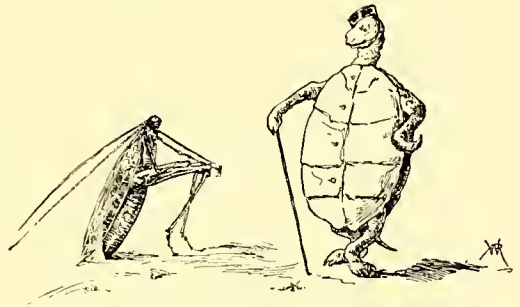
“Oh, Katydid,” the Turtle cried, “why don’t you change your tune?”

You sing the same old silly wrangle, morning, night, and noon.”

“Walk slowly?” asked the Turtle. “Katy, Nature made me so.
“And there’s no place to which I wish especially to go.”

“Sing other songs?” asked Katy. “Why, ’t was Nature made me so.
“I cannot sing another; it’s the only song I know.”

So, both concluding Nature knew just what she meant to do,
The Turtle went on crawling; Katy chirped the song she knew.



WHAT AND WHERE?

BY ANNA HAMILTON.

MISCHIEVOUS Tommy,
He hears every day,
A homily simple
Beginning this way:
“Now, Tommy, you must n’t,”
And “Tommy, you must”;
And “Tommy, stop running,
You’ll kick up the dust”;
And “Do not go swimming
Or you will get wet,”
And “Do not go sailing,
Or you will upset”;

And “Do not be wrestling,
You’ll fracture your bones,”
And “Do not go climbing,
You’ll fall on the stones”;
And “Do not be whistling,
You’re not a mere bird,”
And “Good little children
Are seen and not heard,—”

Which Tommy on hearing
Exclaims, “Deary me!
What *can* a boy do,
And where *can* a boy be?”

⁷ Andrew Jackson ¹⁶ A. Lincoln.

¹⁷ Andrew Johnson

⁸ Wm Van Buren ¹⁸ M. B. Brady

⁹ ~~W. H. Harrison~~ ¹⁹ R. B. Hayes

¹⁰ J. Tyler

¹¹ Samuel O. Sisk ²⁰ J. Garfield

¹² Z. Taylor

²¹ Chester A. Arthur

¹³ Millard Fillmore ²² Grover Cleveland

¹⁴ I was Mr. Price

²³ Rutherford B. Hayes

¹⁵ James Buchanan

For some time, I studied over a form for addressing distinguished people, whose autographs I wished to ask for; and having finally composed a letter, which in my boyish judgment was proper, and sufficiently respectful and polite, I ventured to address first the Hon. Henry Clay, of Kentucky; from whom, in the course of a week or two (for mails were of course slower in those days than they are now), I received a pleasant reply, with this signature:

I am Your obed. Servant
H Clay

Of course I was much delighted to be thus honored, and proud of my first success; and I

lost no time in addressing letters to various other prominent people; among them, General Zachary Taylor, who was then winning laurels by his recent victories in Mexico; ex-President Martin Van Buren; Mrs. Sigourney, the poet; Fenimore Cooper and Samuel Lover, the novelists, and several others, from all of whom I obtained autographs during the first year.

As the number of letters increased, I found I must adopt some way of arranging them so as to be easy to look over. The convenient postage-stamp and autograph albums of the present day were not then in use, and so I invested my first spare five dollars in a book which I ordered made expressly for the purpose, with leaves of Bristol-board, upon which the autographs might be neatly pasted.

That first book has for a long time been completely filled, and has had to undergo the process of rebinding. I had the back of each leaf strengthened by a linen hinge; a very good way in which to have any book of the kind

Gulf and Domestic
August 12. 37

My dear Boy

I am grateful for your note of the 2^d inst.; and glad to learn that you are so young, for it is only from "baby and sucklings" that one can be sure of future prayer. I hope to live long enough to be

asked for your autograph by some
very pretty young Lady. Write
them, I shall keep it safely
Believe me to be

Most truly Yours,

Fitz. Greene Halleck

made at first, as the binding will wear much longer, and the back is not as likely to be strained when the book is opened flat.

In the course of a year or two after I commenced collecting autographs, I had received letters from most of the prominent literary people of our own country who were then in their prime; among them, Bryant, Longfellow, Fitz-Greene Halleck, who wrote the stirring poem most school-boys will remember, "Marco Bozaris," a "piece" which used often to be selected for declamation when I was a lad, as I suppose it is still. I show you on these pages the very pleasant little note I received from Mr. Halleck.

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote me also a verse of poetry, but as I have two or three specimens of his handwriting, I choose the shortest. It is a sentence from one of his essays, and a very good motto, by the way, for boys to keep in mind.

Those boys who have traveled over the Hudson River Railroad, or have sailed up the river on the Albany boat, may have had

pointed out to them, a little south of Irvington, and hardly beyond a stone's-throw from the car window, an old-fashioned Dutch-gabled cottage, almost hidden among beautiful shade trees. It is the former home of Washington Irving, and is said to be the "Old Van Tassel House," of which he speaks in his "Legend of Sleepy

The autograph of

Washington Irving

Sunnyside Oct. 17th 1853

Hollow." This old house he named "Sunnyside," and there he spent the last years of his life. Above you may see a copy of an autograph of his, written at Sunnyside.

Difficulties exist to be surmounted.

R. W. Emerson.

Then, I received a charming note from Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose "Mosses from an Old Manse," "Snow Image" and other "Twice Told Tales," and "Tanglewood Tales," had a weird fascination for me, even as a boy. Mr. Hawthorne, as you will see from the letter, had been living at Salem, but had removed to Lenox, of which fact I was ignorant at the time

I addressed him. On this page you will see what he wrote me.

Written three years later, is the letter from the poet, James Russell Lowell, who, not long since, was our Minister to England. He lived in a pleasant old house at Cambridge, which he called "Elmwood." It is not far, I believe, from the homes of other distinguished

Lenox, Nov 18th. 1850.

My dear young friend,

Your note, requesting an autograph, has been forwarded from Salem to this place, where I have been some time a resident. It gives me pleasure to oblige you, so far as this little note can do it, and, in the absence of other topics of correspondence, you will allow me to say, that, but for your express declaration that you are a boy, I might have imagined another origin for your very pretty and graceful note. The beauty and delicate freedom of the chirography would rather have seemed to indicate the fair hand of a young lady.

Praying your pardon for such a supposition, I remain

Very truly

I Respectfully Yours,
Wm^l Macottwood.

Mr. Edward Welles,

Amherst.

Elmwood. 25th Jan^y 1853

Fulles, the author of "Holy & Profane States", says something like this - I am not sure that I remember the exact words.

"In private & personal wrongs, we do well to put on the meekness of the lamb; but, when some great public wrong is done to virtue, all they are asses which are not lions."

I do not know a saying which a republican can more profitably keep in his memory than this.

J. R. Howse

Bostonians, among them that of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the house where the poet Longfellow lived.

When quite a small boy, I can recollect being lifted up in my father's arms to get a glimpse of a distinguished orator who was addressing a mass-meeting in the open air, in a Western city. The speaker was

reformer, John Bright; of Edward Everett Hale, whose books are favorites with boys of

John Bright

Rockdale

Deird Webber

Nov. 20. 1856

and, though he lived many years thereafter, I believe I never happened to see him again.

I am compelled by want of space to omit a large number of letters and signatures of prominent literary people of our own land, but I shall add here the autograph of the great English

the present day; and of Mark Twain, whose humor delights everybody, and whose books,

Dear Mr. Welles:-

Let me write here what we call
the Four Wedsworth Mottos-

"Look up and not down:-

Look forward and not backward:-

Look out and not in

Send a hand "

Truly Yours

Edward E. Hale

Minneapolis.

Nov. 15. 1872

"Tom Sawyer" and the "Prince and Pauper,"

have been very popular with boys. There is in my book a letter from General Scott, who was Commander-in-Chief at the breaking out of the war; and there are signatures of nearly all the prominent generals, both

Federal and Confederate, and of the admirals of both navies; there is also a letter from Jefferson Davis, written while he was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe.

And now let us take a look at a page of signatures, copied from one of my volumes, in which they were written while I was a resident of Washington, in the early years of the war. They are those of President Lincoln, and the officers of his cabinet, as it was then.

Among other autographs of Mr. Lincoln, in my collection, is a telegraphic message which he wrote to General Tyler, then in

Truly yours
S. L. Clemens
Mark Twain

Yours truly

A. Lincoln.

William H. Seward

Auburn.

S. P. Chase June 16, 1862.

Edwin M. Stanton
Washington

Gideon Welles

1 August 1863

A. W. Halliday
Encl in ch

W. Blair

Edw. Bates

J. P. Usher

Indiana

command at Harper's Ferry, inquiring what Confederate troops were about Winchester, and "north of there."

Mr. Lincoln subsequently changed his mind about this message, and did not send it. He crumpled it up and threw it into a waste-basket, from which a friend of mine rescued the paper, and some years after gave it to me.

Here is the autograph of the hero of Fort Sumter, General Robert Anderson, and the date renders the signature peculiarly valuable, proving it to have been written in the fort, in Charleston harbor, only a few weeks before that celebrated stronghold was captured.

Fort Sumter S.C.
March 1, 1861
Very respectfully
Yours etc. etc.
Robert Anderson
Major U.S.A.

In the second part of this description of my collection, I shall show you many other distinguished names, and a touching and beautiful letter from William Makepeace Thackeray,—a letter that has never been published.

(To be concluded.)



THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

THE BOY SETTLERS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER X.

DRAWING THE FIRST FURROW.

THE good-natured Younkins was on hand bright and early the next morning, to show the new settlers where to cut the first furrow on the land which they had determined to plow. Having decided to take the northwest corner of the quarter-section selected, it was easy to find the stake set at the corner. Then, having drawn an imaginary line from the stake to that which was set in the southwest corner, the tall Charlie standing where he could be used as a sign for said landmark, his father and his uncle, assisted by Younkins and followed by the two other boys, set the big breaking-plow as near that line as possible. The four yoke of oxen stood obediently in line. Mr. Howell firmly held the plow-handles; Younkins drove the two forward yoke of cattle, and Mr. Bryant the second two; and the two younger boys stood ready to hurrah as soon as the word was given to start. It was an impressive moment to the youngsters.

"Gee up!" shouted Younkins, as mildly as if the oxen were petted children. The long train moved, the sharp nose of the plow cut into the virgin turf, turning over a broad sod, about five inches thick; and then the plow swept onward toward the point where Charlie stood waving his red handkerchief in the air. Sandy seized a huge piece of the freshly turned sod, and waving it over his head with his strong young arms, he cried, "Three cheers for the first sod of Bleeding Kansas! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!" The farming of the boy settlers had begun.

Charlie, at his distant post on the other side of the creek, saw the beginning of things, and sent back an answering cheer to the two boys who were dancing around the massive and slow-

moving team of cattle. The men smiled at the enthusiasm of the youngsters, but in their hearts the two new settlers felt that this was, after all, an event of much significance. The green turf now being turned over was disturbed by plowshare for the first time since the creation of the world. Scarcely ever had this soil felt the pressure of the foot of a white man. For ages unnumbered it had been the feeding-ground of the buffalo and the deer. The American savage had chased his game over it, and possibly the sod had been wet with the blood of contending tribes. Now all was to be changed. As the black loamy soil was turned for the first time to the light of day, so for the first time the long-neglected plain was being made useful for the support of civilized man.

No wonder the boys cheered and cheered again.

" We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells."

This is what was in Mr. Charles Bryant's mind as he wielded the ox-goat over the backs of the animals that drew the great plow along the first furrow cut on the farm of the emigrants. The day was bright and fair; the sun shone down on the flower-gemmed sod; no sound broke on the still air but the slow treading of the oxen, the chirrup of the drivers, the ripping of the sod as it was turned in the furrow, and the gay shouts of the light-hearted boys.

In a line of marvelous straightness, Younkins guided the leading yoke of cattle directly toward the creek on the other side of which Charlie yet stood, a tall but animated landmark. When, after descending the gradual slope on which the land lay, the trees that bordered the stream hid the lad from view, it was decided that the furrow was long enough to mark the westerly boundary line of the forty acres

which it was intended to break up for the first corn-field on the farm. Then the oxen were turned, with some difficulty, at right angles with the line just drawn, and were driven easterly until the southern boundary of the patch was marked out. Turning now at right angles and tracing another line to the north, then again to the west to the point of original departure, they had accurately defined the outer boundaries of the field on which so much in the future depended; for here was to be planted the first crop of the new-comers.

Younkins, having started the settlers in their first farming, returned across the river to his own plow, first having sat down with the Dixon

snapping up the insects and worms which, astonished at the great upheaval, wriggled in the overturned turf.

"Looks sort er homelike here," said Younkins, with a pleased smile, as he drew his bench to the well-spread board and glanced around at the walls of the cabin, where the boys had already hung their fishing-tackle, guns, Oscar's violin, and a few odds and ends that gave a picturesque look to the long-deserted cabin.

"Yes," said Mr. Bryant, as he filled Younkins's tin cup with hot coffee, "our boys have all got the knack of making themselves at home,—runs in the blood, I guess, and if you come over here again in a day or two, you will



"SANDY SEIZED A HUGE PIECE OF THE FRESHLY TURNED SOD, AND WAVING IT OVER HIS HEAD CRIED, 'THREE CHEERS FOR THE FIRST SOD OF BLEEDING KANSAS!'"

party to a substantial dinner. For the boys, after the first few furrows were satisfactorily turned, had gone back to the cabin and made ready the noon meal. The plowmen, when they came to the cabin in answer to Sandy's whoop from the roof, had made a considerable beginning in the field. They had gone around within the outer edge of the plantation that was to be, leaving with each circuit a broader band of black and shining loam over which a flock of birds hopped and swept with eager movements,

probably find us with rugs on the floor and pictures on the walls. Sandy is a master-hand at hunting, and he intends to get a dozen buffaloeskins out of hand, so to speak, right away." And he looked fondly at his freckled nephew as he spoke.

"A dibble and a corn-dropper will be more in his way than the rifle, for some weeks to come," said Mr. Howell.

"What 's a dibble?" asked both of the youngsters at once.

The elder man smiled and looked at Younkens as he said, "A dibble, my lambs, is an instrument for the planting of corn. With it in one hand you punch a hole in the sod that has been turned over, and then, with the other hand, you drop in three or four grains of corn from the corn-dropper, cover it with your heel, and there you are,—planted."

"Why, I supposed we were going to plant corn with a hoe; and we've got the hoes, too!" cried Oscar.

"No, my son," said his father; "if we were to plant corn with a hoe, we should n't get through planting before next fall, I am afraid. After dinner, we will make some dibbles for you boys, for you must begin to drop corn to-morrow. What plowing we have done to-day, you can easily catch up with when you begin. And the three of you can all be on the furrow at once, if that seems worth while."

The boys very soon understood fully what a dibble was, and what a corn-dropper was, strange though those implements were to them at first. Before the end of planting-time, they fervently wished they had never seen either of these instruments of the corn-planter.

With the aid of a few rude tools, there was fashioned a staff from the tough hickory that grew near at hand, the lower part of the stick being thick and pointed at the end. The staff was about as high as would come up to a boy's shoulder, so that as he grasped it near the upper end, his arm being bent, the lower end was on the ground. The upper end was whittled so as to make a convenient handle for the user. The lower end was shaped carefully into something like the convex sides of two spoons put together by their bowls, and the lower edge of this part was shaved down to a sharpness that was increased by slightly scorching it in the fire. Just above the thickest part of the dibble, a hole was bored at right angles through the wood, and into this a peg was driven so that several inches stuck out on both sides of the instrument. This completed the dibble.

"So that is a dibble, is it?" said Oscar, when the first one was shown him. "A dibble. Now let 's see how you use it."

Thereupon his Uncle Aleck stood up, grasped the staff by the upper end, pressed his foot on

the peg at the lower end of the tool and so forced the sharp point of the dibble downward into the earth. Then, drawing it out, a convex slit was shown in the elastic turf. Shaking an imaginary grain of corn into the hole, he closed it with a stamp of his heel, stepped on and repeated the motion a few times, and then said; "That 's how they plant corn on the sod in Kansas."

"Uncle Aleck, what a lot you know!" said Oscar, with undisguised admiration.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bryant, taking a pair of old boots, cut off the legs just above the ankles, and, fastening in the lower end of each a round bit of wood, by means of small nails, quickly made a pair of corn-droppers. Sandy's belt, being passed through the loop-strap of one of these, was fastened around his waist. The dropper was to be filled with corn, and, thus accoutered, he was ready for doing duty in the newly plowed field. When the lad expressed his impatience for another day to come so that he could begin corn-planting, the two elders of the family laughed outright.

"Sandy, boy, you will be glad when to-morrow night comes, so that you can rest from your labors. You remember what I tell you!" said his father.

Nevertheless, when the two boys stepped bravely out, next morning, in the wake of the breaking-team, they were not in the least dismayed by the prospect of working all day in the heavy furrows of the plow. Bryant drove the leading yoke of oxen, Charlie tried his 'prentice hand with the second yoke, and Howell held the plow.

"He that by the plow would thrive,
Must either hold the plow or drive,"

commented Oscar, filling his corn-dropper and eying his father's rather awkward handling of the ox-goad. Uncle Aleck had usually driven the cattle, but his hand was now required in the more difficult business of holding the plow.

"Plow deep while sluggards sleep," replied his father; "and if you don't manage better with dropping corn than I do with driving these oxen we shall have a short crop."

"How many grains of corn to a hole, Uncle

Aleck? and how many bushels to the acre?" asked Oscar.

"Not more than five grains nor less than three is the rule, my boy. Now then, step out lively."

And the big team swept down the slope, leaving a broad and shining furrow behind it. The two boys followed, one about twenty feet behind the other, and when the hindermost had come

off along the ground, tumbling in the grass as if desperately wounded and unable to fly. Sandy made a rush for the bird, which barely eluded his clutches once or twice, and drew him on and on in a fruitless chase, for the timid creature soon recovered the use of its wings, and soaring aloft, disappeared in the depths of the sky.

"That 's the deceivingest bird I ever saw," panted Sandy, out of breath with running, and looking shamefacedly at the corn which he had spilled in his haste to catch his prey. "Why, it acted just as if its right wing was broken, and then it flew off as sound as a nut, for all I could see."

When the plowmen met them, on the next turn of the team, Uncle Aleck said, "Did you catch the lapwing, you silly boy? That fellow fooled you nicely."

"Lapwing?" said Sandy, puzzled. "What 's a lapwing?" But the plowmen were already out of earshot.

"Oh, I know now," said Oscar. "I 've read of the lapwing; it is a bird so devoted to its young, or its nest, that when it fancies either in danger, it assumes all the distress of a wounded thing, and, fluttering along the ground, draws the sportsman away from the locality."

"Right out of a book, Oscar!" cried Sandy. "And here 's its nest, as sure as I 'm alive!" So saying, the lad stooped and, parting the grass with his hands, disclosed a pretty nest sunk in the ground, holding five finely speckled eggs. The bird, so lately playing the cripple, swooped

and circled around the heads of the boys as they peered into the home of the lapwing.

"Well, here 's an actual settler that we must disturb, Sandy," said Oscar; "for the plow will smash right through this nest on the very next turn. Suppose we take it up and put it somewhere else, out of harm's way?"



SANDY AND OSCAR PLANTING CORN WITH DIBBLES.

up to the work of him who was ahead, he skipped the planted part and went on ahead of his comrade twenty feet, thus alternating each with the other. They were cheerily at work when, apparently from under the feet of the forward yoke of oxen, a bird somewhat bigger than a robin flew up with shrieks of alarm and then went fluttering

"I'm willing," assented Sandy; and the two boys, carefully extracting the nest from its place, carried it well over into the plowed ground, where under the lee of a thick turf it was left in safety. But, as might have been expected, the parent lapwing never went near that nest again. The fright had been too great.

"What in the world are you two boys up to now?" shouted Uncle Aleck from the other side of the plowing. "Do you call that dropping corn? Hurry and catch up with the team; you are 'way behind."

"Great Scott!" cried Sandy, "I had clean forgotten the corn-dropping. A nice pair of farmers we are, Oscar!" and the lad, with might and main, began to close rapidly the long gap between him and the steadily moving ox-team.

"Leg-weary work, is n't it, Sandy?" said his father, when they stopped at noon to take the luncheon they had brought out into the field with them.

"Yes, and I'm terribly hungry," returned the boy, biting into a huge piece of cold corn bread. "I should n't eat this if I were at home, and I should n't eat it now if I were n't as hungry as a bear. Say, daddy, you cannot think how tired my leg is with the punching of that dibble into the sod; seems as if I could n't hold out till sundown; but I suppose I shall. First I punch a hole by jamming down the dibble with my foot, and then I kick the hole again with the same foot, after I have dropped in the grains of corn. Those two motions are dreadfully tiresome."

"Yes," said his uncle, with a short laugh, "and while I was watching you and Oscar, this forenoon, I could n't help thinking that you did not yet know how to make your muscles bear an equal strain. Suppose you try changing legs?"

"Changing legs?" exclaimed both boys at once. "Why, how could we exchange legs?"

"I know what Uncle Aleck means. I saw you always used the right leg to jam down the dibble with, and then you kicked the hole full with the right heel. No wonder your right legs are tired. Change hands and legs, once in a while and use the dibble on the left side of you," said Charlie, whose driving had tired him quite as thoroughly.

"Is n't Charlie too awfully knowing for anything, Oscar?" said Sandy with some sarcasm. Nevertheless, the lad got up, tried the dibble with his left hand, and saying, "Thanks, Charlie," dropped down upon the fragrant sod and was speedily asleep, for a generous nooning was allowed the industrious lads.

CHAPTER XI.

AN INDIAN TRAIL.

THE next day was Sunday, and, true to their New England training, the settlers refrained from labor on the day of rest. Mr. Bryant took his pocket Bible and wandered off into the wild waste of lands somewhere. The others lounged about the cabin, indoors and out, a trifle sore and stiff from the effects of work so much harder than that to which they had been accustomed, and glad of an opportunity to rest their limbs. The younger of the boy settlers complained that they had worn their legs out with punching holes in the sod while planting corn. The soles of their feet were sore with the pressure needed to jam the dibble through the tough turf. In the afternoon, they all wandered off through the sweet and silent wilderness of rolling prairie into the woods in which they proposed to lay off another claim for preëmption. At a short distance above their present home, cutting sharply through the sod, and crossing the Republican Fork a mile or so above their own ford, was an old Indian trail, which the boys had before noticed but could not understand. As Charlie and Oscar, pressing on ahead of their elders, came upon the old trail, they loitered about until the rest of the party came up, and then they asked what could have cut that narrow track in the turf, so deep and so narrow.

"That's an Injun trail," said Younkings, who, with an uncomfortably new suit of Sunday clothes and a smooth-shaven face, had come over to visit his new neighbors. "Did n't you ever see an Injun trail before?" he asked, noting the look of eager curiosity on the faces of the boys. They assured him that they never had, and he continued: "This yere trail has been yere for years and years, long and long before any white folks came into the country.

Up north and east of yere, on the headwaters of the Big Blue, the Cheyennes used to live"—Younkins pronounced it Shyans,—“and as soon as the grass began to start in the spring, so as to give feed to their ponies and to the buffalo, they would come down this yere way for game. They crossed the Fork just above yere-like, and then they struck down to the headwaters of the Smoky Hill and so off to the westwards. Big game was plenty in those days, and now the Indians off to the north of yere come down in just the same way—hunting for game.”

The boys got down on their knees and scanned the trail with new interest. It was not more than nine or ten inches across, and was so worn down that it made a narrow trench, as it were, in the deep sod, its lower surface being as smooth as a rolled wagon-track. Over this well-worn track, for ages past, the hurrying feet of wild tribes had passed so many times that even the wiry grass-roots had been killed down.

“Did war parties ever go out on this trail, do you suppose?” asked Sandy, sitting up in the grass.

“Sakes alive, yes!” replied Younkins. “Why, the Cheyennes and the Comanches used to roam over all these plains, in the old times, and they were mostly at war.”

“Where are the Cheyennes and the Comanches now, Mr. Younkins?” asked Uncle Aleck.

“I reckon the Comanches are off to the south-like somewhere. It appears to me that I heard they were down off the Texas border, somewheres; the Cheyennes are to the westwards, somewhere near Fort Laramie.”

“And what Indians are there who use this trail now?” inquired Oscar, whose eyes were sparkling with excitement as he studied the well-worn path of the Indian tribes.

Younkins explained that the Pottawottomies and the Pawnees, now located to the north, were the only ones who used the trail. “Blanket Indians” he said they were, peaceable creatures enough, but not good neighbors; he did not want any Indians of any sort near him. When one of the boys asked what blanket Indians were, Younkins explained:

“There’s three kinds of Indians, none on ’em good: town Injuns, blanket Injuns, and wild

Injuns. You saw some of the town Injuns when you came up through the Delaware reserve—great lazy fellows, lyin’ round the house all day and letting the squaws do all the work. Then there’s the blankets; they live out in the woods and on the prairie, in teepees, or lodges, of skins and canvas-like, moving round from place to place, hunting over the plains in summer, and living off’n the Gov’ment in winter. They are mostly at peace with the whites, but they will steal whenever they get a chance. The other kind, and the worst, is the wild ones. They have nothing to do with the Government, and they make war on the whites whenever they feel like it. Just now, I don’t know of any wild Injuns that are at war with Uncle Sam; but the Arapahoes, Comanches, and Cheyennes are all likely to break loose any time. I give ’em all a plenty of elbow room.”

As the boys reluctantly ceased contemplating the fascinating Indian trail and moved on behind the rest of the party, Charlie said: “I suppose we must make allowance for Younkins’s prejudices. He is like most of the border men, who believe that all the good Indians are dead. If the Cheyennes and the Comanches could only tell their story in the books and newspapers, we might hear the other side.”

The idea of a wild Indian’s writing a book or a letter to the newspapers tickled Sandy so much that he laughed loud and long.

Some two miles above the point where the settlers’ ford crossed the Republican Fork, the stream swept around a bluff promontory, and on a curve just above this was the tract of timber land which they now proposed to enter upon for their second claim. The trees were oak, hickory, and beech, with a slight undergrowth of young cottonwoods and hazel. The land lay prettily, the stream at this point flowing in a southerly direction, with the timber claim on its northwesterly bank. The sunny exposure of the grove, the open glades that diversified its dense growth, and the babbling brook that wound its way through it to the river, all combined to make it very desirable for a timber claim. At a short distance from the river the land rose gradually to a high ridge, and on the top of this grew a thick wood of spruce and fir.

“That’s what you want for your next cabin,”

said Younkins, pointing his finger in the direction of the pines. "Best kind of stuff for building there is in these parts." Then he explained to the boys the process of cutting down the trees, splitting them up into shakes, or into lengths suitable for cabin-building, and he gave them an entertaining account of all the ways and means of finishing up a log-cabin, a process, by the way, which they found then more entertaining in description than they afterward found it in the reality.

That night when Sandy lay down to refreshing sleep it was to dream of picturesque Indian fights witnessed at a safe distance from afar. Accordingly, he was not very much surprised next morning, while he was helping Charlie to get ready the breakfast, that Oscar ran in breathless, with the one word, "Indians!"

"Come out on the hill back of the cabin," panted Oscar. "There 's a lot of 'em coming out on the trail we saw yesterday, all in Indian file. Hurry up!" and away he darted, Sandy hastening with him to see the wonderful sight.

Sure enough, there they were, twenty-five or thirty Indians—blanket Indians, as Younkins would have said—strung along in the narrow trail, all in Indian file. It amazed the lads to see how the little Indian ponies managed to keep their feet in the narrow trail. But they seemed to trot leisurely along with one foot before the other, just as the Indians did. Behind the mounted men were men and boys on foot nearly as many as had passed on horseback. These kept up with the others, silently but swiftly maintaining the same pace that the mounted fellows did. It was a picturesque and novel sight to the young settlers. The Indians were dressed in the true frontier style, with hunting-shirt and leggings of dressed deerskin, a blanket slung loosely over the shoulder, all bare-headed, and with coarse black hair flowing in the morning breeze, except for the loose knot in which it was twisted behind. Some of them carried their guns slung on their backs, but most of them had the weapons in their hands, ready for firing on the instant.

"There they go, over the divide," said Oscar, as the little cavalcade reached the last swale of the prairie and began to disappear on the other side. Not one of the party deigned even

to look in the direction of the wondering boys; and if they saw them, as they probably did, they made no sign.

"There they go, hunting buffalo, I suppose," said Sandy, with a sigh, as the last Indian of the file disappeared down the horizon. "Dear me! don't I wish I was going out after buffalo, instead of having to dibble corn into the sod all day! Waugh! Don't I hate it!" and the boy turned disconsolately back to the cabin. But he rallied with his natural good-humor when he had his tale to tell at the breakfast table. He eagerly told how they had seen Indians passing over the old trail, and had gazed on the redskins as they went "on the warpath."

"Warpath indeed!" laughed Charlie. "Pot-hunters, that's what they are. All the warfare they are up to is waged on the poor innocent buffalo that Younkins says they are killing off and making scarcer every year."

"If nobody but Indians killed buffalo," said Mr. Bryant, "there would be no danger of their ever being all killed off. But, in course of time, I suppose this country will all be settled up, and then there will be railroads, and after that the buffalo will have to go. Just now, any white man that can't saddle his horse and go out and kill a buffalo before breakfast thinks they are getting scarce. But I have heard some of the soldiers say that away up north of here, a little later in the season, settlers cannot keep their crops, the buffalo roam all over everything so."

"For my part," put in Charlie, "I am not in the least afraid that the buffalo will be so plenty around these parts that they will hurt our crops; but I'd just like to see a herd come within shooting distance." And here he raised his arms and took aim along an imaginary rifle.

Later in the forenoon, when the two younger boys had reached the end of the two rows in which they had been planting, Sandy straightened himself up with an effort and said: "This *is* leg-weary work, is n't it, Oscar? I hate work, anyhow," he added, discontentedly, leaning on the top of his dibble and looking off over the wide and green prairie that stretched toward the setting sun. "I wish I was an Indian."

Oscar burst into a laugh, and said, "Wish you were an Indian!—so you could go hunting



"SURE ENOUGH, THERE THEY WERE, TWENTY-FIVE OR THIRTY INDIANS."

when you like and not have any work to do? Why, Sandy, I did n't think that of you."

Sandy colored faintly and said, "Well, I do hate work, honestly; and it is only because I know that I ought, and that father expects me to do my share, that I do it and never grumble about it. Say, I never do grumble, do I, Oscar?" he asked earnestly.

"Only once in a while, when you can't help it, Sandy. I don't like work any better than you do; but it's no use talking about it, we've got to do it."

"I always feel so in the spring," said Sandy sententiously and with a little sigh as he went pegging away down another furrow.

Forty acres of land was all that the settlers intended to plant with corn, for the first year. Forty acres does not seem a very large tract of land to speak of, but when one sees the area marked out with a black furrow and realizes that every foot of it must be covered with the corn-planter, it looks formidable. The boys thought it was a very big piece of land when they regarded it in that way. But the days soon flew by, and even while the young workers were stumping over the field, they consoled themselves with visions of gigantic ripe watermelons and mammoth pumpkins and squashes that would regale their eyes before long. For, following the example of most Kansas farmers,

they had stuck into many of the furrows with the corn the seeds of these easily grown vines.

"Keep the melons a good way from the pumpkins, and the squashes a good way from both, if you don't want a bad mixture," said Uncle Aleck to the boy settlers. Then he explained that if the pollen of the squash-blossoms should happen to fall on the melon-blossoms, the fruit would be neither good melon nor

yet good squash, but a poor mixture of both. This piece of practical farming was not lost on Charlie; and when he undertook the planting of the garden spot which they found near the cabin, he took pains to separate the cucumber-beds as far as possible from the hills in which he planted his cantaloup seeds. The boys were learning while they worked, even if they did grumble occasionally over their tasks.

(To be continued.)

OUT OF CHILDHOOD.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

*"But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like, in Nature's mint;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind."*—IN MEMORIAM.

THERE was a stream, low-voiced and shy;
So narrow was the lazy tide,
The reeds that grew on either side
Crossed their green swords against the sky.

And in the stream a shallow boat,
With prow thrust deep among the reeds
And broad stern wound with water-weeds,
Lay half aground and half afloat.

And in the boat, hand clasping hand,
Two children sat as in a dream,
Their eyes upon the lapsing stream,
Their faces turned away from land.

They cared not for a little rift
That came between them and the shore,
And softly widened more and more,
Till on the stream they lay adrift.

They murmured absently and low
That presently they must return
To their sweet stores of gathered fern,
And tinted pebbles ranged in row.

Through limpid pools they drifted slow,
They looked before and not behind,
And fancied still they heard the wind
That through the weeds went whispering low.

The lengthening ripples wore a crest—
The white foam grew beneath the stern,

And murmuring still, "We will return,"
The river bore them on its breast.

They hailed the homeward-fitting bee,
They smelled the rose upon the shore,
The current widened more and more,
The river bore them to the sea.

Now over ocean caves impearled
Unheedingly they drift and drift,
And know not that the little rift
Has widened into half the world.

And like the pearls in ocean caves
The vision of their lost delight
Is whelmed and flooded out of sight,
By thoughts on thoughts, like waves on waves.

And would they — what they never will,
And could they — what they never can,
Turn back through space as 't were a span,
And stand again beside the rill,

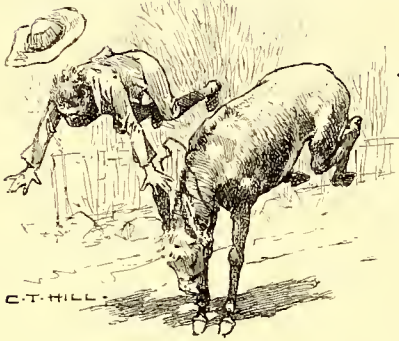
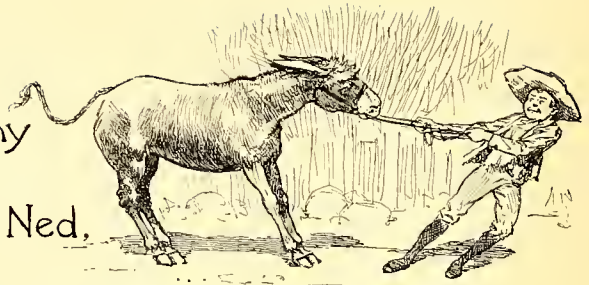
Its shallow rhythm, as it glides
Through tangled sedge and feathery ferns,
Would vex the wakening sense, that learns
The chant of winds, the sweep of tides.

Yet sometimes, when the wind is low,
And sunken treasure of the caves
Shines faintly upward through the waves,
The old thought rises even so.

And while they watch as in a dream
The circling drift of ocean-weeds,
They babble still of those green reeds
That crossed their swords above the stream.



A little boy
 named Johnny
 Had a donkey
 he called Ned,



Who when e'er he
 tried to ride him
 Always threw
 him o'er his
 head,



RHODA'S VISIT.

BY AMY WILSON.

THE Misses Dysart lived in a large, roomy house in one of the pleasantest of English country towns. They were amiable old ladies, always doing good works and little kindnesses, and greatly respected by the small circle in which they moved.

"I think, Elizabeth," said Miss Dysart one morning, as she and her younger sister were comfortably sipping their tea, "I really think we ought to ask poor Emily to come and stay with us. A little society would cheer her up, and she must be sadly worn out, caring for those children. Either she's very careless with them, or they're unusually susceptible, for they seem

to catch every complaint that exists, and to have each one worse than the last."

"'Shoemaker's children are always the worst shod,' you know," said Elizabeth apologetically (her father used to say that if the arch-fiend appeared in person, Bessie would find an excuse for him). "I suppose it's the same with doctor's children!"

"I wish you would give up using such vulgar proverbs and would learn not to interrupt me," replied her sister. "I was going to say that if we *do* ask Emily, the best time would be now, before the spring cleaning, and while there would still be something going on to occupy

her"; and, rising from her chair, like one who had thoroughly made up her mind, she rang the bell twice, for prayers (ringing once would have meant "bring coals"), and settled herself at the little table by the window, spectacles on nose.

"Poor Emily" was the wife of Miss Dysart's youngest brother, and there really did seem to be some truth in her sister-in-law's assertion about the children. There were eight of them, and, after a stormy autumn of whooping-cough, they had all fallen easy victims to the measles, which had been raging all winter in the neighborhood where their father practised.

No doubt Mrs. Dysart was much to be pitied; but when their unlucky children were all in bed and asleep, she and her husband managed to laugh merrily over the way the invitation was worded.

"No, Edward, I won't go away until we can all go together, in spite of the attractions of the bazar, and the three missionary meetings; and—oh! no—your sisters are very kind, but I couldn't suggest taking Arthur, or even Georgie, with me. It puts them out so dreadfully, and, besides, the children are so spoilt and worried. They're far less trouble if left at home, after all 's said and done."

At that moment the door opened and a little girl of about ten came noiselessly into the room in her night-gown. Her blue eyes were wide open and her feet were bare.

"Why, Rhoda, did you want me to tuck you in?" said Mrs. Dysart softly, and without showing any astonishment she took her little daughter by the hand and led her off to bed.

She came back in a few minutes with rather an anxious look on her cheerful face.

"I was so afraid she'd wake up and be frightened. Caroline was sitting in the nursery sewing, but she did not hear Rhoda go down."

"Numbers of children walk in their sleep," replied her husband reasoningly, as he cut the pages of his paper, a medical journal.

"Yes, I know—I used to, myself; but I'm not happy about Rhoda. She's grown so fast, and this is such a trying time of year for children when they're not strong. I have an idea, Edward. Do you think your sisters would take her instead of me? She's very little trouble, and the change to the south would do her all the

good in the world. I shall write this very night, and ask them."

Mrs. Dysart was a marvel of promptitude when once she made up her mind; and, in less than a week, Rhoda found herself driving up the steep streets which led to her aunts' house, with her modest little trunk, and a hamper of garden stuff, turkeys' eggs, and last year's apples, on the top of the cab. Her father had managed to take two days' holiday to go with her, and the journey had been great fun. There had been the importance of an early breakfast in the dining-room to begin with (though it was only Mrs. Dysart's decided, "Well, my dear, if you really can't eat anything I shall not be able to let you go," which had made Rhoda do justice to the unwonted luxuries of tea and bacon); then followed a vision of white-gowned, sleepy little brothers and sisters waving and kissing their hands from the nursery window as the carriage drove away; and before long Rhoda was glad to cuddle up to her father, and to sleep, too, while he tucked the railway rug round them both, and read his newspaper, and the train crawled through the flat green meadows. It was midday when they reached London, and as they drove through the crowded streets, Rhoda innocently asked if it was market-day, because there were so many people; to which her father answered that it was always market-day in London, and that the streets through which they were passing were only a very little bit of a very big city.

And then they were off again; only this time it was in an express-train, and they were rushing through a country most fair,—a country which brought a light into her father's eyes she had never seen there. He flung down the window, and pointed out, now Windsor Castle with its gray tower and waving flag; now the silvery reaches of the Thames, as it flashed for a moment into their sight, and then was lost among the trees, to reappear again directly as if by magic,—until they finally left it far behind, and sped on and on, through tunnels and among gray hills which looked mysterious in the fast waning daylight. Rhoda was very tired and sleepy when her father lifted her out of the cab at her aunts' door. "And now, little white-face, you must pop into bed, and mind you're to be

quite fat and rosy when you come home," said Mr. Dysart, when their supper was over.

A few minutes later Aunt Elizabeth climbed up the two flights of stairs to her small niece's room.

"Good-night, darling; you feel *quite* at home, don't you? and she gave the little girl a great many kisses as she spoke.

"Oh, yes, Auntie; thank you," said poor Rhoda politely (though as a matter of fact she had never felt less at home than at that moment, and was secretly wishing herself back again in her own little room, with the friendly lights and voices from the night nursery just opposite). But things always look brighter by day than by night; and, after the first wave of home-sickness was over, Rhoda soon began to enjoy all the strange sights of the town, and the beauty of the neighboring scenery, which in her eyes seemed fairy-like after the flatness of her own fenland home.

One wet Sunday afternoon she wrote this letter to her favorite brother:

MY DEAR ARCHIE:

I go to a dancing-class now. Its a large one. And once a week we don't do dancing but climb Ladders and things instead. They are awfully easy ones, much easier than the one up to the Hay-loft. I wish you were here. There's a robin making a nest in the garden behind the house. Its a very little Garden. Kiss Tozer for me and do save me some of the best seeds when Mother gets them. Your loving

RHODA.

And Archie wrote in answer:

DEAR RHODA: I very sorry I have n't written before. I gave your kiss to Tozer and he licked it off and sniffed. We have found three thrushes nests and I suppose you know that the one we found first was stolen they have all got eggs in. I had the hickups last Sunday in church but I found a very good way to stop them which was to squash my handkerchief down my throat. I am making a kettle-holder for the dining-room its a pot with a lot of steam coming out of the lid and grounded with red. I am your affectionate brother

ARCHIE.

Rhoda's father had forbidden her to study lessons until she should grow stronger, but his sisters' suggestion of dancing-lessons he had entirely approved.

"All young ladies ought to know how to dance and to walk gracefully," said Miss Dysart, as they were on their way to the academy where the lessons were given, "and you are just com-

ing to the awkward age when such teaching is most beneficial."

Rhoda agreed, but as they entered the room with its rows upon rows of girls, big and little, she felt with dismay that she had reached the awkward age already. "This is my niece, Mr. Washington," said Miss Dysart to the dancing-master, who came mincingly forward with his best bow; and then, with fifty pairs of eyes upon her, poor Rhoda had to confess that she did not know even the first position from the third, and she was led away to be drilled among the very tiniest ones, by a girl no taller than herself.

"We shall call for you again in an hour, my dear," said her aunt; and Rhoda, who was then standing painfully on one shaking foot and waving the other wildly in the air, tried to smile an assent, with the result that she lost her balance and nearly fell over backward.

Presently they all sat down for a rest, and then the girls gathered into groups, and chattered and laughed. Rhoda found a quiet corner, and watched them with open eyes, for there were not many children near her own home, and she had never seen so many girls, nor heard the chatter of so many tongues wagging at the same time.

