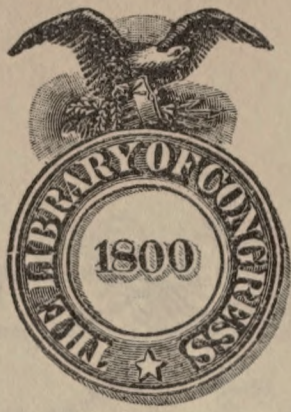


LAUREL LEAVES FOR LITTLE FOLK





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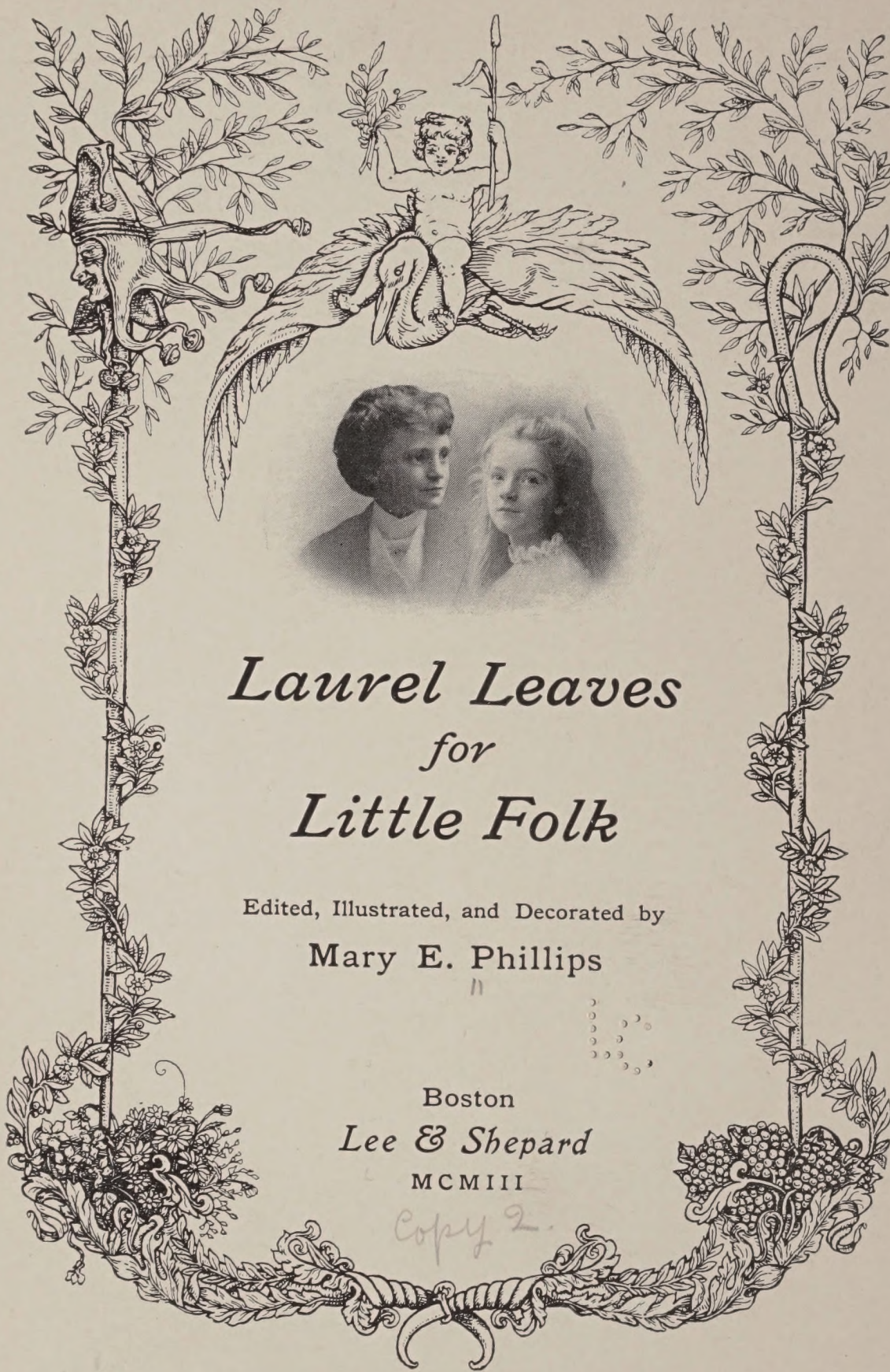


LAUREL LEAVES FOR LITTLE FOLK





Angelita.



Laurel Leaves
for
Little Folk

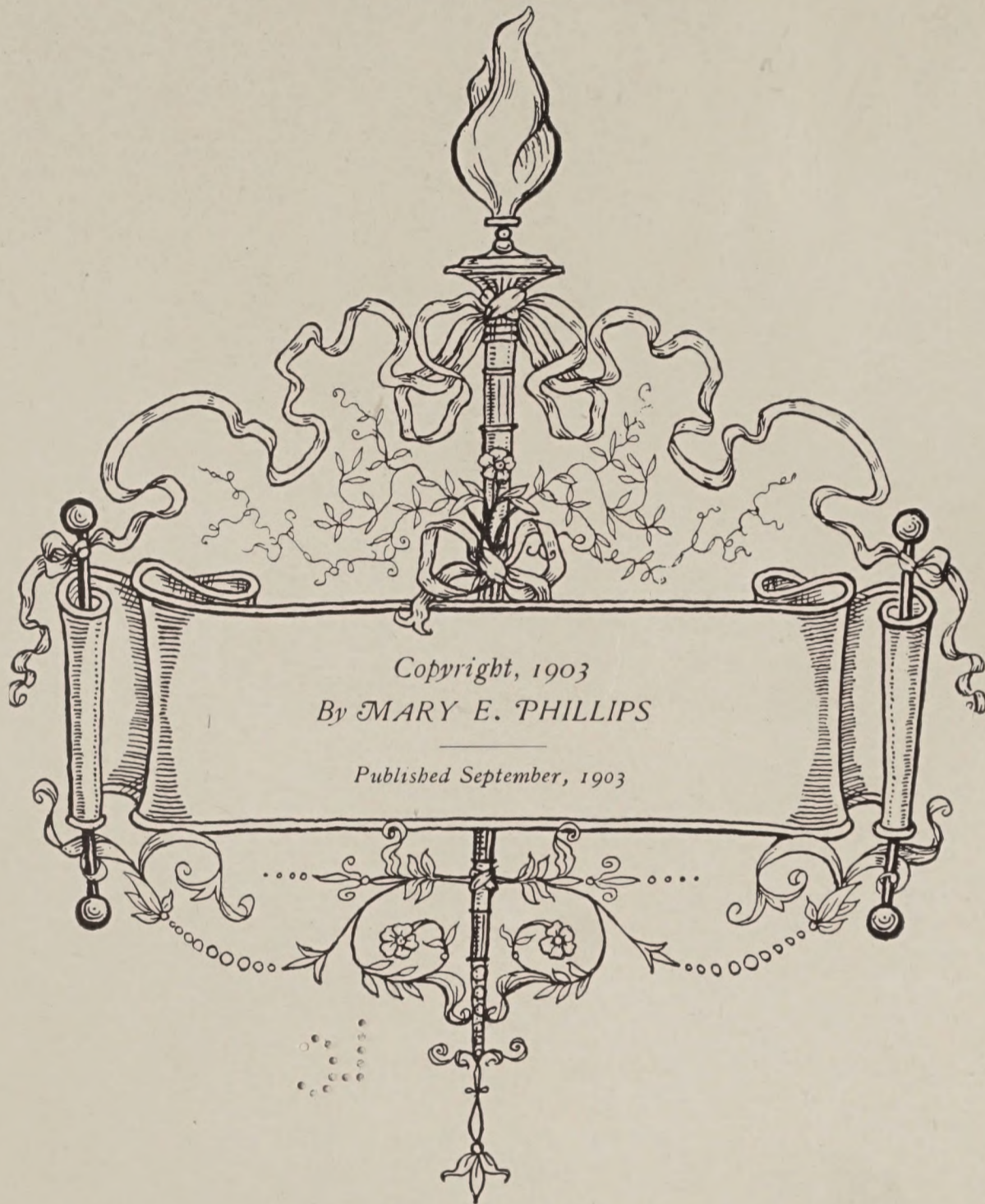
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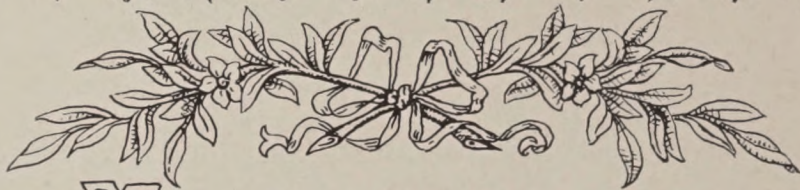
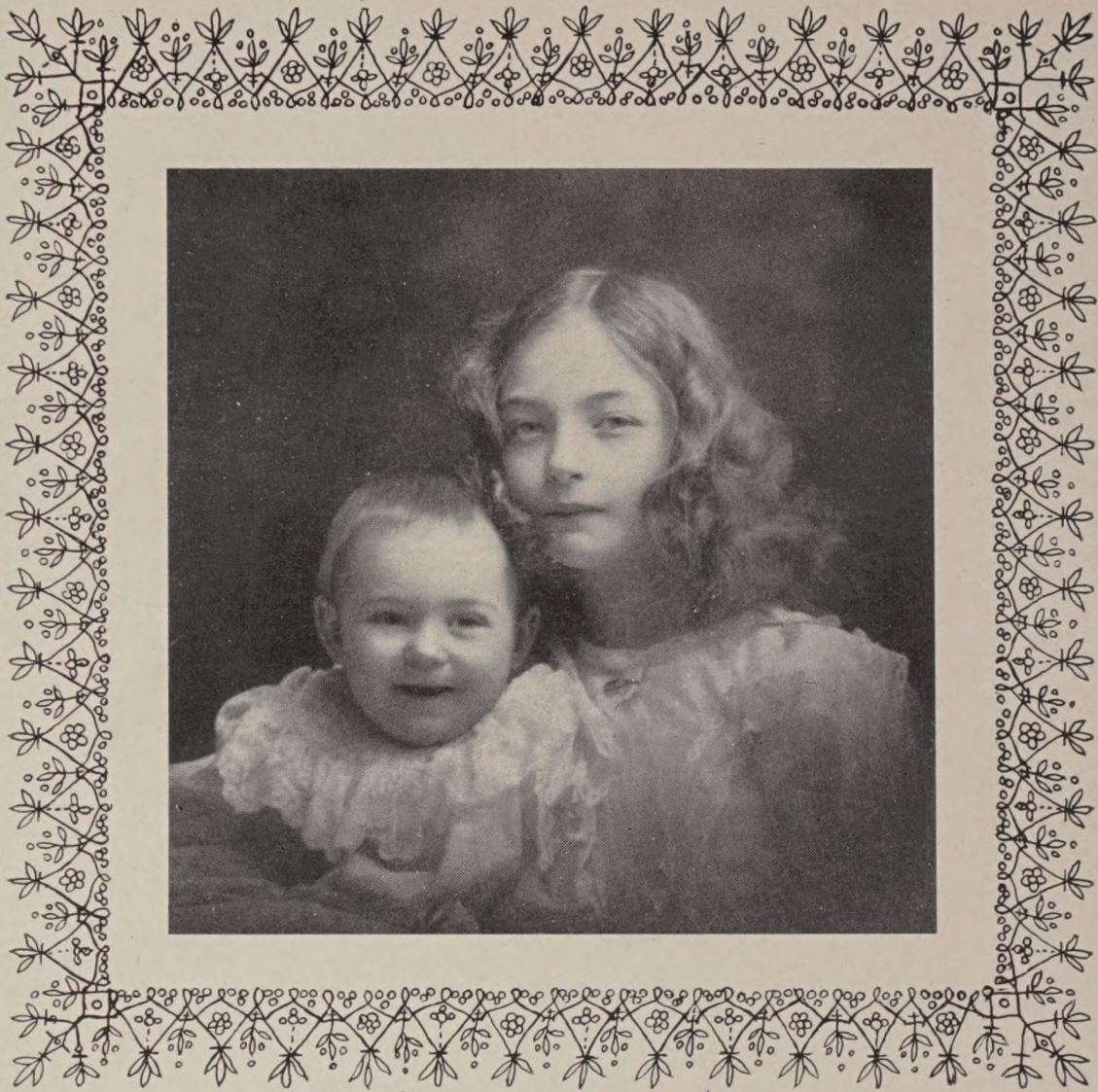
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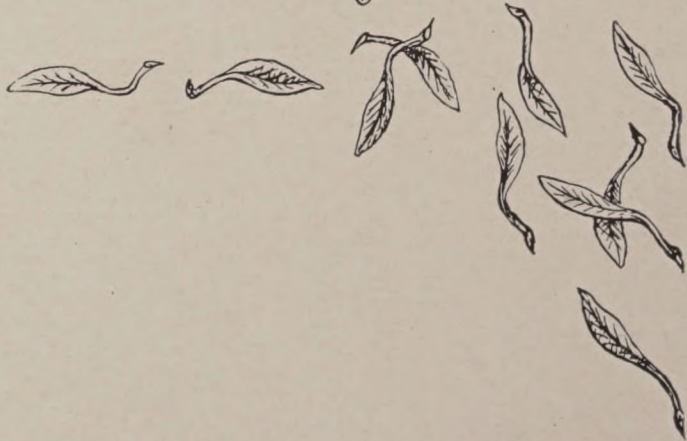
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These leaves are inscribed
 to all children, and to all of their
 elders whose minds and hearts are
 ever young.





has a purpose beyond that of giving pleasure to small men and wee women. This collection has been placed between covers hoping that it may help to form a love for good literature during the period of tender years.

The intention of the book is to make impressions of enduring value on the white page of youthful innocence. In this loving service to children, the verses and stories included have been generously given by authors and publishers. The names inscribed on the leaves are those of men and women who have won the tribute due to recognized merit, and whose works have gained a deserved and world-wide acceptance.