Her fancy was particularly taken by three little girls, the eldest about her own age, the youngest quite a tiny child, whose dainty dancing she had watched with admiration. They were sitting demurely by a French governess, and were evidently sisters, for they were dressed alike in pretty velvet frocks, with black silk stockings and pointed shoes. "Real, grown-up shoes with heels," thought Rhoda, and she sighed as she looked at her own ankle-strap sandals, which were new, and consequently half a size too big. Her blue serge frock, too, with its loose sailor-bodice and plain skirt, seemed somehow out of place; although, had she known it, it was really more suitable than many of the gay costumes around her.

The dress question was troubling Miss Dysart, for when she and her sister had paid their calls, and were on their way to the academy, she leaned back in the carriage and said:

"I have been thinking about Rhoda's dresses, Elizabeth. I imagined, of course, she would

have a Sunday frock — silk or poplin — but it seems Emily buys a quantity of serge from the coastguards, and dresses all her children in it. Quite like a charity-school, and I shall tell her so.”

“No doubt poor Emily tries to be economical, and I think she said something about there not being time to make a new frock,” Miss Elizabeth put in with her apologetic little cough.

“As Rhoda is our niece, she must not look peculiar,” continued Miss Dysart, disregarding her sister, “and I have been thinking about those two shawls we had for Edward’s wedding. We shall never wear such gay colors again, and it seems a pity to keep them put away.”

Miss Elizabeth was several years younger than her sister, and she felt a secret yearning after her shawl: but she was used to stifling her own wishes, so she murmured a faint assent.

“Very well, then we ’ll see about it at once; and the ‘Bible-woman’ shall make them up.”

The shawls in question were of a soft cashmere material; Mrs. Dysart’s being of a rich chocolate color, while her sister’s was of that bright shade of pink, neither salmon nor rose, which was fashionable a good many years ago.

But it happened that the “Bible-woman” was suffering from a bruised finger, and so the making of the dress had to be postponed for a little time.

Meanwhile Rhoda went on with the dancing-lessons, and soon was able to take her place among the girls of her own age; in the gymnasium she had been quite at home from the beginning, thanks to her brother’s training and a pair of wiry arms.

Now, of all the children she met at the academy, the most fascinating to her were three little sisters she had noticed there the first day. Once she had the happiness of dancing with the eldest of them, who told her that her name was Violet St. Ives, that her father was in India, and that her mother had just taken a house not very far from the one where the Misses Dysart lived.

“We have been here such a short time that we know hardly any of the girls,” she added, in a pause of the latest polka.

“I don’t know any, either,” said Rhoda. She

would gladly have continued the conversation had not Violet’s governess, who was sitting with her embroidery at the other end of the room, signaled to them to go on dancing, which they accordingly did.

That day, as Rhoda was running upstairs to get ready for dinner, the housemaid, who was young and friendly, paused in her scrubbing to say, “Please, Miss, your dress is come. You ’ll have something fine to wear now.”

The “Bible-woman” was an excellent person in her own profession, but as a dressmaker she did not rank very high. She had done her best, no doubt, and Rhoda had really stood very still to be fitted, but when the little girl saw the dress finished and laid out on the bed, her heart fairly sank within her. The skirt had been made of the pink material with a heavy flounce of the chocolate laid on it, and there was a chocolate polonaise with a good many little pink bows dotted about it; and instead of doing up simply as her frocks were always made, it fastened with big buttons in the front and had a bewildering number of tapes to tie at the back.

Rhoda’s politeness was never so strained as when she thanked her aunts for their kind present; and that evening before going to bed, when she looked at the frock hanging in the big closet with the glass door, she could hardly suppress a groan.

“I ’m afraid it ’s going to be wet, Aunty,” she said on the morning of the next dancing-day, “so perhaps I ’d better put on my *old* frock.”

“I ’m glad to find you are so careful, my dear,” said Miss Dysart, approvingly; “but if it rains you need not go on foot; so run along and get ready.”

Her last hope gone, and the rain being only an April shower, she wriggled herself into the objectionable frock and started, arriving at the dancing-room just as the other girls were taking their places.

They all looked up as she came in, and Rhoda thought regretfully of her plain old dress, as the big mirrors at each end of the room reflected the pink and brown figure again and again with cruel distinctness, while a faint smile was clearly visible on several faces.

The three little sisters were there in pretty

new gray flannel frocks, and Rhoda was glad to sneak into her place as far behind them as possible.

Before long the exercises were over, and then they all stood up for the quadrille. Rhoda heard her name called, and, just at that moment her partner, a big girl who had wished to dance with someone else, whispered rather ill-naturedly, "I think your dress is coming to bits"; she turned round hastily to the mirror, and, sure enough, there was a long white tape trailing on the ground. In vain she stood upon one leg and made a frantic grab at it. The "Bible-woman's" sewing was conscientiously finished off, and all the tugging seemed only to make matters worse. She was in the act of tying it up somehow, when the dancing-master's voice sounded clearly through the room: "When you have *quite* finished admiring yourself in the glass, Miss Dysart, we shall all be glad to begin the quadrille!"

There was a suppressed titter among the least well-mannered of the girls, and poor Rhoda felt her cheeks growing pinker than the unlucky frock which was the cause of her confusion. The hot tears bubbled up into her eyes; but she was too proud to let them fall, although she was young enough to feel that her whole life was blighted by this cruel accusation. At last the quadrille was over, and, while several advanced pupils stood up for a Spanish dance, Rhoda sat down on the nearest seat and felt it would have been a relief if the floor had opened beneath her.

She was too miserable to notice that Violet St. Ives had left her place to whisper something to a lady who was sitting near, and she looked up with surprise when the same lady came and sat down by her.

"I think you must be the little Rhoda about whom Violet has told me?"

Rhoda nodded assent, and the lady went on: "Well, I'm her mother, and I used to know your father when I was a little girl,—ever so many years ago. I'm afraid your aunts will have forgotten all about me, but I must ask them if they will let me call on them, and perhaps they would spare you to come to tea with us some day."

Rhoda's cheeks turned pink again, but this

time it was with pleasure, "Oh, I should like to come very much," she said quickly, losing all her shyness as she looked into the face beside her; for she thought she had never seen one so kind or so pretty.

"And now," said Mrs. St. Ives, after a few more friendly words, speaking to Rhoda quite as if addressing one of her own children, "stand up, and let me see if I can mend your frock for you. I don't think there's any great damage done. There! That's all right now"; and then, as the lesson was over, she added: "Good-by; I must go and find my chicks, but we shall meet again before very long." Mrs. St. Ives was as good as her word; and, though Miss Dysart said it was a very unusual thing to call before you had been called upon, she received her most graciously, and it was agreed that Rhoda might join the St. Ives children in their daily walk.

"They will so much enjoy having her!" Mrs. St. Ives said, as she rose to take her leave, "and I will tell Mademoiselle to look out for her tomorrow." Mademoiselle was punctual to the moment, and Rhoda thought she had never taken so pleasant a walk,—though at first she was rather awed by their all chatting together in French, until Violet kindly put her at her ease.

"There's nothing in our knowing French," she said; "we've been in France so often, and Mademoiselle has been our governess such a long time. I expect you know ever so much more arithmetic than we do. And what fun it must be when one has brothers! Do tell us about yours."

After that Rhoda spent few lonely days; for her new friends seemed always to have on foot some pleasant plan in which she must share. It was Mrs. St. Ives, too, who got Miss Dysart's consent to her having another new dress; though how she brought it about, Rhoda never quite knew. But one day she was sent for by her aunt, and as she entered the drawing-room she caught the words: "Just now I'm employing a very nice young girl who had been obliged to leave service on account of her health. So it would be quite a charity if you could find her a little work. She has the pattern of that gray frock of Violet's that you liked. It would suit Rhoda nicely. Why, here she is!" And be-

fore she knew what had happened Mrs. St. Ives had carried her off to be measured.

At last the visit came to an end, and Rhoda's trunk was so filled with treasures for the little ones, and keepsakes for herself, that she was

"This is the frock, Mother," said Rhoda, as together they were unpacking the trunk the night of her arrival home. "Need I wear it? It's so dreadfully ugly, and I know that the boys will be sure to laugh at me in it!"

"No, dear, I don't think so," replied her mother kindly. "Pink and brown will both take blue, so we'll have it dyed a dark navy, and you yourself shall make it up for Caroline's younger sister."

The friendship between Rhoda and Violet proved a lasting one; and no summer was considered complete unless Violet spent a few weeks of it in the Dysarts' country-house, where she was taught to play cricket, to care for the babies, and even to climb "the ladder up to the hayloft" with an agility which would have terrified poor Mademoiselle into hysterics. And every winter Rhoda returned the visit.

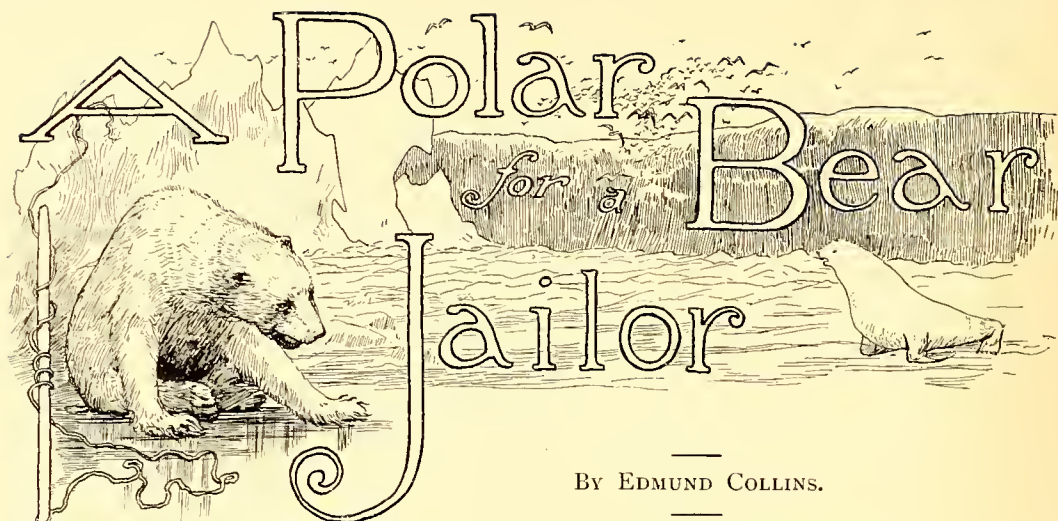
It is a very old joke between the two girls, but even now, if she is ever dreamy or inatten-



"WHEN YOU 'VE QUITE FINISHED ADMIRING YOURSELF, MISS DYSART, WE SHALL ALL BE GLAD TO BEGIN THE QUADRILLE!" SAID THE DANCING-MASTER.

obliged to borrow a box for her less interesting possessions. Violet and she broke a threepenny bit between them by way of a farewell ceremony, and many were the tears shed on both sides.

ive, Violet is sure to say: "When you've quite finished admiring yourself, Miss Dysart"; and the funny thing about it is that Rhoda does not mind it at all!



A Polar Jailor for a Bear

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

ON the western coast of Greenland is a settlement called Upernavik. It is peopled partly by Eskimos and partly by Danes. In this settlement dwelt a Danish clergyman, Olaf Neilson by name, with a son and a daughter: Oscar, eighteen years old, and Hilda, sixteen.

Early in June of each year, it was the custom of the good clergyman Olaf to make a tour up or down the coast for a distance of about one hundred miles, preaching during his absence to the natives in their own tongue, and to the Danes in Danish.

In early summer, Oscar frequently went hunting walrus and seal, with his gun or spear. It is well known that this cold, cheerless coast is never without icebergs. In the winter they are found in Baffin's Bay, and move a little northward or southward at each turn of the tide. In summer many move close to the coast, or start away on a tour through southern waters. One June an iceberg thus drifted straight to the mouth of the harbor of Upernavik. There it grounded, and the in-shore wind pressed it with great force up into the jaws of the harbor. So large was the mass that the wind blowing in from it was chilled to below the freezing point, and nipped all the flowers, buds, and grasses that had appeared in the valley. The sun honeycombed it, and left huge dark caves in many parts close to the water's edge, and into

these caverns the sea went booming with a great sound. Oscar and Hilda went off in their *kayak* to see it; and they noticed that the quiet pools which had formed in the caves were the resort of seals and walrus during part of the day.

"I shall have some good spearing there," said Oscar, as they turned their *kayak* toward home. So he ground his spear sharp, and oiled the barbs at the point, which was shaped like an arrow; bent a new line to the handle and the next day set out alone in the *kayak*. Meanwhile, Hilda went up the valley for the goats. Her parting words to her brother were to be careful and to keep watch for bears, as this was a favorite haunt of the shaggy and fierce polar bear. These insatiable brutes prowled about the rocks constantly during the day, pouncing upon and rending the unsuspecting seals. At night they hid themselves among the scrub-firs and white birches, and many a defenseless reindeer went down under a blow of their cruel paws.

Pulling his *kayak* up on the rocks, Oscar proceeded out to the berg. In its contact with the reefs and rocks, several blocks of ice had become detached from the main body, and these, driven in by the wind and sea, formed a bridge between the land and the chill island of ice. Round about the berg a number of black heads were constantly bobbing above the surface, and here and there Oscar could make out the ungainly form of a walrus. The black heads were those of seals.

The base of the berg was not less than two

acres in area, and from it rose to a considerable height two columns of dark-blue ice somewhat resembling towers in form. One of these was honeycombed at the base, and through the sides of the low flat mass upon which the towers rested were various openings, so that when an ocean swell came rolling in, it went through these perforations with a piping sound. Several seals and walrus passed in and out through them, during the time Oscar sat upon a huge ice-block thinking out his best course of action. He decided that he would enter the main cave in the ice tower, hide there, and wait.

Moving along carefully, with the coil of line hanging upon his shoulder and the spear in his hand, he entered the dim, cold cave. It was hollowed out irregularly, and resembled a cave in a cliff where the rock is rent and you are not sure but that a boulder will fall upon you at any moment. The open space, Oscar told me, was about forty feet square, and in the center of it, dipping eight or ten feet below the floor of the passage-way, was a deep pool of water covering about half the area of the floor of the cave. Into this a large, square block of ice had fallen from the roof.

How fortunate its presence was will soon appear!

Oscar crouched down on the cold gray ice, his spear grasped in his hand, and his coil of rope lying beside him with one end fastened to his wrist. A gurgling sound, as of hurrying water on the other side of the pool, came to him, and he watched and listened to make out the cause. Presently he saw two round black heads disappear as if they had gone through the ice at the place whence the sound came, and then four or five other heads of seals bobbed up, as if they had entered the little lake from that point. He knew then that it must be a passage leading to the sea.

But while the gurgling sound of the water came to him from the pool, he heard a slighter and different noise coming from the mouth of the cave by which he had entered. Turning, he saw, to his unspeakable horror, a huge polar bear, its shaggy hide dripping water! The beast had seen him and was hulking along toward him. Oscar turned and faced it for a moment — but what could he do with his spear

against such an assailant? The spear could never go through that shaggy coat and thick hide. How the animal's claws spread and stretched over the ice as it came along!

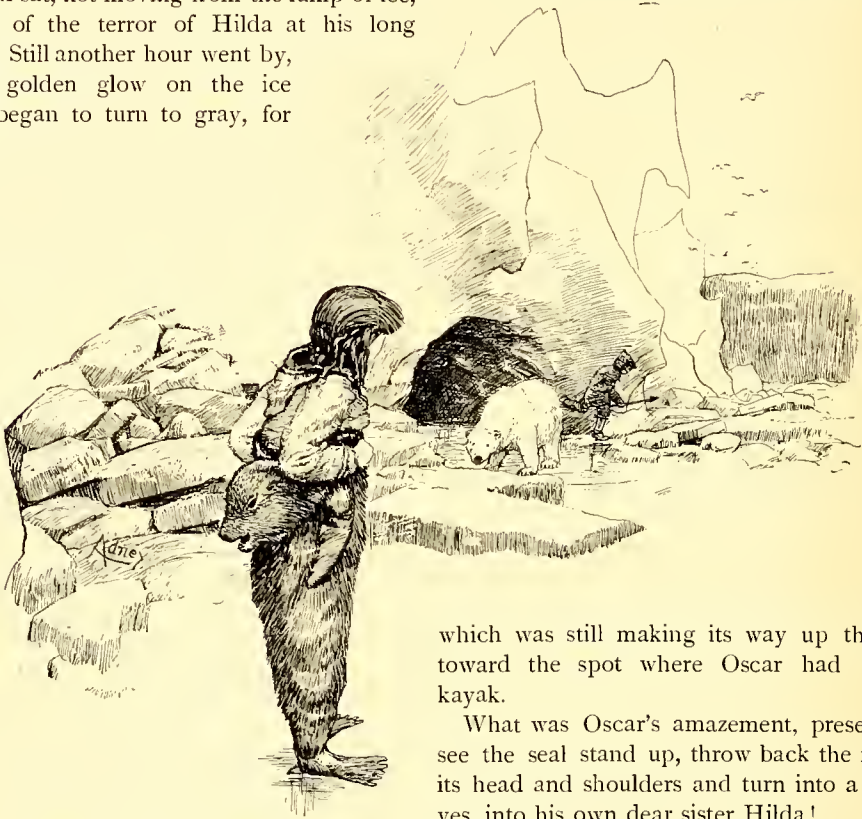
There was no use now in repenting his folly in not having brought his father's heavy gun. What was he to do? All this passed like lightning through his mind. He quickly retreated a short distance, but he was stopped by the pool which at one point touched the side of the cave. The bear still hulked toward him, and in the dim light of the place its eyeballs smoldered like phosphorescent flame. Nearer and nearer it came, now crouching lower, its muzzle thrust out, and its claws stretching farther than ever from its feet.

There was only one course. Oscar sprang into the icy water, and in three or four strokes was close to the ice-cube. His spear and coil of rope were upon his shoulder, and by driving the spear into the hard blue cube he was enabled to get upon it. It was just large enough to bear his weight; but he was obliged to stand very still on the middle of it to prevent it from heeling to one side and sliding him into the water. It was almost as dark as night in the pool, and Oscar could see the two glowering eyes of the bear looking down upon him. He thought no more of spearing seal or walrus. What if the bear should plunge down? It would be well, Oscar thought, for he could jump off the ice-cube, land on the farther side, scale the rough ice with the aid of his spear, and escape by the way he had come before the bear could overtake him. But the beast did not come into the pool. It turned away from the brink, and for two hours — two hours of wet, and cold, and terror — Oscar did not see the bear again. Perhaps it had left the cave when it found that it had lost its prey.

Then Oscar resolved to go to the top again and sprang into the water, climbing hastily by the easiest way to the floor of the cavern. To his utter dismay he saw the great brute lying on the ice close to the cave's mouth! Its instinct had taught it that the prey of which it had been balked could go in and out only by this opening. It did not look toward the pool, but lay there dozing or sleeping, now and again moving its head or one of its legs.

Hour after hour passed, until Oscar knew that it must be late in the afternoon, for the sun shone yellow on the ice beyond the mouth of the cavern. Still his savage jailer made no move; still Oscar sat, not moving from the lump of ice, thinking of the terror of Hilda at his long absence. Still another hour went by, and the golden glow on the ice outside began to turn to gray, for

disappeared, making after this new prey, and you may be sure Oscar was not long in getting outside of this terrible dungeon. The bear was at a safe distance from him, pursuing the seal.



HILDA RESCUES HER BROTHER.

the sun was below the hills that sheltered Upernavik.

The horror of the situation was now plain before Oscar's eyes. The bear could exist days and days without food, and might remain where it was for that length of time. And what was to become of him! He murmured the prayers his father had taught him, and tried to be calm. But how could he?

Another half-hour of terror passed, and then Oscar saw the bear spring to its feet, thrust out its head, and make for the opening of the cavern. Oscar held his breath, and, peering out, saw a seal slowly crossing the great ice platform, making for the rocks. The bear swiftly

which was still making its way up the rocks toward the spot where Oscar had left his kayak.

What was Oscar's amazement, presently, to see the seal stand up, throw back the fur from its head and shoulders and turn into a girl!—yes, into his own dear sister Hilda!

She shouted aloud and waved her handkerchief. The bear, evidently disconcerted, turned, ran lumberingly up a gulch, and disappeared into a tangle of ground-firs.

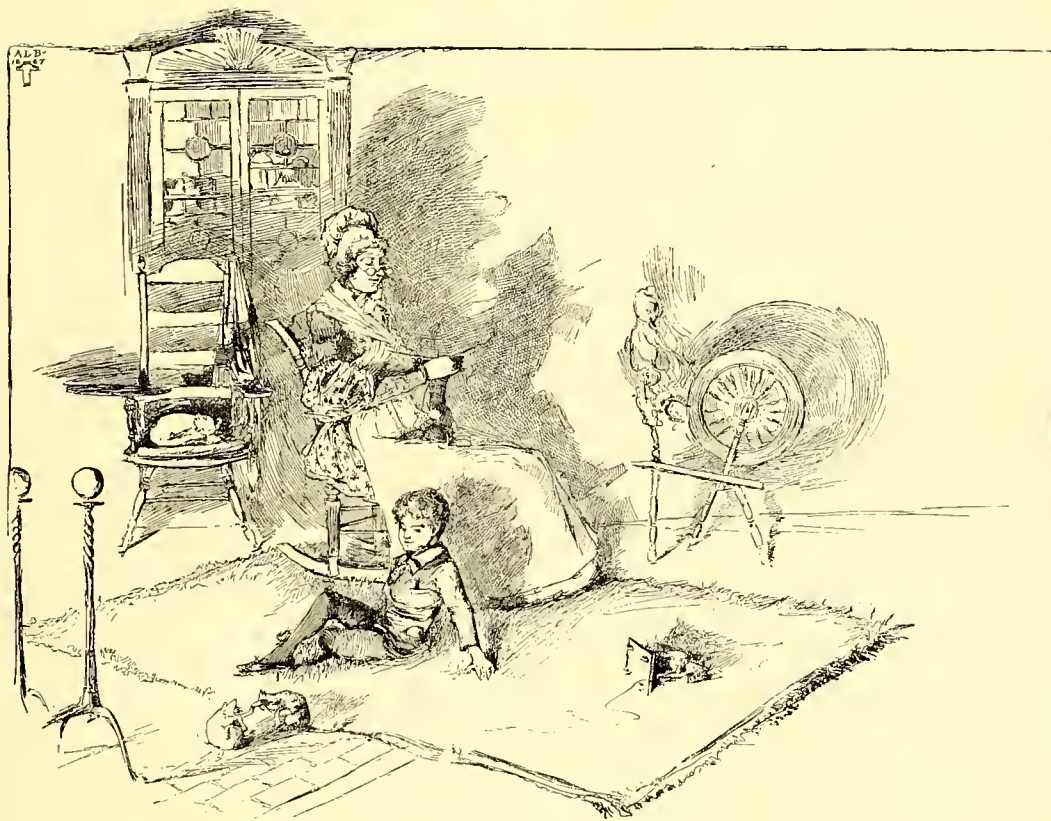
When the brother and sister met their joy was so great that neither could speak a word. Hilda, borrowing another kayak, had come to look for Oscar, and had seen the bear at the mouth of the cave. At once suspecting the cause of her brother's absence, she went home, got the skin, and personated a seal, with the complete success I have recorded.

This good, kind family are still in Greenland, and their names are always mentioned with affection and almost with reverence by the people of that cold and desolate coast.

AN OPINION.

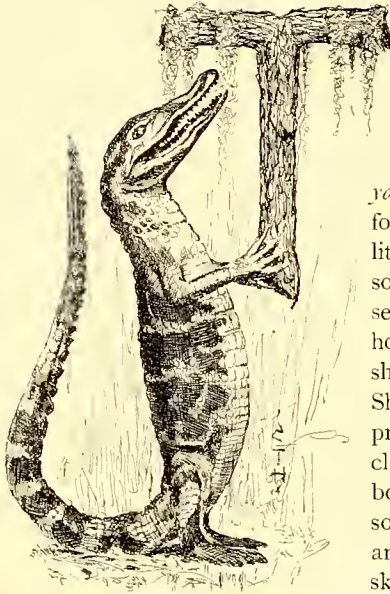
BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

My grandma says that little boys
Make too much noise —
Considering of course their size.
She 's very wise !
I think the birds up in the trees,
The chippy-wees,
Are noisier by far than I,
And don't half try.
And then the noise made on the pane
By drops of rain,
That patter early, patter late,
Is very great !
And so, I say, it seems to me,
To noisy be
Is what you should expect at all
Times, from the small.



THE ALLIGATORS' FUNERAL.

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.



I just wish you had Susy for a sister a little while, so that you'd see exactly how trying she can be. She does sew pretty dolls' clothes—the bodies fitting so closely and the over-skirts hanging so beautifully— and she can set the tea-table for our dolls' parties, so that all the girls say, "Why, Annie! I should think you'd be glad to have such a sister,"—and of course I am, but then they don't know what aggravating things she says. I suppose I've been real mad with Susy about the alligators as many as a dozen times. She hurt my feelings about them nearly every day until the poor little darlings died. She used to call them, "Those ill-smelling little saurians of yours," until I'd cry.

The way we came to have the alligators was this. You see, whenever papa comes home in the evening, he brings something for us in his pockets. As soon as we hear the big plantation-bell ring at sundown, for the hands to come in from work, we run down to the gate by the road that goes to the quarters, and wait for papa. We can see all the negroes coming in from the cane-fields with their hoes over their shoulders.

Well, when we see them coming in we know papa will be coming, in a minute. Soon he rides up on his big black horse, and Jack and Harry and I go tearing out to meet him. When he gets down and hitches "Wanderer" to the orange-tree by the gallery, we search in his pockets and always find something he has brought for us in them—maybe different sorts

of eggs, or a lot of pretty yellow and pink lichen from the swamp,—Jack and I make frames for photographs out of it on rainy days. And sometimes it's a rattlesnake's rattle, or a set of quills some little darky has made out of brake-cane. Harry can play "Johnny in the Low Grounds," and "Hist them Diamond Windows," just splendidly on the quills.

But the greatest fun was when he brought that tin bucket, and would n't tell us what was in it, all the way up to the house, and we guessed and guessed, and never got it right until he took off the cover, and there were three darling little alligators each no longer than a pencil. We just screamed, we were so pleased. They crawled all over each other, poked up their dear little noses, and winked. We rushed in to show them to mama, but Susy would n't let us stay.

"Take out those dreadful little brutes, instantly!" That's exactly what she said—and she said, "Oh! how horribly that swamp-mud smells," and then she sprinkled cologne round the room. That's all the consideration she has for my feelings.

We took them out to the kitchen, and played with them there. Aunt Patsey always lets us do anything we please in the kitchen. She lets us roll out biscuits, and cut out cookies, and mark the pie-crusts with a fork. She's just the nicest cook I ever was acquainted with.

So Jack sawed off the bottom of a keg—the one that used to have molasses in it—and we put some mud in it and poured in a lot of water, and put in a chunk of wood for the alligators to come and sit on. They were just as happy as they could be. Their skins were n't hard and scaly like the old alligators'; they were all shiny and black, with yellow stripes down their backs, and white below. And they had beautiful pink mouths, where you could see the teeny-tiny teeth that are so sharp and dreadful when they are grown up.

They'd swim around and poke up their heads,

and blink their eyes, and eat all the flies and oat-meal we'd give them. And they were such nice pets, because if we forgot to feed them for a week it did n't make a bit of difference, they got on just as well. But one night it was awfully cold, and the next morning they were frozen into the water. They had come to the top — poor darlings! — and only their precious noses were sticking out above the ice.

Oh, how we cried! Harry just howled. But papa heard us, and called to us to bring them into the sitting-room by the fire. We laid them down on the rug and moved the fender and let all the fire shine right on them, and in about two minutes they began to twitch their tails, and then they squirmed a little and began to kick their feet, and in half an hour they were just as well as ever. Then they commenced to chase each other round the rug, and that was the way we found out they could play; and every morning after that we brought them into the sitting-room and had a regular romp. They'd get under the chairs, and when we called to them they'd rush out at us with their mouths wide open, and with such a funny little squeak.

I tell you we just loved those alligators! We liked them better than our rabbits, or the guinea-pigs, or the red-birds, or any of the pets we'd ever had. I want to tell you how they died, but it almost always makes me cry to talk about it. Susy says: "Yes, that's always the way. You call some unfortunate creature a pet, and after half killing it with kindness you eventually succeed in entirely killing it by neglect."

"*Eventually!*" Susy does use such big words. Well! we did n't anything of the sort. It was just because Jack and I were too kind and careful that they were — that they died.

It grew very cold one Saturday night, and papa said he thought it was going to freeze; so when half undressed we thought about the alligators, ran down-stairs and brought them into the warm kitchen. Jack opened the oven and said:

"S'pose we put them in here, Annie. Just think how warm they'll keep all night!"

So we put the alligators in one of the tin buckets filled with water, and set it inside the oven.

Next morning when Aunt Patsey came, she never thought of looking in the oven, but just

built the biggest kind of a fire, and when we came down and rushed and opened the door, there were our darling alligators *boiled!* All a dull pink, and floating on their backs with their poor little feet raised up so pitifully as if begging some one to help them. We all cried so we could n't eat any breakfast, and we cried until Susy got them ready to be buried. Susy was very good then; she made them look lovely. She got one of papa's empty cigar-boxes and covered all the bottom with violets, and laid the alligators all in a row on their backs, with their tails twined lovingly together, and little bunches of violets clasped in their poor paws.

Then I tied a long black band on each of the boys' hats, and Jack took the spade, and Harry carried the box, and I came after in Susy's long black cloak, mama's old crape veil over my head, and crying into a big white handkerchief. And then came Aunt Patsey's Mandy — the little negro girl who waits on me; she rang the dinner-bell as slowly and solemnly as she could. She wore no mourning, being black anyway.

We buried them under the cedar-tree where the periwinkles grow in summer, and sprinkled violets over their grave, and Mandy sang a song she knew. It did n't seem very appropriate to a funeral, but it was the only one we knew about alligators, so we had to use it. It's a very queer song. This is the way it goes:

"Swimmin' in der river, des afo' de day,

W'at yer think my mammy hear der alligators say?"

"Get 'long home, ol' lady; better get 'long home,

Kaze we gwine ter bite yer foot off, en chaw up all der bone.

"We gwine ter eat er little pig, we gwine ter eat er fish;
Gwine ter eat em wid er knife en fork, off er gre't big
gol'en dish."

But it had a nice lonesome sort of tune, and we all sang the last verse together. We set up a pasteboard tombstone, and Susy wrote on it:

Here Lie

Slimy, Scaly, and Crawly.

Cut Off

In the flower of their Youth and Beauty

By a too Ardent Affection.

I think that sounds just splendid. Susy certainly can write nice tombstones.



Cause and Effect

By Margaret Vandegrift.

A LITTLE dinner party was in progress down below,

While above-stairs, in the nursery, was a lonely little Fred.

“There is nothing left to do!” he sighed. “That clock is very slow,

And when nurse *does* finish supper, she will put me straight to bed!

“Now, if they’d let me play with that!”—he looked up on the wall,

And gently pushed a chair along before him, as he spoke—

“I really would not mischief it, or worry it, at all, And I feel quite pretty certain I could mend it, if it broke!”

About five minutes after this, the door-bell rang, and low

The servant to the master whispered, “Sir, he’s at the door—”

The messenger, you rang for.” Replied the master, “No;

He’s made some stupid blunder.” And he thought of it no more.



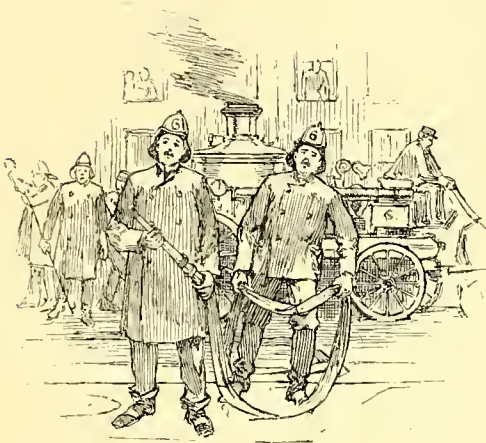
Five minutes passed; a sound of wheels; the servant came to say,

“The carriage is a-waiting, sir,—belike it’s come too early,

But the man is very positive you rang for a cuppay.”

“I did n’t,” said the master, and his look and tone were surly.

In the same mysterious manner a policeman
 came and went,
 And a doubtful look was growing now, upon
 the master's face ;
 An idea had occurred to him of what the
 mystery meant,
 And he was just preparing to follow up the
 trace —



When, lo ! “ A burst of thunder-sound,”— the
 engine drew up proudly,
 Close followed by the hose-cart ; and dire
 confusion grew.
 But the master from his door-step by shouting
 wildly, loudly,
 Was in time to stop the deluge, and 't was
 all that he could do.

Straightway to the alarm he went, and captured Master Freddy,
 Who sobbed, “ I only gave it such a little, little jerk !
 I did n't mean to start it — just to try if it was ready ;
 I wanted — all I wanted was to see if it would work ! ”





“LINUS.”

BY DEWITT C. LOCKWOOD.

THE handsome horse shown in our illustration rejoices in the possession of the longest foretop, mane, and tail in the world. He was born about seven years ago in the State of Oregon, and when about four years old his mane and tail grew so rapidly—often as much as three inches a month—that in three years they reached their present astonishing growth. His tail is now nine feet long; his foretop is five and one-half feet long; while his mane measures exactly seven feet and ten inches.

“Linus” is perfectly formed and weighs about fourteen hundred pounds. His “body color” is a glossy golden chestnut; he has white hind feet and a white face, and his mane, tail, and foretop are of a soft flaxen color. His hair, which is “done up” when he is not receiving visitors, continues to grow, though now very slowly.

Aside from his remarkable hair, Linus is certainly a beautiful animal. He is proud, carries his head high, and enjoys admiration with all the intelligence and pride of his race.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

BY HERBERT L. ALDRICH.

JUST beyond Cape Lisburne, on the Arctic coast of Alaska, some five hundred miles above Behring Straits, are extensive coal mines. The coal is easily mined, and the Arctic whale-ships make these mines a rendezvous.

In midsummer there is a period of a few weeks when little or no whaling can be done on account of the ice. During this period a "tender" arrives from San Francisco with supplies of fresh provisions, the mail, etc., and carries back whatever whalebone and oil the whalers may have secured.

The arrival of the tender is the most important and most looked-forward to of any event of the season, as she is the only link that connects the whalers with the outside world during a period of eight or nine months.

This midsummer period is during the time of the midnight sun, and there is continuous daylight for about six weeks.

In 1887, twenty-three whale-ships lay at anchor off these mines. Shifts of men were working during the twenty-four hours of continuous daylight, laying in coal for the coming cold days and nights of autumn. Every one of the eight hundred and fifty, or more, men frequently scanned the horizon, eager for the appearance of the tender; for it was the middle of July, and not a word had been heard from home since the middle of March. Day after day the sun had coursed around the horizon, but not dipped below it. One vessel after another laid in its supply of coal, and was anxious to be off, but still no tender came. She was due the first week in July, but the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th of the month came, and yet no news from her.

Regular watches were kept on board the vessels as if the sun rose at five o'clock in the morning and set at six at night. Even our rooster clung to his old habits and slept through the night of daylight, not deigning to crow

until between four and five o'clock in the morning. The various masters, anxious to be off, met first on this vessel, then on that, to discuss the delay in the arrival of the tender and to decide upon a united course of action in case she did not appear soon.

Toward noon on the 16th, a faint mirage was seen off the Cape. Very little air was stirring, and the mirage grew more and more distinct until the tender was seen in every spar and sail, as clearly outlined in the smooth sea as if drawn on glass. But she was keel up!

Three hours later, the vessel's hull was in full view above the horizon. She was under full sail with flags and colors at the mastheads, bearing the joyous signal of news from home.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before she reached her anchorage. Not to waste any time, the captain had a boat lowered, and before the tender's anchor was let go, we were alongside.

No words can describe the situation or our feelings as we reached the deck. Hands were shaken, a few anxious inquiries hurriedly made, and then each man betook himself to some quiet corner with his letters, to read the messages from the loved ones at home.

As I sat on the rail, looking astern of the vessel, dreamily picturing scenes at home, I looked out over the vast expanse of ocean. Here and there floated a cake of ice. All was so still, so solemn, yet in tune with my thoughts. The short, choppy sea kept the rudder creaking. The sun, far above the horizon, cast a clear, yellow light—so clear that the distant hills on shore were distinct in every contour—and the rigging of every vessel riding at anchor on the short, rolling sea was sharp in outline.

With my camera resting on my knee, I took an instantaneous photograph as the sun came out from behind a veil of clouds and cast its long



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TENDER, IN TOW. TAKEN
JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT.

sheen over the sea from the horizon almost to the very stern of the vessel.

Entirely wrapped in my reverie, I sat watching the ceaseless sea, and the glow of the sunlight, thinking only of the world so many thousands of miles away. Four months of hardship and danger were yet ahead of us. This little craft would carry our messages home, but with her would go all communication with the world until we ourselves entered port. What changes might these months bring forth!

"Man the 'Lucretia's' boat," was the rude intrusion upon my reverie, and five strong oars were soon carrying us to our own vessel.

As the captain and I came over the rail, the man at the wheel struck eight bells.

"Just midnight," said the captain.

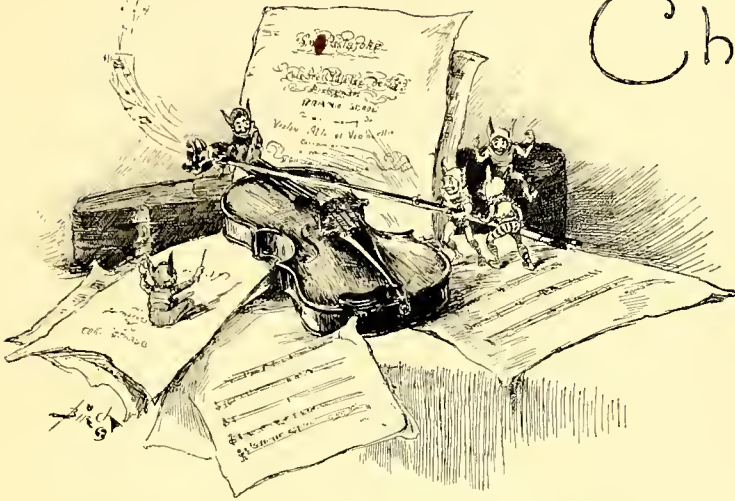
"And here is the midnight sun," I added. Suiting my action to my words, I took another picture looking off toward the vessels that lay straining gently at their anchor-cables.

Yellow as the light was, both pictures came out well. Fine detail may be lacking; but the pictures bring back a flood of recollections as they recall the dangers of that season in the Arctic, and our entire isolation from home, civilization, and the world.



THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT. (FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.)

Bobby's Christmas Dream



BY LAURA LYON WHITE.

ONCE upon a time a little boy was sent to dancing-school with great regularity by his mama. She loved him very much and wished to see him accomplished in all things, and especially in dancing, which perhaps she esteemed unduly and above things more useful. However that may have been, every day she compelled him to practice his steps. Now, this little boy had no taste for the saltatory art, to use a high-flown term. He liked better to skip and jump about in time with his own music, which, although it lacked both time and tune, suited his ideas of dancing to a T. And I am sorry to be obliged to record the following circumstance. Every time his mama said, "Now, my son, let us see you dance," something like a groan came from the lips of Bobby, and—worse and still worse—he showed a disposition to make terms with his mother to his own advantage. It would be something like this :

"Well, Mama, if I dance ten minutes, can I do as I like all the rest of the day?"

His poor mama became very weary of all this; but her resolution was firm, and every day she asked Bobby to dance. But every day Bobby groaned the same deep, heartfelt groan,

and made as little progress as possible in dancing. Now, groans are well enough in their way and, for certain occasions, quite appropriate; but—what in the world have they to do with dancing? Bobby's mama often told him to save them for a more fitting occasion, which he would be sure to find sooner or later.

But Bobby must not be too severely blamed. He considered dancing simply a great bore, and before he knew it, his sighs had grown into groans. This bad habit had been formed, and, taking kindly to it at first, he soon came to love it for its own sake. The groans, feelingly and heartily given with a will and a "go" quite heartfelt (not to say lively), might have led some other little boy, looking on, to believe that Bobby was making a study of the Art of Groaning, and that the queer movement of his feet he made afterward was only a strange way of expressing satisfaction at his skill.

At last the year was drawing to a close, and therefore, of course, Christmas was coming!

Bobby had always liked Christmas. Santa Claus divined his wishes unerringly—the things he most longed for were always on the Christmas tree, just to his liking.

On this Christmas-eve, as he lay pondering, it occurred to him that he had seen scarcely any preparation for the great day so near at

had not forgotten him!—for there, under his very eyes, was a beautiful box, with his name in large silver letters on the top. On one side, just beneath an inscription, was an opening; and on the other side was a button.

Bobby looked at this box. It might be enchanted, or bewitched. Certainly, it was no ordinary affair, with a lock and key. Oh, no! it had an air all its own and was surely made to order. He lifted it and brought it inside his door—where he dropped it so suddenly that one would have thought it was very hot. It was not; but Bobby had heard the sound of mysterious movements within, and the next instant a great groan issuing from the box set Bobby's teeth to chattering and the cold chills to creeping over his body. This groan seemed to have a body. It was so complete in itself, so plain and dismal and peculiar. And on its heels came other groans, and others still: big, little, round, flat, long, short,—all making just such an uproar as an assemblage of groans, caught alive and caged together without regard to their feelings, *would* make if handled too roughly by a careless person.

Bobby knew them—knew them all. He did n't think it necessary to pretend he did n't, or to try and get out of it in any way. He was face to face with his own folly.