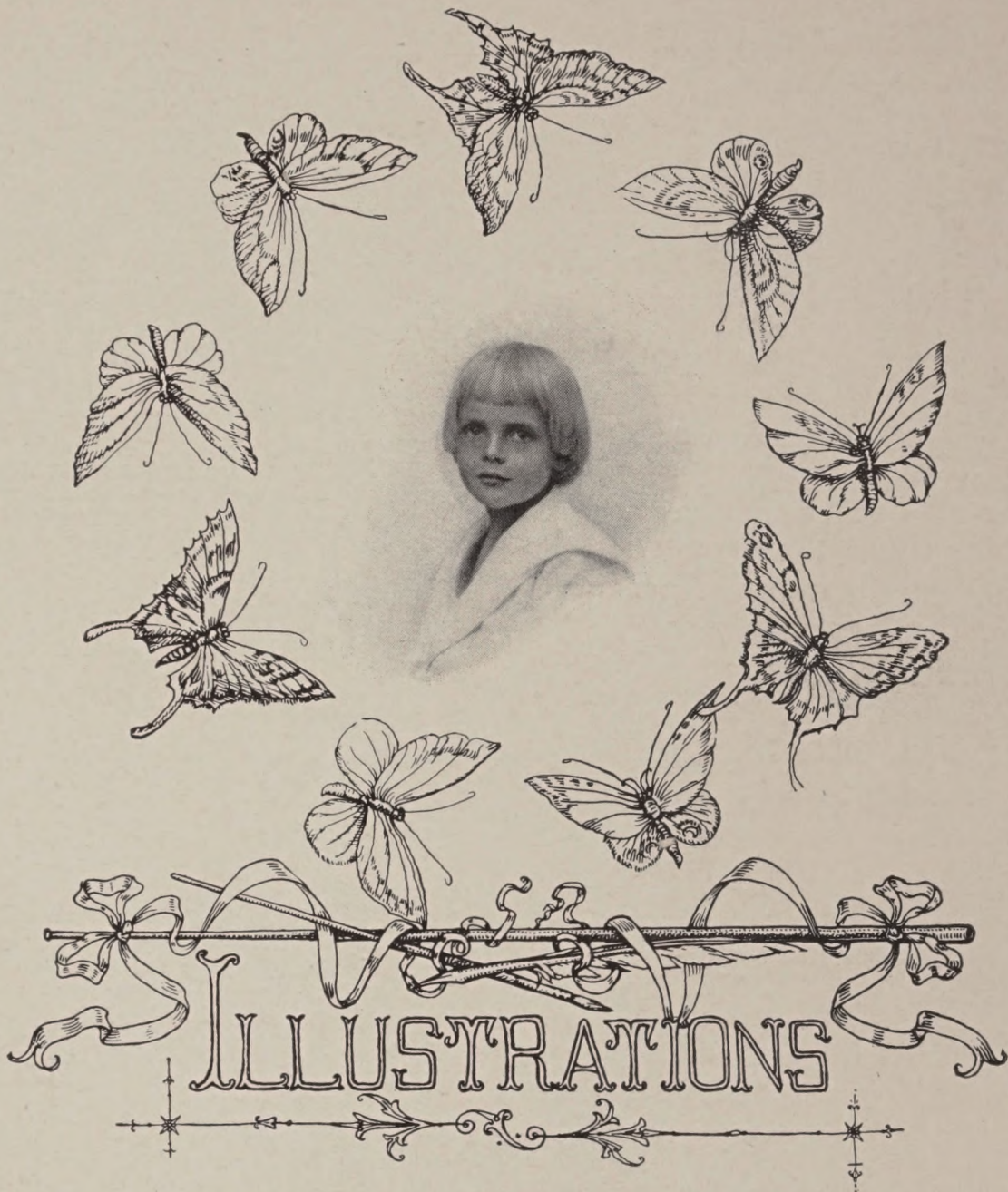
MARY E. PHILLIPS.



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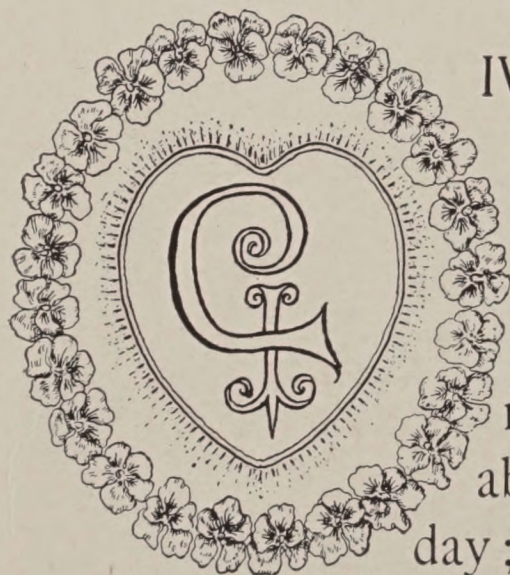
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IVE thy heart to God in the days of thy youth and He will never forsake thee. Think of Him when thou openest thine eyes to the morning light, and He will abide with thee during the day; and thank Him for all His mercies before thou closest them again in sleep. Listen to His voice when He speaks to thee

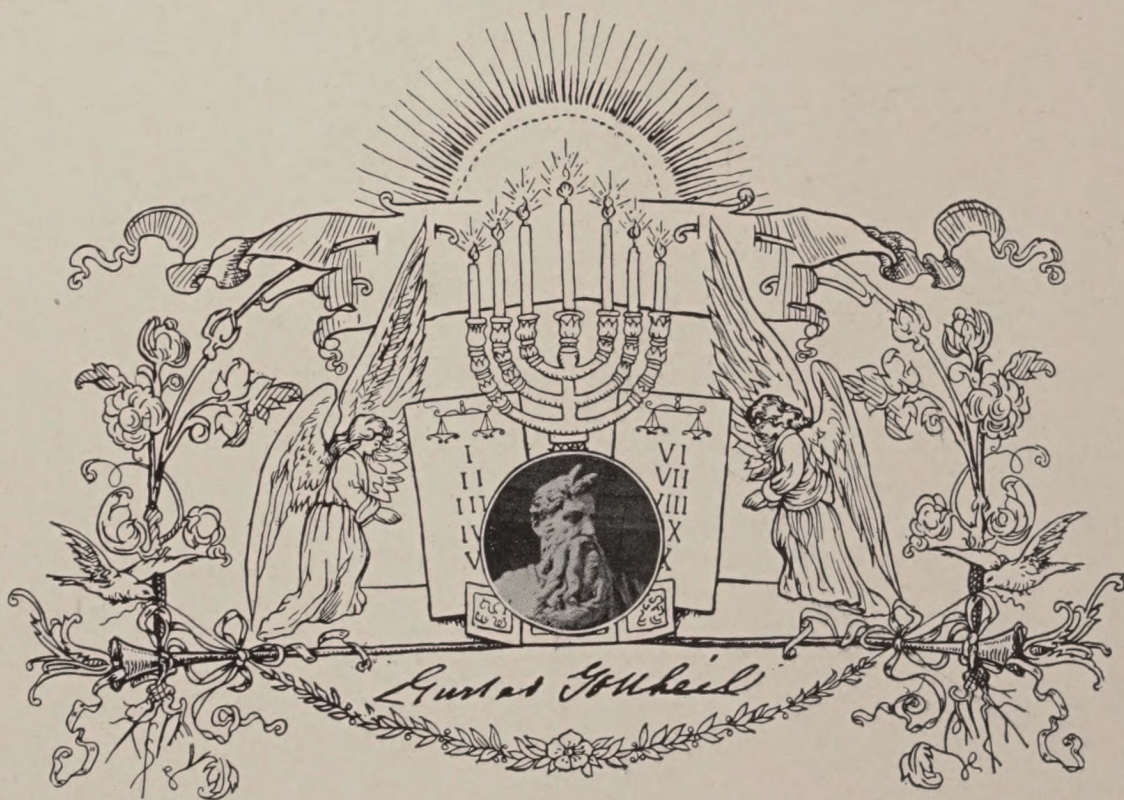


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through thy conscience and obey gladly, swiftly, and without questioning of the why and the wherefore. If His mercy touches thy soul, yield with joy and hasten to be merciful thyself to some poor sufferer in thy neighborhood. If thou hast sinned, pray for His forgiveness and resolve to be more watchful in the future and stronger in resisting temptation.

Says Holy Writ: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He will smooth thy path before thee." Of a truth, this is the way of life, which if a man chooses it and never swerves from it, he will walk safely through all the trials and tribulations of his years on Earth; he will never be without hope, or without light, or without a cheerful heart.

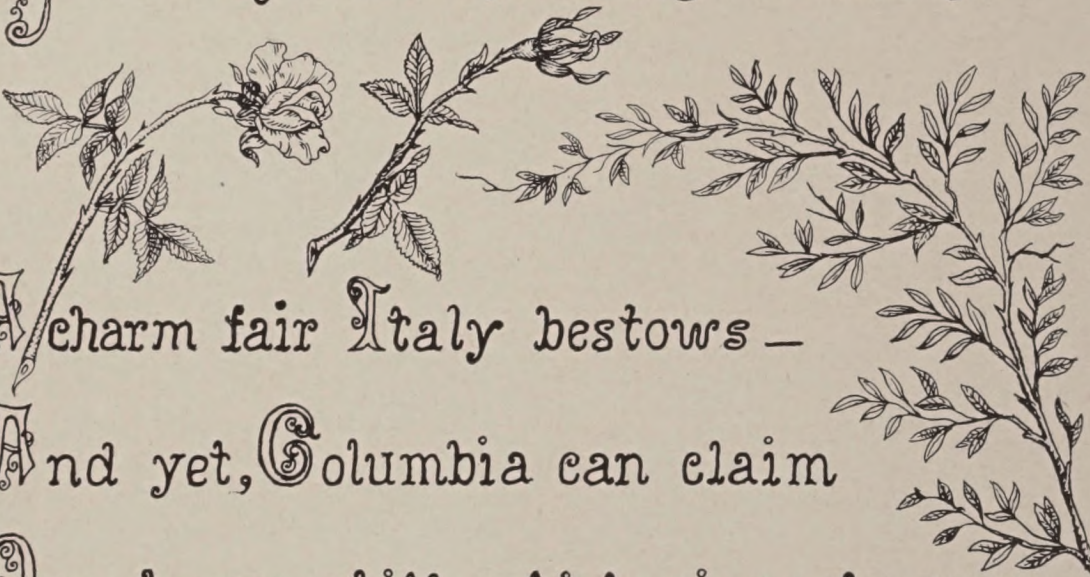




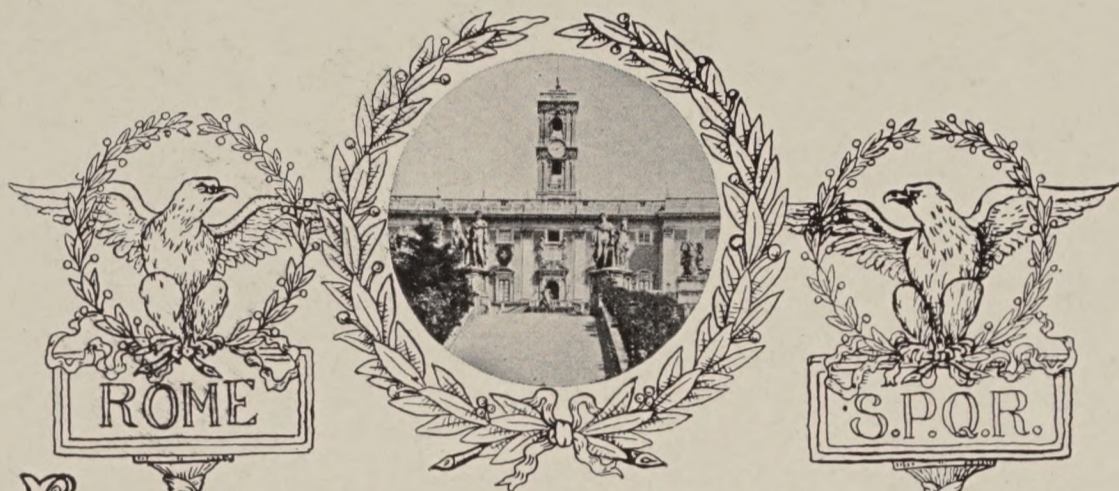
Eliz Alm Stam



Gwendolyn and Vivien STORY



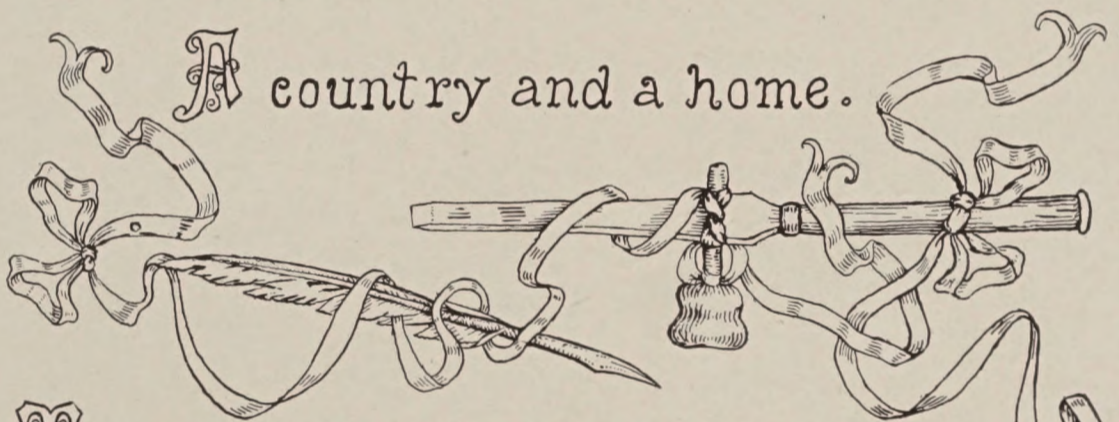
A charm fair Italy bestows —
And yet, Columbia can claim
One dearer still, which gives to you
A halo with your name.