And the worst was not yet, for the inscription said: "If you would know more, press the button." Know more? Aye, there was the rub! He knew enough already; but yet—He looked out of the window; he sat down; he looked out again, and, turning it all over in his mind, he sat down once more, and resolutely pressed the button! Forth from the opening in the box emerged a form, dim, shadowy, but yet defined. It paused a moment; a huge groan came from its pale lips, it sprang into the air, and, dancing a half measure, placed its thin hand to its brow, cracked its heels together—"6, 7, 8"—and was gone! The Cracovienne had been Bobby's especial *bête noire*, and now, as danced by a visible groan, it took on even a color of witchery that startled, if it did not frighten him. The Highland Fling groan, a shade less combative in quality, and clad in a costume plainly national, shook its plaid, and heeled-



"BOBBY ROSE AND OPENED THE DOOR."

hand, and for a moment his heart misgave him. While he still hated dancing, he truly wished he had not been so bold in expressing his dislike of it, nor quite so open in exhibiting his disgust in presence of his mama, who evidently had a good memory. As he lay thinking, thinking vaguely, while listening to the rain falling softly and soothingly—for all this happened in a country where it rains in winter—he fancied he heard a noise in the hall.

He arose and opened the door. Santa Claus



BOBBY RECOGNIZES THE GHOSTS OF HIS GROANS.

and-toed away to nothing, without grace, but with skill. Then came a groan which Bobby recognized as the ghost of that uttered by himself because of his disgust when called upon to perform the Sailor's Hornpipe. The mournful "Yo,—heave, ho-o-o!" with which the

airy sprite pulled up the anchor, tugged at the ropes, waved its handkerchief in adieu to friends ashore, and shuffled out of sight, was all only too familiar to poor Bobby. And close in its wake, just a little less deep and a little more refined in sound, was the Cachucha. The real spirit of the Cachucha, Bobby had never caught, nor even felt; his Yankee legs had always failed to give the Spanish rhythm. Now, to mock him for his blindness and lack of success, its proper grace was revealed to him at a glance when the fantastic vision, entering with a sigh rather than groan, bent its supple body to the strains of music unheard by mortal ears, and bowed its exit to the mysteries of nowhere.

The stately Minuet, the Waltz, the Polka, the Schottische, came and went,—each, with aerial grotesqueness, posing a moment before following its predecessor into space.

Bobby was too profoundly amazed to note many things; but now that the play had been played, he remembered with a thrill of horror that each specter, as it sprang from the box, bore his own features as he had seen them in a looking-glass. Certainly, sowing groans was a task pleasanter than the reaping thereof!—and just as he resolved to turn over a new leaf, promising himself "never to do so again," a hand shook him and a voice called out: "Hello, Bobby, awake out of that nightmare and come down to welcome Santa Claus!"

It has been said, by those who know best, that Bobby became a graceful dancer, and that to this day he has never forgotten just how those ghostly dancers looked as they came from the box.



A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY IN THE EAST.

(Conclusion.)

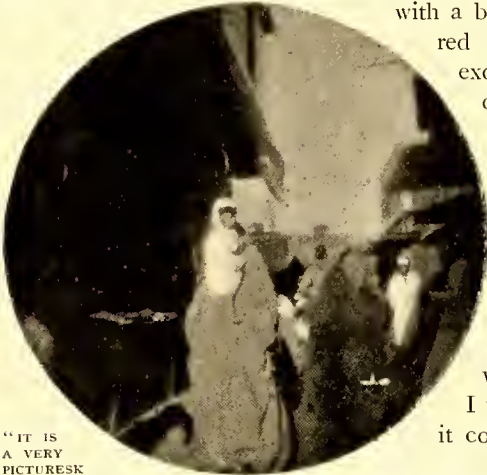
BY LUCY MORRIS ELLSWORTH.

The quaint and interesting diary from which these extracts are taken was kept by a little girl only ten years old, and of her own accord, as a record of her travels last year through Egypt, Italy, and Greece. The selections here given are printed, word for word, as they were written.

CAIRO, February 10, 1890.

LAST Thursday Miss — got up a donkey ride for all of us. At two o'clock in the afternoon we started. There were about a dozen people not counting ourselves. We went through the Citadel into the desert where after a ride of about half an hour we reached a ruined mosque. We dismounted our donkeys and went inside. After we looked around inside we went up some very narrow stairs without a railing. When we got half way up we stepped on the roof of part of the mosque. Then we went up another flite of steps into the dome where there was a beautiful view. I saw little children playing in old Cairo. I saw women with great big jars on their heads. And I saw men and little boys running after donkeys. All these things were very small because we were so far away from them. . . . The day after that we went to the Moosky on donkeys and we left the donkeys in the Moosky while we went in the slipper Bazar. Fraulein bought three pairs of red slippers, Helen bought one pair and I bought one pair. Then we went right home. . . .

It is a very picturesk view in the Moosky indeed. Some Arabs are dressed in a blue night-gown with sometimes nothing under them and sometimes they have little white pants on. The rich ones are dressed with silks, white or brown stockings, mostly with a brown mantle thrown over their shoulders and new red slippers on. The women have mostly all veils on except the poor ones. The nose-spool is a round piece of wood with brass rings around it. The nose-piece is black crepe and goes down to their feet. The rich women have fine embroidered slippers and a great big black silk cloth around them sometimes gathered around their wastes and sometimes pinned upon their head just to keep it from dragging in the dust. Some of them are dressed in white. The very rich ones are dressed in black silk with a very thin muslin nose-piece. Many Arab women are white, some are black some are brown. I went in a mud-hut and it looked as dirty to us as it could be; but I suppose it is clean to the Arabs. . . .



"IT IS
A VERY
PICTURESK
VIEW IN THE MOOSKY."

Feb. 17.

I will only discribe the howling and whirling dervishes. First we went to the whirling dervishes. After we had been sitting around the circle the dervishes came in one after another. The first one was the sheakh. He was a very old man and he had a great big hump on his back. He was clothed in a brown mantle thrown over his shoulders and he walked very, very slowly indeed. His step was about a half a foot long. After they all were in they sat down on the prayer mats. Then they all came and bowed to the sheakh then they began whirling. It was beautiful to see their white skirts all stand out. They stuck out as if they were made to stick out. Every one of them held their right palm of the hand down and the left up towards heaven.

Then they stopped and all sat down on their mats again. They did this same thing over

several times. The second time we went away to the howling dervishes. When we got there it was quite crowded and after a while the door opened and everybody went in. We had not been sitting there long when the dervishes came in. When they had all seated themselves they began to say Alla, Alla. First they said it very slowly and soft and then they said it louder and faster more louder and faster. They shook their heads every time they said anything from one side to the other and every time they said it loud and fast they would shake them very violently indeed. Some of them had strangling long hair. I thought the sheakh was very good looking. He had a very pretty little son there with him and when we went out he made such a broad smile at us. One of the men got kind of crazy and he made a frightful noise and called Alla, Alla. The Arab right next to him took hold of him all through until the end. They did the same things over and over again. When it was through we went home to the Hotel.



VIEW OF MARS HILL FROM THE ACROPOLIS, SHOWING A PART OF ATHENS.

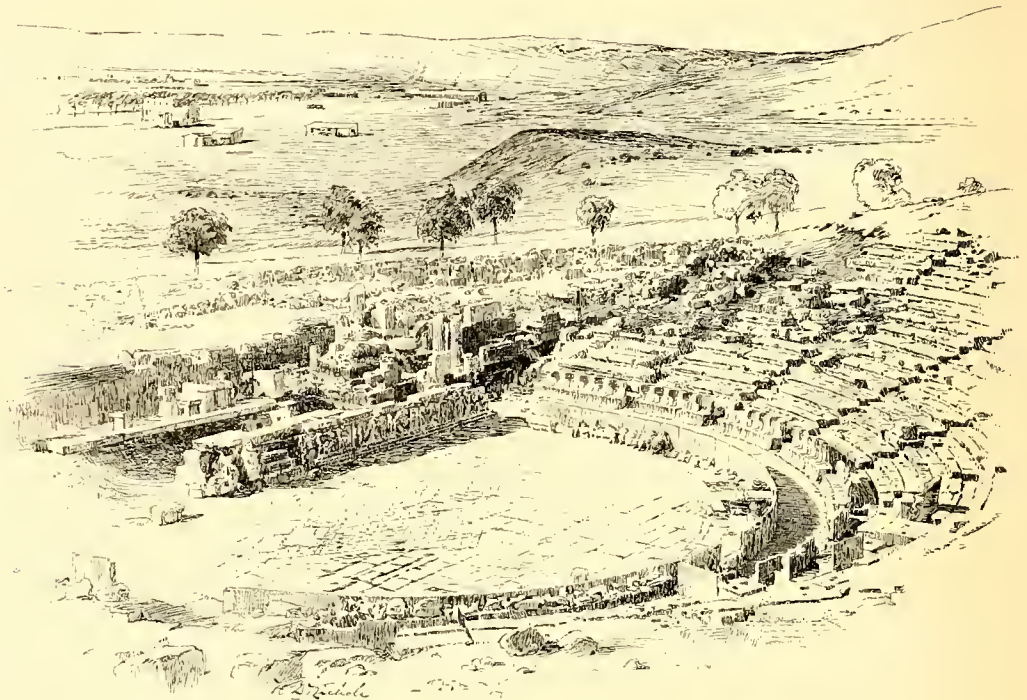
ATHENS, February 28th.

We arrived in Athens this morning at about ten o'clock. I did not write about Alexandria. We left Cairo at half-past nine on Monday morning for Alexandria and arrived there at one o'clock in the afternoon. . . . I forgot to write about the pillar which we went to first. It was a very high polished stone. The top of it is carved as many other things are. The next day in the afternoon we took a carriage and drove out to the Khedives palace. It was a miserable thing out-side and the painting was *horrible*; but the inside was very nice looking indeed. Papa received permission to go inside and bring us in too. An Arab servant took us up a very simple stairs and through a little door into a big room, with chairs and divans all around it and a carpet in the middle. Then we went through a hall into a very wide and long room, through this big room and into his writing-room. The floor was beautiful polished Ebony. Then the man took us into another room which was

his washing-room. The curtains were made of beautiful silk embroidered with gold and everything else of the same colors. Then we went into the dancing-room. The floor was very highly polished and they had a great big dome. It was (the dome) pure white and it had gold (or it was painted gold) run out from the middle into the white and it looked so pretty. Then we were taken into the bed-room. The servant opened a window for us and we saw right into the harbour and out on the Ocean. I can tell you that it was not very calm and the next day was the day we were to sail for Athens. Then we came down and went out in our carriage. Papa wanted to pay the man but he would not take it. I suppose he thought what the Khedive payed him was enough. . . .

March 2ed.

Yesterday afternoon we went to the Acropolis. It was a great big ruin with many theaters. The first thing we did was to go up quite a hill to the first theater. There were only two stones of the stage left. The steps leading up to the stage were still there and were still quite good. In the middle of the place where the band played and danced there were quite a good many statues; every one had their heads cut off. Some of the Greeks had cut them off to sell them to the British museum. I think that was quite mean in them to go and spoil the statues because travelers and some of the Greeks themselves would like to see what the faces were like. We saw Neptuns head only and another great big hideous head of I don't know whom was right in the middle of them all. I suppose they will chop that head off before long for they have chopped off all the others. The place where the band played was made of square stones, most of them were big but in the middle they were all small. It was a half circle with grass growing up between the middle stones which looked very pretty indeed. We sat in the chairs which the people sat in a long, long time ago. They were built of marble and were *very* comfortable. Each person had his name put on his



" THE FIRST THEATER " [THE THEATER OF DIONYSIUS].

" THE KING'S CHAIR."



"WE TOOK OUR SEAT ON A BENCH AND LOOKED AT ATHENS."

chair. I sat in the king's chair. It was very high and I did not find it as comfortable as the rest of the chairs were. Then we went out of this theater into another. We had to take a long walk before we got to the next one. When we got in we went to the little church which was cut out of rock. It had a place cut in the stone for the book. The book was covered up with a cloth and a cloth cross worked on it. I think the cloth was mighty dirty because it was covered with stanes and dirt spots. There were lamps hung on each side of the altar and it seemed as if they had been burned pretty often for the top of the room was very black from the smoke or else it was painted so. There was a mineral-spring on one side of it. An old women who was there got a cup full of it for us to drink out of and to see how it tasted. I thought it did not have any taste at all, but the rest of the folks did. Then we walked to another theater. The ground was covered with stones of all sort mostly marble. There were some pretty (very pretty indeed) pieces. They were too big to carry home and Papa would not let me break a piece off because he said the stones were too precious and if everybody knocked off a piece there would not be much of it left in a few years. Then we entered into another theater. We entered through an iron gate, down some steps until we came to a statue. I forget the name of it now and I don't think I knew then. I went alone down another pair of steps into the theater. The lower stones were placed in the same way as the place where the band played in the first were placed. There were no chairs in this one and the people sat on steps. There was a well in the middle of the whole thing. The stage was all gone except a few stones. The steps leading up to the stage were not gone yet and perfectly safe to go up and down on. The onely thing was that there was not anything to walk upon when one got up to the top of these little steps. Then we came out again stepped into our

carriage and drove up the Acropolis. It was quite a pretty drive up to the top. When we were on the top at least near the top we stepped out. Then we went up a flite of steps. They were not very perfect but still they were perfect enough to go up without tumbling. In the middle of the steps (they were very wide indeed) was where the chariots went up. They (the people) cut in the stones or steps where the horses went. It must have been quite a hard pull for the horses to draw the chariots up those big steps don't you think so? They must have had very strong horses and I am sure they did because a weak horse could not possibly do that. After we got up a little way we saw a little house or a kind of house. It had a room with an iron or wooden gate I forget which one. The top of the Acropolis was all built of marble. Many many stones big and little were lying about. I found a cannon ball and it was so very heavy that I could hardly lift it. I tried to kick it with all my might really and it did not go very far either. Then we went up another steps to the top where we took our seat on a bench and looked at Athens. We tried to find our hotel and really did succeed in finding it after a while. There was hardly any place to walk because the marble stones were so numeros. I wanted to scribble my name on a stone so if I came there again I would try to find it and see if it was still there. I was not allowed to and



A GREEK SOLDIER.

so of course I could not do it. Then we went along a little way to a big ruin [the Parthenon]. Papa showed us how it curved. At the very edge of it we could see how it went up in the middle and down at each end. It was a very pretty curve I think and so did the rest if I am not mistaken. The pillars curved too but I did not notice that one bit. We looked around there a little then we went down stairs. Before going down we noticed on the top some pictures cut into the stone like we have on the little platform of our stairs in our house. Ours is a cast of one we saw there. . . .

March 4th.

. . . I am now going to discribe the dress which the Greeks wear. They have about fifty yards of white cloth a little more than a foot long gathered around the waist, white sleeves and an embroidered vest. They have long, long stockings and yellow slippers with great big black worsted tassels on the toe of the slippers which turns up towards the sky. The toes of the slippers are very pointed. On their head they wear a little red cap which turns over on one side. Usually on the left

March 10th.

We just came home from the Greek church where the birthday of the Emperor of Russia was celebrated. All the priests were dressed in pure gold. The head priest had a sort of a crown on with every kind of precious stones set in it all around. They had a big gold pure gold cross with the picture of Jesus on it. At the very top of the dome was a great big picture of Jesus with a book in his arms; I suppose it was the Bible. In the middle hung a big chandelier full of candles; I should think there were about fifty or sixty all lighted and another room right opposite had about ten or twelve candles lighted. Then we went up stairs on the gallery where

some people already were and they had the best place where the King and Queen were to be seen. A gentleman was reading something in Russian which we did not understand. Then after a while the Queen came in with her court-ladies which were all dressed in white. Some had beautiful dresses and most of them I thought quite pretty. The Queen went in one apartment alone and the court-ladies in another. Then the high-priest came out with the others; and threw the smoke of incense to some pictures of Jesus and Mary. Before we went a band of sailors played beautiful music which came from a Russian Man of War. We saw them at the church and we thought it would be *very* much crowded; but it was not for there was plenty of room for anybody else that wanted to come. When the church was half full the King, Crown-prince and the Crown-princess came in. The King and prince were in full dress. The Queen looked very beautiful and so did the princess but Fraulein dose not think so. I do not remember what the priest did and what he said. At the last the soldiers came out of the gate, formed in line and the front ones played some beautiful marching tunes. . . .



THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

NAPLES, March 23.

We arrived in Naples last Friday night at about eleven o'clock and we were in bed at twelve or a little before. We were *very, very* sleepy I can tell you. The next morning we went to the National Museum. On the way there we saw very many stores full of coral necklaces, rings, pins and other things. When we got there we went in a room which had about twenty six statues in it. I can not remember hardly anything because I saw such a lot of things. While digging at Pompeii they found bread and clothing. The last artical named was all falling to little pieces. The bread was black and whole. In another room were beautiful little smelling bottles, jugs and plates. The little bottles were made of mother of pearl I think. In another room there were some mosaic floors taken up from Pompeii. They found too some square mosaic pictures which they hung up on the wall. One which I remember was a table with a basket on it and two cocks fighting under the table. I do not remember the rest. They had some beautiful jars with pictures of women and men painted on it. In a little Japanese room was a beautiful vase of ivory. It would be too hard to explain it I think; but I suppose other people can explain it.

We went to Pompeii day-before yesterday. It took us two hours to get there and three hours to look it all over. It was very interesting. Of course I do not remember every-thing. First, we went into the museum. There were (in the first room) some old locks and keys, a big iron box and some bread. In the second room were 7 or 6 skeletons: a dog, a little boy, some women and some men. The dog was all twisted up as if in great agony. The color of them was a dirty whitish brown. On the sides of the room were some big water jugs. Then we went in through the gate to Pompeii. The houses had no roofs and no windows, the light coming in from the door. I suppose once they had roofs but now they have all fallen to pieces. First we went to the big room where the king sat and

IN A
POMPEIAN
STREET.

sentenced the people. Parts of the pillars were yet standing and between each one was a little basan cut out of stones. Up at the end of the room was the seat of the King. Near the seat were some stairs which lead into a prison. We descended these stairs. It was a little room with two holes at the top through which the King told the poor creatures down there what he was going to do with them. This room (not the prison, but the room where the King sat) was very long and had about twenty pillars in it. They were all made of marble; not very clean and bright now but then when it was new it must have been beautiful. We saw some little wine shops and oil-shops. The sign of the oil shops was cut in the stone outside. The sign was two men carrying a big jar of oil between them on a stick which they carried on the shoulder. The

wine-shops did not have any sign I think. These wine, and oil shops were just alike. At one end of the room was a long marble table with five round holes at the top. I

went to see what the holes were and saw a great big jug sunk in the earth reaching up to the holes. In the jugs they put the oil and wine which they sold. The streets were quite narrow; but I think the Bazzars were still narrower which we saw in Cairo.

There were some beautiful mosaic fountains with little bits of steps leading up to them for the water to fall down on. After looking at some ruins we entered the Forum which had six streets leading into it. They could block the streets up so riders and carriages could not go through if they wanted too. We ate our lunch in the garden of

Diomedes and in his celler were found the bones of eighteen women and children with bread and other things to eat.

There was an old black dog there which we fed with the bones of the chicken. He eat everything we gave him even bread. I was sitting on a stone with a whole roll in my lap; and I was just going to give the dog a little piece when he came up and snatched the whole roll out of my lap and ran away. Afterwards he came again but I declined to give him anything more. After we had finished we went down a pair of stairs into the long celler. It reached half way around the house. There were little holes cut in through the rock. It was about 12 feet wide and quite dark. Near the entrance were the bodies of the people found which ran down there for protection. We turned around again pretty soon for there was not

much to see there except the walls. Some paintings were still very clear and looked as if they had been just

painted. I had my picture taken on a fountain. The chariot wheel marks on the stones were sometimes a half a foot or a foot deep. Stones were thrown all around. Before lunch we went into the ruins of the old baths. First we went through a long passage into a room where people used to sit waiting for the baths. Then we went in another room where the hot baths were. It was not very deep but still it was plenty deep enough. In another large room were the cold baths. At one end of the room was a great big marble washbole. It had a little fountain of cold water in the middle. They wash their hands and face in here and it cost a great deal to have it made. There were five *very* homely heads (pictures)



A
POMPEIAN
HOUSE.



"WE
ENTERED
THE FORUM."

nailed on a fence. I forgot to say the color of the bread and cloth. It is *very* black. In a court of another house was a table on which was found the bones of a little boy eating his dinner which consisted of beef and a big loaf of bread. I can not remember much about Pompeii because you must know that I have been layed up in bed with the miasels for about three weeks. . . .



A MOSAIC FOUNTAIN IN POMPEII.

HIS PROFESSION.

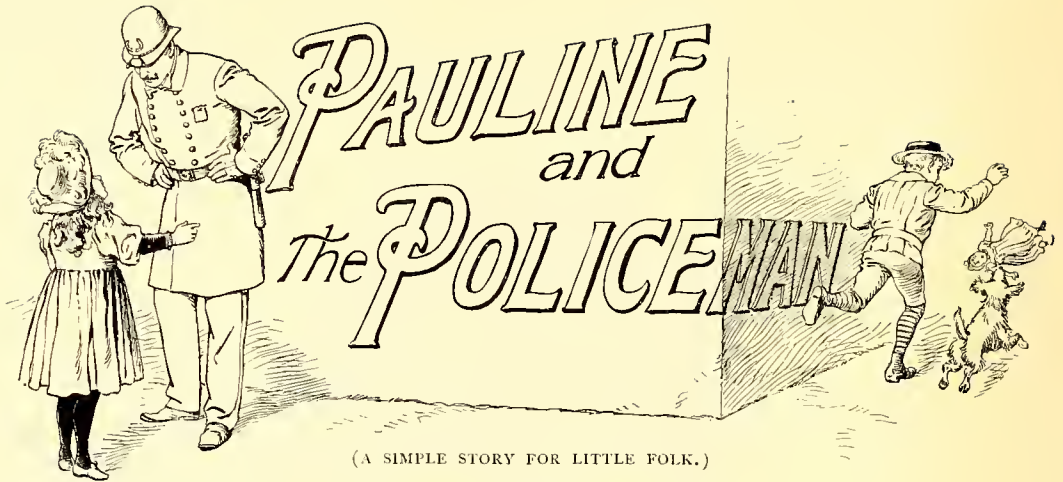
BY DR. MALCOLM McLEOD.

My boy and I rode in the train
 One morning bright and clear.
 "When I 'm a grown-up man," said he,
 "I 'll be an engineer."
 But soon the dust flew in his eyes
 And heavy grew his head.
 "I would n't be an engineer
 For all the world," he said.

My boy was at a seaport town,
 And saw the rolling sea.
 "Mama," he said, one evening,
 "A sailor I shall be!"
 We took him to a yacht race—
 He had to go to bed!
 "I would n't be a sailor, now,
 For all the world!" he said.

We read him stirring stories
 Of soldiers and their fame.
 "I 'll go and fight," cried Freddie,
 "And put them all to shame!"
 We told him of a soldier's life;
 He shook his little head.
 "I would n't be a soldier, now,
 For all the world!" he said.

And thus to each profession
 He first said "yes," then "no."
 "To make a choice is hard," he said,
 "At least, I find it so."
 "But what, then, will you be?" I asked,
 "When you are grown-up, Fred?"
 "I really think I 'll only be
 A gentleman," he said.



(A SIMPLE STORY FOR LITTLE FOLK.)

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

ONE day while a little girl was taking a walk before dinner she saw a policeman standing on the corner of the street where she lived. His coat was very new and the brass buttons on it were bright, for the policeman had not been a policeman very long. The little girl thought he was kind, for he was smiling at her. When she came near he said:

“How do you do, Miss?”

And the little girl said, as she had been taught, “I am very well, thank you.”

Then the policeman said, “How is Miss Dolly?”—for the little girl was carrying a doll in her arms.

So she held the doll up for the policeman to see, and said, “Dolly is not very well.”

“I’m sorry,” he said. “Her cheeks seem very red.”

“She’s fev’rish,” said the little girl, and then she walked back to the house.

When she was at home again, she told her mother about her talk with the policeman, and asked what policemen were for. So her mother told her that when children took one another’s toys, the mother had to come and see that the children gave the toys back; or if they fought one another, the mother had to separate the children, and perhaps punish them to make them behave better.

“That is what policemen do,” said the mother. “If any one should take away your

dolly, the policeman would make the person give it back to you.”

The little girl said she understood, and thanked her mother.

A few days after this, Pauline, for that was the little girl’s name, was walking in the same street. After she became tired, she sat down to rest on the steps of a house close to her own and put her dolly on the step beside her. While she was resting, a boy came along the street, and with the boy there came a little terrier dog. Before Pauline saw what the boy meant to do, he picked up her dolly and began to make the dog play with it.

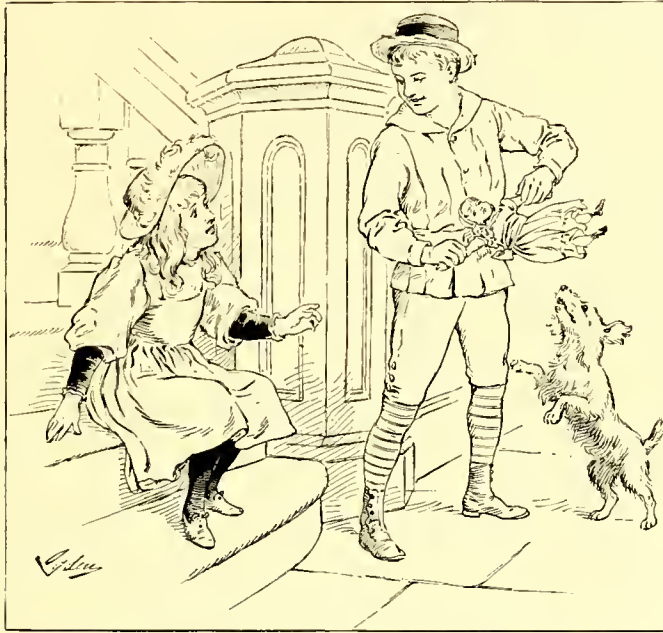
Pauline got up from the step and said, “Give me my dolly. You’ll spoil it.”

But the boy laughed at her, and kept on shaking the doll at his dog. The dog would growl and try to catch the doll in his mouth, and the boy held the doll so that the dog could not reach it. Then Pauline tried to take the doll from the boy. But when she said, “You must give it to me!” and put out her hand for it, the boy threw the doll to the dog, the dog caught it in his mouth, and then both ran away down the street and around the corner; while Pauline, after running a few steps, stopped and began to cry. She was afraid she would never see the dolly again, and it was her very best one, with real kid boots and curly hair.

But while she was crying, she saw her friend

the policeman coming down the street. And he saw her, too, and saw that she was crying. So he walked over to her, and said:

"What is the matter — are you lost?"



"HE BEGAN TO MAKE THE DOG PLAY WITH THE DOLLY."

Then Pauline laughed even while her eyes were wet, and said:

"Oh, no! I live in that house with the vine on it. Do you see it?"

The policeman said he did. And then Pauline remembered what her mother had told her about the policeman, so she said:

"Mr. Policeman, do you punish boys who take people's dollies?"

"Of course," he said, smiling. "Has a boy taken yours?"

"Yes. I mean — that is — a boy's dog has."

"Tell me about it," said the policeman.

So Pauline told how the boy had taken her dolly and given it to his dog, and how the dog and boy had then run away. And the policeman was glad to help her.

"Come with me," he said, "and we will ask your mother whether we may look for the bad dog who has taken the dolly away."

They walked to the house, and Pauline's mother said they might go, if they would come

back soon. The policeman said they would be gone only a little while.

Then they walked down the street the way the boy had gone. When they came to the corner,

the policeman asked Pauline if she was sure the boy had gone to the right. And she said she was.

"What kind of a boy was he?" the policeman asked.

Pauline said that the boy wore a blue jacket, short trousers, and had a torn straw hat.

"And what sort of dog did he have?" said the policeman.

"A little woolly dog."

"Did you hear the boy call his name?"

"Yes," said Pauline; "the boy said, 'Here, Jip!' when he threw the doll."

"You're a clever little girl," said the policeman. Then he asked Pauline to wait a few minutes,

and he blew a whistle.

Pauline heard another whistle a long way off, and soon a second policeman came up the street and said:

"What is it, Dennis?"

"Do you know a boy on this beat who owns a little dog named Jip?" asked Pauline's policeman.

"No, I can't think of one just now. Why do you want to know?"



"THEY WALKED DOWN THE STREET."

"He has run away with this little girl's doll," said Pauline's friend.

"Oh! Well, I don't know any such boy; but we might ask the butcher. Little dogs like that one very often steal pieces of meat from butchers' shops."

"How far is it to the butcher's?" asked Pauline's friend.

"Only a little way. Come."

So Pauline and her friend walked along and soon came to the butcher's shop.

"Good afternoon," said the butcher.

"What's the trouble?"

"Nothing much. We want to find a little boy who owns a small woolly dog named Jip. Do you know him?"

"Know him? I know him very well," said the butcher. "What is it he has been doing?"

"His dog ran away with this little girl's dolly," said one of the policemen.

"Oh!" answered the butcher, laughing. "Well, his name is Tommy Lee, and he lives just down the street. He is a good boy, and I don't think he meant to run away with the doll. Wait here a minute, and I'll send my boy Jack after him."

The butcher called his boy to him.

"Jack," said he, "put down your basket, and go to Tommy Lee's house. See if you can bring him here for a minute. I want to see him."

Jack set down the basket, and went out.

Then the butcher brought a chair for Pauline, and one of the policemen, the second one, said:

"Good-by, miss; I think you'll get your doll soon."

Pauline thanked him, and he went away.

As soon as he was gone, the butcher's boy, Jack, came back and with him was Tommy Lee. Tommy had the doll in his arms. He was very red, and was out of breath, as if he had been running.

Pauline put out her arms, and Tommy gave her the doll.

"Why did you take the doll?" said the policeman, very crossly.



TOMMY LEE GIVES BACK PAULINE'S DOLL.

"I did n't mean to," said Tommy, "and I was just bringing it back. The butcher's boy met me. I did n't know that Jip would run away with it. It took me a long time to catch him, for the dog thought it a game. I'm very sorry, sir."

"Tell the little girl you're sorry," said the policeman, in a gruff voice.

"I did n't mean to," said Tommy, looking as

if he would cry, "and I'm sorry that I made you think you had lost your doll."

Pauline said she was so glad to get her doll back that she hoped the boy need not be punished.

"You may go now," said the policeman, and Tommy ran out, very glad to get away.

Then they thanked the butcher, who said he hoped the doll was not hurt.

"Thank you, no," said Pauline, looking carefully at the dolly, "but I think she was scared."

The policeman and Pauline then walked to Pauline's house. And when they got there they found that Pauline's father was at home.

The father thanked the policeman, and, taking some money, tried to give it to him. But the policeman said:

"No, sir; thank you. I have a little girl of my own at home, and so I'm glad to get the doll for Miss Pauline."

"But," said Pauline's father, "I have just been out and bought a new dolly for her. Her mother told me she had lost her old one, and I was afraid you would not find it."

And Pauline's father showed her a new doll, almost like the one she held in her arms.

"But I don't need *two* dollies," said Pauline. "May I send one to the policeman's little girl?"

"Yes, dear."

So Pauline asked the policeman to give the new doll to his little girl, with her love.

And the policeman was glad, and thanked Pauline; and when he showed his little girl the doll she was glad, too, for it was the prettiest she ever had seen.



THE DOLL IS SAFE.

When Pauline went in the house she said to her father:

"Papa, I think policemen is real useful."

"Sometimes they are," said her father, and then they went hand in hand to dinner.

ALPHABET SONG.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.



A, B, C, D, E, F, G,—
 Baby and I will sail the sea;
 H, I, J, K, L, M, N,—
 Across the ocean and back again;
 O, P, Q, R, S, T, U,—
 Now on the railway, choo, choo, choo!
 V and W, X, Y, Z,—
 Home is the best place for baby and me.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE are we, my hearers, once more assembled to settle the affairs of science and the nation.

And now, before beginning new business, let us take up

THAT PLANT BY THE TELEGRAPH-POLE.

FIRST, allow me to thank Miss Annie Russell A., Henry Campman, "A Reader," J. E. D., Allen Van Vort, R. L. Jones, and all the other young friends, who correctly answered my query in regard to the peculiar plant pointed out to you from this Pulpit three months ago. It was shown, you may remember, in the picture of the "The Telegraph-Pole as a Storehouse."*

Very many sent answers, and though not all replied correctly, your Jack is glad to know that so large a number became interested in the matter and endeavored to "hunt it up."

This plant, called by the scientific the *Agave Americana*, is popularly known by the following names: *Agave*, *American Aloe*, *Century plant*, *Maguay*, and perhaps by other names. I am told, on good authority, that it is an *Agave* and not a *Yucca*, as many of you, my friends, have called it. The *Yucca*, it seems, belongs to a different order—"the Spanish-bayonet order," as one correspondent writes—at all events, you'll find by consulting the encyclopedias that *Yucca* and *Agave* are not two names for the same thing.

This *Agave Americana*, let me here remark, is by no means a worthless plant, as you may learn by ascertaining the various uses to which it may be put, nor does it always stand alone like a sentinel, by a telegraph-pole, as in Mr. Nugent's interesting picture. It is a sociable plant and loves its fellows, as all of us should do.

AND now, to change the subject, here is an interesting bit of information to you, my hungry ones, by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll:

AN INDIAN CHALLENGE.

Two tribes of Indians in the upper part of California had as boundary between their districts, a low ridge where the streams headed. If you should go to where one of these streams, Potter river, rises, you would see still standing a tall pile of stones beside a never-failing spring; on one side of this cairn was the territory of the Pomo Indians, and on the other the land of the Chumaia. These tribes were enemies, and were often at war. When the Chumaia wished to challenge the others to battle, they took three little sticks, cut notches round their ends and in the middle, tied them at the ends into a faggot, and laid it on this cairn. If the Pomo accepted the challenge, they tied a string around the middle of the three sticks and left them in their place. Then agents of both tribes met on neutral ground and arranged the time and place of battle, which took place accordingly.

THAT is one way of settling a difficulty. But think how many different kinds of difficulties there are, and in what different ways folks set about to settle them!

There is dear little Marjory, for instance. Your friend Annie L. Hannah has written for you a pretty song about her. Here it is:

WHO CAN TELL?

"I WONDER," said sweet Marjory,
To the robin on the wall;

"I wonder why the flowers are short,
And why the trees are tall?
I wonder why the grass is green,
And why the sky is blue?
I wonder, Robin, why I'm I,
Instead of being you?"

"I wonder why you birds can fly,
When I can only walk?

I wonder why you only sing,
While I can sing, and *talk*?

Oh, I wonder, I *so* wonder

Why the river hurries by?

I think you ought to know, Robin;
I would, if I could fly!

"I wonder," said sweet Marjory,
With a puzzled little frown,

"I wonder why the moon won't shine
Until the sun goes down?

I wonder where the stars all go
When they're not in the sky?

I'most believe you know, Robin,
For all you look so shy!

"I wonder why the snow comes?
And why the flowers die?

I wonder where the summer lives
When the wintry winds blow high?

I wonder," said sweet Marjory,

With her plump chin in her hand,

"I wonder, Robin, if we two
Shall *ever* understand?"

* See page 163 in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1890.

MORE ICE PRISONS.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

DEAR JACK IN THE PULPIT: I have been reading Dannie G——'s letter in the bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS (June number, 1890), about flowers frozen in a block of ice, and as I have read several others before, I thought you might like to hear about those that I saw. Last June our city celebrated her Semi-centennial. On the 11th, she had a Trades' Display that was very fine; the business of an artificial-ice company was represented by a float containing four blocks of ice about three feet high, and eighteen inches thick; in one was a fine large red-fish, about two feet long; the next had a large bouquet of lovely roses; the third held two red-snappers; and the fourth some Spanish-bayonet blossoms, waxen and lovely, and all of them worth going a long way to see.

We have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since it began, and enjoy it very much.

Yours respectfully,

M. C. TUCKER.

A KING IN A TORTOISE SHELL.

THE cradle that a queen should choose for her princely little baby must be a very grand affair, don't you think so? Perhaps made of choice or costly woods or even of a precious metal. In either case it must, you think, be most beautifully shaped and perhaps carved with the figures of sweet little cherubs, watching over the favored mortal baby as he sleeps softly amid his clouds of fine linen and delicate lace.

This may all be. Jack does n't know much about kings and queens and princes; and being a good republican, does not care so much about their grand furniture, and dresses, and cradles, as he does about whether or not they are good men and women and boys and girls and babies. What made me think of them at all was something that I heard a traveler tell about within a few days.

This traveler had lately come from France. While in that country he had visited the town of Pau, among the Pyrenees Mountains. (Look on your maps for them, my friends.) In this town, high up, looking over the valleys, stands an old, old castle, dark and gray and gloomy. It was built in the olden days when there was much fighting, and nobles and princes had to live in castles, with walls made so thick and strong to keep out their enemies that the blessed sunlight was kept out too, and the big rooms and halls were dark and dismal enough. Here in this castle of Pau, in the year of 1553, said the traveler, lived the old King of Navarre, and here, in this same year, was born his grandson Henry, Prince of Navarre, afterwards known the world over as Henry the Great, King of France and Navarre. He was called great not only because he knew how to head the armies of his kingdom, fighting his enemies, but because he loved his people and tried to make them happy and prosperous as well as glorious.

So his people loved him, and after his death they cherished everything that had belonged to him with the greatest care. Here, in his castle of Pau, is still treasured the cradle in which the royal baby was rocked to rest.

It is a cradle made all of tortoise-shell.

Should n't you think it would break very easily? It would if it were thin and polished tortoise-shell, like a girl's dainty bracelet, which is almost as brittle as glass; but there is little danger of this royal cradle meeting any such fate — no more danger than if the shell were still on the back of the turtle, its first owner! The shell is not polished or altered in any way. It was taken from the back of the big sea-turtle (who had carried it so long, and thought himself so safe in his stout shell-house) and was cleaned and turned over on its back.

Then only a little blanket was laid in it, for the young Prince of Navarre was not brought up delicately, and in his very cradle was taught to lie wrapped in a rough blanket, instead of on soft cushions, amid luxurious linen and lace.

The traveler did not tell the friend with whom he was talking whether or not the turtle-shell cradle was mounted on rockers. If not, how could the cradle have been rocked without giving the poor little baby a most terrible *jouncing*?

A little boy, who was walking with the traveler and his friend, said that he did n't think the little Prince Henry had half so comfortable a time of it as his own little baby brother at home; and I should n't wonder if that were true. But, perhaps, after all, it is n't good for babies to be quite so comfortable. It may be that more babies would grow up to be strong and hardy men and women if they were not treated *quite* so tenderly at the first.

Who knows?

HERE is a pretty bit of talk sent by your friend R. E. B. :

BIRD AND BOY.

"LITTLE bird,"	"Little boy,"
Said the lad,	Said the bird,
"On my word,	"I take joy,
I am glad	On my word,
I can go	In the storm
Where 't is warm	And the snow;
From the snow	I am warm,
And the storm.	Don't you know.
So I say,	Whit! to-weet!
Hoop! hooray!	As for me,
Boys are best, any day!"	Just a bird I would be!"

AND here is another view of the case, from the girls' point of view, sent you by Miss Maria J. Hammond:

HER LITTLE SHETLAND SHAWL.

I KNOW a little maiden,
And winter, spring, and fall,
She wears about her shoulders
A little Shetland shawl!

She says if all the birds stayed north,—
The sensible, wee things! —
That some would soon wear tiny shawls
Tucked underneath their wings!

THE LETTER-BOX.

FORT HUNTER, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am the youngest of six children who have taken you for eleven years. Some of the oldest bound numbers are falling to pieces, but ST. NICK would have to be bound in leather and printed on linen to stand all the reading it gets in this family. I like all your stories, and am always on the lookout for the "Brownies," and the "Aztec Fragments."

I have a shepherd pup named after the great enchanter, "Merlin," because he makes so many things "mysteriously disappear," and can make my brother look black when he chews up his hats or overshoes.

I am thirteen years old. I live in the country and drive into the city every day to school. I hope you will live forever. Yours truly, REUBEN O—.

BEDFORD PARK, CHISWICK, W., ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you all about Guy Fawkes Day, because the little boys and girls in America do not have a Guy Fawkes Day, and perhaps they might like to hear about it. You see, Guy Fawkes Day is thoroughly a *boys'* day—girls have nothing at all to do with it—but though I am a girl I have five brothers, and therefore generally share in the fun.

The day is the 5th of November, and about the middle of October all the shops (stores, as you say in America) begin to show fireworks and masks in their windows. Now, I dare say you will like to hear about the "masks." Well, they are faces made of a sort of composition, painted most hideously, generally with big noses. These are purchased for the large sum of one penny (two cents in American money) by all the little boys, who wear them about the streets. After this has gone on for about a week or a fortnight, Guy Fawkes Day really comes.

At about ten or eleven o'clock, on the 5th, you hear a great deal of noise going on in the streets, and cries of "Guy, Guy, Guy, Guy, Guy," as fast as it can be gabbled (or rather shouted). Then you see a troop of street urchins with paper caps and paper streamers, singing, while two of them carry a chair on which is tied an effigy of Guy Fawkes, with one of the aforesaid "masks," and an old hat and coat. The boys come and stand in front of the houses and sing:

"Please to remember
The Fifth of November,
The Gunpowder Treason and Plot.
I see no good reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgotten!"

Another song was:

"Holler, boys, holler, boys, make the bells ring;
Holler, boys, holler, boys, God save the King."

"The king" means James I., and the words are now changed into "God save the Queen."

You see Guy Fawkes Day is a very, very old custom; it dates back to 1605, when it is said that some conspirators tried to blow up the king and Parliament.

After dark all the boys have bonfires and fireworks, not so much in the town as in the suburbs, where there are back gardens in which to burn the stuffed effigy and to set off the fireworks. Good-by,

Yours lovingly, MARGARET ALICE B—.
Aged fourteen.

DIXON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is always full of fine stories, but the one that interests me most is entitled "The Boy Settlers."

If your readers remember, the story starts out with a brief description of Dixon, Illinois. Dixon is now a nice place, much nicer than at the time spoken of in "The Boy Settlers," yet many of the old landmarks still stand.

The "Old Elm" is especially interesting to see and hear about. Lincoln and Black Hawk stood under it when the treaty of peace was signed that ended the Black Hawk War; the tree stands right below our house, to the west; six men can just reach around it.

My grandmother knows most of the characters spoken of in "The Boy Settlers"; also, Noah Brooks, the author.

Father Dixon was well known by her, and many a time she has told me incidents in his life.

I remain your true friend, O. W. S—.