His laurel wreath your grandsire won
Where Caesars triumphed, mighty Rome;

Its song, its sculpture made for him

A country and a home.



The poet's fire inspired his touch;

The clay, the marble felt its thrill,

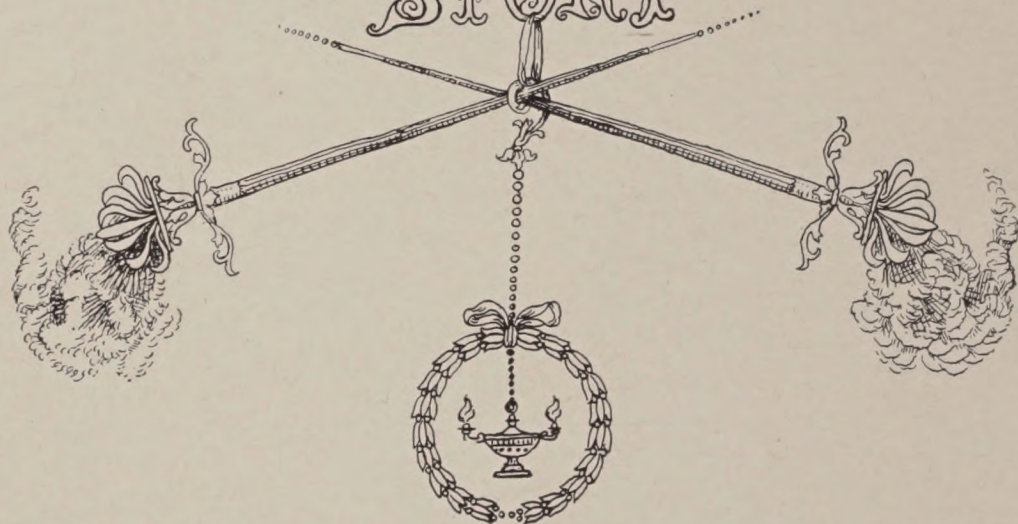
And with a joy supreme and swift

Responded to his will

In forms of beauty, grandeur, peace,
Well may you prize his spotless fame,
And cherish in your gentle hearts,
His world-wide honored name.

WILLIAM WETMORE

STORY





Yours faithfully

W. W. Story



The Patter Of Little Feet



P with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he hies
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes ;
Running a race with the wind,
His step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.



Anon to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water sprite;

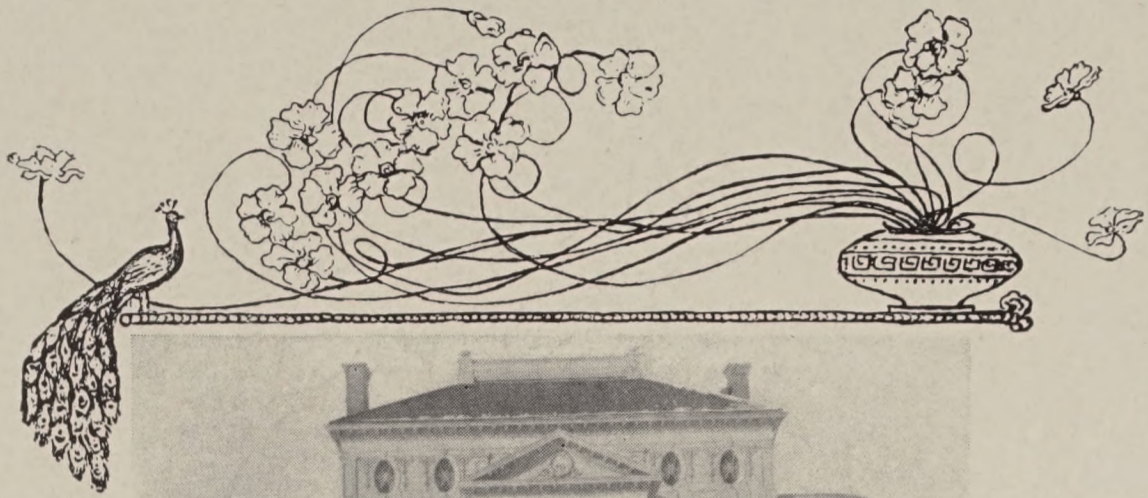
No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair,
No pearly sea shell is fairer
Than his slender ankles bare;

Nor the rosiest stem of coral
That blushes in ocean's bed
Is sweet as the flush that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings;
Sometimes a sleeping cherub
(Our other one has wings).

His heart is a charmed casket
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harp strings hold such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

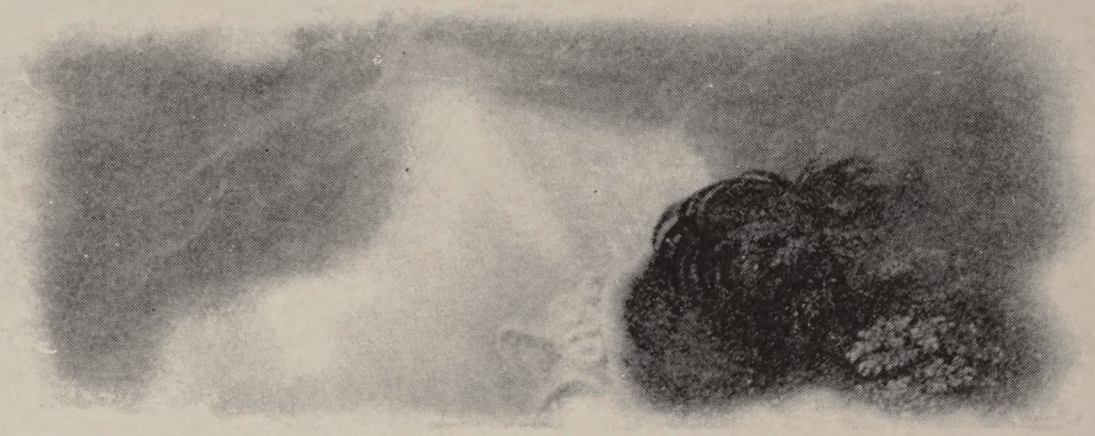




From a broad window our neighbor
Looks down on our little cot
And watches the "poor man's blessing;"
I cannot envy his lot.

He has pictures, books, and music,
Bright fountains and noble trees;
Flowers that bloom in vases
And birds from beyond the seas;

But never does childish laughter
His homeward footstep greet —
His stately halls ne'er echo
The tread of innocent feet.



When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city
Whose builder and maker is God,

Close by the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl
The eyes of an angel —
A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright,
So that I be accounted worthy
To walk in sandals of light ;

And hear amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven
The patter of little feet.