SENDAI, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are very much interested in "Lady Jane." We think the story will be spoiled if Lady Jane does not get back to her relatives.

The season for chrysanthemums is just past. There have lately been several shows in the city. The manager of one of the shows said there were two hundred and forty-five different kinds of chrysanthemums there. Some of the names translated are "White Stork," "Golden Waterfall," "Rays of Light," "Ghost," and "Sea-foam."

We are the three largest foreign girls in Sendai, and are one another's only playmates.

Your interested readers,
SARAH, CHARLOTTE, and KATE.

FORT SCOTT, KANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The following letter or composition is entirely the work of a little girl in her ninth year—the names taken from a book which she happened upon. Her nurse missed her, and found her in the library writing away at "a composition like the boys had to take to school." I am the aunt, the possible victim of "those savage beasts."

Very sincerely yours, F. N. N—.

[We print the letter as written:]

MY DEAR FRIEND: I write to you. Prof. Haxley reported to you something about the different papers. I have a paper that I will send you inclosed in this letter, which I hope you will enjoy. One of the subjects are about principally of the best, fine animals. Now, for instance, the most interesting is about, dogs; now you

know there are some fine dogs such as water spaniel (we have one), then the cats of the best Maltese nature, you know; well, I will have a little talk about the cats: The cats have tricks; I've heard of a cat that would dip her paw in a pitcher of milk, and then put it to her mouth. Well, I forgot to give a subject on dogs, which I will do now: Some dogs are bad and some are good; some dogs like to jump up on you and tear your clothes. Well, there are horses, some very fine horses; I suppose some people have finer horses than others; we have a fine horse. Now I will make a subject on lions: They are very savage beasts; they are mostly out West in the woods. I have an aunt that is going out there, and I hope they won't eat her up; they like to eat people. Now this is all I am going to say about animals. I think I will talk about gardens. A great many people have gardens; now we like to have lots of vegetables in the gardens, such as eorn, lima beans, and tomatoes; then there are aristocratic gardeners. I suppose you have heard of Samuel Boyer; he knows lots about gardens. Now I am going to give a subject on artists: Some artists are better than others. I have seen fine paintings they have done; they have very fine tastes about painting and drawing. I would like to know how oil paints are made. Now I will talk about flowers: Some are very pretty. I think daisies and dandelions are right pretty, but they are so common, and have n't got any style about them like fuchias and roses have. Now, what does subject mean? It means to take a word and tell things about it. Now I will close. I hope you will enjoy this composition, and all your family.

MARY C. N.—

SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American boy. I have been traveling in England with my mother and two brothers. I have also been in Scotland and Wales. When we were in Scotland we stayed at Edinburgh. We went to see the Forth Bridge, which is the longest bridge in the world.

It is not as handsome as the Brooklyn Bridge, however.

We are in Scarborough now, which is a great watering place. The other day we went out fishing; we caught about four dozen fish in an hour and a half. Don't you think that is pretty good? I am going to London in a few days. I have not been there yet. We sail for home very soon. I will be very glad to get home, although I like England. Good-by.

Your devoted friend,
DUNBAR F. C.—

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you during the long years you have been coming to me.

I send this little verse, which I have written all by myself:

A SENSIBLE WISH.

One day a little girl was asked by her father large and fat,

What she did want — a top, or ball, or anything like that. And she answered very wisely, with a sort of little sneeze,

I would like it if you'd get me St. NICHOLAS, if you please.

Your little reader,
GENEVIEVE C.—

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am quite an old subscriber, as I have taken you now for nearly six years, and I have

read and re-read your bound volumes with never-failing pleasure. I have traveled a great deal during the fourteen years of my life, and have been five times to Europe. Last summer I spent at Paris, and as we lived quite near the exhibition we used to go there frequently. I went to the top of the Eiffel Tower. There were so many people that we had to wait nearly two hours on the second floor for the lift, and when we stepped into it we could look down through a crack in the planks, and could see, far down below, little dots, which were said to be houses and people. Part of the following winter we spent at Nice. You cannot imagine how lovely it is to see thousands of roses blooming in the open air in February. The flower-market is a very attractive place, and I used to go to it nearly every day, and buy quantities of flowers, always haggling a long time over prices, as is customary. Some of the old crones hardly speak a word of French, but a sort of *patois*, a mixture of Italian and French. We were at Nice during the Carnival. The flower battles were delightful, and the masquerade was the most amusing thing I had seen for a long time. I have no pets just now, but have been promised a fox-terrier. I think your stories are delightful, especially "Juan and Juanita." My mother owns a volume of the original of "Grandmother's Wonderful Chair," and long before "Prince Fairyfoot" appeared in your pages I had read the original story through. This letter is the first I have ever written to you.

I am, with best wishes for a long life to your delightful magazine, your friend and hearty admirer,

M. G. K.—

THE HALL, BUSHEY, HERTS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy twelve years old. I have taken you since '84, and I never wrote to you before. I hope the following story is not too long. I translated it all alone.

JACK C.—

P. S.—This is a surprise for mama and papa.

THE MONKEY AND THE MAGIC-LANTERN.

ONCE a man who had a magic-lantern show, went away and left the monkey all alone. The monkey wished to make a great hit, so he went and collected all the animals he could find in the town — dogs, cats, chickens, turkeys, and ducks, all arrived soon, one by one.

"Walk in, walk in!" cried our monkey. "It is here that a new spectacle will charm you, gratis," he cried.

At these words every spectator seated himself, and our monkey brought the magic-lantern, and closed the blinds. Then, by a speech, made expressly for the occasion, he prepared the audience. It made them yawn, but they applauded, and contented with his success, he seized a painted glass and pushed it in the lantern; he knew how to manage it. As he pushed it in he cried: "Is there anything like it? You see the sun and all its glory, and presently you shall see the moon, and the history of Adam and Eve, see—" The spectators, in a profound darkness, strained their eyes and could see nothing.

"My word!" said a cat, "the fact is, I see nothing."

"Neither do I," said a dog.

All this time the modern Cicero talked on. He had forgotten but one thing; that was, to light his lantern!

MONTPELLIER, MOUNT ROW, GUERNSEY,
THE CHANNEL ISLES.

MY DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I do so hope this letter will be printed. I think "Lady Jane" is very nice indeed, and I wish the "Brownies" came every month. I take several magazines, but I don't think any of them are one bit as nice as you.

I have seen some of the bays here, but I have not been here long enough to see them all; of the ones I have seen, I like Petit Bot Bay best. I drove there once in an excursion-car — one which goes all round the island; the road is very steep, on one side is a precipice and on the other a cliff; round the last corners I did not like it much, for the four horses and axle went round before the long heavy car did! As we were driving home, the conductor told us that the Guernsey people, when they want to fatten their animals, fattened them one day and starved them the next; when you went to the market, you would see, he said, meat with a layer of lean and then a layer of fat, and so on; he said the fat came by fattening them, and the lean by starving them! I remain, your ever-devoted reader,

PHYLLIS S. C. —.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I hope I may never have to stop taking you. You were given me on my birthday in 1885, and I have enjoyed your pages ever since.

I send with this letter a sort of an enigma, which I made up myself. From your loving reader,

"QUEEN DAISY."

A DAY IN THE GROVE.

A PARTY of young ladies were seated in a shady (island in Mediterranean Sea) grove, one hot summer day, busily engaged with their fancy-work.

Presently they saw a man coming toward them, whom one, named (a city in Italy), recognized as her cousin (a river in North America).

(The river in N. A.) said he hoped this circle of superior and charming young ladies would allow him to join them.

To this they readily agreed, but said he must stop his (cape on Pacific coast of N. A.); and saying that he needed refreshments, (one of the Southern States) brought him a cup of hot (one of the East Indies) coffee, (a river of Africa), and a (one of a group of islands west of North America).

After he had eaten his lunch, he commenced to tell a story of how he was chased by a (lake in British America), at which (the city in Italy) sank down in a dead faint, she was so frightened.

For a few moments there was great confusion and (cape on eastern side of North America) in the company.

But a young girl by the name of (a city in Australia) sprinkled (a city in Prussia) over her poor friend, and told the rest to keep up (cape off southern Africa).

It was not long before (the city in Italy) began to recover, and (the Southern State) exclaimed, "How pale you look, my (river in Australia)"; while the (river in N. A.) begged her to take a little (river in S. A.) wine.

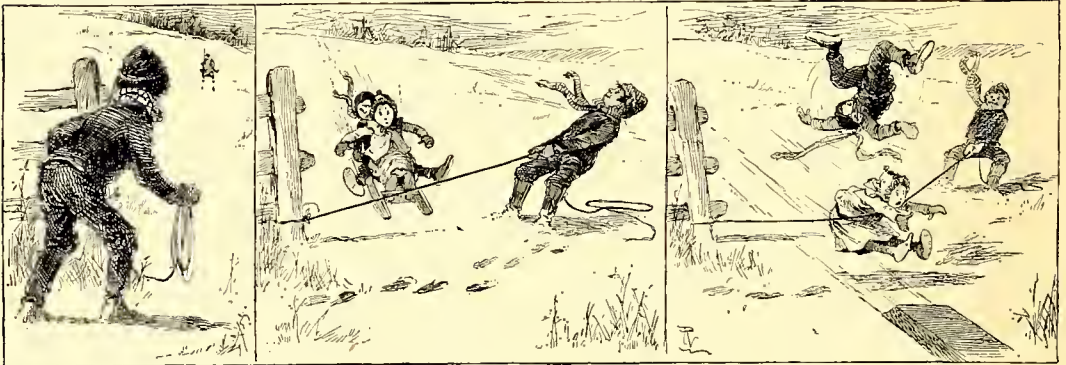
Very soon after they all started for home. On the way (the river in N. A.) tried to caress a large (island east of Canada) dog, but so full of (islands east of Australia) feelings was he, that he would not submit to being simply patted, but wanted to play with them.

Soon after, as they were going over some stony ground, (a river in Siberia), a little sister of (the city in Italy), fell down and began to cry loudly. (The Southern State) called her a (city in Hungary), but another young lady, (a city in central Europe), comforted her by promising her a gold ring on her birthday.

Here (the city in Australia) drew her shawl tighter round her and said she was (a country in South America). They soon reached home, however, and having taken a (cape on coast of Greenland) of each other, and saying they had had a pleasant day, returned to their several homes in (a city of New Hampshire). "QUEEN DAISY."

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Bernie B., Gertrude H., Harold A. M., Mary L. T., Lillian O. F., Harold H., Fannie M. P., Muriel P., L. B., Marion K., John M. H., E. L. S. A. B., Gertrude E. A., Guy S., Alma H., Jacqueline H., Mabel P., Edith B., Burritt S. L., Daisy McK., J. R. S., Mary A. J., Clara J., Percy F., Charlie, Mildred M. C., Bryson, Kathryn W., Ruth D., Evelyn C., Bessie B., Helen H. C., Milton S. G., E. C. P., Herbert M. L., Mabel G. M., Elsie L. S., Fannie H. and Frances T., Helen L., Edna S. P., L. B. W., Myron S., Karl B., Percy L. T., Helen P., Harry S. L., Leo W., Juliet M. K., Geraldine G., Lillie J., Nina S. and Ina H., Ida M., Pearl M. B., May B., Kate McC., Katharine P. H., Hebe A. and Grace C., Anne B. R., Marjorie W., Charlie T., Russell C., Ade M. F., M. and W., Abigail and Alice, W. G., Sadie R. B., Muriel E. M., Katrina A. MacM., John P. D., Bertha A. W., Kate K., Evalyn F. F., Vernon F., Mary Eleanor P., Fannie K.

A MEAN REVENGE.



I.

"ME HATED RIVAL HAS STARTED ON HIS SWIFT DESCENT."

II.

"HE CANNOT STOP AND NOW METHINKS I 'LL BE REVENGED."

III.

"HA, HA! PROUD JEDEDIAH SPRIGGS, I AM REVENGED!"

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

PECULIAR ACROSTIC. Primals, Sordello; fourth row, Browning; finals, S. Cross-words: 1. Symbols. 2. Onerous. 3. Reforms. 4. Drawers. 5. Evinces. 6. Legions. 7. Linnets. 8. Origins. A TRIANGLE. From 1 to 10, Washington; 11 to 19, Candlemas. 1, W; 2 to 19, as; 3 to 18, spa; 4 to 17, helm; 5 to 16, inane; 6 to 15, normal; 7 to 14, Goulard; 8 to 13, traction; 9 to 12, orchestra; 10 to 11, numismatic.

A NEST OF BIRDS. 1. Flycatcher. 2. Sparrow. 3. Robin. 4. Partridge. 5. Barn-swallow. 6. Killdeer. 7. Meadow-lark. 8. Parrot. 9. Spoonbill. 10. Snowbunting. 11. Loon. 12. Whip-poor-will. 13. Kingfisher. 14. Lyre-bird. 15. Curlew. 16. Sandpiper. 17. Turkey. 18. Canvas-back duck. 19. Heron. 20. Turtle dove. 21. Cockatoo. 22. Guinea-fowl. 23. Lapwing.

WORD-BUILDING. I. E. 2. Te. 3. Let. 4. Lent. 5. Inlet. 6. Silent. 7. Linnets. 8. Sentinel.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Rover. 2. Obole. 3. Vocal. 4. Elate. 5. Relet. II. 1. Niter. 2. Irene. 3. Terns. 4. Ennui. 5. Resin. A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. From 25 to 1, Boston; 25 to 3, Bergen; 25 to 5, Bengal; 25 to 7, Biscay; 25 to 9, Borneo; 25 to 11, Bogota; 25 to 13, Bremen; 25 to 15, Burma; 25 to 17, Balkan; 25 to 19, Berlin; 25 to 21, Bombay; 25 to 23, Bangor; 3 to 5, Natal; 7 to 9, Yeddo; 11 to 13, Akron; 15 to 17, Huron; 19 to 21, Nancy; 23 to 1, Rouen; 4 to 6, Etna; 8 to 10, Acree; 12 to 14, Tyre; 16 to 18, Asia; 20 to 22, Iowa; 24 to 2, Ohio.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Clare Sydney H.—Maude E. Palmer—No name, E. Johnsbury, Vt.—M. Josephine Sherwood—"The McG.'s"—Harry Tuttle—Clara B. Orwig—L. E. Taylor—Eloise Lloyd Derby—M. E. Hessler—Stephen O. Hawkins—C. A. M. P.—Arthur Grice—"The Wise Five"—"McGinty and Catnip"—"Infantry"—E. M. G.—Alice L. Granbery—Emily K. Johnston—A. L. W. L.—Maud C. Maxwell—Paul Reese—Jennie S. Liebmann—Alice Mildred Blanke and Sister—Jo and I—Robert A. Stewart—"Bud"—Blanche and Fred—"Paganini and Liszt"—A. H. and K.—Effie K. Talboys—"A Proud Pair"—Madge Clark—Edith Sewall—Dame Durden—"Me and Unk"—"Thida and Nardyl"—"May and 79"—Nellie L. Howes—"Miss Flint"—A. Fiske and Co.—A. M. C.—"The Nick McNick"—"Uncle Mung"—J. H. C. and J. A. F.—Ida C. Thallon—Gertrude L.—Edward Bancroft—"Busy Bee."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from "Anon," 2—"Fesion," 1—"Nif-essa," 2—Lillian, Pearl, and Alice, 2—Katharine B. and Katharine D., 1—Agnes and Elinor, 5—Marion H., 1—E. Woodbury, 1—"Nip and Bang," 2—George B. Fernald, 8—Kate W. Tibbals, 1—Fannie and Edith Tolman, 1—Edith L. G., 1—Carrie S. Harmon and Hattie H. Herrick, 2—Edythe P. J. and E. F., 2—"Praked and Kleei," 1—Uncle George, Ailie, and Lily, 1—Papa Ba., 1—Elaine and Grace Shirley, 2—"Miramonte Quartette," 6—Donald McClain, 1—"La Zia," 4—Rulinda M. Hough, 1—"Tit for Tat," 1—B. W., 3—Adele Mathias, 7—Mabel S. Meredith, 2—Clara and Minnie, 6—Alma Steiner, 1—"Papa and I," 3—Elsie P. Sanderson, 1—"Family Affair," 1—J. F., 1—J. B. Y., 4—"McGinty," 1—Emma Walton, 7—Eleanor S., 1—Hubert L. Bingay, 8—E. Tracy Hall, 2—E. H. Rossiter, 6—"Papa, Mama, and Me," 1—Joseph P. Davis, 3—"Carita," 9—Arthur B. Lawrence, 2—Lillie Anthony, 4—Nellie Archer, 7—Blanche Smith, 5—Ethel M. Hart, 1—H. M. C. and Co., 6—Albert B. Himes, 6—"Three Little Maids from School," 1—Maude M., 1—H. H. Francine, 4—Carrie Thacher, 4—Honora Swartz, 2—"Dog and Cat," 6—Mary H. Kirkwood, 1—Frank C. Lincoln, 4—C., Estelle, and Clarendon Ions, 5—Edward Gordon, 1—Russell Mount, 1—Bertha W. Groesbeck, 4—"The Nutshell," 8—No Name, Englewood, 9—"Ed and Papa," 9—Irene, Lottie, Mama, and May, 1—Jennie and Miriam Bingay, 3—"Free and Easy," 3—Percy Thompson, 1—Adele Walton, 8—"The Bees," 3—Ethel and Natalie, 1—Minnie and James, 7—C. H. K., 3—Clara and Emma, 7—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 5—R. M. Huntington, 6—"Midwood," 9—Adrienne, 5—Sissie Hunter, 6—Minna Wood, 9—Edith W. A., 5—No Name, Minneapolis, 9—Maud Taylor, 8—E. B. S. W., Madeleine S. and Mary L., 2.

BROKEN WORDS. First row, Longfellow; second row, Evangeline. 1. List-ens. 2. Out-vic. 3. Notion-ally. 4. Gar-net. 5. Fungus. 6. East-ern. 7. Lord-ling. 8. Lament-in. 9. Ope-ned. 10. Wax-end.

PI.

On the wind in February
Snowflakes float still,
Half inclined to turn to rain,
Nipping, dripping, chill.
Then the thaws swell the streams,
And swollen rivers swell the sea;
If the winter ever ends
How pleasant it will be.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Chat. 2. Hole. 3. Alas. 4. Test. II. 1. Slat. 2. Lama. 3. Amos. 4. Task. III. 1. Trot. 2. Rose. 3. Ossa. 4. Teak. IV. 1. Kant. 2. Aloe. 3. Noun. 4. Tent.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, Honorable. Cross-words: 1. Discharge. 2. Fagotto. 3. Runic. 4. Rod. 5. R. 6. Bat. 7. Fable. 8. Tables. 9. Herderite.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

How'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.



WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. The French turnip. 2. The white poplar. 3. Mercenary. 4. A species of antelope. 5. Joins together.

II. 1. The largest size of type. 2. An African lizard. 3. Designates. 4. A letter of the Greek alphabet. 5. Pertaining to the nose.

III. 1. A Russian drink. 2. Oxygen in a condensed form. 3. A piece of wood driven into a wall, so that other pieces may be nailed to it. 4. A passing bell. 5. One of the Harpies. ELDRÉD JUNGERICH.

HEADS AND TAILS.

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, take the first letter of the first word, the last letter of the second word, the first letter of the third, the last of the fourth, and so on, till the name of a famous traveler is spelled.

CROSS-WORDS: I. An African quadruped. 2. A bucolic. 3. Pertaining to Turkey. 4. A butcher's

instrument. 5. An immense mass of ice and snow moving slowly downward. 6. To shut out. 7. A joint of the finger. 8. To be enough. 9. Mischievous. 10. A kind of cotton cloth originally brought from China. II. Eagerness. 12. A vendue.

ANNA W. ASHHURST.

PI.

Rof em erthe si on arerr ginth
Hant, hilew eht newstir grigenlin,
Ot state eht snebsledfoss pgrins.

Weer hist eht snigpp, I won dushlo higs
Hatt ahtug reew spetn; —tub chur ma I!
Huntcoude prigsns lodgen msu thod eli.

WORD-BUILDING.

I. A vowel. 2. A pronoun. 3. Veneration. 4. Merchandise. 5. A bet. 6. A musical composer. 7. Tire-some. 8. Irrigating. 9. Entwining. 10. Enduring. "PYRAMUS AND THISBE."

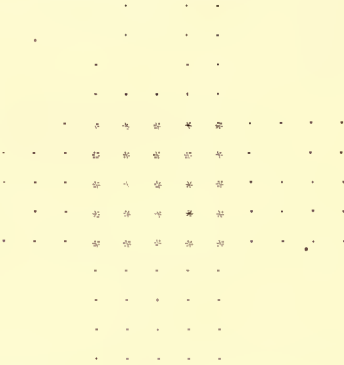
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials spell the surname of a President of the United States who was born March 15; my finals spell the surname of a Southern statesman who died March 31.

Cross-words: 1. Pertaining to the Jews. 2. A fleet of armed ships. 3. A letter of defiance. 4. A place mentioned in the first verse of the twentieth chapter of Genesis. 5. A valuable timber-tree of India, used for shipbuilding. 6. Mosaic gold. 7. Native carbonate of soda.

GILBERT FORREST.

A GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A mountain nymph. 2. A rule. 3. A funeral oration. 4. The shield of Minerva. 5. To align.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Gait. 2. A governor. 3. A select body. 4. The father of Medea — (omit one letter of his name). 5. Garments.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Raiment. 2. To surrender. 3. A remnant of burning wood. 4. A kind of coarse basket. 5. To scatter loosely.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To spread abroad. 2. The name for modern Thebes. 3. To emulate. 4. To shun. 5. A principality of Great Britain.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. To scatter. 2. A kind of food. 3. One who rides. 4. The builder of a famous wooden horse. 5. A Russian measure of length.

ELDRED JUNGERICH.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

REPLACE the first group of stars by a certain word; then take a letter from this word without rearranging the letters and so form the other words indicated by stars. Example, psalter, palter, paler.

1. John is a ***** workman, and he will get ***** making the ***** in time, although it is a ***** piece of work.

2. One of the bold ***** of the Spanish main often ***** of hitting the ***** of his victims by giving them two ***** with his club.

3. A learned ***** one of the upper caste among the Hindoos, having stated that the ***** of a certain

ruler was composed of ***** he was placed under a *****.

4. A ***** having been enacted to erect a ***** to a certain man formerly in the ***** house, the matter has been discussed enough to ***** any one.

5. The artist's singing of the recitative ***** every one; then he ***** a softer strain. Being rurally inclined, the next day he ***** the ground, ***** the chimney-piece, and after he had ***** up the horse, he went out to ***** some new mown hay with his brother *****.

6. The old tramp will ***** in the dirt, ***** with all who will listen to him, and this he would continue to do till the ***** of the house came off, or a high ***** blew him away.

G. U. ESSER.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

1. BEHEAD and curtail obscurity, and leave a game.
2. Behead and curtail to clutch, and leave to sever.
3. Behead and curtail magnificent, and leave sped.
4. Behead and curtail pierced, and leave a metallic substance.
5. Behead and curtail to snarl, and leave a tier.
6. Behead and curtail a fruit, and leave a light blow.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, before they are beheaded and curtailed, the six initial letters may all be found in the word Caligula, and the six final letters spell a word meaning to interfere.

H. H. D.

HOOR-GLASS.

- I. 1. PERTAINING to a great country. 2. An old saying which has obtained credit by long use. 3. To annex. 4. A Roman numeral. 5. A much used verb. 6. Surpassing. 7. Separately.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell an instrument for smoothing clothes.

- II. 1. Curves. 2. To cut into thin pieces. 3. A stately poetical composition proper to be set to music or sung. 4. A Roman numeral. 5. A quadruped. 6. A ledge. 7. A weapon intended to be thrown.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell ambiguous propositions.

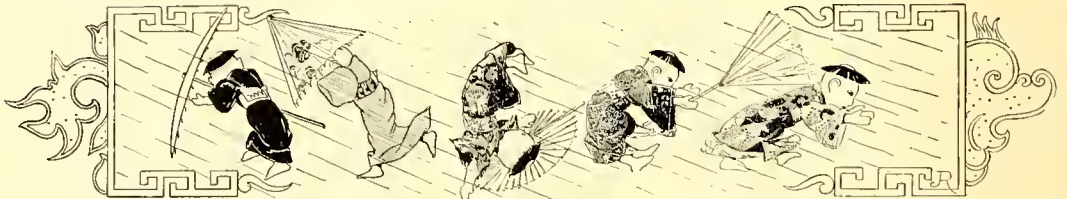
PEARL R. AND H. A. L.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-nine letters, and form a four-line verse, by Alexander Smith.

My 74-92-8-23-53-97 is to wrench. My 48-14-80-35-29 is to be conspicuous. My 66-41-5-87-63 is a valued fabric. My 94-20-12 is much used in summer. My 3-17-85-59-51-70 is a season. My 31-68-1-76 is one of the United States. My 40-83-11-33 is at that time. My 32-89-45-37-65-19 is formerly. My 55-72-77-47-99-56 is to hate. My 10-62-25-16 is part of a clock. My 6-52-96-26-78 is double. My 43-22-38-54-67 is stately. My 49-57-84-39-86-15-73 is to make a loud noise. My 81-28-93-13-98 is struck. My 30-24-36-75-90-14 is dull. My 18-21-27-2-82-4-46-60 is oblique. My 9-34-42-64 is to twist. My 79-69-88-95 is a musical instrument, and my 50-58-91-71-7-61 is a performer on it.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."





PORTRAIT OF A CHILD. FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAEN HANNEMAN.

IN THE ROYAL MUSEUM AT THE HAGUE.

(ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY T. JOHNSON.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. 6.

THE GATES ON GRANDFATHER'S FARM.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

LITTLE Eastern children, transplanted in their babyhood to the far West, have to leave behind them grandfathers and grandmothers, and all the dear old places associated with those best friends of childhood.

Of our Cañon children, Jack was the only one who could remember grandfather's house; although Polly had romanced about it so much that she thought she could remember. Polly was born there, but as she was taken away only eighteen months afterward, it 's hardly likely that she knew much about it. And Baby was born in the Cañon, and never in her life had heard the words grandpapa or grandmama spoken in the second person.

For the sake of these younger ones, deprived of their natural right to the possession of grandparents, the mother used to tell everything she could put into words, and that the children could understand, about the old Eastern home where her own childhood was spent, in entire unconsciousness of any such fate as that which is involved in the words, "Gone West."

The catalogue of grandfather's gates always pleased the children, because in the Cañon there were no gates but the great rock gate of the Cañon itself, out of which the river ran shouting and clapping its hands like a child out of a dark

room into the sunlight; and into which the sun took a last peep, at night, under the red curtain of the sunset.

Grandfather's gates were old gates long before Jack began to kick out the toes of his shoes against them, or practised with their wooden latches and latch-pins. Most of them had been patched and strengthened, in weak places, by hands whose work in this world was done. Each had its own particular creak, like a familiar voice, announcing, as far as it could be heard, which gate it was that was opening; and, to Jack's eyes, each one of the farm-gates had a distinct and expressive countenance of its own, which he remembered as well as he did the faces of the men who worked in the fields.

Two or three of them were stubborn obstacles in his path, by reason of queer, unmanageable latches that would n't shove, or weights that a small boy could n't lift, or a heavy trick of yawing at the top and dragging at the bottom, so that the only way to get through was to squeeze through a wedge-shaped opening, where you scraped the side of your leg, and generally managed to catch some part of your clothing on a nail or on a splinter. Others fell open gaily, on a downhill grade, but you had to tug yourself crimson in order to heave them

shut again. Very few of those heavy old field-gates seemed to have been intended for the convenience of boys. The boy on grandfather's farm who opened a gate was expected to shut it. If he neglected to do so he was almost sure to hear a voice calling after him, "Hey, there! Who left that gate open?" So that on the whole it was no saving of time to slip through, besides being a strain on one's reputation with the farm-hands.

Some of the gates were swinging and creaking every day of the year; others were silent for whole months together; others, like the road-gate, stood open always, and never creaked; and nobody marked them, except that the children found them good to swing upon, when the grass was not too long.

The road-gate had once been quite a smart one, with pickets and gray paint? but it had stood open so many years, with the grass of summer after summer cumbering its long stride, that no one ever thought of repainting it, any more than they would of decorating the trunk of the Norway spruce which stood nearest to it, between it and the fountain that had ceased to play and had been filled up with earth and converted into a flower-bed.

The road-gate being always open, it follows that the garden-gate was always shut. The garden was divided from the dooryard by the lane which went past the house to the carriage-house and stable. Visitors sometimes spoke of the lane as the "avenue," and of the dooryard as the "lawn"; but these fine names were never used by grandfather himself, nor by any of the household, nor were they appropriate to the character of the place. The dooryard grass was left to grow rather long before it was cut, like grandfather's beard before he would consent to have it trimmed. Dandelions went to seed and clover-heads reddened. Beautiful things had time to grow up and blossom in that rich, dooryard grass, before it was swept down by the scythe and carried away in wheelbarrow loads to be fed to the horses. It was toward night, generally, that the men wheeled it away, and the children used to follow load after load to the stable, to enjoy the horses' enjoyment of it. They always felt that the dooryard grass belonged to them, and yielded it, at the cost of

many a joy, as their own personal contribution to those good friends of theirs in the stable — Nelly, and Duke, and Dan, and Nelly's colt (which was generally a five-year-old before it ceased to be called "the colt").

The garden-gate was a small one, of the same rather smart pattern as the road-gate. The grapevine which grew inside the fence — and over, and under, and through it — had super-added an arch of its tenderest, broadest, most luminous leaves, which spanned the gate-posts, uplifted against the blue sky, and was so much more beautiful toward the middle of summer than any gate could be, that no one ever looked at the little garden-gate at all, except to make sure that it was shut.

It had a peculiar, lively click of the latch, which somehow suggested all the pleasures of the garden within. The remembrance of it recalls the figure of John, the gardener, in his blue denim blouse, with a bunch of radishes and young lettuces in his clean, earthy hands. He would take a few steps out of his way to the fountain (it had not then been filled up), and wash the tender roots. dip the leaves and shake them, before presenting his offering in the kitchen.

There was another figure that often came and went when the garden-gate clicked; the little mother, the children's grandmother, in her morning gingham and white apron and garden-hat, and the gloves without fingers she wore when she went to pick her roses. Sometimes she wore no hat and the sun shone through her muslin cap. It came to a point just above her forehead, and was finished with a bunch of narrow ribbon, pale straw-color or lavender. Her face in the open sunlight or under the shade of her hat had the tender fairness of one of her own faintly tinted tea-roses. Young girls and children's faces may be likened to flowers, but that fairness of the white soul shining through does not belong to youth. The soul of a mother is hardly in full bloom until her cheek begins to sink a little, and grow soft with age.

The garden was laid out on an old-fashioned plan, in three low terraces, each a single step above the other. A long, straight walk divided the middle terrace, extending from the gate to the seat underneath the grape-vine and pear-

tree; and another, long, straight path crossed the first one at right angles, from the blackberry bushes at the top of the garden to the arborvitæ hedge at the bottom. The borders were of box, or polyanthus, or primroses, and the beds were filled with a confusion of flowers of all seasons, crowding the spaces between the rose-bushes; so that there were literally layers of flowers, the ones above half hiding, half supporting the ones beneath, and all uniting to praise the hand of the gardener that made them grow. Some persons said the garden needed systematizing — that there was a waste of material there. Others thought its charm lay in its careless lavishness of beauty — as if it took no thought for what it was, or had, but gave with both hands and never counted what was left.

It was certain you could pick armfuls, apronfuls, of flowers there, and never miss them from the beds or the bushes where they grew.

The hedge ran along on top of the stone wall which guarded the embankment to the road. In June, when the sun lay hot on the whitening dust, Jack used to lean with his arms deep in the cool, green, springy mass of the hedge, his chin barely above its close-shorn twigs, and stare at the slow-moving tops of the tall chestnut-trees, across the meadow, and dream of journeys, and of circuses passing, with band-wagons, and piebald horses, and tramp of elephants, and zebras with stiff manes. How queer an elephant would look walking past the gate of Uncle Townsend's meadow!

When the first crop of organ-grinders began to spread along the country roads, Jack, atilt like a big robin in the hedge, would prick his ear at the sound of a faint, whining sweetness, far away at the next house but one. After a silence he would hear it again in a louder strain, at the very next house; another plodding silence, and the joy had arrived. The organ-man had actually perceived grandfather's house, far back as it was behind the fir-trees, and had stopped by the little gate at the foot of the brick walk. Then Jack races out of the garden, slamming the gate behind him, across the dooryard and up the piazza steps, to beg a few pennies to encourage the man. He has already turned back his blanket and adjusted his stick. Will grandmother please hurry? It takes such a long

time to find only four pennies, and the music has begun!

All the neighbors' children have followed the man, and are congregated about him in the road below. Looks are exchanged between them and Jack, dangling his legs over the brink of the wall, but no words are wasted.

Then come those moments of indecision as to the best plan of bestowing the pennies. If you give them too soon, the man may pack up the rest of his tuncs and go away; if you keep them back too long, he may get discouraged and go, anyhow. Jack concludes to give two pennies at the close of the first air, and make the others apparent in his hands. But the organ-man does not seem to be aware of the other two pennies in reserve. His melancholy eyes are fixed on the tops of the fir-trees that swing in a circle above Jack's head, as he sits on the wall. "Poor man," Jack thinks, "he is disappointed to get only two pennies! He thinks, perhaps, I am keeping the others for the next man. How good of him to go on playing all the same!" He plays all his tuncs out to the end. Down goes the blanket. Jack almost drops the pennies in his haste to be in time. The man stumps away down the road, and Jack loiters up the long path to the house, dreamy with the droning music, and flattered to the soul by the man's thanks, and the way he took off his hat when he said good-day. Nobody need try to make Jack believe that an organ-grinder can ever be a nuisance.

The road-gate, the garden-gate, and the gate at the foot of the path, were the only gates that ever made any pretense to paint. The others were of the color that wind and weather freely bestow upon a good piece of old wood that has never been planed.

Jack became acquainted with the farm-gates, one by one, as his knowledge of the fields progressed. At first, for his short legs, it was a long journey to the barn. Here there was a gate which he often climbed upon but never opened; for within its protection the deep growl of the old bull was often heard, or his reddish-black head, lowering eye, and hunched shoulders were seen emerging from the low, dark passage to the sheds into the sunny cattle-yard. Even though nothing were in sight more awful than

a clucking hen, that doorway, always agape and always dark as night, was a bad spot for a small boy to pass, with the gate of retreat closed behind him, and the gate of escape into the comfortable, safe barn-yard not yet open.

The left-hand gate, on the upper side of the barn, was the children's favorite of all the gates. The barn was built against a hill, and the roof on the upper side came down nearly to the ground. The children used to go through the left-hand gate, when, with one impulse, they decided, "Let's go and slide on the roof!"

gazing down from that thrilling height upon the familiar objects in the peaceful barn-yard. Then to turn round carefully and get into position for the glorious, downward rush over the gray, slippery shingles! It could not have been any better for the shingles than for the shoes and stockings; but no one interfered. Perhaps grandfather remembered a time when he, too, used to slide on roofs, and scour the soles of his shoes, and polish the knees of his stockings.

The upper gate had another, more lasting attraction; it opened into the lane which

went up past the barn into the orchards—the lovely, side-hill orchards. Grandfather's farm was a side-hill farm, altogether, facing the river, with its back to the sunset. If you sat down comfortably, adjusting yourself to the slope of the ground, the afternoon shadows stretched far before you; you saw the low blue mountains across the river, and the sails of sloops tacking against the breeze. One orchard led to another, through gaps in the stone fences, and the shadow of one tree met the shadow of its neighbor, across those



THE GATE OF THE BARN-YARD.

This was their summer coasting. Soles of shoes were soon polished, so that the sliders were obliged to climb up the roof on hands and knees. It was not good for stockings, and in those days there were no "knee-protectors"; mothers' darning was the only invention for keeping young knees inside of middle-aged stockings that were expected to "last out" the summer.

It was a blissful pastime, to swarm up the roof and lie, with one's chin over the ridge-pole,

long, sun-pierced aisles. The trees bent this way and that, and shifted their limbs under the autumn's burden of fruit. The children never thought of eating a whole apple, but bit one and threw it away for another that looked more tempting, and so on till their palates were torpid with tasting. Then they were swung up on top of the cold, slippery loads, and jolted down the lane to that big, upper door which opened into the loft where

the apple-bins were. Here the wagon stopped, with a heavy creak. Some one picked up a child and swung it in at the big door; some one else caught it and placed it safely on its feet at one side; and then the men began a race,—the one in the wagon bent upon filling a basket with apples and heaving it in at the door, faster than the man inside could carry it to the bin and empty it and return for the next.

These bins held the cider-apples. The apples for market were brought down in barrels from the orchards, and then the wagon-load of apples and children went through still another gate, that led to another short lane, under more apple-trees, to the fruit-house, where, in the cool, dim cellar, that smelled of all deliciousness, the fruit was sorted and boxed, or barreled, for market. And in the late afternoon, or after supper, if the children were old enough to stay up so late, they were allowed to ride on the loads of fruit to the steamboat landing.

It is needless to say that this gate, which led to the fruit-cellar, was one Jack very early learned to open. In fact it was so in the habit of being opened that it had never acquired the trick of obstinacy, and gave way at the least pull.

When Jack was rather bigger, he was allowed to cross the road with his cousin, a boy of his own age, and open the gate into Uncle Townsend's meadow. This piece of land had been many years in his grandfather's possession, but it was still called by the name of its earlier owner. Names have such a persistent habit of sticking in those long-settled communities, where there is always some one who remembers when staid old horses were colts, and gray-haired men were boys, and when the land your father was born on was part of his grandfather's farm on the ridge.

A brook, which was also the waste-way from the mill, ran across Uncle Townsend's meadow. Sometimes it overflowed into the grass and made wet places, and in these spots the grass was of a darker color, and certain wild flowers were finer than anywhere else; also certain weeds, among others the purple, rank "skunk cabbage," which the children admired without wishing to gather.

Water-cresses clung to the brookside; in the damp places the largest, whitest blood-root grew; under the brush along the fences, and by the rocks, grew the blue-eyed hepatica, coral-red columbine, and anemones, both pure white and those rare beauties with a pale



THE LANE.

pink flush. Dog-tooth violets, wild geraniums, Solomon's seal, Jack-in-the-pulpit, came in due season, and ferns of every pattern of leaf and scroll. Later, when the wet places were dry, came the tall fire-lilies, and brown-eyed Rudbeckias, "ox-eyed daisies" the children called them, together with all the delicate, flowering grass-heads, and stately bulrushes, and patches of pink and white clover,—and all over the meadow there was a sleepy sound of bees, and shadows with soft edges lost in deep waves of grass.

Of course the brook did not stop at the meadow. It went on, gurgling over the stones, dark under the willows; but there were no more gates. The brook left the home fields, and took its own way across everybody's land, to the river. That was a long walk, which Jack took only when he was much older.

Another journey, which he grew up to, by degrees, was that one to the upper barn. How many times over did he repeat his instructions before he was allowed to set out: "Go up the hill, past the mill, until you come to the first

turn to the left. Turn up that way and follow the lane straight on"—but this was a figure of speech, for no one could go straight on who followed that lane—"till you come to the three gates. Be sure to take the left-hand one of the three. Then you are all right. That gate opens into the lane that goes past the upper barn."

Near the upper barn were three sugar-

lowing spring, with broad foreheads, and curly forelocks, and clear hazel eyes, and small mouths just made for nibbling from the hand. Often, of a keen April morning, when the thawed places in the lane were covered with clinking ice, the children used to trudge at their father's side to see the lambs get their breakfast of turnips, chopped in the dark cold



ACROSS THE FIELDS.

maples—the only ones on the place which yielded sap; and in one of the neighboring fields there was a very great walnut-tree, second in size only to the old chestnut-tree in the burying ground, which was a hundred and fifty years old, and bigger round the body than three children clasping hands could span.

Those up-lying fields were rather far away for daily rambles. Jack knew them less and so cared less for them than for the home acres, which were as familiar to him as the rooms of grandfather's house.

But when grandfather's children were children, the spring lambs wintered at the upper barn; and beauteous creatures they were by the fol-

hay-scented barn, while the hungry creatures bleated outside, and crowded against the door.

Half the poetry of the farm-life went into the care of the sheep, and the anxieties connected with them. They were a flock of Cotswolds, carefully bred from imported stock. Their heavy fleeces made them the most helpless of creatures when driven hard, or worried by the dogs; and every neighbor's dog was a possible enemy.

On moonlight nights in spring, when watchdogs are restless, and vagabond dogs are keen for mischief, the spirit of the chase would get abroad. The bad characters would lead on the dogs of uncertain principles, and now and then

one of unspotted reputation, and the evil work would begin. When the household was asleep, a knock would be heard upon the window, and the voice of one hoarse with running would give the alarm :

“The dogs are after the sheep !”

The big brother would get down his shotgun, and the father would hunt for the ointments, the lantern, and the shears (for cutting the wool away from bleeding wounds), and together they hurried away—the avenger and the healer. Next day, more than one of the neighbors' children came weeping, to identify a missing favorite. Sometimes the innocent suffered for being found in company with the guilty. There were hard feelings on both sides—even the owners of dogs caught with the marks of guilt upon them disputed the justice of a life for a life.

There is one more gate, and then we come to the last one—the gate of the burying-ground.

That way the mothers went of an afternoon with their sewing, or the last new magazine, or the last new baby ; or in the morning to borrow a cupful of yeast, or to return the last loan of a bowlful of rice, or to gather ground-ivy (it grew in Uncle Edward's yard, but not in grandfather's) to make syrup for an old cough. That way came the groups, of a winter evening, in shawls and hoods, creaking over the snow, with lantern-light and laughter, to a reading circle, or to one of those family reunions which took place whenever some relative from a distance was visiting in the neighborhood. Along that path went those dear women in haste, to offer their help in sudden, sharp emergencies : and with slower steps, again, when all was over, they went to sit with those in grief, or to consult about the last services for the dead.

That was the way the young people took on their walks in summer—the stalwart coun-



THE PATH OVER THE HILL.