Cordially yours
Thomas Wentworth Higginson



The Birthday in Fairyland

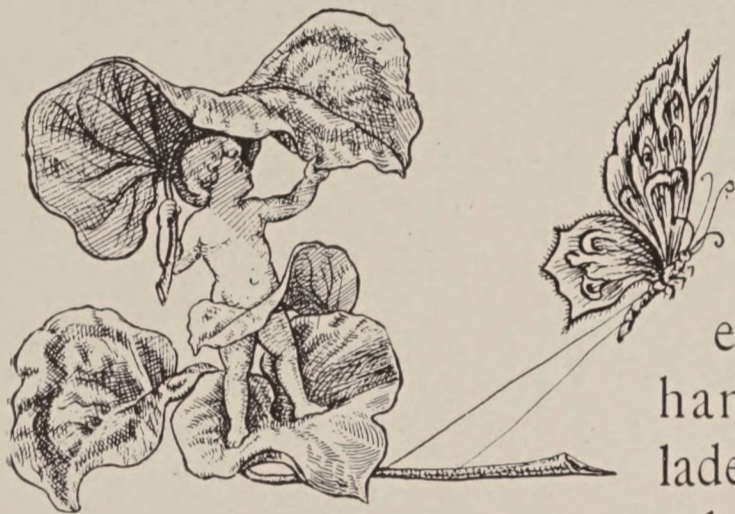


NOW, I must say to all the people who are sitting down to read this story, that they must guess for themselves when it all took place; for I am certainly not going to tell them. And I am not going to inform them who the little girl is whose adventures it relates; only that she is sitting on a footstool

before me now, reading about fairies, and that her name is ANNIE.

Reading about fairies, I say — about those grand times when this beautiful world was not enjoyed only by great awkward men and women, with a few troublesome boys and girls — but when thousands of little invisible beings (not to be seen by

our dull eyes at least) hovered over the earth, crowding all about us, and watching all our motions; when not a shrub or bush but was the scene of tiny sports, and not a sod but bore the print of tiny feet; when every flower-bud over-



flowed with honeydew; every blade of grass, as it waved in the wind, rocked the cradle of an elfin child; and every hanging bough was laden with little beings, who did not weigh it

down, as it swung to and fro! And happy the mortal to whom these mysterious creatures were willing to show themselves. So at least it seemed to Annie, who closed her book, and put both hands over her eyes, to see if she could imagine how a fairy would look.

“Oh,” sighed Annie, “it is too bad! I would n’t care for anything else, if I could only have lived in times when I could have seen a fairy!”

She started, for a strain of soft music seemed to come faintly to her ears, and stopped as she held her breath to listen.

“It would be easy to guess what that was, if there were fairies now,” murmured Annie. “But no, they are all gone!”

Again the sweet music sounded, but louder and nearer; and then she heard a silvery voice that seemed close by, singing—

“Oh, no! oh, no!
 Fairy creatures are not dead,
 Fairy pleasures are not fled,
 Fairy bowers are not shaded,
 Fairy blossoms are not faded;
 Fairy skies are ever fair,
 Fairy forms still fill the air:
 Mortal! if thou wouldst see,
 Ope thine eyes and gaze on me!”

Annie raised her eyes, and oh! the lovely vision that appeared before her—of a little being floating in the air, dressed in a mantle of blue violet-petals, and a gypsy hat of the white anemone flower, and with such blue eyes and golden hair as were never seen cer-



tainly in a mortal face. But she saw her for a moment only; for, as Annie looked, the figure seemed gradually to fade away to a shadow, and then disappear entirely, as the same silvery voice warbled in a lower tone —

“Fairy bands may never sever,
Fairy homes are bright as ever:
Mortal! if thou them wouldst see,
Fear no ill, but follow me!”

“Take me, oh, take me!” cried Annie, eagerly starting from her seat. And again the music swelled up, and for a moment she thought she saw the blue eyes and the golden hair gleam beneath the white anemone before her; but she looked again, and it seemed only a white flower-petal, with a few blue and yellow tints, that a passing breeze had floated through the window. But the music was no fancy; for a chorus of tiny voices seemed to sing —

“Away, away, to our Fairyland,
Till again on its charmed earth we stand;
And thus, O mortal! we take thy hand:
Away, away, to our Fairyland!”

Then Annie felt a soft pressure on her hands from little hands unseen, which yet were strong

enough to raise her from the ground. But what way she went, whether it was through the window, the roof, the floor, or the wall, she knew not, and as little did she know whither her invis-



ible supporters bore her afterwards; for she felt nothing more until she came to her senses, and found herself floating on a fragrant raft of flowers and green leaves heaped loosely together, across a gentle and shady river. Hands unseen lifted her from her sweet couch when the bank was reached, and voices unseen sung —

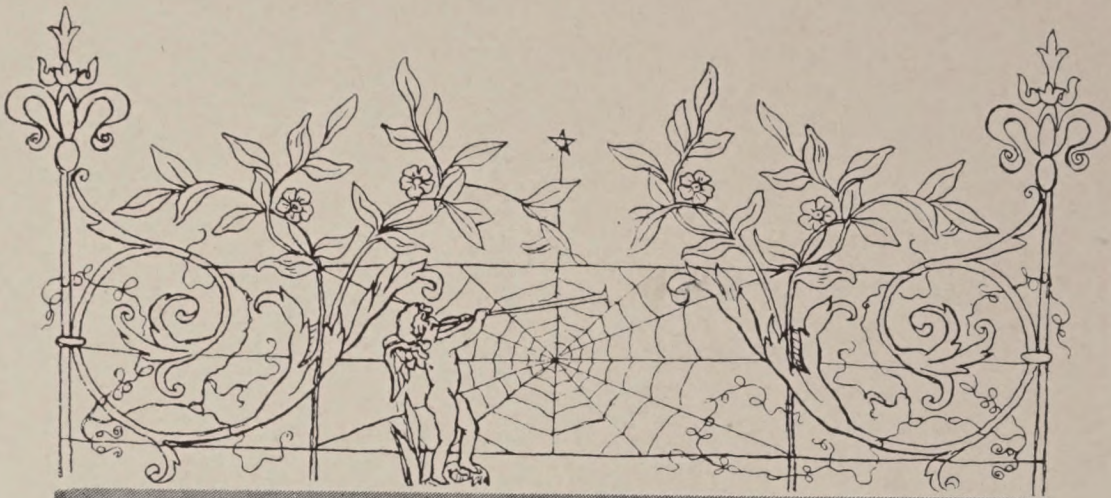
“ Happy stranger ! here you stand
Safe at last on Fairyland,
By our fragrant breezes fanned.

“ Gaze upon us without fear :
Thou art welcome, stranger, here,
To our homes and comrades dear.

“ Welcome to these joyous bowers,
Welcome to our birds and flowers,
Welcome to our happy hours.”

And, as they sung, Annie seemed to feel a veil drop from her eyes, and a change came over all her senses ; she seemed to breathe a purer air, to inhale sweet odors, to hear lovelier sounds, and to tread on softer earth.