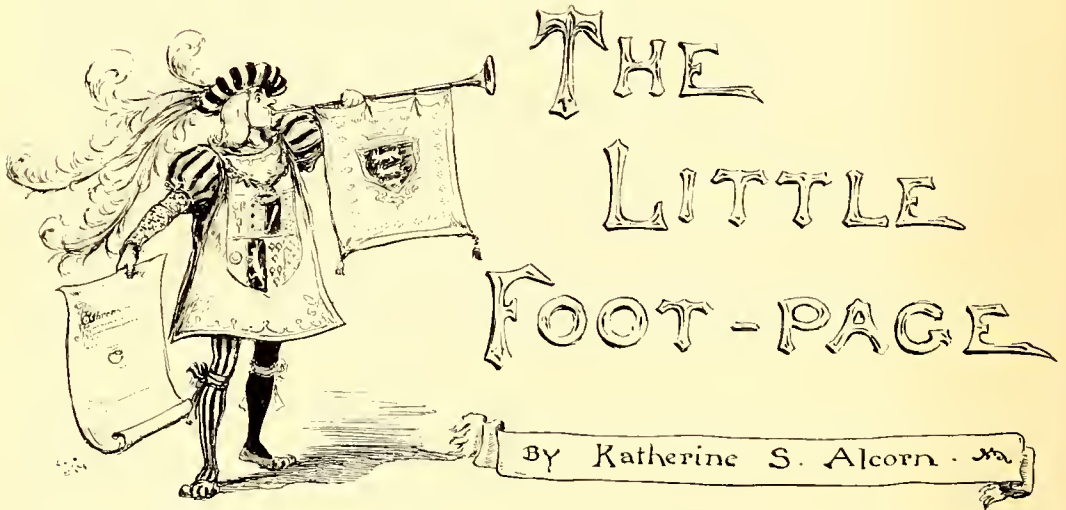
A path went over the hill which divided grandfather's house from that of his elder brother, whose descendants continued to live there after him. Uncle Edward's children were somewhat older, and his grandchildren were younger than grandfather's children ; but, though slightly mismatched as to ages, the two households were in great accord. The path crossed the “line fence” by a little gate in the stone wall, and this was the gate of family visiting.

try boys and their pretty city cousins in fresh muslins, with light, high voices, pitched to the roar of the street. That way went the nutting parties in the fall, and the skating parties in winter. All the boys and girls of both houses grew up opening and shutting that gate on one errand or another, from the little white-headed lad with the mail to the soldier cousin coming across to say good-by.

Between the two neighboring homes was the

family burying-ground ; so that all this pleasant intercourse went on with the silent cognizance and sympathy, as it were, of the forefathers who trod the path no more. The burying-ground was by far the best spot for a resting-place, on either of the farms,—in a hollow of the hills, with a stone fence all round, draped as if to deaden sound, with heavy festoons of woodbine. Above the gray granite and white marble tombstones, the locust-trees rose, tall and still. The beds of myrtle, underneath, were matted into a continuous carpet of thick, shining leaves, which caught the sunlight, at broad noon, with a peculiar pale glister like moonlight. The chestnut-tree stood a little apart, with one great arm outstretched as if calling

attention, or asking for silence. Yet no child ever hushed its laughter, as it passed the little gate with the gray pickets, overhung by a climbing rose, which opened into the burying-ground ; and when, in the autumn, the old chestnut-tree dropped its nuts, the children never hesitated to go in that way and gather them because of the solemn neighborhood. They had grown up in the presence of these memorials of the beloved dead. But no one ever opened that gate without at least a momentary thoughtfulness. No one ever slammed it, in anger or in haste. And so it became a dumb teacher of reverence—a daily reminder to be quiet, to be gentle, for the sake of those at rest on the other side of the wall.



THE little page, Ralph, lay under a tree,
Gazing up into the sky.
A very blithe little foot-page was he ;
His hair was yellow as it could be,
And blue was his sparkling eye.

His little round cap was red as a rose ;
His doublet was bottle-green.
Silken and soft were his crimson hose ;
His queer little shoes turned up at the toes ;
And his cloak had a velvet sheen.

He mused as he lay there: "My lord, the king,
I heard the herald proclaim,
Has lost the stone from his signet-ring;
And whosoever the stone will bring,
Whatever his state, or name,

"Then the herald will lead me away by the hand,
And cry in his loudest voice:
'Here is the brightest foot-page in the land!
His the treasure and palace grand!
In him doth the king rejoice.'



"Shall have, henceforth, at his command
Jewels and raiment fine.
His name shall be honored in all the land;
His home, a palace superbly grand.
These splendors shall all be mine.

"The other foot-page is so dull, and so slow,—
Oh, Rodna's a dreadful dunce! —
He never will find the stone, I know;
Bless me! he does n't know where to go.
I'll hie me away at once.

"I'll go where the king sat yesternight
To hear the minstrel sing;
For the ground is strewn with violets white,
And he clapped his hands with all his might;
And there I shall find the ring.

"My life will be joyous and free from care,
For of course I shall find the stone;
And far away in the future fair,
Perhaps I shall wed the Princess Claire,—
And even come to the throne."

So musing and planning, the page lay there,
Gazing up into the sky;
Building such wonderful castles in air,
They far exceeded the palace fair —
And the midday hour drew nigh.

Then gaily the little foot-page arose,
And took his way to the town;
Skipping along on his queer little toes
And saying, "Perhaps before night — who
knows? —
In my palace I'll lay me down."

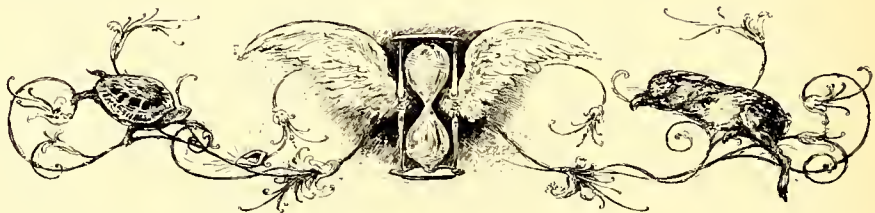


But alas, and alas, for the day-dreams bright!
 Alas, for the palace fair!
 As he entered the town, with a footstep light,
 He beheld a most bewildering sight:
 The beautiful Princess Claire

Was leading a little foot-page by the hand;
 While the herald, with loudest voice,
 Cried, "Here is the brightest foot-page in the
 land!
 His is the treasure and palace grand!
 In him doth the king rejoice.

"And the king, my master, doth bid me say
 To each, and every one,
 'Go clothe yourself in your best array,
 For the finest feast will be given to-day,
 That ever was under the sun.'"

Then the other foot-page went home alone,—
 Sadder and wiser he,—
 And donned his holiday dress with a groan.
 For Rodna had sought, and found the
 stone,
 While Ralph lay under the tree.



THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[Began in the November number.]

CHAPTER XXI.

"BOATS WANTED."

TOBY was like a bird escaped from its cage, when he went home and told his mother and sister how he had regained his freedom, and found that they approved his conduct.

The story of the twenty-dollar note, which sounds commonplace enough to us, drew from the widow tears of joy and pride.

"Oh, my son!" she said, "the growth in manhood you will gain by such a high-minded, upright course will be worth to you more than any money can be. I have great happiness in you, my dear, dear boy!" embracing him affectionately.

"Toby!" said Mildred, laughing, but with bright tears in her eyes, "you 're a trump!"

Toby freed himself from the fond embrace (boys of sixteen do not like demonstrative affection from even their own mothers), winked hard, choked, laughed, and said:

"Guess I 'll go and hoe those beans!"

He had hardly ever been happier in his life than when at work that forenoon in the garden; or when, after dinner, he shouldered an ax and, with hammer and nails, and saw, went (as he expressed it to Aleck) to "tinker up" his wharf.

This was a simple structure, consisting of two or three planks supported by stakes, at the foot of the short street leading down to the lake. As the stakes were subject to the wrenching force of the ice in winter, it was nearly always necessary to right them, or drive new ones, the following season.

He was working and whistling, with his feet bare and his trousers-legs turned up, when Lick Stevens sounded his bell, and leaped from his bicycle to the beach, by Toby's side.

"I thought I 'd come around and help you,"

he said, laying his wheel over on the slope of the shore. "How 's the water? I have n't been in it this summer. Have you?"

"Well, rather!" said Toby, with a humorous smile.

"Oh, yes! I forgot. I meant, in a-swimming. Let me help you straighten up that stake."

"All right," said Toby, "if you 'll press against it with this bean-pole for a lever, while I knock it with the ax-head."

He was rather surprised to see Lick take hold as if he really meant to assist him. Benevolence was not one of that young man's distinguishing traits, and Toby strongly suspected him of coming from some other motive.

It was n't long before Lick threw down the bean-pole, and went to meet Bob Brunswick who came lounging along the shore. They had a little whispering and laughing talk together, which Toby believed was about himself. He paid no attention to it, however, and soon both came to watch him at his work, and now and then to lend a hand.

In a short time Yellow Jacket and Butter Ball appeared; and there was more whispering and tittering between them and the first-comers.

"They 've got some joke they 're keeping from me," thought Toby; "but I won't let them see that I mind it."

Rebuilding a wharf was so little like a common job of work, that even Yellow Jacket took hold and helped. All were in the best of spirits, as boys usually are when working together; gossiping and joking about the loss of the scow, Tom and his twenty-dollar bank note, and especially about Tom's unblacked boots. There were also private whisperings and winkings among the rest, that puzzled Toby.

The sight of a boat coming across the water seemed to excite this mysterious merriment to a very high pitch. Evidently some extraordinary joke was anticipated, and became more

and more certain of fulfilment, as the boat approached. They would set to work and leave off, explode with laughter and turn suddenly sober, look at each other and at Toby and the boat, in a way that finally wore out his patience.

"What is all the fun about?" he said, endeavoring not to betray his vexation. "Can't you tell, and let me snicker like an idiot, too?"

Lick Stevens, though the prime mover in the mischief, had more self-control than the rest. With mock gravity, but with a dancing light in his eyes, he said something about the awkward way in which the man rowed.

"He 's pulling straight here!" said Bob Brunswick, with a nudge of his elbow in Butter Ball's fat ribs.

"It 's somebody from Three Springs," observed Yellow Jacket. "I 've seen that boat. It 's a good model, but it does n't begin to be so good a model as mine. I tell ye, my boat—"

He stopped bragging to laugh. Indeed all laughed again, except Toby, who declared that he could n't, for the life of him, see anything to be so silly about.

He returned to his work, and was nailing the planks to the replaced stakes, when the boat rounded to, with a splash of paddles, within a few yards of the wharf.

"Who is there over here that wants a boat?" asked the oarsman, addressing the boys.

This question produced an astonishing effect. Lick Stevens grinned maliciously. Yellow Jacket choked, and rushed to capture a wasp on some weeds by the bank. Bob Brunswick stuffed his sleeve into his mouth, while Butter Ball rolled over on the beach.

Nobody answered. Toby rose from his kneeling posture, and stood on the edge of his wharf.

"Who is Tom Tazwell? Is he a son of the storekeeper?" asked the man, resting on his oars. He seemed somewhat disgusted at the way his first question had been received by the others, and addressed himself to Toby. "Or Toby Trafford? Where can I find one or both of them?"

"You find one of them here," replied Toby.

"I saw your notice posted at the Springs," said the man.

"My notice? at the Springs?" Toby echoed wonderingly.

"Yes," said the man; "'Boats wanted.'"

"Boats!" exclaimed Toby.

"Apply at once to Tom Tazwell or Toby Trafford, at Lakesend," the man in the skiff added. "Is this Tazwell, or Trafford?"

"I am Trafford," said Toby, the blood rushing hotly into his face.

He stooped and drove a nail into a plank, where no nail was needed; bending and breaking it, and hammering it down, in a singularly irrational and reckless manner. He would have been glad if a few of the nails that grew on his companions' fingers had been in its place.

He understood the situation perfectly, and mastered his chagrin in a moment. Some of his acquaintances had taken a foolish pleasure in laughing at him, at every opportunity, for burning up Mr. Brunswick's scow; and their wit had evidently culminated in this sorry practical joke.

If such a notice had been posted as the man described, he felt sure that Lick Stevens had had a hand in the mischief, and that he had told the other boys about it. Determined that they should not see he was annoyed, he rose up, wiped his forehead, set his hat on one side, and said:

"So you saw the notice?"

"Yes," said the man; "and as I have a boat to sell, I thought I would row across and let you look at it."

Yellow Jacket had by this time come back with the wasp in his grimy fist. Butter Ball sat up on the beach; Bob Brunswick was able to take the sleeve out of his mouth; Aleck's smile became a little uncertain, and all listened.

"What 's the matter with your boat that you want to dispose of it?" Toby asked.

"Nothing whatever, only I am buying a larger one, a sail-boat, and I don't care to keep two. This one carries a sail," said the man, rowing alongside the wharf, to show the place for the mast; "but it is built more particularly for a rowboat."

"Why did n't you bring the sail with you, if you have one?" Toby inquired.

"Because there is no wind, and the sail is a little in the way when I row," replied the man. "The sail, a rudder, this pair of oars, and the rowlocks, go with the boat."

"For how much?"

"Thirty dollars."

"That 's too much for an old boat like that," said Toby, with a shrewd air of bargaining.

The man said the boat was only two years old, and came down presently three dollars in his price.

"If you 'll say twenty-five dollars, I can't say certainly — I shall wait to consult a friend first — but I think," said Toby, "I 'll come over and look at your sail."

"What I offer you," replied the owner, "cost fifty-five dollars in cash, two years ago. But I don't mind, if you 'll let me hear from you in a day or two."

"All right," said Toby, looking the boat carefully over; "I 'll see you to-morrow or next day."

"That will do," said the man, rowing away. "Good-day."

"Good-afternoon," said Toby, lifting his old straw hat and waving it.

Then he turned to his companions. It was now his turn to laugh, and theirs to appear puzzled.

"Lignum-vitæ, Toby!" Lick exclaimed, with a sardonic squint, "I did n't know you wanted a boat, and I don't believe you do."

"I have a friend who wants one," replied Toby, keenly enjoying the outcome of the joke, which a timely recollection of the schoolmaster had enabled him to turn against those who would have made him its victim.

CHAPTER XXII.

"NOT A VERY GOOD DAY FOR BOATS, EITHER."

"AND did you — was it you" — stammered Bob Brunswick, in stupid astonishment, "that posted all them notices?"

"All *them* notices?" Toby repeated, with contempt for the false syntax.

"There 's one on our ice-house," said Bob.

"And one in the post-office, Lick says," struck in Butter Ball, while Lick scowled and tried to hush him up.

"Why, who do you imagine took the trouble to post them, if I did n't?" said Toby, with a smile, looking hard at Aleck. "Come, boys!" he added, good-naturedly, "now you 're all here, suppose you help me get my boat down into the water."

To this they readily agreed, following him to the barn, where four pairs of hands took hold of the boat, to lift and haul and steady it on its keel, under which were placed rollers cut from a bean-pole.

These rollers Toby shifted as the boat passed over them, carrying them forward as they were left behind; in this way it was dragged out of the barn, across the yard into the street, and down the street to the lake, where it was launched, stern foremost, almost without stopping.

"Well, boys!" said Toby, as he made fast the painter to a ring in the wharf, "that 's a good job, and I 'm much obliged to you. I don't believe she 's going to leak a drop! I must anchor a float out there, to carry the stern line to, and keep her from chafing."

"I jest haul mine up ag'inst the willer-tree," said Yellow Jacket, standing on the wharf, with his suspenders showing conspicuously crossed on his yellow flannel shirt, "and let her chafe. You 've painted the 'Milly' up nice enough for Sundays. But for an every-day boat, a boat for a feller like me, give me the 'Bluebird' every time."

That was the name of his craft, which, according to tradition, had been originally painted blue, though it had been painted various colors since, as they came handy, and been knocked about, losing parts of the outer coats in spots, until Toby had suggested that a more appropriate name for it would be the "Ring-streaked-and-speckled bird."

"This is my boat," said Lick Stevens, standing beside his bicycle, which he was preparing to push up the slope of the street. "I 'd rather have it than — Hallo! what does the doctor want, driving down here?"

The boys recognized Dr. Patty's well-known covered buggy, and Dr. Patty himself who, pulling rein at the foot of the street, put his head out of the hood to speak to Toby.

"Is n't that your boat?" he said, looking at the Milly.

"I call it mine," replied Toby.

"I don't suppose it 's my business to ask what you want of more boats," said the doctor; "but I saw that notice in the post-office —"

"Oh!" said Toby, keeping a steady countenance, while his companions tittered sheepishly.

"And as I have a boat in my shed, which is of no earthly use to anybody since Ned went away, I'd like to get rid of it."

"Pretty well dried up, is n't it?" said Toby, not knowing what else to say to this surprising offer.

"It's dry enough to make a good fire, if that's what you're securing more boats for," said the doctor, with quiet pleasantry.

or four days?" Toby inquired, with a business-like air that surprised the boys more and more.

"Certainly," said the doctor. "I don't suppose anybody else will be after it. Here, you rascal!"

Which last remark was not addressed to the boy, by any means, but to the doctor's horse, as he was putting his head down to nip a bunch of grass on the edge of the bank. The doctor



"TOBY SHIFTED THE ROLLERS AS THE BOAT PASSED OVER THEM."

"That's what some foolish people seem to think I want boats for," Toby replied, severely. "But I've got through making bonfires of that sort this season; they're too expensive. What's the price, Dr. Patty?"

The doctor hesitated a moment. "I sha'n't drive a hard bargain with you, Toby. Say ten dollars. I suppose it will cost five more to paint and putty it, and put it into repair."

"Will you give me the refusal of it for three

pulled him up, turned the buggy, disappeared within the hood, shook the reins, and drove back up the street.

"Well, boys! what do you think of it, as far as you've got?" said Toby, cheerfully.

"You must have a good many friends who want boats," replied Lick Stevens.

"I seem to have friends that want me to buy up all the boats on the lake," said Toby. "I'll do my best to please 'em. I'll get up a corner

in boats, likely as not! I wonder if here is n't another one!"

An old gentleman came tramping along the shore, walking stiffly, with a stout cane.

"Is it a quiz, or what?" he said, coming to a halt before the group of staring boys,— "that notice in the post-office? I went to Tazwell's Tom to ask about it, and he was mad as a hatter! He seemed to think I meant to insult him."

"You won't insult me," said Toby, keeping a sober countenance, though he was chuckling inwardly. "What is it, Mr. Holden?"

"Why, that notice of 'Boats wanted,'" said the lame man. "Tom said it must be your doings, or some rogue's that was trying to fool both of you. But as I've got a boat—"

Toby's companions all laughed, and it was more than he could do to keep from joining with them.

"I did n't know you had a boat, Mr. Holden," he said, struggling to compose his features.

"It ain't mine," said the lame man; "it belongs to Mr. Aikin, who has boarded with me for two summers."

"Oh, I know him, and I know the skiff," said Toby.

"He has written me that he ain't coming back, this summer, and he 'd like to let it to somebody that will take good care of it, and pay a few dollars for it."

"How many dollars?" said Toby.

"He leaves that to me," replied the lame man. "It 's a very good Whitehall boat. If you want it, and will keep it in repair, there won't be any trouble about terms."

"All right," cried Toby. "Will you keep it for me till I go around and look at it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Holden,— "if it ain't a quiz, as I said before."

"It 's no quiz at all, as far as I am concerned," said Toby. "Where is the boat?"

"Turned bottom up behind my house, with some boards over it."

"I 'll come over there very soon. That 's how many?" said Toby, as the old gentleman limped away. "One — two — three" (counting on his fingers) — "and it does n't seem to be a very good day for boats, either! Don't you

think it would be a good plan, Lick, for you to hop on your bicycle, and ride around and take down those notices? They won't worry me at all, if you leave them; but they may put some worthy people to unnecessary trouble, as I have all the boats engaged now that I can think of any use for."

"I know what use you mean to put 'em to," said Yellow Jacket, turning away with a sour look.

Toby was on the point of retorting, "Then you know more than I do"; but he merely laughed.

He was unwilling that his companions should think him less completely a master of the situation than he appeared. And indeed, such an answer would not have been altogether sincere. The idea had in fact occurred to him, which had been guessed by the wasp-catcher; although Toby was not yet ready to admit, even to himself, that he entertained it seriously.

CHAPTER XXIII.

YELLOW JACKET CHANGES HIS MIND.

TOBY felt eager to talk with Mr. Allerton about it, since it was to him he was indebted for the original suggestion.

Now that Yellow Jacket had suffered the opportunity to pass, why should not he, Toby Trafford, keep a few boats to let, until he could find some more desirable occupation? He did not suspect that Yellow Jacket had begun to think better of the slighted proposal, the moment he saw a chance of its being taken up by another; and that the thought of it had come back buzzing about that tousled head, stinging him worse than if it had been one of his own hornets.

"It seemed just the thing for *him*," Toby said to himself, after his companions were gone. "And why not for *me*? Milly will laugh, I know, and say it is beneath me. But I guess it is n't worse than blacking Tom Tazwell's boots!"

He would not venture to mention the plan to his sister, nor even to his mother, before consulting the schoolmaster. He accordingly put on his coat, and was on his way to Mr. Allerton's boarding-house, when he had the good fortune to meet the schoolmaster on the street.

"I have something very particular to say to you, if you have a little time to spare," said the boy, with a shining countenance.

"I have plenty of time," his friend replied. "It is vacation now; and we are at the longest days in the year. Leisure is a luxury, to teachers as well as to pupils, after long confinement in the school-room; it is sweet, when it is well earned. But what does Shakspeare say?"

'If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.'

You are having a vacation, too, it seems."

"Then you have heard the news," said Toby, "about my leaving the store?"

"The truth is," said Mr. Allerton, "I called there this afternoon, to ask you a question concerning a certain matter, when I was told, rather gruffly, by your friend Tom, that you were not there any more. On the whole, I was n't much surprised nor very sorry to hear it."

"I am glad to hear you say that," Toby exclaimed. "Tom's boots—and the twenty-dollar bill—there's a long story about them. But tell me first what was the question you wished to ask?"

"Why," said the schoolmaster, "about that notice in the post-office. Did you have anything to do with putting it up?"

Toby chuckled hysterically, while trying to shape his mouth for a reply.

"I judged not," Mr. Allerton went on; "and when I saw some boys laughing over it, I concluded it must be a stupid joke somebody had attempted to play at your expense. What do you know about it?"

"That's one thing I wanted to tell you. And the funny thing that has come of it! But I can't talk of it here on the street," said Toby, laughing at every word.

"Let's go down by the lake; that's my favorite walk," said Mr. Allerton.

"Suppose we go through Mr. Holden's place; there's something I want to show you," replied Toby.

They entered a shady yard, and the boy, knocking at a side door, asked for Mr. Holden, who, however, was not at home.

"I want to show this gentleman Mr. Aikin's Whitehall boat," Toby said to the servant. And,

without more ado, he took his friend to the north side of the house.

There they found the skiff, as Mr. Holden had described it, turned bottom up, and protected from the weather by a covering of loose boards set aslant against the gable. Some of these boards Toby removed, while he told with outbursts of glee how this boat and two others had been offered to him that afternoon.

Mr. Allerton listened with lively interest and entertainment. They examined the paint and seams, which they found in a satisfactory condition. And the schoolmaster said, patting the little coil of hair under his hat:

"Now, all this means something. What do you think it is, Toby?"

"It means, for one thing," said Toby, "that if you want to buy a boat, or merely to hire one for the season, you can have one on almost your own terms."

"I am glad you thought of me, Toby." The teacher stood with his arms behind him, his blue frock-coat jauntily buttoned, the pink in the buttonhole fresh and fragrant, and looked at the skiff contemplatively. "But did you think of anything else?"

"Yes," said Toby, "I thought of what you proposed to Yellow Jacket."

"Well?" said Mr. Allerton, regarding him curiously.

"And I wondered—whether,"—Toby stammered a little,— "since he declined it, whether it would be a very bad thing for me?"

Mr. Allerton clapped him on the shoulder.

"Toby, you've hit it!"

Toby laughed excitedly.

"Do you think so? Is n't it absurd? What will people say?"

"No matter what they say. It is n't absurd at all. I know, from talks I have had with people, that there is a demand for just that sort of thing. Here you are, out of business; and here it is, raining boats, so to speak, most unexpectedly and most opportunely, just as you happen to need them. I wonder it has n't occurred to you before."

"It has," said Toby. "When you first mentioned it as something that might suit Yellow Jacket, I thought for a moment you were going to propose it to me."

"You were in my mind all the time," Mr. Allerton replied. "But I was n't quite sure it would strike you favorably. Then, of course, it is n't anything you should look at as a permanent business. It promises to be profitable for only about three months in the year, during the season of summer boarders, and I would n't have advised you to give up any other employment to undertake it. Now put back the boards and let 's go and look at Dr. Patty's boat."

On the way, Toby told the sequel to the story of the twenty-dollar note, to the master's extreme gratification.

"It is what I believed you would do," he said, "and I am all the better pleased that you should have done it without waiting to be advised by anybody."

"You gave me something better than advice," Toby answered. "You made me see so clearly what it is always best *not* to do in such cases, that the straightforward course seemed the only one left. I feel that I have got the full value of the money out of it; and now Tom and his father are welcome to the paltry bank-note."

He could laugh, and call it "paltry," and yet the twenty dollars he must now work to earn, to pay for the scow, appeared to him anything but a trifle.

"You will never regret it," said the schoolmaster. "And now—you won't be offended, will you, if I say something that may seem like taking a liberty? If you need a little money to pay Mr. Brunswick, or to secure the boats that you have taken the refusal of, it will give me pleasure to lend it to you."

"Oh, Mr. Allerton!" Toby exclaimed, with an outburst of gratitude.

"I was ready to do as much for Yellow Jacket, if I had seen him take hold of the thing in earnest; and why should n't I do it for you?"

"Because I have done nothing to deserve such kindness, and can do nothing to repay it!" murmured Toby, his eyes filling.

"You will have opportunity enough to repay it, if not to me, then to somebody who needs help when you are able to lend it," said Mr. Allerton. "Now, here 's another thing," he said, hastening to change the conversation, as a loaded omni-

bus rolled up to the railroad station, opposite the end of the short street in which Toby lived. "These people have just come back from the Three Springs. A bus-load went over at two o'clock. I noticed the same yesterday and the day before. The company will soon have to put on two or three busses."

"It is growing to be a big business, all since the railroad was built," said Toby.

"Now look here!" Mr. Allerton resumed. "It is nearly two miles around to the Springs, by the road. It is less than a mile across the lake. How many of these excursionists, do you suppose, would prefer a rowboat, or a sailboat, to an omnibus, in fine weather? Is n't here an opportunity to pick up a little business, Toby?"

"If one could only let them know there are boats waiting for them!" said Toby, entering eagerly into the scheme.

"We can manage that," said Mr. Allerton. "Here is this fence, right in sight of passengers as they come out of the station. Does n't your friend Yellow Jacket live here?"

"Yes; that is Mrs. Patterson, taking clothes from the line," replied Toby.

"For a small consideration she will let you put up a sign on her fence—BOATS TO THREE SPRINGS—with a hand pointing down your street. And no doubt she or some of her family will be glad to answer inquiries, and direct people to the lake. Perhaps you can make Yellow Jacket himself useful. There he is now, coming out of the door!"

The wasp-catcher came and leaned over the fence, and spoke to the schoolmaster.

"Mr. Allerton," he said, resting on his elbows in an uneasy attitude, and speaking with some embarrassment, "I 've been thinking that thing over, you spoke to me about, and I rather guess I 'll try it."

Toby was astounded. Mr. Allerton put his hand up under his hat, and arranged his top-knot.

"Well, Patterson!" he replied, "this takes me somewhat by surprise. I had quite given you up. You declined it so very positively, you know."

"I 've had time to think it over," said Yellow Jacket; "and I 've changed my mind."

"I 'm a little afraid you are late in coming

to a different decision," Mr. Allerton answered reluctantly. "I 'll see what can be done, however. Now is n't this vexatious?" he said to Toby as they walked on.

"It is only since he has seen me getting the boats, that he has changed his mind," said Toby, with a disappointed look. "Do you think I ought to step out and leave him the chance?"

"We 'll see about that," Mr. Allerton replied. "Let 's go and look at Dr. Patty's boat, all the same."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"FOUR-LEAVED CLOVERS."

DR. PATTY was at home; he conducted his visitors to the barn, threw open the doors, and showed the boat, half-full of litter, and covered with a thick coat of dust. He took out of it a bucket, a milking-stool, a horse-collar, a rake, two or three old brooms, and a pair of oars; then raked out and swept out enough of the straw and the hayseed to exhibit, as he said, "the anatomy of the animal."

"The ribs are all sound," he remarked, "and it was a very good boat, when Ned had the care of it. He thought everything of it, and I used to enjoy an evening on the lake in it myself. But all that is over," he added with a sigh. "I don't suppose Ned will ever use it again; and I have n't the heart to."

"Where is Ned?" Mr. Allerton inquired.

"Studying his profession abroad; walking the hospitals of Paris, at the present time. Ned is a good boy," the doctor went on, "and he writes to us every week. But he is an only child—and—" the doctor faltered a little, "we miss him!"

"No doubt, no doubt!" said Mr. Allerton, with kindly sympathy. "But if he is a good boy—"

"Yes, I know how much we have to be thankful for!" exclaimed the doctor. "So many sons, possessing his advantages, with the hopes and affections of their families, fling them all away in their reckless pursuit of what they call a good time! Yes, I am grateful for such a boy as Ned."

Mr. Allerton gave Toby a significant touch on the shoulder. It seemed to say, "You are

a good son, too, and a blessing to your mother, and I hope you always will be!"

"It seems to be a pretty good boat; don't you think so, Tobias?" said the schoolmaster. "And ten dollars appears to be a reasonable price for it."

"You don't suppose I would want to make a dollar out of Toby here?—the son of one of the best friends I ever had!" replied Dr. Patty. "I would sooner give him the boat."

"I am sure you would," said Mr. Allerton. "Now, what do you say to letting him take it, give it a coat of paint, see what he can do with it, and pay for it if he keeps it; or return it in good condition, if a little experiment he thinks of trying does n't turn out to be a success?"

"That will do; if he will agree not to burn it up," said the doctor, with a pleasant twinkle.

"It's my rule to pay for the boats I burn up, if nobody else does," said Toby, smiling.

"How about Brunswick's boat?"

"I suppose that will take about twenty dollars out of my pocket."

"That's too bad!" said Dr. Patty. "Don't the Tazwells pay something?"

"Not a cent," Toby replied, and explained why.

The doctor was indignant. "Now, see here, Toby!" he said, "don't give yourself the least trouble to pay for this boat, whether you burn it or not. Fact is, I believe nothing would please Ned more than for me to make you a present of it."

"Oh, I won't ask that!" said Toby. "If I make anything out of it, I shall prefer to pay for it."

Mr. Allerton explained what it was proposed to do with it; and inquired the best way of getting it into the water.

"Right under it here," said the doctor, "is a kind of shoe, or drag, made of a couple of planks, which Ned nailed together for that very purpose." And he kicked away some litter.

"Why, yes; this will do," said the schoolmaster, "if we can hitch a horse to it."

"My horse has been hitched to it more than once, and can be again, when you are ready to take it."

"I 'd like to take it now!" said Toby, with a bashful laugh.

The doctor flung a fragment of harness on his horse, in an adjoining stall, and brought out a whiffletree and a rope; the hitching up was quickly done, and in ten minutes the boat was on its way to the lake. Mr. Allerton walked behind, and Toby on one side, to steady it on the drag, while the doctor led his horse,—a small procession, much stared at as it passed through the village.

Some of his late pupils smiled to see the schoolmaster's white hand grasping the dusty rail, and streaks of cobwebs embroidering the blue frock coat. But there was one face that took on a morose expression.

"Yellow Jacket looks bilious," said Toby, as they turned down Water street.

"I 'll cure him of that," said Mr. Allerton. "Nothing eases the heartache like doing a kindness to the person who has caused it. Come, Patterson!" he called out cheerily, "will you lend a hand?"

Yellow Jacket, standing in his mother's yard, sulked and scowled for a moment; then set his lips with sudden resolution, walked to the fence, put his hands upon it, and cleared it like an athlete, and with half a dozen swift strides placed himself beside the schoolmaster.

"This ain't no work for you," he said; "you 're getting your clothes all over dust."

"That 's nothing; it will brush off," Mr. Allerton replied, giving way to the wasp-catcher. "What a muscular arm you have, Patterson!"

To be called something besides "Yellow Jacket" or "Josh,"—to be addressed as "Pat-



YELLOW JACKET HELPS TOBY WITH HIS BOAT. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

erson," in the respectful tone the schoolmaster always employed,—was a novel sensation to the village idler. At the lake-side he waved off both the doctor and Mr. Allerton, who offered to assist, and, lifting the boat by the stern, swung it around, hauled it into the water by main strength, and sent it afloat with so vigorous a push that Toby very nearly went into the lake with it.

Mr. Allerton dusted his clothes with his hand-

kerchief, removed a cobweb epaulet from his shoulder, and remarked :

“ You are a young Hercules, Patterson ! ”

Yellow Jacket did n't know just what a Hercules was, young or old ; but he was pleased to understand that his strength was complimented, and replied : “ If you have any more boats to launch, bring 'em on ! ”

“ There is one more, if the doctor will kindly lend us his horse,” said Mr. Allerton. “ I think we might take that Whitehall boat, even if Mr. Holden is not at home.”

Dr. Patty was willing both to lend his horse, and to go himself and guide him ; and so a third boat was soon afloat beside the other two.

The doctor's boat was by this time full of water, and Toby proposed that it should be hauled out again, to give him a chance to wash it.

“ That 's a good idea,” the doctor said, as he led his horse away.

“ The Whitehall will do to use, after you have scoured it up a little,” said Mr. Allerton. “ Then when you have your other boats in service, you can paint it at your leisure. No, Tobias,” he went on, answering the question Toby had put to him when they were on the way to the doctor's ; “ I don't think it is your duty to withdraw now, and give anybody else your chance. For that is what he proposed to do for you, Patterson, as soon as you told us you had changed your mind.”

“ It 's jest my luck ! ” Yellow Jacket grumbled. “ Luck is always against me.”

“ Is that so, Patterson ? ”

“ Yes ; I don't know why it is. I can find more four-leaved clovers than any other feller in town. That 's a sign of good luck, you know, so I always think my luck is coming, but somehow it never does.”

“ Perhaps you spend too much time catching wasps and hunting four-leaved clovers, instead of doing with right good will those things that command what you call luck. That does n't depend upon signs, but upon something in ourselves. Fortune may seem a little capricious

sometimes, but, after all, it is character and conduct that make the man.”

It was a habit the schoolmaster had, to talk to boys in this way, in or out of school ; but he generally had the good sense to make his sermons short. He picked off a last bit of cobweb from his sleeve, arranged the coil of hair under his hat, and went on :

“ I fancy it will be as well for you in the end, Patterson, if Tobias has the management of this thing, now that he has taken hold of it. While you were hesitating and holding back, he sailed in, like the early bird that catches the worm.”

“ The worm came to him, without much sailing in on his part,” replied Yellow Jacket, his tawny eyes lighting up with a gleam of triumph. “ I mean the boats. Was n't that luck ? ”

“ He made it luck, by being ready to take advantage of it. But you remember, Patterson, I said to you once, that the lack of boats, or of a little money, need n't stand in your way if you decided to take hold of the enterprise. Now, Toby, we will say, holds the stroke-oar. But I am persuaded there will be more business than he can attend to ; and when he needs help he will gladly call on you.”

“ That I will ! ” cried Toby.

“ No, you won't do no such thing,” replied Yellow Jacket, his headlong negatives following one another like sheep over a broken wall ; “ for I ain't going to pull no second-oar nor play no second-fiddle to nobody ! No, sirree ! ”

With which declaration of independence he turned defiantly away.

“ The Fourth of July is near, but I would n't give utterance to such sentiments, even on that proud day,” said the schoolmaster, with a serious meaning in his good-humored smile. “ Wait a moment, Patterson. Let 's help Toby haul the doctor's boat out of the water ; then I will walk up the street with you.”

The young Hercules put forth his strength again, and pulled the boat up on the gravelly shore. Then he turned and walked moodily away, accompanied by the schoolmaster who was talking to him in a low tone.

(To be continued.)



The Merrythought

By
Margaret Johnson.



KING COLIN and his gracious
Queen
(A goodlier couple ne'er
was seen,
Devoted, young, and fair)
Were never known to disagree,
So perfect was the harmony
Between the loving pair.

But, as it
chanced,
one hap-
less day,
While at the
royal table
they
Were din-
ing, well
content,
The butler
placed be-
fore the
King
A roasted fowl — a luscious thing,
Of richness redolent.



King Colin smiled, as well he might ;
He had an honest appetite
As honest monarchs ought,—
And to his wife said he, “What part
Do you prefer, my dearest heart ?”
Said she, “The Merrythought !”

In grieved surprise the King laid down
His knife and fork, and with a frown

Pushed back his plate of delf.
“You do forget,” said he, “I fear,
That is the very part, my dear,
I always take myself !”
“But you will surely not refuse
Your dear whatever she may choose !”
The Queen rebuking cried.
Still mild, but firm, he shook his head,
“I must have that or none !” he said ;
And she the same replied.

Then, shocked this discord to behold,
Though on the board the fowl grew cold,
A reverend Priest they sought ;
And while he listened, grave and mute,
Poured forth the tale of their dispute
About the Merrythought.



With smile benign, "Let this," said he,
 "Henceforth your kindly contest be :
 Which shall be first to yield !
 Each vie with each in generous strife,
 So shall you lead a peaceful life,
 And all your woes be healed."

They thanked
 the man of
 robe and
 cowl,

And, ordering
 straight an-
 other fowl,
 Sat quickly
 down once
 more

With spirits light
 and faces
 gay

And hunger
 sharpened
 by delay ;
 And smiling,
 as before,



"You 'll take the Merrythought, my dear!"
 The King remarked, in accents clear.
 But "Nay!" she cried, "not so !
 That you shall eat, yourself, my love!"
 "Indeed it shall be yours, my dove.
 It was your choice you know!"

"But I would yield!" "And so would I!"
 Alas! the wordy war ran high,
 And sore was their dismay.
 The Queen retired in tears and gloom;
 The King, distracted, paced the room;
 The fowl untasted lay.

It chanced that near the palace gate,
 A Sage of reputation great
 His lonely tower had placed;
 And now, by fearful doubts appalled,
 The King this man with joy recalled,
 And sent for him in haste.

He came, he heard, he mused awhile,
 Then spoke, with neither tear nor smile
 Upon his features grim:

"The truly wise lifts up no voice
 Of clamorous will; he knows no choice,
 All things are one to him.

"Nor good nor bad he owns, and hence
 Preserves a wise indifference.
 This do, and live serene!"
 Then on their royal knees they fell,
 Their fervent gratitude to tell,
 Their joyful tears between.

Once more a
 smoking fowl
 adorned
 The board so
 late in sorrow
 scorned.

Down sat the
 royal pair.
 "Now," cried the
 King, and
 waved his
 knife,

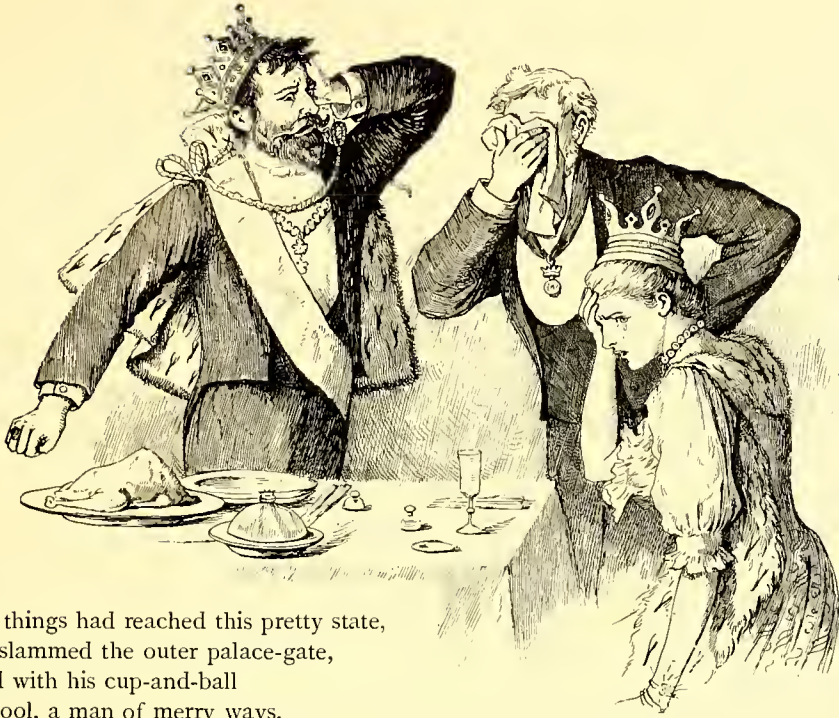
"What will you
 have, my dear-
 est life?"
 Said she, "I
 do not care!"



His visage fell,—he looked perplexed.
 "But really, now," he cried, half vexed,
 "This plan will never work!
 I *must* cut *something*, don't you see?
 And if I suit nor you nor me,
 But both the question shirk,—

"Why, by my crown, I think we 'll go
 Till doomsday hungry, quibbling so!
 Come, quickly, love, decide!"
 And still she sobbed, with tearful voice,
 "I do not care,—I have no choice!"
 And he the same replied.

Then rose the King, in fierce despair,
 And ground his teeth, and tore his hair,
 With rage and hunger mad.
 The servants from his presence crept,
 The butler hid his face and wept;
 The Queen hysterics had.



When things had reached this pretty state,
Loud slammed the outer palace-gate,
And with his cup-and-ball
The Fool, a man of merry ways,
The King's delight on holidays,
Came strolling down the hall.

"What, ho!" he cried, "What's happened now?
Frowns, Sire, upon your royal brow!
Her Majesty in tears!
The dinner waiting — put to slight,
The servants gone! — why, such a sight
I have not seen for years!"

With sigh and groan, they told their tale,
Nor scorned their misery to bewail
With tears that fast did run —
To mourn their dinner unenjoyed,
Their sweet domestic bliss destroyed,
Their harmony undone.

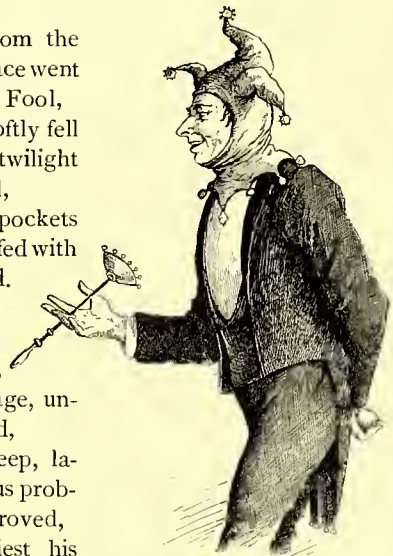
But ere they had repeated half
Their woes, the Fool began to laugh
And shake his sides with glee.
He turned and twisted round about
Till all his little bells rang out,
And tinkled waggishly.

"I 'm but a Fool," he cried, "'t is true,
Yet — pardon, Sire! — if I were you,
This quarrel soon should cease!

As sure as I 'm my mother's son,
*I'd have two fowls instead of one —
A Merrythought apiece!"*

Forth from the
palace went
the Fool,
When softly fell
the twilight
cool,
His pockets
stuffed with
gold.

Within
his
tower,
the Sage, un-
moved,
Some deep, la-
borious prob-
lem proved,
The Priest his
Aves told.



And from the board, where, snugly yoked,
Two roasted fowls had lately smoked,
With savory richness fraught,

King Colin and his gracious Queen
Rose,— loving, satisfied, serene,—
And pulled a Merrythought!



THE BOY SETTLERS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[Begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XII.

HOUSE-BUILDING.

THERE was a change in the program of daily labor, when the corn was in the ground. At odd times the settlers had gone over to the wood-lot and had laid out their plans for the future home on that claim. There was more variety to be expected in house-building than in planting, and the boys had looked forward with impatience to the beginning of that part of their enterprise. Logs for the house were cut from the pines and firs of the hill beyond the river bluff. From these, too, were to be riven, or split, the "shakes" for the roof-covering and for the odd work to be done about the premises.

Now, for the first time, the boys learned the use of some of the strange tools that they had brought with them. They had wondered over the frow, an iron instrument about fourteen inches long, for splitting logs. At right angles with the blade, and fixed in an eye at one end, was a handle of hardwood. A section of wood was stood up endwise on a firm foundation of some sort, and the thin end of the frow was hammered down into the grain of the wood, making a lengthwise split.

In the same way, the section of wood so riven was split again and again until each split was thin enough. The final result was called a

"shake." Shakes were used for shingles, and even, when nailed on frames, for doors. Sawed lumber was very dear; and, except the sashes in the windows, every bit of the log-cabin must be got out of the primitive forest.

The boys were proud of the ample supply which their elders had brought with them; for even the knowing Younkins, scrutinizing the tools for wood-craft with a critical eye, remarked, "That 's a good outfit, for a party of green settlers." Six stout wedges of chilled iron, and a big maul to hammer them with, were to be used for the splitting up of the big trees into smaller sections. Wooden wedges met the wants of many people in those primitive parts, at times, and the man who had a good set of iron wedges and a powerful maul was regarded with envy.

"What are these clumsy rings for?" Oscar had asked when he saw the maul-rings taken out of the wagon on their arrival and unloading.

His uncle smiled and said, "You will find out what these are for, my lad, when you undertake to swing the maul. Did you never hear of splitting rails? Well, these are to split rails and such things from the log. We chop off a length of a tree, about eight inches thick, taking the toughest and densest wood we can find. Trim off the bark from a bit of the trunk, which must be twelve or fourteen inches long; drive your rings on each end of the block to keep it

from splitting; fit a handle to one end, or into one side of the block; and there you have your maul."

"Why, that 's only a beetle, after all," cried Sandy, who, sitting on a stump near by, had been a deeply interested listener to his father's description of the maul.

"Certainly, my son; a maul is what people in the Eastern States would call a beetle; but you ask Younkins, some day, if he has a beetle over at his place. He, I am sure, would never use the name beetle."

Log-cabin building was great fun to the boys, although they did not find it easy work. There was a certain novelty about the raising of the structure that was to be a home, and an interest in learning the use of rude tools, that lasted until the cabin was finished. The maul and the wedges, the frow and the little maul intended for it, and all the other means and appliances of the building were all new and strange to these bright lads.

First, the size of the cabin, twelve feet wide and twenty feet long, was marked out on the site on which it was to rise, and four logs were laid to define the foundation. These were the sills of the new house. At each end of every log two notches were cut, one on the under side and one on the upper, to fit into similar notches cut in the log below, and in that which was to be placed on top. So each corner was formed by these interlacing and overlapping ends. The logs were piled up, one above another, just as children build

"cob-houses," from odds and ends of playthings. Cabin-builders do not say that a cabin is a certain number of feet high; they usually say that it is ten logs high, or twelve logs high, as the case may be. When the structure is as high as the eaves are intended to be, the top



MAKING "SHAKES" WITH A "FROW."

logs are bound together, from side to side, with smaller logs fitted upon the upper logs of each side and laid across as if they were to be the supports of a floor for another story. Then the gable-ends are built up of logs, shorter and shorter as the peak of the gable is approached, and kept in place by other small logs laid across, endwise of the cabin, and locked into the end of each log in the gable until all are in place.

On these transverse logs, or rafters, the roof is laid. Holes are cut or sawed through the logs for the door and windows, and the house begins to look habitable.

The settlers on the Republican Fork cut the holes for doors and windows before they put on the roof, and when the layer of split shakes that made the roof was in place, and the boys bounded inside to see how things looked, they were greatly amused to notice how light it was. The space between the logs was almost wide enough to crawl through, Oscar said. But they had studied log-cabin building enough to know that these wide cracks were to be "chinked" with thin strips of wood, the refuse of shakes, driven in tightly, and then daubed over with clay, a fine bed of which was fortunately near at hand. The provident Younkings had laid away in his own cabin the sashes and glass for two small windows; and these he had agreed to sell to the new-comers. Partly-hewn logs for floor-joists were placed upon the ground inside the cabin, previously leveled off for the purpose. On these were laid thick slabs of oak and hickory, riven out of logs drawn from the grove near by. These slabs of hard wood were "puncheons," and fortunate as was the man who could have a floor of sawed lumber to his cabin, he who was obliged to use puncheons was better off than those with whom timber was so scarce that the natural surface of the ground was their only floor.

"My! how it rattles," was Sandy's remark when he had first taken a few steps on the new puncheon floor of their cabin. "It sounds like a tread-mill going its rounds. Can't you nail these down, Daddy?"

His father explained that the unseasoned lumber of the puncheons would so shrink in the drying that no fastening could hold them. They must lie loosely on the floor-joists until they were thoroughly seasoned; then they might be fastened down with wooden pins driven through holes bored for that purpose; nails and spikes cost too much to be wasted on a puncheon floor. In fact, very little hardware was wasted on any part of that cabin. Even the door was made by fastening with wooden pegs a number of short pieces of shakes to a frame fitted to the doorway cut

in the side of the cabin. The hinges were strong bits of leather, the soles of the boots whose legs had been used for corn-droppers. The clumsy wooden latch was hung inside to a wooden pin driven into one of the crosspieces of the door, and it played in a loop of deerskin at the other end. A string of deerskin fastened to the end of the latch-bar nearest the jamb of the doorway was passed outside through a hole cut in the door, serving to lift the latch from without when a visitor would enter.

"Our latch-string hangs out!" exclaimed Charlie, triumphantly, when this piece of work was done. "I must say I never knew before what it meant to have the 'latch-string hanging out' for all comers. See, Oscar, when we shut up the house for the night all we have to do is to pull in the latch-string and the door is barred."

"Likewise, when you have dropped your jack-knife through a crack in the floor into the cellar beneath, all you have to do is to turn over a puncheon or two and get down and find it," said Sandy, coolly, as he took up a slab or two and hunted for his knife. The boys soon found that although their home was rude and not very elegant as to its furniture, it had many conveniences that more elaborate and handsomer houses did not have. There were no floors to wash, hardly to sweep. As their surroundings were simple, their wants were few. It was a free and easy life that they were gradually drifting into, here in the wilderness.

Charlie declared that the cabin ought to have a name. As yet, the land on which they had settled had no name except that of the river by which it lay. The boys thought it would give some sort of distinction to their home if they gave it a title. "Liberty Hall," they thought, would be a good name to put on the roof of their log-cabin. Something out of Cooper's novels, Oscar proposed, would be the best for the locality.

"'Hog-and-hominy,' how would that suit?" asked Sandy, with a laugh. "Unless we get some buffalo or antelope meat pretty soon, it will be hog and hominy to the end of the chapter."

"Why not call it the John G. Whittier

cabin?" said Uncle Aleck, looking up from his work of shaping an ox-yoke.

"The very thing, Daddy!" shouted Sandy, clapping his hands. "Only don't you think that 's a very long name to say in a hurry? Whittier would be shorter, you know. But, then," he added, doubtfully, "it is n't everybody that would know which Whittier was meant by that, would they?"

"Sandy seems to think that the entire population of Kansas will be coming here, some day, to read that name, if we ever have it. We have been here two months now and no living soul but ourselves and Younkins has ever been in these diggings, not one. Oh, I say, let 's put up just nothing but 'Whittier' over the door there. We 'll know what that means, and if anybody comes in the course of time, I 'll warrant he 'll soon find out which Whittier it means." This was Oscar's view of the case.

"Good for you, Oscar!" said his uncle. "Whittier let it be."

Before sundown, that day, a straight-grained shake of pine, free from knot or blemish, had been well smoothed down with the draw-shave, and on its fair surface, writ large, was the beloved name of the New England poet, thus: WHITTIER.

This was fastened securely over the entrance of the new log-cabin, and the Boy Settlers, satisfied with their work, stood off at a little distance and gave it three cheers. The new home was named.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOST!

"WE must have some board-nails and some lead," remarked Uncle Aleck, one fine morning, as the party were putting the finishing touches to the Whittier cabin. "Who will go down to the Post and get them?"

"I," "I," "I," shouted all three of the boys at once.

"Oh, you will all go, will you?" said he, with a smile. "Well, you can't all go, for we can borrow only one horse, and it 's ten miles down there and ten miles back; and you will none of you care to walk, I am very sure."

The boys looked at each other and laughed.

Who should be the lucky one to take that delightful horseback ride down to the Post, as Fort Riley was called, and get a glimpse of civilization?

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do," said Sandy, after some good-natured discussion. "Let 's draw cuts to see who shall go. Here they are. You draw first, Charlie, you being the eldest man. Now, then, Oscar. Why, hooray! it 's my cut! I 've drawn the longest, and so I am to go. Oh, it was a fair and square deal, Daddy," he added, seeing his father look sharply at him.

The matter was settled, and next morning, bright and early, Sandy was fitted out with his commissions and the money to buy them with. Younkins had agreed to let him have his horse, saddle, and bridle. Work on the farm was now practically over until time for harvesting was come. So the other two boys accompanied Sandy over to the Younkins side of the river and saw him safely off down the river road leading to the Post. A meal-sack in which to bring back his few purchases was snugly rolled up and tied to the crupper of his saddle, and feeling in his pocket for the hundredth time to make sure of the ten-dollar gold piece therein bestowed, Sandy trotted gaily down the road. The two other boys gazed enviously after him, and then went home, wondering as they strolled along, how long Sandy would be away. He would be back by dark at the latest, for the days were now at about their longest, and the long summer day was just begun.

At Younkins's cabin they met Hiram Battles, a neighbor who lived beyond the divide to the eastward, and who had just ridden over in search of some of his cattle that had strayed away, during the night before. Mr. Battles said he was "powerful worried." Indians had been seen prowling around on his side of the divide; but he had seen no signs of a camp, and he had traced the tracks of his cattle, three head in all, over this way as far as Lone Tree Creek, a small stream just this side of the divide; but there he had unaccountably lost all trace of them.

"Well, as for the Indians," said Charlie, modestly, "we have seen them passing out on the trail. But they were going hunting, and they kept right on to the southward and westward; and we have not seen them go back since."

"The lad 's right," said Younkins, slowly, "but still I don't like the stories I hear down the road a piece. They do say that the Shians have riz."

"The Cheyennes have risen!" exclaimed Charlie. "And we have let Sandy go down to the Post alone!"

Both of the men laughed — a little unpleasantly, it seemed to the boys, although Younkins was the soul of amiability and mildness. But Charlie thought it was unkind in them to laugh at his very natural apprehensions; and he said as much, as he and Oscar, with their clothes on their heads, waded the Republican Fork on the way home.

"Well, Charlie," was Oscar's comforting remark, as they scrambled up the opposite bank, "I guess the reason why they laughed at us was that if the Cheyennes have gone on the war-path, the danger is out in the west; whereas, Sandy has gone eastward to-day, and that is right in the way of safety, is n't it? He 's gone to the Post; and you know that the people down at Soldier Creek told us that this was a good place to settle, because the Post would be our protection in case of an Indian rising."

Meanwhile, Sandy was peacefully and blissfully jogging along in the direction of the military post. Only one house stood between Younkins's and the fort; and that was Mullett's. They all had occasion to think pleasantly of Mullett's; for whenever an opportunity came for the mail to be forwarded from the fort up to Mullett's, it was sent there; then Sparkins, who was the next neighbor above, but who lived off the road a way, would go down to Mullett's and bring the mail up to his cabin; when he did this, he left a red flannel flag flying on the roof of his house, and Younkins, if passing along the trail, saw the signal and went out of his way a little to take the mail up to his cabin. Somehow, word was sent across the river to the Whittier boys, as the good Younkins soon learned to call the Boy Settlers, and they went gladly over to Younkins's and got the precious letters and papers from home. That was the primitive way in which the mail for the settlers on the Republican Fork went up the road from Fort Riley, in those days; and all letters and papers designed for the settlers along there were

addressed simply to Fort Riley, which was their nearest post-office.

So Sandy, when he reached Mullett's, was not disappointed to be told that there were no letters for anybody up the river. There had been nobody down to the Post very lately. Sandy knew that, and he was confident that he would have the pleasure of bringing up a good-sized budget when he returned. So he whipped up his somewhat lazy steed and cantered down toward the fort.

Soon after leaving Mullett's, he met a drove of sheep. The drivers were two men and a boy of his own age mounted on horseback and carrying their provisions, apparently, strapped behind them. When he asked them where they were going, they surlily replied that they were going to California. That would take them right up the road that he had come down, Sandy thought to himself. And he wondered if the boys at home would see the interesting sight of five hundred sheep going up the Republican Fork, bound for California.

He reached the fort before noon; and, with a heart beating high with pleasure, he rode into the grounds and made his way to the well-remembered sutler's store where he had bought the candy, months before. He had a few pennies of his own, and he mentally resolved to spend these for raisins. Sandy had a "sweet tooth," but, except for sugar and molasses, he had eaten nothing sweet since they were last at Fort Riley on their way westward.

It was with a feeling of considerable importance that Sandy surveyed the interior of the sutler's store. The proprietor looked curiously at him, as if wondering why so small a boy should turn up alone in that wilderness; and when the lad asked for letters for the families up the river, Mullett's, Sparkins's, Battles's, Younkins's, and his own people, the sutler said, "Be you one of them Abolitioners that have named your place after that man Whittier, the Abolition poet? I 've hearn tell of you, and I 've hearn tell of him. And he ain't no good. Do you hear me?" Sandy replied that he heard him, and to himself he wondered greatly how anybody, away down here, ten miles from the new home, could possibly have heard about the name they had given to their cabin.

Some soldiers who had been lounging around the place now went out at the door. The sutler, looking cautiously about as if to be sure that nobody heard him, said: "Never you mind what I said just now, sonny. Right you are, and that man Whittier writes the right sort of stuff. Bet yer life! I'm no Abolitioner; but I'm a Free State man, I am, every time."

"Then what made you talk like that, just now?" asked Sandy, his honest, freckled face glowing with righteous indignation. "If you like Mr. John G. Whittier's poetry, why did you say he was n't any good?"

"Policy, policy, my little man. This yere 's a pro-slavery gov'ment, and this yere is a pro-slavery post. I could n't keep this place one single day if they thought I was a Free State man. See? But I tell you right here, and don't you fergit it, this yere country is going to be Free State. Kansas is no good for slavery; and slavery can't get in here. Stick a pin there, and keep your eye on it."

With some wonder and much disgust at the man's cowardice, Sandy packed his precious letters in the bosom of his shirt. Into one end of his meal-sack he put a pound of soda-biscuit for which his uncle Charlie had longed, a half-pound of ground ginger with which Charlie desired to make some "molasses gingerbread, like mother's," and a half-pound of smoking-tobacco for his dear father. It seemed a long way off to his father now, Sandy thought, as he tied up that end of the bag. Then into the other end, having tied the bag firmly around, about a foot and a half from the mouth, he put the package of nails and a roll of sheet lead. It had been agreed that if they were to go buffalo-hunting, they must have rifle-balls and bullets for their shot-guns.

The sutler, who had become very friendly, looked on with an amused smile, and said, "'Pears to me, sonny, you got all the weight at one end, have n't you?"

Sandy did not like to be called "sonny," but he good-naturedly agreed that he had made a mistake; so he began all over again and shifted his cargo so that the nails and a box of yeast-powder occupied one end of the meal-sack, and the other articles balanced the other. The load was then tied closely to the crupper of the sad-

dle and the boy was ready to start on his homeward trip. His eyes roved longingly over the stock of goodies which the sutler kept for the children, young and old, of the garrison, and he asked, "How much for raisins?"

"Two bits a pound for box, and fifteen cents for cask," replied the man, sententiously.

"Give me half a pound of cask raisins," said the boy, with some hesitation. He had only a few cents to spare for his own purchases.

The sutler weighed out a half-pound of box raisins, did them up and handed them across the counter, saying, "No pay; them 's for Whittier."

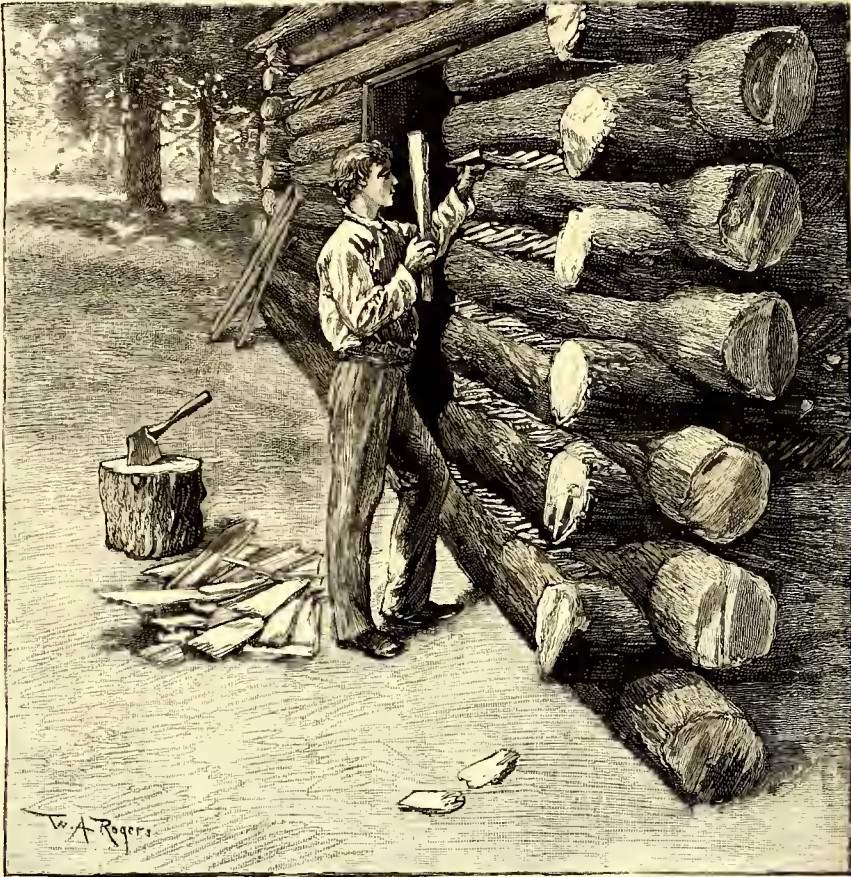
Sandy took the package, shoved it into his shirt-bosom, and, wondering if his "Thank you" was sufficient payment for the gift, mounted his steed, rode slowly up the road to a spring that he had noticed bubbling out of the side of a ravine, and with a thankful heart, turning out the horse to graze, sat down to eat his frugal lunch, now graced with the dry but to him delicious raisins. So the sutler at Fort Riley was a Free State man! Was n't that funny!

It was a beautifully bright afternoon, and Sandy, gathering his belongings together, started up the river road on a brisk canter. The old horse was a hard trotter and when he slackened down from a canter poor Sandy shook in every muscle, and his teeth chattered as if he had a fit of ague. But whenever the lad contrived to urge his steed into an easier gait he got on famously. The scenery along the Republican Fork is (or was) very agreeable to the eye. Long swales of vivid green stretched off in every direction, their rolling sides sloping into deep ravines through which creeks, bordered with dense growths of alder, birch, and young cottonwood, meandered. The sky was blue and cloudless, and, as the boy sped along the breezy uplands, the soft and balmy air fanning his face, he sung and whistled to express the fervor of his buoyant spirits. He was a hearty and a happy boy.

Suddenly he came to a fork in the road which he had not noticed when he came down that way in the morning. For a moment he was puzzled by the sight. Both were broad and smooth tracks over the grassy prairie, and both rose and fell over the rolling ground; only, one

led to the left and somewhat southerly, and the other to the right. "Pshaw!" muttered Sandy, and he paused and rubbed his head for an idea. "That left-hand road must strike off to some ford lower down on the fork than I have ever

Absorbed in a mental calculation as to the number of days that it would take that flock of sheep to reach California, the boy rode on, hardly noticing the landmarks by the way, or taking in anything but the general beauty of the



FILLING IN THE CHINKS IN THE WALLS OF THE LOG-CABIN.

been. But I never heard of any ford below ours."

With that, his keen eyes noticed that the right-hand road was cut and marked with the many hoof-tracks of a flock of sheep. He argued to himself that the sheep-drivers had told him that they were going to California. The California road led up the bank of the Republican Fork close to the trail that led from Younkins's to the ford across the river. The way was plain; so, striking his spur into the old sorrel's side, he dashed on up the right-hand road, singing gaily as he went.

broad and smiling landscape over which the yellow light of the afternoon sun, sinking in the west, poured a flood of splendor. Slackening his speed as he passed a low and sunken little round valley filled with brush and alders, he heard a queer sound like the playful squealing of some wild animal. Slipping off his saddle and leading his horse by the bridle over the thick turf, Sandy cautiously approached the edge of the valley, the margin of which was steep and well sheltered by a growth of cottonwoods. After peering about for some time, the lad caught a glimpse of a beautiful sight. A

young doe and her fawn were playing together in the open meadow below, absolutely unconscious of the nearness of any living thing besides themselves. The mother-deer was browsing, now and again, and at times the fawn, playful as a young kitten, would kick its heels, or butt its head against its mother's side, and both would squeal in a comical way.

Sandy had never seen deer in a state of living wildness before, and his heart thumped heavily in his breast as he gazed on the wonderful sight. He half groaned to himself that he was a great fool to have come away from home without a gun. What an easy shot it was! How nicely he could knock over the mother, if only he had a shotgun! She was within such short range. Then he felt a sinking of the heart as he imagined the horror of death that would have overtaken the innocent and harmless creatures, sporting there so thoughtless of man's hunting instincts and cruelty. Would he kill them, if he had the weapon to kill with? He could not make up his mind that he would. So he crouched silently in the underbrush and watched the pretty sight as if it were a little animal drama, enacted here in the wilderness, mother and child having a romp in their wildwood home.

"Well, I 'll give them a good scare, anyhow," muttered the boy, his sportive instincts getting the better of his tender-heartedness at last. He dashed up noisily from the underbrush, swung his arms and shouted: "Boo!" Instantly, deer and fawn, with two or three tremendous bounds, were out of the little valley and far away on the prairie, skimming over the rolls of green, and before the boy could catch his breath, they had disappeared into one of the many dells and ravines that interlaced the landscape.

But another animal was scared by the boy's shout. In his excitement, he had slipped the bridle-rein from his arm, and the old sorrel, terrified by his halloo, set off on a brisk trot down the road. In vain Sandy called to him to stop. Free from guidance, the horse trotted along, and when, after a long chase, Sandy caught up with his steed, a considerable piece of road had been covered the wrong way, for the horse had gone back over the line of march. When Sandy was

once more mounted and had mopped his perspiring forehead, he cast his eye along the road, and, to his dismay, discovered that the sheep-tracks had disappeared. What had become of the sheep? How could they have left the trail without his sooner noticing it? He certainly had not passed another fork of the road since coming into this at the fork below.

"This is more of my heedlessness, mother would say," muttered Sandy to himself. "What a big fool I must have been to miss seeing where the sheep left the trail! I shall never make a good plainsman if I don't keep my eye skinned better than this. Jingo! it 's getting toward sundown!" Sure enough, the sun was near the horizon, and Sandy could see none of the familiar signs of the country round about the Fork.

But he pushed on. It was too late now to return to the fork of the road and explore the other branch now. He was in for it. He remembered, too, that two of their most distant neighbors, Mr. Fuller and his wife, lived somewhere back of Battles's place, and it was barely possible that it was on the creek, whose woody and crooked line he could now see far to the westward, that their log-cabin was situated. He had seen Mr. Fuller over at the Fork, once or twice, and he remembered him as a gentle-mannered and kindly man. Surely, he must live on this creek! So he pushed on with new courage, for his heart had begun to sink when he finally realized that he was far off his road.

The sun was down when he reached the creek. No sign of human habitation was in sight. In those days cabins and settlements were very, very few and far between, and a traveler once off his trail might push on for hundreds of miles without striking any trace of human life.

In the gathering dusk, the heavy-hearted boy rode along the banks of the creek, anxiously looking out for some sign of settlers. It was as lonely and solitary as if no man had ever seen its savageness before. Now and then a night-bird called from the thicket as if asking what interloper came into these solitudes; or a scared jack-rabbit scampered away from his feeding-ground as the steps of the

horse tore through the underbrush. Even the old sorrel seemed to gaze reproachfully at the lad, who had dismounted and now led the animal through the wild and tangled undergrowth.

When he had gone up and down the creek several times, hunting for some trace of a set-

finally had no idea where he was. Then the conviction came fully into his mind: He was lost!

The disconsolate boy sat down on a fallen tree and meditated. It was useless to go farther. He was tired in every limb and very, very hungry. He bethought himself of the

soda-biscuits in his sack. He need not starve at any rate. Dobbin was grazing contentedly while the lad meditated, so slipping off the saddle and the package attached to it, Sandy prepared to satisfy his hunger with what little provisions he had at hand. How queerly the biscuits tasted! Jolting up and down on the horse's back, they were well broken up. But what was this so hot in the mouth? Ginger? Sure enough, it was ginger. The pounding that had crushed the biscuits had broken open the package of ginger, and that spicy stuff was plentifully sprinkled all over the contents of the sack.

"Gingerbread," muttered Sandy grimly, as he blew out of his mouth some of the powdery spice. "Faugh! Tobacco!" he cried next.

His father's package of smoking-tobacco had shared the fate of the ginger. Sandy's supper was spoiled, and resigning himself to spending the night hungry in the wilderness, he tethered the horse to a tree, put the saddle-blanket on the ground, arranged the saddle for a pillow, and, having cut a few leafy boughs from the alders, stuck them into the turf so as to form a shelter around his head, and lay down to pleasant dreams.

"And this is Saturday night, too," thought



LOST!

tlement and finding none, he reflected that Fuller's house was on the side of the stream to the west. It was a very crooked stream and he was not sure, in the darkness, which was west and which was east. But he boldly plunged into the creek, mounting his horse and urging the unwilling beast across. Once over, he explored that side of the stream, hither and yon, in vain. Again he crossed, and so many times did he cross and recross that he

the lost boy. "They are having beans baked in the ground-oven at home in the cabin. They are wondering where I am. What would mother say if she knew I was lost out here on Flyaway Creek?" And the boy's heart swelled a little and a few drops of water stood in his eyes; for he had never been lost before in his life. He looked up at the leaden sky, now overcast, and wondered if God saw this lost boy. A few drops fell on his cheek. Tears? No, worse than that; it was rain.

"Well, this is a little too much," said Sandy, stoutly. "Here goes for one more trial." So saying, he saddled and mounted his patient steed, and, at a venture, took a new direction around a bend in the creek. As he rounded the bend, the bark of a dog suddenly rung from a mass of gloom and darkness. How sweet the sound! Regardless of the animal's angry challenge, he pressed on. That mass of blackness was a log-barn, and near by was a corral with cows therein. Then a light shone from the log-cabin and a man's voice was heard calling the dog.

Fuller's!

The good man of the house received the lad

with open arms, and cared for his horse; inside the cabin, Mrs. Fuller, who had heard the conversation without, made ready a great pan of milk and a loaf of bread, having risen from her bed to care for the young wanderer. Never did bread and milk taste so deliciously to weary traveler as this! Full-fed, Sandy looked at the clock on the wall, and marked with wondering eye that it was past midnight. He had recounted his trials as he ate, and the sympathizing couple had assured him that he had been deceived by the sheep-driver. It was very unlikely that he was driving his flock to California. And it was probable that, coming to some place affording food and water, the sheep had left the main road and had camped down in one of the ravines, out of sight.

As Sandy composed his weary limbs in a blanket-lined bunk opposite that occupied by Fuller and his wife, he was conscious that he gave a long, long sigh as if in his sleep. And, as he drifted off into slumber-land, he heard the good woman say, "Well, he 's out of his troubles, poor boy!" Sandy chuckled to himself and slept.

(To be continued.)

[In a note to the Editor of *ST. NICHOLAS*, Mr. Brooks calls attention to an error that occurred in Chapter IX of his story which appeared in the February number of this Magazine. The author was misled by a slip in a digest of the land laws of the United States into saying that the public lands are divided into townships of ten miles square. As a matter of fact the townships are six miles square, and each one is divided into sections of one mile square, thus providing for sections of 640 acres each, and quarter-sections of 160 acres.]

A BATTLE.

BY RICHARD E. BURTON.

I SAW a battle yesterday.

And would you have me tell
The story of this fearful fray,
And how it all befell?

Against the mists the sun made war;
The foggy mists, you know,
That in the morn by sea and shore
Their ghostly forces show.

The sun shot down his shafts of light
And pierced their ranks, and made
Them scatter into shreds of white
And flying bits of shade.

It was an utter rout, I ween;
The mists were vanquished foes,
No bugle called, no blood was seen,
I heard no clash of blows,

Yet in an hour the day was clear,
The sky triumphant shone;
While, from a bush that budded near,
The wind a flower had blown

Till at my very feet it lay,
All white within the sun;
It was a flag of truce, to say
The fight was fought and won.

THE ASTROLOGER'S NIECE MARRIES.*

BY TUDOR JENKS.

OF course, when she had finished her education, I thought my niece would be glad to stay quietly at home with me for a year or two at least. But she was of a restless disposition and soon tired of the monotony of our quiet village life. I did my best to entertain her, and was even ingenious, I thought, in providing her with amusements. For instance, when a traveling circus came to a neighboring city, by the use of the well-known spell (Magic Book VIII, chap. II, §32) I caused the advance-agent to believe our village a populous city full of those persons of limited means who usually patronize the theater and the fine arts generally. As a result of my well-meant deception, he gave performances for a week to an audience consisting only of me, my niece, the innkeeper's family, and the innkeeper.

The performers, especially the ring-master, were furious and thought the advance-agent was crazy. We did n't mind that, as he insisted upon completing the performances; but my niece found no pleasure in the show except as a means of amusing herself at the expense of those who took part in the ring. When one of the acrobats would leap into the air and begin to turn a somersault, she would secretly use some form of enchantment—for she had never forgotten the knowledge of the science picked up in her youth—and cause the poor fellow to remain hanging in the air upside-down. This seriously interfered with the show, but the circus-people did not mind it very much until she carried her skylarking beyond all reason. But when she made the trick-mule suddenly become as gentle as a lamb, and rode him around the ring, she sitting as placidly upon him as Queen Elizabeth upon a palfrey, and the trick-mule carrying her with a proudly angelic smile, and when she claimed the large reward the ring-master had offered,—it was really too much.

With tears in his eyes the ring-master said it

would ruin the circus to pay her, and so she let the reward go unpaid, on condition that they left at once. I concluded that she had lost interest in the hippodrome.

I tell this only as an instance of my unremitting efforts to supply her with pastimes of a really elevating character, and to show that it was not lack of diversion, but a restless disposition, which caused her to say she would go to seek her fortune.

I had no wish to leave home. My cook was an artist, and my house had a southern exposure and an astrological cupola of the most modern construction. So I told her flatly that I would not go under any consideration whatever.

We started the next morning. I suggested a sea route, as I was very susceptible to sea-sickness and desired above all things to go by land. She acquiesced at once, and set sail early in a lug-rigged barker, or a bark-rigged lugger, one or the other, and as I went below I heard the captain order the crew to luff.

I cannot say what luffing is, because, when I came on deck again, we had been out for three days. It seemed longer, and I do not at all care for marine life—it interferes sadly with accuracy in astrological observations and with regularity of meals, both of which are hobbies of mine.

On the morning of the fifth day, one of the sailors said out loud, "Land-hoe!" and I concluded he was an agriculturist, but had n't time to verify this conclusion because my niece insisted upon being rowed ashore at once. I was not ready to go ashore, but she preferred not to go alone, and so we went together.

As we rowed into a beautiful bay surrounded by the customary palm trees, a sentinel on shore said, "Boat ahoy!"

I answered pleasantly, "Boat ahoy."

"What boat is that?" he inquired.

"It 's just an ordinary boat," I answered.

* See story, "The Astrologer's Niece," in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1888.

"What boat is it?" he asked again.

"I'm sure I don't know," said I. "What do you want to know for?"

"If you don't answer the hail, I'll fire on you!" he said sternly.

"I am answering as fast as I can," I replied good-naturedly. "What do you expect me to say?"

At this he raised his crossbow and leveled it

destination, and ventured to inquire of my niece where she thought we were going. She admitted that she did n't know, and added languidly that she did n't feel like talking. So on we went in silence for about half an hour. Then I asked the captain of the guard,—I knew he was the captain because he would n't keep step,—and he told me we were going to the Palace. I asked whether it was far. He



"WE CAME TO A GATE GUARDED BY TWO LARGE ETHIOPAINS IN FANCY DRESS."

(I think that is the technical term employed by military men) at the boat,—in fact, at me.

"Come ashore!" he cried in a peremptory tone.

"We are coming," I answered. He seemed very obtuse and unreasonable, but I make it a point never to quarrel with soldiers on duty. We landed at a neat little quay, and were received by the comrades of the conversationalist with the crossbow.

They surrounded us in a very attentive way and said, "Forward, march!"

We started. I was a trifle uneasy about our

said it was about as far as any place he ever saw, and suggested that I should keep my breath for walking. I despise useless taciturnity, but followed his advice under protest. We walked on for another half-hour, and then just as I had concluded to refuse further pedestrianism, we saw in the distance several minarets from the top of which pennants were rippling in the breeze.

"That 's the Palace," said the captain.

In a few minutes we came to a lofty wall, and a gate guarded by two large Ethiopians in fancy dress, each carrying a curved sword.

"Your sword is bent, my friend," I said to one of them.

He scowled and looked uneasily at it.

"Why don't you have a straight one?—it would reach farther," I went on, "and it is really curious why so many of the Eastern nations prefer—"

I was interrupted. He tried to cut my head off, and if he had used a straight sword would have succeeded. I dodged him, remarking, without loss of dignity:

"You see, now, that illustrates what—"

My niece here pulled me by my robe and I dropped the subject. They rolled up the gate, a kind of portcullis, and we entered. I should like to describe the courtyard in detail, but as I had left my spectacles at home, having forgotten them in our hasty embarkation, I could not see anything but a confused blur of colors.

Going up some very tiresome stairways, we were led into a vast audience-room and brought before a kind of king or something—one of those men who sit on fancy chairs and order people around.

"Whom have you brought before us?" asked this very consequential individual.

"Lord of," began the captain in a second-tenor voice.

"Tut, tut!" said the king. "Who are they?"

"Royal and Imperial—" said the captain.

"And so forth," rejoined the monarch; "Thanks! Who are they?"

"I don't know," said the captain.

"Where from?" said the king.

"I don't know," said the captain.

"What do they want?" asked the king.

"I don't know," answered the officer.

"Enough," said the king, hastily; "we are satisfied that your specialty is honest ignorance. We appoint you Court Historian."

The captain bowed low.

"Return to your post for the present; and forget as much as you can until you are called upon to assume your new duties." The captain withdrew.

"Now," said the king to me, "who are you?"

"An astrologer, your Highness," I answered with some natural pride.

"A star-gazer, eh?" he said pleasantly. "Well, what did you come here for?"

"I don't know," I answered after a moment's reflection.

The king seemed vexed.

"Does anybody know anything about anything in particular?" he asked with fine sarcasm. It made me shake in my sandals, especially as the headsman who was standing beside the king here tightened his belt and took a large and shiny ax from a page at his left.

But, as usual, my niece came to the rescue, and said, in her quiet and unpretending way, that she knew considerable about several things. The headsman looked at her very keenly, handed the ax back to the page, and said in a low tone that he was going out to luncheon. He went.

"Well, well," said the king. "Suppose you tell us about this?"

To my surprise my niece said that she had come to his kingdom to marry the prince.

Naturally the king was a little put out. It seemed sudden to him, no doubt. I am sure it did to me. He seemed lost in thought for a few moments, and then said absently:

"Oh!—yes. Well, where 's—the—the headsman?"

"Gone to luncheon, your Majestic Majesty," answered the page.

"Very inconvenient," said the king, looking annoyed. "He 's never here when he 's needed. No matter. This amuses us. We find this novel and—yes—amusing in a way. We must get sport from this. Young woman," said he to my niece, "if you can sit down for a few moments, the executioner will be back, and he will attend to you first. The astrologer can afford to give you precedence. He won't have long to wait. The audience is over. I 'll be at the executions this afternoon."

"Long live the king!" said the crowd.

Then a brass-band struck up "Pop goes the Weasel," and the audience room was emptied. Soon we were alone with the guards. They had no captain and seemed at a loss to know what to do next. My niece sat in a very comfortable chair playing a curious game which she invented herself. It was a round box with

little partitions in it, and four or five marbles rolling around between them. She would try to make the marbles roll into a little box in the center. She seemed much amused by it. It appeared stupid to me. I wondered how long we should have to wait there. The noise of the marbles made me nervous.

At this moment the captain, or rather the Court Historian, came in.

of "preparing for *instant* execution," but they could n't see it, and, as it only annoyed them and set them to talking about some "old crank," I saw they cared more for mechanics than for logic, and said nothing further. What a number of dull people there are in foreign climes!

We followed them along some very damp corridors which needed whitewashing, and soon



"DOES ANYBODY KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR?" ASKED THE KING."

"Shoulder arms!" he said sharply. The men obeyed. "Conduct the prisoners to the donjon!" he went on.

"This is all right," I said. "I suppose you know your own business. But it seems to me that you are acting queerly for a Court Historian!"

"It is all right," he said. "I have forgotten all about that. Forward march!"

We were escorted to the donjon.

Don't ever go to a donjon if you can help it. We stayed there the rest of the day. I was looking through the bars, and my niece said nothing until late in the afternoon. Then she told me she had got them all in.

"You have got us all in," I said, with bitter meaning. She laughed.

I told her I was very glad; but I had n't the least idea what she meant. Pretty soon the guards came and told us to prepare for instant execution. I pointed out the illogical absurdity

came to a large plaza. I could not see very well, but I heard many voices saying, "Here they come!" "Bring them out!" "See the old foggy!"—by which they must have meant the captain, I suppose.

It suddenly occurred to me that possibly they meant to execute me and my niece. My mind sometimes will grasp an idea with breathless celerity. It was an annoying experience, and I resolved to avoid the scaffold, if it were possible to do so without loss of dignity or the family prestige.

"My dear child," said I to my niece, "has it occurred to you that they have invited us out to an afternoon execution, and that they mean to chop *our* heads off?"

She admitted that they seemed to think they were, but begged me to give myself no uneasiness, promising to see that no harm came of our little pleasure excursion. Young girls are so rash!—but my niece always takes me with her.

"But what is this absurdity about a prince?" I asked.

She said it was no absurdity at all. That she had come to marry the prince, and would marry the prince—if she liked his looks.

"Have n't you seen him?" I asked in some surprise.

She shook her head, and then assured me again that I need not be uneasy—that the whole journey was her own plan, and she felt sure of its ultimate success. It is not profitable to argue with a person who pays no attention to what you say, and who never on any account does anything you think it best to do, so I said no more.

Amid renewed jeers, we climbed the steps to the scaffold.

The headsman was waiting for us. His ax looked very large to me, but he seemed strong enough to handle it. The king was there, and was plainly in a hurry to get away, for he said with some attempt at pleasantry:

"Now, then, Headsman, here 's the young lady who wishes to marry the prince. Off she goes,—and then for the old star-gazer!"

I thought his remarks were not in the best of taste. They put my niece's head upon the block, the headsman raised his ax, and the ax-head immediately flew off in the form of a black crow, saying, "Caw!"

The headsman looked after it with much interest.

"Never," said he with emphasis, "in the whole course of my professional experience, did I ever see anything like that."

"My niece," I said, "is certainly not an ordinary girl. You'll all admit that, I am sure, when you have known her so long as I have."



THE ROYAL GUARDS SURROUND THE ASTROLOGER'S NIECE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The headsman sent the page for another ax. The people waited in silence, hardly knowing what had taken place. The king seemed to enjoy the experience. It was something new, and kings (at least all the kings I know) are terribly bored, and fond of novelty. He clapped his hands and called out, "Brava!"

The crowd separated at one point and the page arrived with the spare ax. The headsman handled it with the caressing hand of an artist, poised it lightly in the air, and brought it down with a swish upon my niece's swanlike neck. I had a swanlike neck when younger.