And oh ! the view that was presented to her eyes. A city seemed to lie extended before her — a city in miniature, with streets and gardens and houses and palaces ; streets brilliantly paved with the wing-cases of beetles, and shaded by rows of lofty golden-rods ; gardens with high hedges of pansies and pinks, and neatly laid out in walks and beds, with flowers smaller than the smallest cup-moss (such as we have never seen except with a microscope, and have no names for), with ornamental shrubs, such as buttercups and daffodils, with fruitful orchards of currants and raspberries,



and magnificent forests of rose-bushes ; houses of every variety of material, color, and form, from the simple cottage of green leaves and twigs, up to the stately mansion of many-colored tulip-petals, with its splendid colonnade of tulip-stems ; and vast palaces with various ornaments, some bearing a dome of the inverted cup of a large white lily ! And among all these streets and buildings were moving busily about little forms of men and women of the same size with a group who stood around Annie. And Annie knew that she was in FAIRY LAND !

“ Well,” said Annie, sitting down on the grass, “ will some one please to tell me if this is real or a dream ? Are you really fairies ? Often and often have I wished to see you and your land ; but I have always been told that if you really ever did live, it was a great while ago, and that only silly little children believed in you now.”

“ You see that it was you who were right,” replied a gentle voice from among the fairies : “ men think we do not live, because they do not see us. We have ceased to live as we once did among the haunts of men ; but we still hover around them continually, and spend a large por-

tion of our time in doing them service without their knowing it. For years no mortal has seen us, and many have forgotten us. Our homes are invisible to all but you, and it is by the favor of our Queen only that you are allowed to approach them. She sent us to bring you hither, and now she herself is coming. Do you not hear?"

Annie listened; and well she knew the sweet sounds which seemed rapidly approaching. And suddenly there appeared before her eyes a chariot drawn by butterflies, and made of a half-blown rose, and upon it sat that sweet form in the blue mantle. Around her floated on golden wings a crowd of fairy forms, some bearing in their hands the tiny flutes and trumpets from which the familiar music came; while others, as they came near, began to sing, in the same sweet melody which Annie had heard before, but which now sounded still sweeter in this new atmosphere, these words —

“For many an hour we have wandered o’er
Dark hillside and forest green;
By verdant meadow and flowery shore
We have hovered around the car which bore
Our Fairy Queen,
Our Fairy Queen!

“ O’er sorrow and pain and grief we have flown,
O’er many a saddened scene ;
But sorrow is past, and joy alone
Is left in the path where the step is known
Of our Fairy Queen,
Our Fairy Queen !

“ But hither, hither, each fay that roves,
Let your graceful forms be seen
Where fresher flowers and greener groves
Welcome the child whom Aglauré loves
To the realm of our Fairy Queen,
Our Fairy Queen ! ”

The song ceased ; the fairies fell back and left Aglauré (for that was the name of the Queen, Annie’s beautiful visitor) standing alone in front. And, as Annie looked, her lovely lips opened ; and, with a voice that sounded like the murmuring of a brook that seeks protection from the hot sun’s rays, under the overhanging boughs and grass, she said these words : “ Often, dear Annie, I have been near you in your earthly home, when your heart has been weary of the common duties of every day, and you have sighed and wished to be released to sport with us under some old tree which looks down kindly on our revels ; to feast with us on the dew-filled acorn-cup ; with us to wander at will over that wide earth of which you



have seen so little. Often have these thoughts crossed your mind, and you have said to yourself that nothing which home could give was to be compared with the delights of fairy power and liberty. But I do not wish you, dear child, to think that it is so; if you could look into the hearts of fairies, as you will soon look into their lives, and compare them with those of men, you would soon see the secret of happiness; — that, with love and duty, every mortal can be happy, while without them no fairy can have true pleasure. Our powers and privileges are greater than are yours, but so are our duties; it is always so, and joy is equally in the power of all.”

She paused; and the sweet-toned choir sung —

“ Joy of lives that seek to be
What daily duties may decree;
Joy of love, sincere and true,
Felt toward all to whom 'tis due;
These the joys that mortals bless,
These make fairies' happiness.”

“ That is the true secret of pleasure,” continued the gentle fairy, when the music ceased. “ And now for a visit to my palace.”

Aglauré waved her wand, and while the chariot descended to the ground at Annie's side, she sud-



denly felt a change come over her ; and when she looked round again, she seemed to be standing near a mighty city with a stately chariot and a noble lady by her side ; but in a moment Annie perceived what was really the case, that the change was in herself, for that she had assumed the size and form of the fairies by whom she was surrounded. But, without staying to wonder at the change, she ascended to the side of Aglauré ; the butterflies moved forward, and, entering the city, went proudly on, surrounded by troops of fairies, until they entered the palace. There the magnificence almost startled Annie, who seemed to have thrown off all her mortal feelings with her mortal shape.

When they had entered the palace Aglauré left them, while Annie was led into a large hall. The same fairy with whom she had been speaking at the Queen's approach soon came to her and said: "Do you know, Annie, the occasion on which you have been brought hither?" And when Annie replied that she did not — "You must know, then," the fairy continued, "that Eudora, the eldest daughter of Queen Aglauré, has this day reached her tenth year; and that, as a reward for the sweetness and virtue she has shown for the last year, there is to be a grand entertainment at the palace, at which all the children of the city have been invited to be present, four of whom have been selected to place a crown on the head of Eudora, and then" — Here she was interrupted by the sudden stroke of a bell in another part of the palace, which, clear and musical, rang through the halls, loud at first, and dying so gradually away that you could hardly know when the faint murmur ceased.

"Hasten! hasten!" cried the fairy, "the blue-bell rings to call us to the Hall of the Crowning;" and, as they went, a messenger from the Queen met them, to call Annie to stand by her side.

I cannot undertake to describe the ceremony of crowning; the beauty of the vast hall, crowded by graceful forms whose sparkling wings made



THE BLUE BELL RINGS

the golden sunshine yet more golden; or the beautiful array of children all dressed in frocks made of white violet-petals. The four who were to crown Eudora wore each a glittering crown of

real fire-fly sparkles; but Eudora's was a single wreath. I cannot describe the murmur of delight when it was placed on her brow; how modest she looked, and how proud Aglauré seemed. I must leave these to be imagined, and tell how, after it was over, a prelude of sweet music was heard from a single flute (made of a wind-flower stalk), and the well-known choir sung this song —

“ Fairest flower on fairy field,
 Greenest leaf on fairy tree,
 All your graceful beauties yield
 In Eudora's wreath to be;
 While you can, your freshness give,
 Lend your sweetness while you live.
 Flower-crown must fade away,
 Crowns of virtue ever stay.

“ We who on Eudora's head
 Place the wreath our hands have made,
 Know that soon its charms are fled,
 Soon its summer hues must fade;
 But Eudora's sweetness gains
 Another wreath that still remains.
 Flower-crown must fade away,
 Crowns of virtue ever stay.

“ Happy she who gains this wreath, —
 'T is to love and duty given;
 Happy in this world beneath,
 Happy in the sight of heaven;



THE CROWNING

Common ills may strive in vain
To change this happiness to pain.
Flower-crown must fade away,
Crowns of virtue ever stay."

"Prove this to be true, my darling child," said Aglauré to her daughter, "and I ask no more. And now go to your playmates."

If I said that I could not possibly describe the scene of the crowning, I certainly should be very rash to try to describe the sports of that wonderful afternoon. I only know that every

amusement and delight that human and fairy experience put together could contrive, — every sport and game ever played upon this earth, and (so far as I know) on all the other earths, — all were put in practice there; and Annie thought the fairy children, and the fairy children thought Annie, quite the most delightful companions ever known. And it was not till all were so thoroughly tired out that they had to sit down and rest, that any one of that happy band would pause for a moment.