"Huzza!" cried the hiring crowd. But they had shouted too soon. As the keen edge neared her golden ringlets, the ax-head left the handle and becoming a garland of flowers encircled her neck in a really effective manner. I could not but admire the esthetic value of the colors against her fair skin. Old men are somewhat forgetful, and I do not distinctly recall whether I have mentioned my niece's beauty. It is a family characteristic, and in my young

days I was universally admitted to be the handsomest astrologer in our parish.

The king had by this time lost his temper. "He had come out," as he remarked in high dudgeon, "to see an execution — not to witness an exhibition of legerdemain!" (His choice of language was always excellent, by the way.) So now he rose to his feet, and ordered the guards to seize the prisoners.

The guards were arranged in a hollow square around the scaffold, and at the word of command they pointed some very jagged halberds and other painful poking instruments in our direction. I looked at my niece with some misgiving, but apparently she was quite able to take care of herself. She stood up also, and pronounced some magical words. I do not really know just what they were. In fact, she had rather gone ahead of me in the text-books and could do a number of things which I should not like to attempt. Probably, if I had been

the Appendix in the back of the book, and usually aimed at the more picturesque methods.

This time I heard her silvery laugh, and I looked with curiosity at the advancing guards. When they began their short march they were veterans. After a few steps they became recruits. A few steps more, and they were cadets, and so it went on. They became boys and then toddlers; and finally, when they reached the foot of the platform, they were babies, creeping on all fours and crying and cooing.

Those babes in uniform were very ridiculous. After a great shout of laughter, some of the women in the crowd picked up the helpless infants and bore them away in their arms. I afterward learned that the foundling asylum was much overcrowded that night.

This last experience seemed to open the king's eyes to the peculiarities of my niece's disposition. He realized that she must be coaxed rather than driven. I do not mean to



"THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS!" SAID THE DUCK IN A RAGE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

in her situation I should have disappeared from view, or changed myself into a humming-bird or a dragon-fly,—something with wings, you know,—and soared gently away into the blue ether. But she was not satisfied with ordinary magical charms. She took most of hers from

say he told me so, for in all the course of our acquaintance we did not exchange a dozen words. He called me the "star-gazer," and seemed to think me rather a fussy old fellow. Perhaps he was right,—my horoscope indicated something of the kind.

The populace had now run away and the king and a few courtiers came to the foot of the platform and invited us to come to the palace and make ourselves at home. The king offered his arm to my niece, and she took it with an ease of manner which she inherited from her grandfather. My father was a sorcerer, and of the very best school. All his housework was done by familiars, and genii did the farm work and ran errands.

When the king had escorted my niece and her uncle to the private audience room, we sat down to a very well-served table, and then the king and my niece came to an understanding. I heard only the last part of the conversation.

"You cannot marry my son!" said the king, decidedly. "It's against all precedent."

My niece said in her winning way that she did not care a button for precedent, and that several great men had called attention to the fact that there could not be a precedent for anything the first time it was done.

"I won't argue," said the king, "but I will only say, I forbid it!"

Then, to my secret amusement, my niece said very sweetly, as she toyed with a sprig of celery, that she was not fond of argument herself, and therefore would only say that she would then and there turn the king into a canvas-back duck, unless he consented to the wedding.

"I defy you!" said the king.

My niece clapped her hands, and he became a canvas-back duck.

"This is preposterous!" said the duck in a rage.

My niece giggled.

"It is monstrous!" said the duck, walking bow-legged around the table.

I joined in the mirth. "Star-gazer," indeed!

"It is high treason!" insisted the royal fowl.

My niece rose from the table. The duck looked at her in perplexity. Then he said:

"I give in. Please fix me straight again."

She clapped her hands, and he regained his shape.

"Now," said he uneasily, "I am a man — of my word. Send for my son."

Several admirals, dukes, and footmen started for the door, but the seneschal had a good lead, and soon returned, ushering in a young man

whose physical perfections were only not noticed because of his graceful bearing and exquisite air of high breeding and royal intelligence. When I saw him I had a curious remembrance of having seen him before. But it was a mistake. I was thinking of a certain beautiful miniature of myself, which my father had given me on my twenty-first birthday.

"Come in," said the king pleasantly. "This, my son, is your promised bride. She is the niece of this old gentleman. He is a star-gazer. Bow to your uncle-in-law. The wedding will take place to-morrow. Good-evening, young people. Good-evening, star-gazer."

He retired through the cloth-of-gold portière, and the prince, by his courtly bearing, soon put us all at our ease. At first his manner, while with my niece, was just a trifle constrained; but at 12.45 A. M., when I went to bed, they had eaten twelve philopenas and had ordered the yawning butler to bring more almonds.

Next morning a grand procession set forth for the cathedral. I, however, with her permission, remained at home and watched the event through my second-best magic telescope, with which one can look around two corners and through a thin stone wall.

I will briefly describe what took place. The king must have spent the night in plotting mischief, for he had gathered together a large army, and secured the services of several witches, enchanters, exorcisers, and so on. Just as the ceremony was to be performed, these myrmidons surrounded the bridal party and attempted to seize my niece. I was not alarmed, for I had much confidence in her presence of mind and her readiness of resource in emergencies.

Just as they gathered around her, she began to grow larger. Soon she increased so enormously that she took the prince up in one hand, put him under her arm, and walked in a leisurely way down the aisle. He did not seem to object. In fact, he had previously done his best to protect her, and had knocked down one witch with her own broomstick early in the proceedings.

Still my niece continued to grow. She rose to the top of the cathedral, put her golden ringlets through the roof, and the slates began to tumble upon the people below. How they scattered!

At this moment the king begged for pardon, and promised reformation and acquiescence—at least I judged so from his attitude. Upon the disappearance of the rabble, my niece regained her proper size; and after the wedding party was brought together again, she became a lovely bride, shrinking and tender.

When the bridal couple came down the aisle, they were beautiful. I threw down the glass and hastened to meet them at the palace gate.

The prince seemed very happy, and so did the princess—my niece. I felt that I was safe in leaving her to her husband's care, and I set sail the next day for home.

I have received a letter from her since. It

told many particulars of her new life, and described her husband's flawless character and disposition at some length. This was the post-script:

P. S.—Jack says (John is my husband's name— one of them) that magic is beneath the dignity of a married woman. I think so, too, and have promised to give it up, maybe. The king is an old duck— not a canvas-back, you know. He sends his love to the "star gazer."

I feel lonely without her. One could not be long dull in her company. Astrology, too, is not what it once was—there is too much cutting of rates and competition.

May my dear niece be happy, for she certainly married the man of her choice!

A Youth in the days of Beau
Nash,
Fell heir to a deal of old trash.
Said he, "I will wear them,
There's no one to share them.
Hey-dey! but I'll cut a great
dash!"



MY AUTOGRAPH-BOOK.

BY EDWARD LIVINGSTON WELLES.



IN a little seven-by-nine room, in one of the upper stories of the old New York Tribune building, many years ago, I frequently saw a man with a very round bald head and a fringe of nearly white hair under his chin. He sat at a desk which was almost on a level with his shoulders. He was somewhat careless in his dress, and being very near-sighted, he leaned down upon the desk,

describing almost the segment of a circle in the lines as he wrote. This was Horace Greeley, the founder and chief editor of the *Tribune*—and the note below is a rather superior specimen of his writing. I leave you to judge for yourselves as to its quality.

I fancy that Mr. Greeley made a much better editor than he would have made book-keeper, for it would seem that his early education in the art of penmanship must have been sadly neglected, or else had somewhat deteriorated in the later years of his life, under the influence of hasty editorial writing.

New York, Oct. 26th 43.

My dear Sir,

I hope you would
obtain more elegant & more
more valuable autographs
than that of
Yours, &c. &c.,
Horace Greeley.

Ed L. Weller Esq.

Dear Sir

As the oldest Artist in
America & the only surviving
One who painted Washington
from the life, my name (perhaps)
should not be forgotten

Respectfully
Yours

Rembrandt Peale

Ph^a July 3 1857

Above is a note from Rembrandt Peale, an artist who lived in Philadelphia, and who died in 1860, at the age of eighty-two. His father and his brother, as well as himself, painted several portraits of George Washington, and the old gentleman, you will see by his note, prided himself considerably on this distinction. As he was born in 1778, and made his last sketch of Washington from life in 1795, he must have been a rather young artist at that time.

Perhaps you would like to see

how some of our millionaires wrote. I will give you two signatures; though I have quite a number of others, for which there is not room in these pages.

John D. Perlett

John D. Astor

And now we will glance at the autographs of a few celebrated English poets and authors. Here, for instance, is a note from Charles Dickens, written when he was living in London in 1850. I have two of later date, one written in 1855, and the other written in one of my books, when he was on his last visit to this country in 1868. Under his name and upon the same page, Sol Eytinge, the artist, made a little pen-and-ink sketch of "Dick Swiveller," with the

legend, "May the wing of friendship never moult a feather." To this William Winter, the dramatic critic of the *Tribune*, added the sentence, "Under this wing is the happiness of many generations."

Charles Reade, the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth," and many other widely read novels, wrote me the little note given on the next page. The "bit of truth" which he "throws in" was this sentence, written on a

Monsieur Turace, London

Fifth April 1850.

Young French

I am very happy to send you
the autograph you ask me for.

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

Edmond Waller Eytinge

My dear Sir,

You are very
welcome to my
Autograph.

It is not worth a
letter except when it
conveys a bit of
Truth. So I throw you
one in —

and a —

Yours respectfully
Charles Trade

separate page: "The understandings of men do
not want sharpening, so much as enlarging."

Next on our list is a brief note from the Poet
Laureate of England — Lord Tennyson:

Dr Sir,

Your note has just been sent to me
from Florence.

Here, therefore, is an Autograph

Yours Truly
Alfred Tennyson

And now we will take a look at a very charming letter, which I prize as one of the choicest gems in my whole collection. It was written to me while Mr. Thackeray was

in this country,—during his first visit, I believe. He subsequently wrote a line or two in a volume which I sent to him. Here is the little note. Is it not all I claim for it?

N. York. Sunday eve, 19.

My dear Sir

I have very great pleasure in sending you my signature; and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my books. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and now that I have children of my own, ~~would like to~~ love young people all the better: and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have done. But by that time you will be a man, and I hope will prosper.

~~When~~^{It} I got into the railroad car to come hither from Boston there came up a boy with a basket of books to sell, and he offered me one and called out my own name: and I bought the book, ^{was} pleased by his kind free and friendly voice

let seemed as it were to welcome me to my
own children to this country. And as you
are the first American boy who has written
to me I thank you and shake you by
the hands, & hope Heaven may prosper
you. We who write books must remember
that among our readers are honest children,
and pray the Father of all of us to enable
us to see and speak the Truth. Love & Truth
are the best of all; pray God that young &
old we may try and hold by them.

I thought to write you ^{only} ~~but~~ a line this
Sunday morning: but you see it is a little
sermon. My own children thousands of miles
away (it is Sunday night now where they are,
and they said their prayers for me whilst I was
asleep) will like some day to see your little note
and be grateful for the kindness you do others
show me. I bid you farewell and am

Your faithful servant

Wm. Shackeraay

Dear Sir, Please forgive the delay in complying with your request made in a letter which has been returned to us from Florence after considerable ~~delay~~ delay.

Yours very cordially,

Robert Browning.

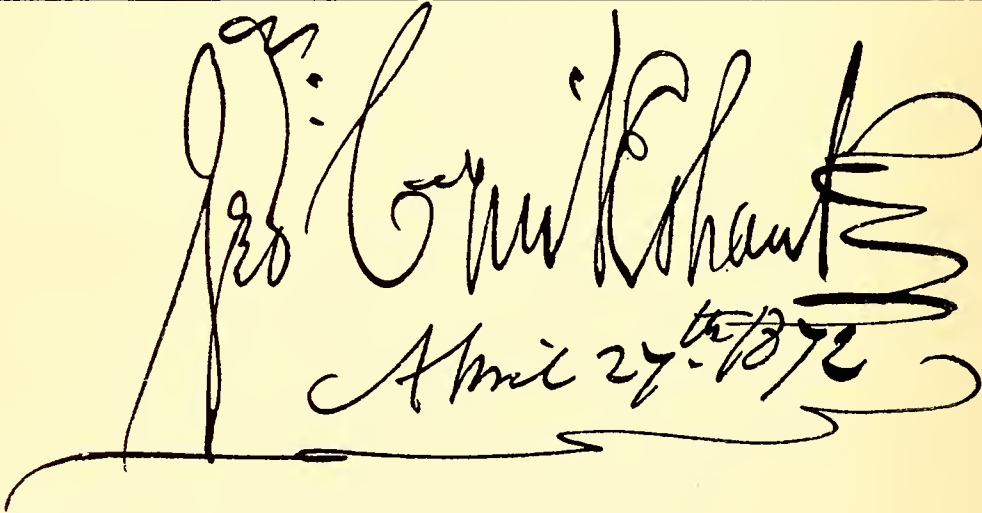
Paris, 3 Rue du Colisée, Dec. 27. '55.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning -

Robert Browning.

Following Thackeray's letter is a note from Robert Browning; to which is added the autograph of his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. These autographs, like that of Tennyson, were sent from Florence, Italy, my letter having been forwarded.

Below you may see the name of George Cruikshank, the English artist — who illustrated some earlier volumes of Dickens's works, and who was by many considered the greatest illustrator in England in his day. His signature is almost as funny as some of his pictures.



 April 27. 1872

To
Ed. S. Welles Esq.

32 Weymouth Street
 Portland Place
 July 3. 1853. London

Dear Sir

I received your letter of the 7th of June a few days (3 or 4 days) ago. I send you with pleasure the autograph you desire to have — although I fear that some years hence you will discover that it is but of little value. Such as it is, you will find it appended to some rhymes, of indifferent quality, on the other leaf. I wish that I had some better verses to send you, but my Muse, who sometimes sails amongst the shallows with some dexterity, is now aground. Should you come to England at any future time, come & tell me what sort of a country Michigan is. — In the meantime believe me to be very sincerely yours

B. W. Procter.

I received this letter accompanied by a little pseudonym was "Barry Cornwall." Here is the poem from Bryan Waller Procter — whose letter, and the poem is on the next page.

Song.

You are soaring to the Sun ;

I rest in shade.

Your delights are never worn ;

My couch is made
Undoneath the Evening Hours,
Amid' sweet (the sweetest) flowers.

+

Your road is strewn with strife,

Mine with perfume :

You burn the rose of life.

I nurse the bloom,

Safe from sun, and snows, and showers,

Through all the winding Hours. —

Benny Jonwall.

In the following note from Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, there is a reference to the letter from Mr. Thackeray, which you have already seen. Mr. Stoddard's little poem I prize especially because he wrote the autograph copy for me before the verses had appeared in print.

Dear Sir,

I have been glancing over your collection of autographs with a deal of pleasure. It is one of the best, if not the best, that I have ever seen.

The kind little note of Thackeray is
 a jewel for you, you should prize it
 highly. For my own part I am not
 only willing but proud to stand in your
 good company. You will find a better
 song over leaf, an unprinted one. Pray accept
 it, and believe me, Sincerely Yours.
 Edward Welles Esq. $\frac{3}{3}$ R. H. Stoddard.

The Helmet

I.
 When the standards wavered the thickest,
 And the tide of battle rolled,
 Furious he charged the foeman,
 On his snow-white steed so bold;—
 But he wore no guarding helmet,
 Only his long hair of gold!

II.
 "Turn, and fly! thou rash, young warrior,
 Or this iron helmet wear;"
 "Nay, but I am armed already,
 In the brightness of my hair:—
 For my mother kept its tresses,
 And she guards me with a prayer!"
 R. H. S.

à tous les cœurs bien nés que la Patrie est chère
Et ma Patrie est là où l'on comprend les arts.

Rachel

New-York ce 29 août
1855

I dare to write my name upon the page
Which here which Fame has written on the age
That, will evidence until the crack of doom
But this will live no longer than

J. M. Brougham
Nov 3. 1855

And here we have a sentence in French, written in my book some years ago by Madame Rachel, the great French actress. Translated into English it is something like this :

To all generous hearts how dear is the Fatherland!
And my Fatherland is wherever the arts are
understood.

Beneath the autograph of Rachel in my book is the verse here copied. It was written by John Brougham, a well-known comedian, and is quite characteristic of him.

For some people, autographs seem to possess

no interest whatever, and I have often been amused to see with what indifference they look over my volumes, when I have shown them. Others will read every word, and seem thoroughly to appreciate the autographs, and to such people it is a pleasure to show them.

In these days when photographs are so abundant and cheap, a collection of portraits of celebrities, with autographs, may be made quite interesting, and many people who care little for the autographs may be attracted by the pictures. One of my volumes is thus arranged, and those who examine my books usually find it the most interesting of the three.



Hats and umbrellas for sale, for sale!

Hats of all colors to go with your gowns,
Light-reds and bright-reds and bricky-blónze-browns,
With patent adjustable high-peaked crowns.

Hats and umbrellas for sale, for sale!

Umbrellas for Sundays and sain-days, a line
Warranted waterproof, silk pure and fine;
Handle of malachite, rarest design

Hats and umbrellas for sale, for sale!

See our new stalk, see our merchandize gay!
Our prices are low as the lowest, they say,
Except for our best things, which we give away

Hats and umbrellas for sale, for sale!

STAR-BLOSSOMS.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

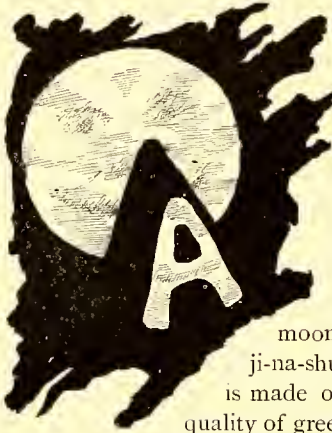
HE watched the soft blue sky, where stars were coming,
Like daisies that the meadow stud,
And said, "Oh, see! a little star has blossomed,
And there 's another one in bud!"

ELFIE'S VISIT TO CLOUDLAND AND THE MOON.

BY FRANCES V. AND E. J. AUSTEN.

TRICK THE TENTH.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE MOON. IT IS MADE OF CHEESE! ELFIE AND E-MA-JI-NA-SHUN START FOR THE MOON. THE CLOUD



PIECE of the moon?" cried Elfie.

"Yes, my dear, a piece of the

moon!" replied E-ma-

ji-na-shun. The moon

is made of the very finest

quality of green cheese, as you may have heard. Of course I know many persons say it is n't; but you may quote me as authority for saying that it is. You see the people who live in Cloudland and the Realm of Fancy live almost entirely on cheese, and the moon is the cheese they eat. We eat just so much every day, and every day the moon is just that much smaller until there is nothing left but the faintest rim, which is the rind of the cheese, and then that is eaten up too. Then for the two weeks which pass before there is another full moon, we have to live upon what we have laid by during the two weeks of plenty. But as soon as the new cheese is completed, we fall to and devour that, and so on forever."

"And who is the Man in the Moon, and where do the new moons come from?" asked Elfie.

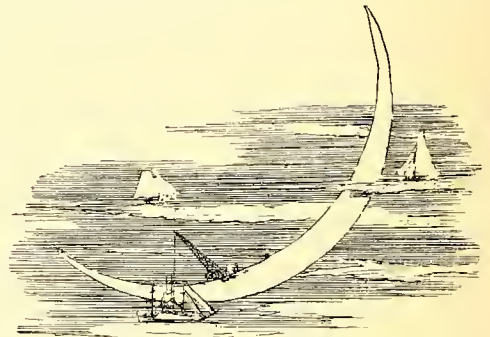
"The Man in the Moon," said E-ma-ji-na-shun, "is a very jolly old chap, whom I created and placed up there in charge of the stores. He also makes the new moons out of the Milky Way, which your papa will show you the next

time you ask him. As soon as the old moon is eaten up, he sails in a cloud ship to the Milky Way, and lays in a new supply of cream and begins to make a new cheese. He first makes a thin half-circle for a foundation. That is the new moon; then he lays cheese on in thick layers every day until the moon is round and full. Then he takes up his residence upon it, and does nothing but look jolly till the cheese is all gone. He sends down the day's supply by cloud ships, and keeps five of them busy all the time. Just break off a bit of the piece of moon there by your side and see how good it is."

Elfie nibbled a piece of the cheese and found it very nice indeed, nicer than any cheese she had eaten on the earth.

"Oh, how I should like to go there!" she cried, "and see the dear jolly old man! What a lot of things he must have to talk about; for he has looked down at the world so long that he must have seen plenty of strange sights."

"Well, my dear, if you wish to see the Man in the Moon, come along. Let us borrow Mother Goose's broomstick and off we will go.



"HE FIRST MAKES A THIN HALF-CIRCLE FOR A FOUNDATION."

It's a long way, and you must hold on tightly. Order out the broomstick, Mother!"

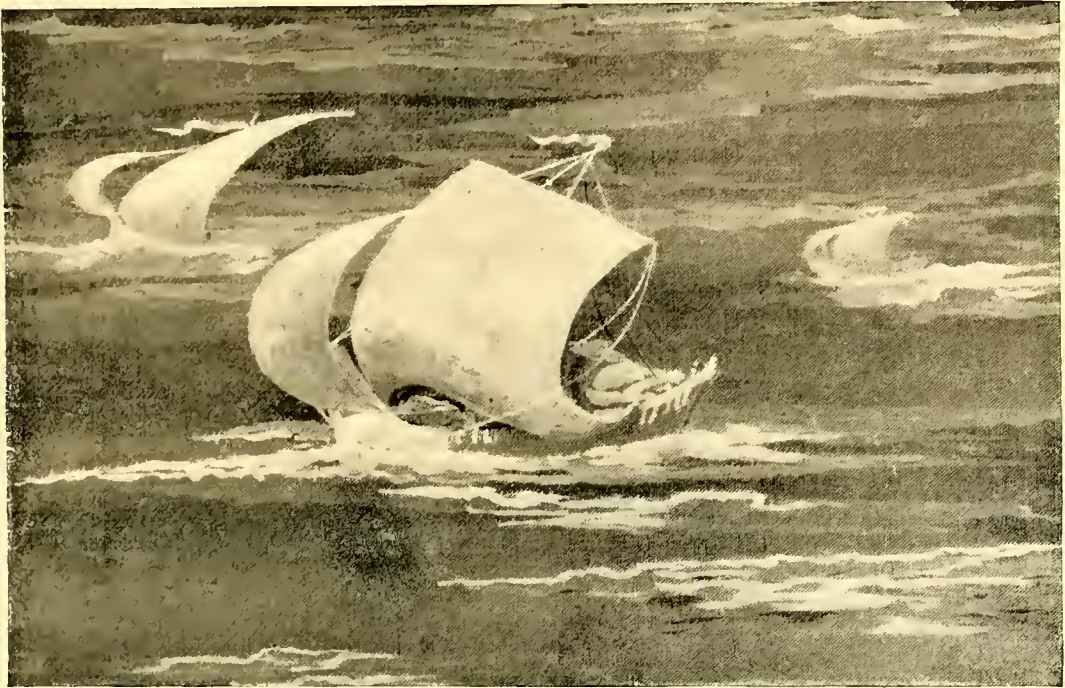
But the broomstick did not wait to be ordered,

for before E-ma-ji-na-shun had done talking—hey, presto!—there it was, prancing as if it were the finest-looking horse in Cloudland.

Elfie waved her hand to Mother Goose and mounted the stick. E-ma-ji-na-shun sprang on behind, and shoo—whizz! they were off.

That was something like a ride. They mounted so quickly that the clouds they passed through looked as if they were falling, and the

and nearer in its descent, she saw that it was the exact shape of a ship, with masts, sails, and rigging complete. The deck was heaped up with what seemed quite a mountain of cheese. Tiny goblins dressed like sailors, and with round full-moon faces, were running about pulling on ropes and hoisting the snow-white sails on the purple masts. One of them, whose head was very large and round, and who had long spidery



"ELFIE SAW SOMETHING WHICH SEEMED TO HER A LIGHT FLEECY CLOUD FLYING ALONG BEFORE THE WIND."

sky began to look so near that Elfie was afraid she would bump her head. Suddenly E-ma-ji-na-shun seized the string which served for reins and brought the broomstick to a standstill.

"What's the matter?" thought Elfie. "We certainly are not at the moon yet."

"Look out!" cried E-ma-ji-na-shun. "Here comes one of the cloud ships laden with cheese!"

Elfie saw something which seemed to her a light fleecy cloud flying along before the wind, as she had often seen clouds do on a windy day.

E-ma-ji-na-shun told her that every one of those tiny cloudlets she had seen was a ship carrying messages or freight to and fro among the people of Cloudland.

As the cloud she was looking at came nearer

legs growing from beneath his chin, was standing on top of the heap of cheese and directing the sailors.

"That man," said her guide, "is the celebrated 'Captain Nemo,' whom your brothers have read about; perhaps you know him better as Mr. Nobody. He is the captain of this ship, the 'Golden Fleece.'"

As he spoke, the crew of the cloud ship caught sight of Elfie and the broomstick, and they rushed to the side of the vessel to give a hoarse little cheer, which sounded to Elfie very much like the sighing of the wind. They passed quite near, and the crew waved their tiny caps, while Captain Nobody shouted through his speaking-trumpet, "A pleasant voyage to you!"

Just then a gust of wind filled the sails and away the ship went through the air, pitching and tossing quite like a real ship on the ocean.

The last Elfie saw of it, it was disappearing into a sea of mist, with all the wee sailors hard at work hauling and pulling, while Captain Nobody was running about giving orders and stamping his feet because the sailors were too slow in obeying.



CAPTAIN NOBODY.

As soon as the Golden Fleece had vanished into the mist, E-ma-ji-na-shun started the broomstick, and away they went again on their voyage.

It seemed only a very short time before Elfie was aware that they were coming quite close to a very large *something*! It grew bigger and bigger as they came nearer.

"There 's the moon!" shouted E-ma-ji-na-shun; "it is only a little time past being full, so that you will be able to see it at its



"THE CREW WAVED THEIR TINY CAPS."

very best. Now be careful, my dear, as you step off!"

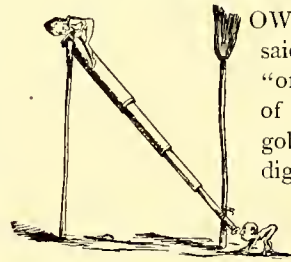
As he spoke the broomstick descended very gently to the surface of the moon.



ELFIE ARRIVES AT THE MOON.

TRICK THE ELEVENTH.

ELFIE ARRIVES AT THE MOON. SHE MEETS THE MAN IN THE MOON.



"OW, step off carefully," said old E-ma-ji-na-shun, "or you will fall into one of those pits the moon-goblins have made in digging cheese."

Elfie did as she was told, and was very careful as she stepped from the broomstick; then she looked around her. Here she was actually at the moon at last! What a wonderful sight! As far as she could see, in every direction, there were stretched out miles upon miles of cheese. In some places it was quite flat, forming great level plains, but it was broken up here and there by what looked like great mountains and deep valleys. "These were made," said E-ma-ji-na-shun, "by the goblins, digging out the supplies for the people of Cloudland."

On all sides, hundreds of these little fellows were hard at work digging away at the golden soil, piling it into heaps, and loading it into tiny railroad-cars which ran from the mines to the wharves at the edge of the moon, where it was thrown into heaps all ready for loading into the next cloud ship that put in for a cargo. Elfie noticed that on the top of every heap and mountain a big fire was blazing away brightly. E-ma-ji-na-shun told her that these were kept



THE CHEESE MINES OF THE MOON.

burning all the time, so that the workmen, who never slept, could see to work at night. The cloud ships came for their cargoes at all hours, and no delay was possible.

"It is the light from these fires that makes the moon shine so to the people of the earth," added the old gentleman, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "If you will look out of your window on the next windy night we have, you may perhaps see some of the cloud ships at the wharves loading up with cheese."

himself a castle where he can rest comfortably after the hard work of making the new moon."

As they came near, she saw in front of a large hole in the side of the mountain, shaped like a door, an enormous man. Elfie thought he must be at least fifty feet high. He was dressed in a long, brown coat, which reached to his knees; on his legs were long blue stockings, and purple trunks; his shoes were ornamented with buckles, his cap was blue and cut to a point in front, while a long amber-colored feather which

During this talk, they were walking along toward the center of the moon, and Elfie, who kept her eyes open, saw that there was a very high mountain, resembling a fantastically shaped castle, rising out of the middle of the plain.

"There 's the home of the Man in the Moon," said her guide. "Of course, as that part of the moon gets eaten up, he has to move over toward the edge; but he always builds



THE CLOUD SHIPS ON A WINDY NIGHT.

floated up from it showed that he was a little bit vain of his personal appearance. His head was very, very large, forming at least one-third of his whole height. The face was round and full and very jolly-looking, a slight droop to the left eyelid giving his eyes such a quaint, sly look that nobody who looked at him could possibly help laughing.

He was sitting down on a great heap of cheese, having his dinner; and (to show you what a very extraordinary man he was) he was eating the front of his own house!

"Hullo!" he shouted, when he saw our little traveler, "hullo! What brings you here? It is n't often that I have the pleasure of speaking to any Earth-children. Come here and let me shake hands with you."

He stooped down and took Elfie's hand in his mighty fist and shook it warmly.

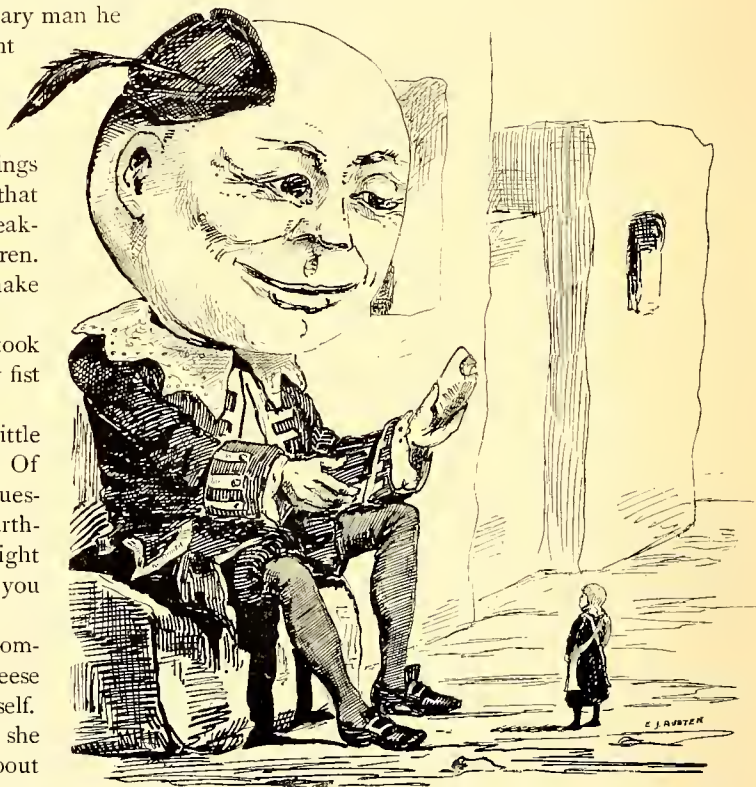
"Sit down, sit down, little one; here is a nice seat. Of course you wish to ask questions. I never knew an Earth-child who did not. Go right on, and I will tell you all you wish to know."

Elfie settled herself comfortably on the soft cheese seat, ready to enjoy herself.

"In the first place," she said, "I'd like to know about some of the things you have seen from here, and why do you look so jolly, please? I should have thought that you would feel more like crying all the time, for you have to work so hard making the new moons. Then I have read and heard so much of the misery that there is in the world, and which you must see every night. I can't understand how you manage to look so happy about it."

While Elfie spoke, the Man in the Moon looked very serious, and as she finished, he buried his face in his hands. When he uncovered it the smiling, happy look had gone.

"My little girl," he said, "you have asked me questions which would take me a lifetime to answer. This, though, I can say — that I *have* seen a great deal of trouble, misery, and wretchedness down upon the Earth, but I have seen also a great number of things to rejoice at, and to make me glad. Long, long ago, I found that to sit down and make myself miserable about things that I could not help, did me no possible



ELFIE MEETS THE MAN IN THE MOON.

good; and that one who does so only cripples his powers for usefulness. By being bright and cheerful I have made many people happy, and kept my own heart young. You — and others — might remember this.

"As for my working so hard making me cry, I can tell you that the very best help toward making a contented mind is to work — work — work. Not, certainly, to toil on forever with no rests for play or pleasure, but to do *something* every day. I have always found that when I sit down to rest with the knowledge that I have

accomplished something, I am always the happier for it and enjoy myself much better.

"Now for the things I have seen. I could, as you may well believe, tell you more stories about the things that have happened under my light, than you could get into the biggest story-book that was ever written.

"Some day I will tell you some of these stories, but I think you are now pretty well tired after your long flight with E-ma-ji-na-shun, so we will wait for another time.

"Come and see me again, and I will give you a packet of stories that will last you till next Christmas. Good-by! my dear little child — good-by — good-by — good-by!"

Elfie certainly had begun to feel very sleepy; she had had so much to see and to think about that she was feeling quite tired. Several times during the last part of the speech she had felt her head nodding, and as he was saying — "Good-by — good-by!" her head sank lower and — her eyes closed. The Man, the castle, the moon, and E-ma-ji-na-shun grew dimmer, at last disappeared altogether, and Elfie was fast asleep.

TRICK THE TWELFTH.

ELFIE RETURNS TO EARTH. WHERE IS E-MA-JI-NA-SHUN? THE NEW PUZZLE.

"Wake up, wake up, Elfie!" called a familiar voice. "Wake up! Why, you have been fast asleep before the fire for the last two hours."

Elfie opened her eyes and found herself in the same chair that Mr. Krome had sat in when he had taken her or his lap and told her about E-ma-ji-na-shun.

She could hardly believe her senses. Where were all the wonderful things she had seen? Where was the Toy Castle? Mother Goose —

the broomstick, the moon, and the dear old Man? And where was E-ma-ji-na-shun?

She sat up in the chair and rubbed her eyes. There was the fire just as it had looked when E-ma-ji-na-shun had appeared out of the smoke. Everything was just as usual, but while she looked she heard the ashes drop from the grate, and she started as she recognized the familiar chuckle of the quaint old man who had shown her the wonders of Cloudland.

Could it have all been a dream, she wondered. No! She was sure it all had happened. She could remember everything she had seen and every word she had heard. Where was Mr. Krome? He had gone away while she had been in Cloudland. How did she get back? — and she laughed as she thought how E-ma-ji-na-shun would have chuckled and said:

"Ha, ha! — another of my tricks, my dear."

Well, it was no use worrying about it. One thing she made up her mind about. She would have Mr. Krome bring E-ma-ji-na-shun to her again the first time he called. She wished very much to go to the moon again; there was one question she had never asked, and now it was worrying her as the other questions had worried her before her journey to the Realm of Fancy.

Now, I am sure you will think that Elfie was one of those little people who are bound to worry about something — who, if they have one thing explained to them, are not happy till they are miserable over something else.

I think so myself, and I am quite out of patience with her.

What do you think worries her now? Why, this: How the moon stays up there without tumbling down?

What do *you* think about it?





April .

They promised me a flower-bed
That should be truly mine ,
Out in the garden by the wall
Beneath the ivy vine .

The box-wood bush would have to stay ;
The daily rose bush too ;
But for the rest they'd let me plant
Just as I chose to do .

Though not a daffodil was up
The garden smelled of spring ,
And in the trees beyond the wall
I heard the blackbirds sing .

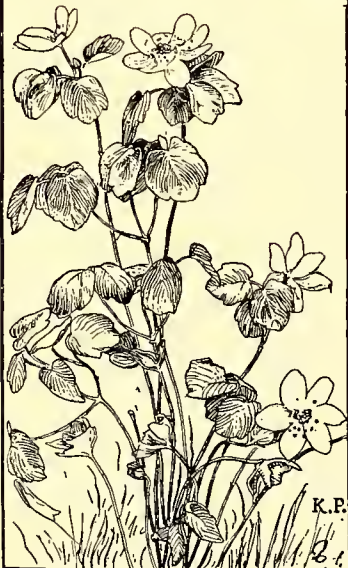
I worked there all the afternoon ;
The sun shone warm and still ;
I set it thick with flower seeds
And roots of daffodil .

And all the while I dug I planned ,
That, when my flowers grew,
I'd train them in a lovely bower ,
And cut a window through ;

The visitors who drove from town
Would come out there to see ;
Perhaps I'd give them each a bunch ,
And then how pleased they'd be !

I made my plans- and then for weeks
Forgot my roots and seeds ,
So when I came that way again
They all were choked with weeds .

K. Pyle .



BUSY CORNERS IN THE ORIENT.

BY FRANK STILES WOODRUFF.

EVERYBODY has heard about the dogs and donkeys of Oriental cities, how the dogs roam about without owners, and how the donkeys bear patiently their many burdens and get only scanty thanks in return. But all Eastern streets abound in novel and fascinating sights—bright gowns, tiny shops, veiled women wearing wooden sandals, gaunt camels swaying along with rude bells tinkling. From the first the energetic peddlers are conspicuous. If the traveler approaches the Levant by way of Constantinople, he plunges at once into their favorite haunts. The first night in this great, historic city will not be forgotten, for the howling of the hungry street-dogs is hardly silenced before the coming of daylight brings out a multitude of these noisy venders, and then sleep is out of the question. One would think they were trying to arouse the people in the next street, to have them all ready for making purchases. Some are shouting in Turkish and some in Greek, advertising the excellence of the good things that they have in the high baskets on their backs or on diminutive mouse-colored donkeys. We look down from the hotel window and watch them as they pass along or stop for bargaining. There are loads of tempting white grapes, rosy peaches, and a profusion of fresh vegetables evidently just in from the gardens along the Bosphorus, or those bordering the Sweet Waters beyond the Golden Horn. In all the towns along the Asia Minor coast these scenes are repeated, with perhaps a trifle less noise. At Smyrna, in early autumn, the *mina* swarms with sellers of the luscious sugar-melons, and a little earlier all the ports of the Greek Archipelago echo with "Sweet, fresh figs!"

But it is in the streets of Syrian cities that we are most interested. Beyrout, where the Turkish jargon gives place to Arabic, is our first point of approach, and sailing down the coast in the afternoon light, the setting of the city is

truly superb. From the rocky harbor the graceful beach of St. George's Bay sweeps around to the northeast, reminding one of the Bay of Naples. The houses, rising on terraces as they recede from the sea, are of varied architecture, presenting colonnades of slender pillars cut from Italian marble, tall minarets, or little square dwellings with flat roofs. East of the city rises to a height of more than eight thousand feet the majestic range of Lebanon capped with snow in winter, and to the rugged slopes cling a score of pretty villages, like swallows' nests under the rocky eaves. We can be quite resigned to the treelessness of the mountain-sides. What delicately tinted crags, what alternations of light and shade as the deep chasms fill with evening shadows, what gorgeousness on clouds and peaks as the sun plunges finally into the blue waves of the Mediterranean! We find Beyrout a city of nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, many of whom are Europeans, and have brought with them European houses and streets and shops and costumes. But within the *old city*, inside the dingy walls that at the beginning of this century inclosed all there was of Beyrout, we can find the same queer, narrow, crooked streets and miniature shops as in Damascus or Hamath.

Landing at the wooden pier by a small boat from the steamer, we meet our friends, the hawkers, in full cry. Among the jostling crowd of travelers, soldiers, porters, and beggars, they sell and thrive.

"*Khamsi, khamsi!*" cries one seedy-looking individual with a leathern bottle strapped upon his back. He means "only five paras for a refreshing, cool drink of lemonade,"—lemons from the groves of Sidon, with snow from the crown of Lebanon! The goatskin looks anything but clean, and the man himself is not attractive, but we notice that a small boy has handed over his half-cent, and out pours his

draught from the brass spout. At the same time the bearer of the goatskin replaces the stopper (his left thumb), puts on a business-like air, and repeats his shrill cry, "Khamisi, khamisi!" with new ardor. We always knew beforehand when the lemonade man was coming, by the clinking of two little brass plates that he carried in his right hand, and which he used to aid his voice in bringing himself into notice. Sometimes, in the winter, he will change the drink, and delight the taste of his customers with cocoa instead of lemonade. But whether with cocoa or lemonade, the man with the goatskin is a



"KHAMSI, KHAMSI!" (LEMONADE-SELLER.)



THE BREAD-SELLER.

regular institution in his quarter of the town, and many a copper slips into his hand.

Here comes the bread-seller. He is one of a large class, and the flat pancake-like loaves that he has in his basket show how the Beyrout people make bread. The same flat cake, of varying size and thinness, is everywhere the form of bread in Palestine and Syria. When fresh it is very sweet and palatable; but when old, much like shavings.

At some towns in Mount Lebanon the loaves are baked in circular form, about two feet across, and almost as thin as paper. It is related that once a foreigner on eating his first meal in the mountains, took one of these loaves and spread it on his lap, thinking it was some new style of napkin. Strange as this seemed to his Syrian host, we can hardly be surprised at the

mistake, for to our Western eyes this thin, flexible sheet looks far more like cloth than like bread. But this kind of bread has one great advantage, for it does away with the necessity of using spoons. Those sitting at dinner tear off a piece from the loaf, fold it as a cup, and then dip a portion of food from the general dish in the center of the table; devouring thus with each mouthful both spoon and contents. The housewives of Beyrout enjoy a touch of that convenient coöperation that is proposed by certain reformers of to-day; not that they take their meals in large public dining-rooms, but they *do* have public ovens, thus doing away with some of the household's "private gear." The dough is flattened out into disks of the proper size, and the boys or girls of the family put these on trays and carry them to the nearest oven, where they are soon baked on the smooth hot slabs. We cannot stop here to describe the various and interesting processes of bread making as they are practiced in the villages of Lebanon, or in the Bedouin camp. Other things close at hand crowd upon our attention.

Bordering the narrow bazaars and under gloomy archways are the queer little shops. Here business never becomes very brisk. Life creeps along sluggishly, and the shopkeepers seem to have their full share of the general sleepiness. Here is an old white-turbaned citizen with water-vessels piled up about him. These are his stock in trade,—a very little shop and very cheap ware. A few dollars would buy him out. All his goods are of the light unglazed pottery manufactured near the city, and are quite necessary in every household. Those slender-necked bottles hanging on the wall are used on the table as carafes; the little jugs with spouts are the ordinary drinking-vessels. Instead of using glasses or cups, all Syrians drink directly from the little jugs, lifting them up above the face and letting a stream fall into the mouth. They never let the spout of the pitcher touch the lips, as that is considered a serious breach of etiquette. Some of the larger vessels are used for carrying water from the village well or fountain, and at almost any hour of the day, especially near nightfall, you may see scores of women and girls chatting around the public reservoir. Their vessels filled, they carry them

quickly home, balanced gracefully on head or shoulder.

The big jar standing on the floor (almost big enough to accommodate one of the "Forty



THE POTTERY MERCHANT.

Thieves") will find its way to some house for holding the family supply of oil or olives. On account of the scarcity of wood, vessels of clay have always been most important to the Oriental, and their manufacture seems to have been an old art when Jeremiah went "down to the potter's house," and beheld the work that the craftsman "wrought on the wheels."

The jars are very brittle; a careless motion may shiver one in pieces and send a tearful maiden home from the fountain with her sad story of a broken jar. But I fancy this fact is no little satisfaction to our old vender, and he

chuckles over others' troubles as he puffs away at his *joseh*. All typical Orientals smoke. The tobacco-pipes are of various forms, and this one is called a *joseh*, because the water reservoir at the bottom is usually a cocoanut that the Arabs call *jouse-el-Hind* (Indian-nut). The ordinary pipe of the East is the *narghile*, or hubble-bubble, such as you have often seen in pictures. This is a glass vessel, surmounted by a little brass bowl for the tobacco, and provided with a flexible tube four or five feet long. The glass vessel is partly filled with water, a portion of moist tobacco is placed in the brass bowl, a red-hot coal is laid on this, and the pipe is ready. The smoke being drawn through the water is cooled and purified, while the sound of the air agitating the water gives the pipe its name, *hubble-bubble*.

It is always a delight for the Syrians to gather in some public café and entertain themselves with pipes and tiny cups of black coffee. At such times the professional story-teller is welcome. Some winter night we look in upon such a scene. A score of men sit about on low stools, while at one end of the arched room sits the story-teller. Sometimes he recounts very vividly the valorous deeds of his warlike ancestors; again, he speaks of love, throwing into the form of verse his visions of beauty and gentleness; now the listeners forget their pipes as he brings back to their minds scenes of 1860, when feuds between Druses and Maronites had sprinkled the sides of Lebanon with Christian blood. Between the stories, the low gurgle of the water-pipes sounds a musical applause, and we Westerners realize that we are, in very truth, in the land of "The Thousand and One Nights," listening to the magic language of "Aladdin" and "Sindbad," and the "Forty Thieves"—the much-loved language that the Arabs call "The tongue of the angels." Finally, at a late hour, there are signs of breaking up. The story-teller is rewarded with a copper bit from each of the company, the host is paid for his evening provision of pipes and coffee, and the men retire to their homes.

The next morning our friend the café-keeper washes out his pipes, places them in order on long shelves, and is ready for another day's entertaining.

Near-by is the native barber's place of business. What an odd little establishment it is! Like most Eastern craftsmen he is content with a simple outfit, and he finds his customers quite satisfied. Almost everything in his shop is of native manufacture. The towels, of cotton and silk, are woven on the hand-looms of Hamah; the brass water-vessel and the inlaid frame of his hand-mirror come from the bazaars of Damascus; but the razors are doubtless of English make. The demure victim in the picture is receiving a fashionable shampoo, and, as usual, he helps the barber by holding the tin neck-basin while the water falls upon his head from above. All sorts of mechanical arts in the East impress us with their simplicity—not that Syrians are behindhand in making beautiful things, but



THE BARBER SHAMPOOING A CUSTOMER.

the methods and machines are very simple. Everything is hand-made. The rich rugs whose combinations of color and whose silky sheen

are so much prized in our American homes are all made laboriously by hand in the villages of Syria, Persia, and Kurdistan. Work in brass, silver, and mother-of-pearl, while some of it is exceedingly delicate, is all done without the aid of any improved machinery. The exquisite weaving of cotton and silk that has made Syria famous is wrought on the rudest of hand-looms.

The carpenter behind the chips and shavings illustrates Eastern wood-working. He is making a chair-round on his rough turning-lathe. With his right hand he revolves the piece of wood, using a kind of bow such as our jewelers use on small lathes. The chisel he holds with his left hand assisted by his toes. We are inclined to pity him and his bungling machine, but our pity he does not need. Give him time, and he will bring out some very fair work, specimens of which may be seen hanging about his shop. His principal work is the manufacture and repairing of furniture. He receives little, but fortunately his wants are few. Ordinarily his water-pitcher and pipe will be within reach, and no doubt secreted somewhere about the room are a few flat loaves and a bit of fresh cheese that will satisfy him till evening. Then he will stop work, slip his feet into the big, red, sharp-pointed shoes, and trudge away off to his home.

The work of an Eastern farmer is even ruder than the carpenter's. His crude plow, drawn by cows, makes a shallow drill instead of turning a furrow. He reaps with a sickle, instead of using a self-binder, and as for the threshing, it is about the same process that Ruth saw at the threshing-floor of Boaz in the valley of Bethlehem. We hear rumors of railroad building in Syria (those Western conveniences must come some day), but now, instead of the noisy clang of engines and cars, the produce of the land swings quietly along the rough roads to the seaboard. Camels and mules and donkeys form the freight-trains of the East.

But let us turn to more literary subjects and inquire into the profession of the public letter-writer. All natives of Syria use Arabic, and in ordinary speaking make use of words and phrases familiar to all classes. The language, as written, deals with the more formal, literary words,

of which the common people often know nothing. Hence the language may be regarded as composed of two dialects, more or less distinct — spoken Arabic and written Arabic. The



ORIENTAL TURNING-LATHE.

general lack of learning has created a somewhat honored profession, represented by the public letter-writer. His office presents rather a literary aspect from the specimens of fine handwriting that adorn the walls. A small chest for writing-materials, a low four-legged stool for his patron, and (with the inevitable water-pipe) his outfit is complete. His pens are not at all like ours, but are merely pieces of reed cut from the water-courses, and sharpened in very much the same way that our grandfathers sharpened their quill pens. The scribe kneels on one knee, places a sheet of paper on his left hand, takes the reed pen in his right, and is ready for the dictation of his customer. The letter, as a rule, will be largely introduction and conclusion, for which the scribe has regular formulas to suit men of every rank. A little space somewhere between the formal phrases of ceremony is incidentally reserved for *news*, but the most important items will probably be found in a postscript. Through the influence of Europe and America, schools of every grade are multiplying and im-



THE PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER AND HIS CUSTOMER.

proving in Syria; and as time goes on the public scribe will find himself with fewer and fewer patrons, till finally he may have to give up his profession altogether and become private secretary to some great man—a mudir or pasha.

Can it be that when the dawn of New Year's day shall usher in the year 2000 A. D., the foot of Western civilization will be treading these picturesque byways, and steam-whistles echoing among the hills of the sunny East?

A GREAT FIGHT.



THE first I heard of it was when Fred came rushing into the house after breakfast. "The enemy!" he cried. "The enemy is upon us!" "Where?" cried the others of us, jumping up. "In the battle-field, of course!" he said; and he seized his flag and rushed out again. We all followed as quickly as we could. I put on the helmet, and Max took the drum, and we let

Toddles have the bugle this time because he'd just tumbled down; and he had the hearth-broom, too, so he was all right. We ran into the field and found that the enemy had taken up a strong position behind the old cannon. (Ours is a *real* battle-field, you know, and has been there ever since the war.) So we formed in line, and Fred made a flank movement, meaning to take the enemy in the rear; but when he heard Fred coming, he charged on our line, and Toddles ran away, but Max and I retreated in good order, and formed again behind a rock, and began to shell him with green apples. He stopped

to eat the apples, and meanwhile Fred completed his flank movement, and falling upon the enemy's rear, whacked it violently with a stick, waving his flag all the time, and shouting "Yield, caitiff! Yield, craven hound!" (I tell him that nowadays people *don't say* those things in war, but he always says that Roland and Bayard did, and that what suited them will suit him.)

Well, the enemy turned suddenly on Fred, and drove him back against the cannon; but

his back, and putting himself at our head, rallied us for a grand charge. We rushed forward, driving the enemy before us. A panic seized him, and he fled in disorder; we pursued him as far as the fence, and he got through a hole and escaped, but not before we each had a good whack at him. It was a glorious victory. Fred made us a speech afterward from the cannon, and we all waved our—well, whatever we had to wave, and vowed to slay the invader if he ever dared to show his nose on



"WE RUSHED FORWARD, DRIVING THE ENEMY BEFORE US."

by that time we had advanced again, and Toddlers was blowing the bugle as hard as he could, which seemed to disconcert the enemy. Fred took a flying leap from the cannon right over

our side of the fence again. Ah, yes! it was a splendid fight.

"Who was the enemy?" Why, did n't I say? Farmer Thurston's pig, of course!

CHARLIE'S SHADOWS AND THEIR SHADOW HOUSE.

A BEDTIME STORY.

BY MATTIE E. PETTUS.

IT was Charlie Percy's bedtime. What fun he had had, all that long, lovely day, playing with his little Cousin Lorraine and the white rabbits, out under the old chestnut-trees on Grandfather Stockholm's farm!

Lorraine had just gone away in the carriage with her mama. Charlie felt lonely.

He was four years old. Standing on the porch now, he was wondering if there would be any use in asking to stay up longer?

"No," he concluded, "it would n't be any use!" For there was Aunt Lil in the door, waiting; and there were the great cedars, and Norway-spruce trees on the lawn, rustling their branches; not bowing politely, as they sometimes did, but shaking from side to side, as if they were saying: "No! no! too late! Good-night!"

So Charlie took Aunt Lil's hand, and they went upstairs very slowly, one step at a time. His bright eyes looked curiously at two tall, dark shadows (no, one was short and one tall), standing upon the wall beside him.

Aunt Lil saw them, too, and she nodded pleasantly to the little one, Charlie's own shadow.

But *he* would never have known it for his own, it looked so stout, and had such a funny head.

"Come along upstairs with us, Master Shadow!" said Aunt Lil. "*You* must go to bed, you know, when Charlie does!"

The little boy laughed heartily.

"Tum along, Master Sadow!" he repeated. "Look, Aunt Lil, your sadow tummin' too! Is it doin' to put my sadow to bed?"

"Why, I think so," said his auntie. "See, Charlie! They are coming into the room with us! Now they are hiding until we light the

candle! Oh, the sly things! Wait a minute! You'll see them again!"

Sure enough, as soon as the candle was lighted, there they were!

Charlie clapped his hands, and was much amazed when he saw the little shadow also clapping *his* hands, silently, indeed, but vigorously, as if he in his turn liked the fun of coming back, and taking another peep at Charlie, and the pretty room where he slept, with the white bed looking so soft and so cozy.

"Where were they, Aunt Lil, when — when it was dark — before — before you maked the candle burn?"

Charlie looked intently all around.

"I'm sure I don't know!" said his auntie. "Do you suppose they tell anybody where they hide?"

She placed the candlestick on the high bureau, and began to get the little boy ready for bed. As he always loved to do just at this time, Charlie held up his cheek to be kissed, and his aunt bent down to him.

For one moment he had forgotten his new friends the Shadows, big and little, but there they still loomed, dark and silent, on the opposite wall, as if watching their friends sitting near the bureau.

They seemed to imitate the good-night kiss, too, for the moment Charlie saw them, he cried out joyfully:

"Oh! look at 'em! Little Sadow a-kissin' Big Sadow! Does he like him? Does he talk to him?"

"Good-evening, Mr. Shadow!" said Aunt Lil, politely, for she thought she would go on with the new game. "How are the other little Shadow children? Are they at home to-night in your shadow house? And do you



take them out riding in a shadow carriage, with a shadow horse?"

"And have they dot a auntie, and a mama?" Charlie added, while his dark blue eyes shone bright as stars, so lively was his interest in this queer new family.

"Charlie want to see their sadow house!" was his next remark.

"Please, Auntie, play it all over again!"

But Aunt Lil had put the light out, and "Little Sadow," and "Big Sadow," had "silently stolen away" into the darkness.

Charlie wondered "if they lived in the wall,"—and where their "shadow house" could be? There was no end to his questions—if only Aunt Lil would keep on answering them! But she said it was really "sleepy-time!"

"Come, Charlie boy," she added, "after you have said your prayers, you can get into bed by moonlight. I will pull up the blind. But first let us look out of the window and see the shadow house on the grass. Then, our boy must go to sleep!"

She put aside the white curtains, and Charlie, with his arms around her, stood in the bright moonlight and looked out of the window at the "sadow house."

How plainly they saw it,—the black picture of the long, low farm-house, peaked roof, chimneys and all, clearly drawn in shadows on the grass!

You've seen them often, on many a summer evening, I am sure, little "Bright Eyes" now reading this true history! But perhaps you may like the shadow pictures better, knowing the "story-game" that Charlie and Aunt Lil have made up about them!

"Mr. Sadow's big sadow house!" cried Charlie, laughing. "All dark! All the children in bed?"

He began to understand the game, and yet it was just enough of a riddle to be very entertaining.

"They don't need any lights in *their* windows!" said Aunt Lil. "Neither do we, the moon is so bright!"

"A many new neighbors we 's dot!" said Charlie wisely. "But we tan't see 'em in day-times!"

An unexpected difficulty now occurred to Charlie.

"Poor Sadows tan't walk! House is lyin' down flat!"

The little fellow pretended to be much grieved at the misfortunes of his "new neighbors," but the corners of that naughty little mouth twitched, and let the laugh come out!

"Flat? I should think so!" said Auntie Lil. "How could shadows live in it if it was n't? They are flat, are n't they? Oh, Charlie, look! Now we know why the house is dark! The Shadow children have been out riding to-night! Here comes their carriage!"

Indeed, it seemed that they were to know more of the "Shadow family" and their belongings, for at this moment Uncle James came home, driving the rockaway, with old "Prince" drawing it. Swiftly they came in through the open gate, stopped under the window, and there, I hardly need remind you, on the grass lay the shadowy carriage and horse of Charlie's silent friends!

Old Prince stood like a statue, and very

handsome and proud he looked, as if he knew all about everything! It was very easy for Charlie to imagine "Big Sadow," "Little Sadow," and all the "children" inside the carriage.

"Oh! I want 'Raine to see it!" he exclaimed, clinging so tightly to Aunt Lil that she could hardly breathe.

'Raine, his little cousin, had gone to New York with her mama, to stay all night. They had taken the train after tea, and Charlie had almost forgotten to be lonely without her while he played with his new neighbors who lived in the shadow house.

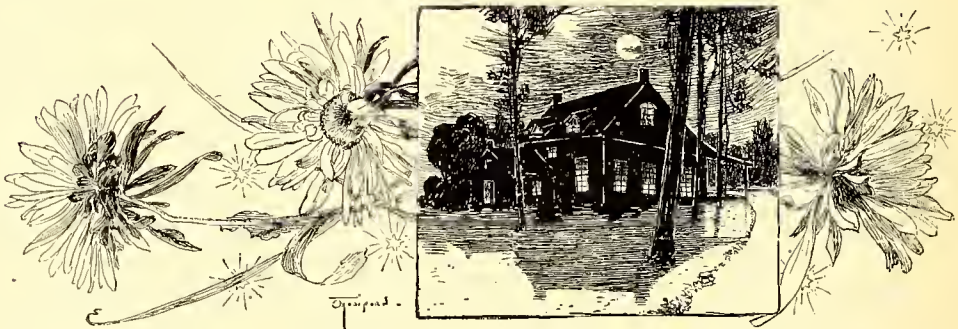
"Come now," said Aunt Lil; while Uncle James looked up and shook his finger at the little white figure in the window, so surprised was he to see the little boy still out of bed at that unusually late hour.

"Good-night, Uncle James. Do you know the Sadow people?" the white-robed figure called out. But his uncle only shook his head, and Aunt Lil said:

"Come, come, we must say good-night to Little Shadow, and Big Shadow, and perhaps, sometime, we may see them again!"

"Yes; see 'em when 'Raine has come home again!" murmurs Charlie sleepily, his head resting comfortably on the soft pillow, and his eyes blinking drowsily.

To his loving heart no pleasure can be quite perfect without 'Raine; not even the "Sadow people"!



AN EASTER PROCESSIONAL.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.



LET us sing of bright morn breaking
From the glorious east ;
Lilies fair their sheaths forsaking ;
Larks in light their music making ;
Sing the song of wings and waking
That befits our feast !

Apple boughs in white are dressing,
And in heaven's blue arch
Little clouds, like cherubs pressing
Rank on rank with cheeks caressing,
Shed their softness like a blessing
On our joyful march !



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

APRIL is a strange month, my hearers, and, I may add, a month that has caused a good deal of remark, especially in poetry. For my own part, I rather prefer her predecessor March, a strong, vigorous month as you know, one that speaks his own mind, and knocks boys and girls about in good belaboring fashion. But April is different, a sort of weather-and-water month, so to speak—or to be more poetical, she is a blue-eyed, weepative, yet laughing thing, rather difficult to depend upon unless she feels like it.

And now, suppose we take up the case of a dear little boy who puzzles himself over many things and often asks conundrums without knowing it.

He is a pet of our friend Bessie Chandler who sends you this little song about him; and, as you may suppose, she is very fond of the little fellow:

THE TUNKUNTEL.

“WHAT is a Tunkuntel?” he asked,

“And have you got one here?”

Why don't you let me play with it?

And why is it so dear?”

“A Tunkuntel,” I vaguely said,

“I've really never seen.

Is it a kind of animal?”

I don't know what you mean.”

“Oh, yes, you do! Don't tell me that!

You know it very well,

For you always say you love me,

More than a Tunkuntel.”

SWEEPING A TREE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: If I had not seen it with my own eyes I should never have believed that trees not only need sweeping sometimes, but get swept. As I crossed Washington Square, here in New York, one morning, I saw a man vigorously brushing the trunk of an elm with a broom made of stiff wires, and, of course,

I stopped to investigate the subject. The sweeper was affable, and in answer to my question told me he was waging war against the caterpillars that had snugly bestowed themselves for the winter in the crevices of the bark. On looking more closely, I saw what appeared to be many bits of soiled cotton-wool. Each one of these rolls of fuzz, I learned, had contained a caterpillar, and later, became the abiding place of countless eggs which only awaited the warm rays of the sun to hatch out into wriggling young leaf-destroyers. “So you see, Miss,” said my informant, “in order to save the trees, we have sometimes to give them a sweeping.”

My curiosity gratified, I walked on, leaving him engaged in his singular but useful occupation.

Please show this letter to your young congregation, dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and believe me,

Yours truly, AGNES L. SLADE.

PICKEREL FROM THE SKY.

“OH, oh, Mr. Jack!” you may think or exclaim reproachfully as I announce this item. But do not be shocked, my beloved, you are going to hear only a true story.

You see, this is how it was: Deacon Green found in a newspaper the statement that a lady walking in the town of Newburyport, Mass., had been startled by a live pickerel falling at her feet, as if it had been tossed to her from the sky; and that she had taken the fish home, cooked it, and eaten it for her breakfast.

Thereupon, that dear Little School-ma'am, who would n't doubt the Deacon for the world, cast about in her mind as to what to do next. Suddenly it occurred to her that Harriet Prescott Spofford, the poet and author, lived at Newburyport. And so, the dear little soul, instead of bothering the Deacon with tedious details, straightway wrote to Mrs. Spofford, and in time received the following reply:

MY DEAR FRIEND: The incident is perfectly true. Mrs. J., crossing the fields from the West Newbury road to the Artichoke Hills, saw a large hawk drop the fish. She picked it up, but, as it flopped, called her husband, who held it for her. It was, of course, alive, and they had it at breakfast the next morning, and it weighed about a pound-and-a-half. There have always been pickerel in the Artichoke, which on one side of the West Newbury road almost loses itself in marshy shallows, but on the other is a mile-long succession of dark, still pools, all overshadowed and painted by the thick, leafy woods among which it winds. Hawks also are a frequent sight all about here, with their beautiful flight. We have eagles, too! A pair of them build up the river beyond the “Laurels,” and come sailing down, and we live in constant dread of the gunners finding them out. One rainy day I saw one of the pair get his talons caught in the chains of the bridge, just on the edge of the island—he was flying low, I suppose, on account of the heavy air—and he hung there with his wide wings stretched almost a minute before he disentangled himself and swept away and was a magnificent picture on the gray sky.

While driving on my way to verify the pickerel story, my faithful old Michael, whose word I would take as soon as any one's in the whole world, said that when a boy in Ireland he had many a time seen a raven drop by accident the egg it had stolen, and then turn over and tumble and catch the egg again before it could reach the ground! I believe it because Michael says so.

Yours, H. P. S.

BRAVE LITTLE SAILORS OF THE AIR.

DEAR JACK: Will you please show your great big crowd of boys and girls (me among them) this paragraph which I copy from the *Portland Transcript* for the 10th of December last? D. T.

Thousands of goldcrests annually cross and recross the North Sea at the wildest period of the year, and, unless the weather is rough, generally make their migrations in safety. And yet this is the smallest and frailest British bird—a mere fluff of feathers, and weighing only seventy grains.

Good! Take courage, then, my little folk, my weak ones, and all who having but little strength yet seem to have long and difficult paths before you. That there are human goldcrests, we may be sure.

THAT UNFORTUNATE GRASSHOPPER.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In the November St. NICHOLAS, Benjamin Webster told of a dead grasshopper clinging to a stalk of goldenrod. I can give no explanation as to how the insect came there, or why he stayed there after death; but write to tell you that I found a grasshopper in exactly the same fix last summer.

However, my grasshopper was not in favor of the goldenrod, for he clung to some stiff weed whose name I cannot give. E. O. E.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have learned from good authority the probable cause of the grasshopper being found dead and stuck to that stem of a goldenrod.

Grasshoppers in the late autumn are subject to a fungous disease, and this grasshopper may have jumped up there, and having died of some fungous disease, stuck there, as flies will stick to a window-pane after being dead from a similar cause. ERNEST FORBES.

Very good, boys. And here is still another letter which undoubtedly bears upon the case in hand:

FLIES DO SOMETIMES DIE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My brothers and I were so much interested in the stiff-grasshopper picture that accompanied B. Webster's letter of last November, that we have tried to learn something more about the matter. The most satisfactory thing we came across was a short article copied from the *London Globe* which, while it did not mention grasshoppers at all, either stiff or nimble, threw a good deal of light upon our subject. The article said, in substance, that house-flies, like many other insects, are subject to the attacks of a parasitic fungus which destroys great numbers of them, especially toward the end of autumn. We sometimes see the victims glued to the window-panes in the attitude of life, with legs widely spread and wings raised as if in preparation for flight, but with a white halo on the glass all round them, and with bodies pale and distended. The spores of the fungus, which are exceedingly minute and are present in the air, have been carried against the fly's body, and such as struck its under surface had adhered, when each spore had sent out a long tubular projection, which penetrated the skin and body.

Once established, the parasite-fungus meets with suitable nourishment in the various fluids of the fly's

* See page 83 of ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1890.

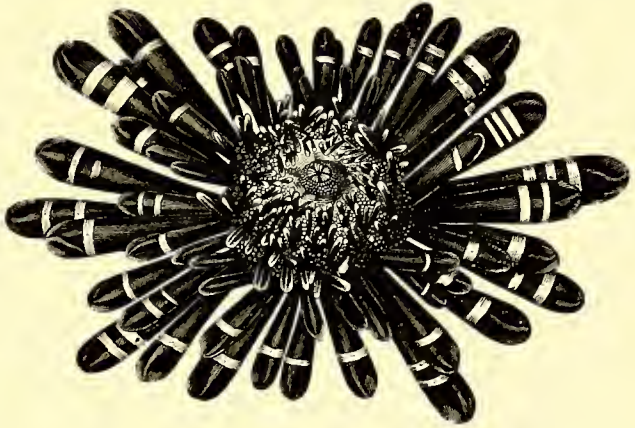
body, by aid of which it will speedily multiply itself until its victim, drained of its life's support, finally dies. The thread-like tube first produces a series of detached, rounded bodies. These cells, which have an indefinite power of self-multiplication, are carried by the blood to all parts of the body, and thus the disease spreads.

The particular species of fungus which makes havoc with the house-flies is called *Empusa musca*, and is one of a group which are distinguished by their habit of subsisting upon living insects. Under its attack the fly becomes gradually feebler, and finally quite unable to move; and then the viscid secretion upon the pads of the feet hardens and glues the insect to the surface to which it is clinging, while the fungus spreads round it and leaves some of its spores adhering so as to form the halo above described. HENRY C. E.—.

WHAT IS THIS?

WHAT in the world does this picture represent? All I know about it is that the ST. NICHOLAS artist requested me to show it to you, and when I asked him what it was, he disrespectfully called me a landlubber.

I repeat, what is it? Is it fireworks? Is it a baseball-bat lunatic asylum? Is it a wild flower that has no idea how to behave itself; or what *is* it? If any of you really know, pray write to your



distracted Jack. I've asked the Deacon and the dear Little School-ma'am, and though they evidently know all about it, they simply smile and reply: "Ask the children."

Now, there remains, it appears, one more open question which this congregation has not yet settled:

AN ANSWER REQUESTED.

DEAR JACK: I want to know if you think that horses, cows, dogs, and cats, etc., have languages of their own, and can understand each other's language, and also what proof can you give to support your opinion? Your interested reader, FANNIE S. B.—.

Jack has his own opinion on this question, Miss Fanny,—but before replying he would like first to hear from a few hundred of his observing young hearers and investigators.



HUDSON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to send you a beautiful patriotic poem, written by my little nine-year-old brother. He composed it one night after being put to bed, as he could not get to sleep. He entitled it "War," but now wishes he had named it "They are Coming," which seems more appropriate, there not being much war about it.

GERTRUDE DU B—

WAR.

THEY are coming, they are coming,

To destroy our native land:
They are coming, they are coming,
From every shore and strand.

They are coming in the morning, they are coming in the night,
And now, my fellow-countrymen, we must all take flight.

They are coming, they are coming,

With all their swords erect,
They are coming, they are coming,
Ourselves we must protect.

They are coming in the morning, they are coming in the night,
And now, my fellow-countrymen, we must all prepare to fight.

They 're upon us, they 're upon us,

Oh, help us every one!
We 'll be murdered! We 'll be murdered!

The father and the son.
And now we must prepare to flee
Across the meadow and the lea.

COLUMBUS, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is out west, in Columbus, Ohio, and I write to tell you of a boy's good luck, or rather of the generous hearts of some of our inhabitants.

In the *Dispatch*, a newspaper published here, there was a picture of Santa Claus, and the one who collected the most of these would receive a little Shetland pony. Mama gave the most of ours to children who came

around to collect them, as Perin and I already have a pony and cart.

There is a little cripple boy who sits in a small wagon in front of my uncle's office; he has never stood upon his feet; he sells papers, supporting his mother, little sister, and little brother. Many persons buy papers of him and give him twenty-five cents or fifty and do not wait for the change. This little cripple boy collected 167,430 of these coupons and received the pony.

A little girl had collected three thousand of the coupons and gave them all to him. A gentleman gave him a little wagon, another the harness, another the fur robe and whip, another a whole suit of clothes.

Every one was delighted that this poor little cripple boy should receive the prize, and I think he never before had such a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Your respectful reader, MINNIE M. M—

FORT COLLINS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for seven or eight years, but have never written you a letter.

I have been attending the Agricultural College at this place since last September, and like it very much. There are about ninety students in attendance, but about half of them live in town. The dormitory has room for about thirty boys.

We have the regular Government uniform, light-blue trousers and dark-blue blouse.

The college grounds cover one hundred and sixty acres, so we have plenty of room to move around in.

My home is in Denver, where I go sometimes to spend Sunday, as I get a little homesick if I have to stay at school all the time, and Denver is only ninety miles away. From your best friend,
J. S. D.

DIXON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in your story about "The Boy Settlers," because I live right here at Dixon where they started from.

My grandpa, P. M. Alexander, has lived here fifty

years and knows Mr. Brooks very well, and my grandpa lived in Father Dixon's family for some time. I go very often to the store of the Mr. Brubaker, who was mentioned in the first chapter; and Artie in your "Boy Emigrants" is Captain Upham of the United States Army, who lives near us this winter.

I am too young to write more, as I am only seven years old. Your little friend,
LEX. ALEXANDER.

WILD CLIFF, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about my visit to Nantucket, last summer. I went with Aunt Lill, who has a house there. We went on the "Puritan," one of the finest boats on the Fall River line. We had Aunt Lill's dog with us; its name is Cleopatra, but it is called Pat. I was very glad when I got to Nantucket. All the old houses have a hole in the roof where the women used to sit with their telescopes, watching for the fishing-boats and whaling-vessels. I did not know how to swim when I went there, but after a while I began to learn, because I saw that all the other boys were having a good time in the water. I soon learned to swim, dive, and do all the funny tricks that the other boys did. On one part of the island there is a "toboggan slide," for the use of the bathers, who slide down it into the water. You have to pay ten cents for a bath-house, and ten cents for the toboggan. I had a friend called Jack, a *very* nice boy, and his mother took me to a place called Walwinet, in a sail-boat. Another day she invited me to go with them to Siasconset, and allowed me to drive half the way back. There is a man called the town-crier, who goes around ringing a bell, and calling out in a loud voice that there is great surf at the south shore, or an auction in the town, or a fire somewhere, or anything else that does not happen every day. In September my brother Wallace came to Nantucket, and then we had lots of fun. We gathered such pretty shells, and stones, and many other curious things.

I wish I could go to Egypt, as Lucy Ellsworth did. My mama has just been reading her diary to us. We all liked it so much. Mama says she has seen her, and that she is a pretty little girl. Good-by, now.

Your little friend,
ARTHUR S.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Kingston, N. Y., but am visiting in Hammonton, N. J.

I read your story in the November ST. NICHOLAS about "The Mules and the Electric Car," and now I want to tell you another.

In the house where I am staying there is a large tank to hold water. Once or twice it was found empty. A faucet was found open in the barn and all the water running out, but all the men said they had not left it open. Besides horses there are two old mules. One morning when one of the men opened the barn-door he saw one of the mules go to the faucet, turn on the water with its teeth and take a drink. Then they knew who had done the mischief. Was n't it clever? But it required more than animal intelligence to know enough to turn the water off.

ISABELLA W. C.—

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am so fond of your magazine that I don't know how I'd get along without you.

I live in Japan and am sixteen years old. Japan is a very interesting country, especially all the Japanese customs. Is n't it funny? At New Year's when you have bought anything in a shop, this shop—I mean the shopkeepers send you a nice present with their card and

wishing you a happy New Year. Very nice things they send, too. For example: a porcelain shop, where we had bought something a little while ago, sent us a very pretty hand-painted Japanese cup and saucer (European shape). Was n't that kind? I wish the shops in America and Europe would be as generous as those in Japan!

Now, I hope this letter will reach its destination. Good-by, dear ST. NICK. My heartiest thanks for all your interesting stories. Your friend,
M. E.—

CALDWELL, KANSAS.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and I have you bound each year. I read a great deal and could not do without you. Whenever you come there is a great rush, and I claim the right to cut the leaves.

I have a brother Earl, and together we have a pony which we call "Snip." I enjoy riding horseback.

My papa is an experienced hunter, and I enjoy going to hunt with him. We have several bird-dogs and it is so interesting to watch them point at the quail, and then when papa kills the birds, they run to fetch them to us.

Papa used to have a ranch and we used to go to visit it. Earl and I would go on horseback, or out to see the cows get milked. We would go down to the creek and wade in the water sometimes.

Papa has a kodak, to take pictures with, and he takes them quite often.

Mama reads to us often, because my eyes are quite weak, and they hurt when I read at night.

From your loving little friend,
VIRGINIA G.—

CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your constant readers. We all enjoy you very much. At the end of the year we give away the ST. NICHOLAS that we have read, to a hospital; then we get the ones already bound.

I would like to tell you how we spent our holidays this winter. We went to Nashville, Montgomery, Mobile, and New Orleans. About the first thing I did when we arrived at Nashville was to get the ST. NICHOLAS. The capitol here is on a high hill with lovely grounds. From there you have a good view of the city. We visited Mrs. Polk's residence. President Polk is buried in the front yard.

At Montgomery, we went to the capitol. It is a large building on a hill, and was the first capitol of the Confederacy. We saw the oldest house in the city, where Lafayette stayed when he came to the United States. This house is two stories high, and is made out of limestone.

It was lovely at Mobile to see roses blooming in the middle of winter.

I noticed the milk-wagons in New Orleans. These reminded me of Tante Modeste taking Lady Jane riding. We saw the Margaret statue. I think it is erected to the Mother Margaret that is spoken of in "Lady Jane."

We crossed the river from New Orleans to Algiers, and from there rode to a sugar-plantation. Near the mill there were fields of sugar-cane. At the mill we saw the sugar-cane crushed and the juice boiled. It was very interesting. We saw negro-cabins near this plantation.

At our school we have an orchestra that consists of three violins, two flutes, and a piano. I play the violin. I also belong to a quartette. I am still, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your devoted reader,
HONORA S.—

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen, in your "Letter-box," a letter from St. Paul. Some people think that we have a very hard time in winter, but we do not. There is not one bit of snow to be seen just now. Why,

on Christmas, we had just enough snow to cover the streets. But they had some very cold winters before I came out here. I never saw a city having more hills than St. Paul; I was born in New York City, and lived there until two years ago. I have visited quite a number of cities, but I must say, although I love my birthplace dearly, that I like St. Paul better than any of them. There is so much ground around the houses, and so many trees. In summer, the people visit the surrounding lakes. The schools are closed at present for the holiday vacation, and the lakes, ponds, and rinks are thronged with school children, whose favorite sport is skating.

We have a number of very nice theaters here, and papa and mama have gone this evening to attend the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House.

I like "The Story of the Golden Fleece," and "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," but "Little Lady Jane"—why, it's just lovely.

You ought to see the rush that is made for you when you come here! And, remember, if any one wants a good, healthful climate let him come to St. Paul.

Your devoted reader, JULIE M. C.—

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. I have spinal-complaint, and have not walked since I was three years old.

I am out a great deal in pleasant weather in my little carriage, and when it is rainy I have my chair close to the window. I used to mind very much not being able to run around like other little girls, but I am getting used to it now and try not to cry when the pain is very bad.

I like "Lady Jane" so much, and I am sorry it is going to end so soon.

A little girl eleven years old ought to write better than this, but you know it is hard, lying so flat, so please excuse it. I am your loving little reader,

PANSY M. M.—

VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Vancouver. My grandmama sends you to me for a Christmas present. She lives at St. Klamath. I went there on a visit and had a nice time, for we went to a huckleberry patch, but I ate more than I picked, and it was n't very much use to take me along.

My grandpa shot a large gray wolf in the cow-coral one winter, but it got away through the soft snow, though it was badly wounded.

CLYDE B.—

WHITE OAKS, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, ten years old. I live in White Oaks; it is a mining camp. We live 'way up in the mountains.

We have lots of snow up here, and it is snowing while I write. My sister took you for two years, and we both like you very much. I think "The Bells of St. Anne," and the "Golden Casque" are very nice stories; but this is enough for the first time, and I must end.

Your little friend, ROBBIE H. L.—

TOWANDA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sisters Amy and Lita and myself thought we would write you a letter. We have five brothers and a dear, sweet mama, and a handsome papa. We live on a small farm, have no near neighbors, so we girls are very much attached to each other.

Amy takes care of the chickens and sells the eggs, and

papa lets her have the money. Lita has some ducks, and I have the three small boys to dress in the morning, for mama is not very well, and we can't afford to keep more than two servants. Well, I will leaveth the rest for the other girls to write. Your loving and devoted reader,

DONNA T.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The boys are quarreling in the nursery, and Donna has gone in to quiet them. Donna and Amy are twins, but they are just as different as they can be. Donna is the peacemaker, and Amy the one that stirs up all the rows and quarrels. They are fourteen and I am thirteen. These are the first letters that we have ever written, and we hope they will be printed soon. We have great times here, and Amy sells the chickens' eggs, and has the money, and I have the money from the ducks.

But Amy is waiting for her turn and I must stop.

Your admiring reader, LITA T.—

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It seems as if the girls had told you all about us; they have n't left anything for me to tell. We have the dearest donkey named "Cæsar," and a little donkey-cart. Donna has a cat named "Vagabonda," she calls it Vag, and I have a large Newfoundland dog named "Napoleon." My brother Jack calls Donna and me the "sin twisters"; he means the twin sisters.

Lita is the literary member of our family, and Bob is our musician. I must stop now or this letter won't get mailed to-night. Your interested reader,

AMY T.—

We give herewith the key to the enigmatical letter by "Queen Daisy," printed in the Letter-box of last month: Cyprus (cypress)—Florence—James—James—Flattery—Virginia—Java—Orange—Sandwich—Great Bear—Florence—Fear—Victoria—Cologne—Good Hope—Florence—Virginia—Darling—James—Madeira—James—Newfoundland—Friendly—Lena—Florence—Virginia—Pesth (pest)—Constance—Victoria—Chili—Farewell—Concord.

We thank the young friends whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Grace H., Natic B., Gertrude N., Madge McE., Howard M. N., Helen De F. B., Samuel C. S., Willie M., R. W. B., Bessie G., Clinton De W. Jr., Howard F. C., Virgie L. H., Edith S., Geoffrey S. S., Grace S., Matalea W., Ethel C., R. Sherman B., Harry A., Eleanor H. H., Isabel H., Ruth L. S., Alford S., Alice and Gertrude, Linda P., Helen P. M., M. S. A., Carrie B. B., Albert P. T., Katie M. S., Phyllis P., Claribelle W., Mildred L. M., Bertha S., Ogla D., Emmie L. B., Mattie G., Louise F., Lucile P., Jessie F., Louis H. Du B., Susie L. P., Eleanor A. M., R. C. H., Rita D. H., Florence L., Nellie R. M., Dorothy G., Winnie W. C., "Mother Bunch," Mabel H. L., Mary A. McC., Naomi and Kathryn, C. Louise H., Albert D. D., Mary B. H., Elsie D. G., Susie F. H., J. Leggett P., Gladys and "Baby Beth," Claudia W. E., B. Franklin G., U. Erna S., Lucile E. T., Rebecca L. W., Grace May C., Erna H. S., Mollie Lee, E. J. F., James G., Annie and Edith R., Norah R. M., M. H. J., Alice May R., Phyllis S. C., Laura M. D., Cyril T. H., Amy E., Florence S. W., Wm. D., Laura O'B., Frank O. P., R. H. J., Florence B., Yula A. C., Eliza L. W., Vida B., Edith F., Alice G. M., Harold McL., Kenneth, Mollie C. H., H. F., Louis V. M., Harry G. B., Lucy Curran, Roger H. Hovey.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A drunkard. 4. A multitude. 5. A fish resembling the trout. 6. One of the Gorgons. 7. Large wasps. 8. Abridges. "PYRAMUS AND THISBE."

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD to scribble, and leave to creep. 2. Behead visionary, and leave wood of the pine or fir. 3. Behead a kind of grain, and leave a pronoun. 4. Behead to jolt, and leave a measure of weight. 5. Behead a fruit, and leave to pass over. 6. Behead a refuge, and leave a bower. 7. Behead to count, and leave an African fowl. 8. Behead a contest, and leave a line of light. 9. Behead a lineage, and leave a unit. 10. Behead a molecule, and leave a masculine nickname. 11. Behead the name of the plant on which the cochineal bug feeds, and leave a precious stone. 12. Behead a small violin, and leave a pronoun. 13. Behead a ring of a chain, and leave a fluid. 14. Behead enraged, and leave degree. 15. Behead a knot, and leave a short poem.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a great explorer and navigator who was born in 1786.

M. TAYLOR.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals mean joined; my finals, affirms. Each cross-word contains nine letters.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Being in unison. 2. Careless. 3. Microscopic animals found in water. 4. A scolding woman. 5. Finished with great care. 6. Glass bottles for holding wines. "THE LANCER."

A CROSS PUZZLE.

A grid of dots representing a crossword puzzle.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A masculine name meaning "red-haired." 2. To keep in order, as the feather of a bird. 3. A bright, dazzling light. 4. To expostulate. 5. Having the authority of a magistrate. 6. African quadrupeds. 7. Fissures. 8. Elevates. 9. A slave. 10. A

coin. 11. An arbor. 12. A summary of Christian belief. 13. Pertaining to the principal city of the ten tribes of Israel. 14. Pertaining to the church.

When the above words have been rightly guessed, the central letters (indicated by stars) will spell a name sometimes given to Easter. CYRIL DEANE.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

A grid of numbers and stars representing double diagonals.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A sheriff's deputy. 2. Originators. 3. A dosel. 4. Small singing birds found in Europe. 5. Footmen. 6. A number. 7. Able to pay all just debts.

The diagonals (from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, and from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner) will spell the name of a popular writer; and the letters indicated by figures (from 1 to 20) spell the name of one of her stories.

CLAIRE GIWRO.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in scissors, but not in knife My second, in bagpipe, but not in fife; My third is in bobbin, but not in spool; My fourth is in jester, but not in fool; My fifth is in April, but not in June; My sixth is in mercury, not in the moon; My seventh is in carriage, but not in cart; My eighth is in pudding, but not in tart; My ninth is in settle, but not in chair; My tenth is in leopard, but not in bear.

My whole a famous battle, as all of you must know— It was fought by Santa Anna over fifty years ago.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy letters, and am a quotation from "The Leviathan."

My 25-41-7-53-20-49 is an absolute ruler. My 57-12-44-29 is to regard with care. My 33-68-63 is to trifle. My 31-47-38-28 is to keep afloat. My 26-14-65-56 is to lift. My 50-22-59 is a border. My 40-35-8-21-5 are vegetables. My 1-10-16-62 is erudite. My 45-6-3-70-43 is a fen. My 23-51-17-37-67-61 is to enumerate. My 48-19-46-58 is a pipe. My 66-2-30-69 is what Jacques met in the forest of Arden. My 36-60-32-39-42-55-34-11 are what Marcus Brutus would not "lock from his friends." My 9-18-54-4-24 is what Hamlet read. My 13-64-15-27-52 is what Iago told Roderigo to put in his purse. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."