“Dear Annie,” said Aglauré, as she came at last to rest her weary limbs by the side of the Queen, “are you willing to stay with us forever and never go back to your home on earth?”

“Oh, yes, yes!” said Annie, “for, though I have dreamed of fairies all my life, I never dreamed of having such a good time. I never want to see my home again, and I have almost forgotten how it looks. But where is Eudora gone? At first she was the gayest of all, and those always seemed happiest who were nearest her; but now I do not see her.”

“She has not been here for some time,” said the Queen; “for there are beings dearer to her than even these playmates, happy as your play has



been. Come with me, and you shall see that I spoke the truth in what I said to you before we entered the city.”

Annie followed the Queen through a long and lofty passageway, at the end of which Aglauré threw open the door, and entered a smaller apartment. And there a beautiful scene was before them. Eudora was seated in a large chair, surrounded by as lovely a group as ever artist painted, — a group of brothers and sisters, — of whom two boys were clinging to her chair, and chattering to her as fast as their tongues could go ; a third (whose eager face, as it looked up at Annie, reminded her too well of the sunny eyes and fair hair of a certain earthly child she had not quite forgotten) was seated on the floor, just

finishing a house built of blocks, by putting for a roof *the crown itself*; which the fourth, a baby in Eudora's arms, had taken and thrown to the ground, without her ever finding it out! No wonder Eudora had left the crowded hall!

Annie looked intently at the lovely scene; and by degrees a mist seemed to gather over her mind, and soon thick and fast came back the memories of home, and feelings that had been for a time laid aside in the excitement of these new scenes came rushing in upon her heart, and she seemed to see before her the group of loving ones at her own dear home. All was like the fairy scene before her—the two busy talkers, and the little architect, and even the baby, all were there; but the chair was empty, and where was Annie? “And shall I never, never see the darlings again?” thought she; “and have I agreed to stay here forever, and let them look for me in vain, and at last mourn for me as lost? Oh! how foolish and wicked I was to think that anything here could give me any pleasure without having them with me!” And she covered her face with her hands; but the tears stole out between them, and fell thick and fast on the ground. “O kind Aglauré,” she cried, “let me go back to my home on earth.

How could I ever dream of being happy anywhere else! Oh, take me there again!”

“Dear Annie,” said the beautiful Queen, bending tenderly over her, “I had never a wish to prevent you from returning to that happy home. Believe me, my only wish was to make you value it better, to teach you the truth I told you when I entered the city, and to show you by the example of my Eudora. I tell you again the true secret of happiness: with love and duty every mortal may be happy, and no fairy can ever be so without them. Take this lesson with you to your home, and so farewell!”

Aglauré placed one hand in Annie’s, and waved her wand. The room seemed suddenly darkened, — a confused feeling overclouded her senses, — there was a moment of insensibility, through all of which she still held fast to the hand of the Queen, pressing it as if for support; and she still held it when her senses, and the light and the air, came back to her, and lo! she was sitting in her own chair at her own home, — and, wonder of wonders! — the Queen Aglauré was her own dear mother!

“I should think you had slept almost enough, Annie,” said Stevie, rather scornfully.



“You’ve been asleep all through mother’s beautiful story,” said Willie.

“Lazy girl,” stammered out little Agnes.

And even Master Baby expressed his opinion by opening his blue eyes wider and wider, as if to make up for Annie’s being shut so long.

“O mother, mother!” cried Annie, as she threw herself into her mother’s arms, “I never will leave you again for Fairy Land or Dream Land either. But what was that sound?”

No one heard it but Annie; but it was low distant music, dying away in the words, “FAREWELL, FAREWELL.”



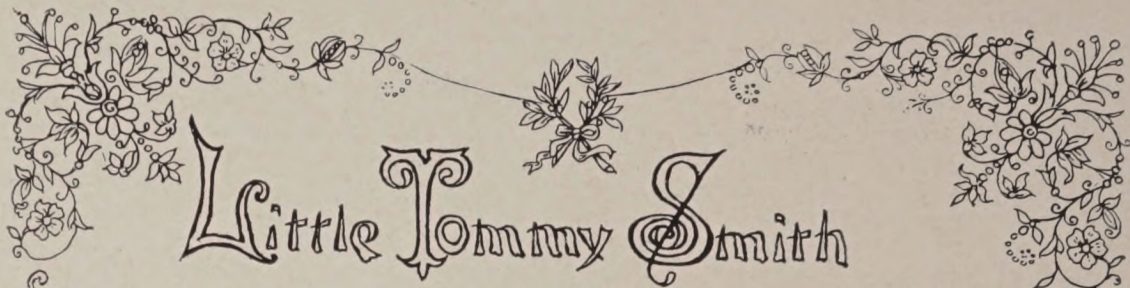


June 29:
1901.—

'Bout the time strawberries melts —
On the vine!

Very truly,

— James Whitcomb Riley.

 Little Tommy Smith

Dimpled-cheeked and rosy-lipped,

With his cap-rim backward tipped,

Still in fancy I can see

Little Tommy smile on me -

Little Tommy Smith.



Little unsung Tommy Smith -

Scarce a name to rhyme it with;

Yet most tenderly to me

Something sings unceasingly -

Little Tommy Smith.



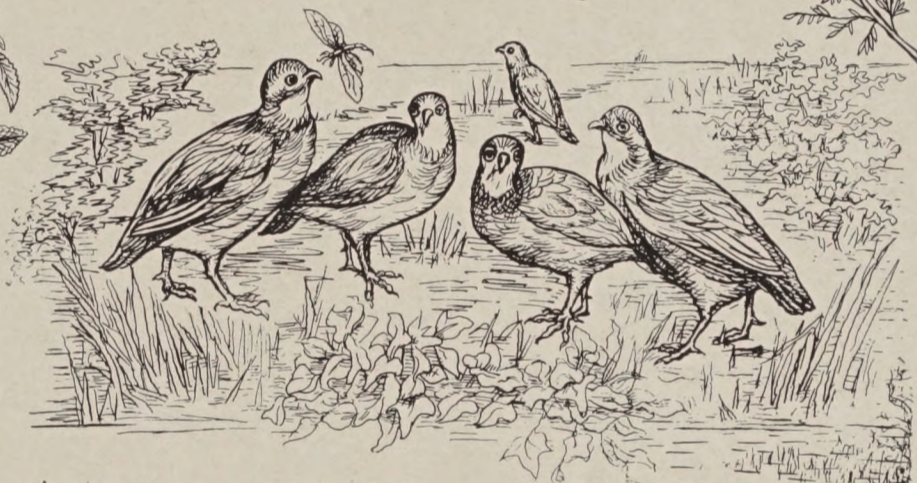
On the verge of some far land

Still forever does he stand,

With his cap-rim rakishly

Tilted; so he smiles on me—

Little Tommy Smith.



Elder-blooms contrast the grace

Of the rover's radiant face—

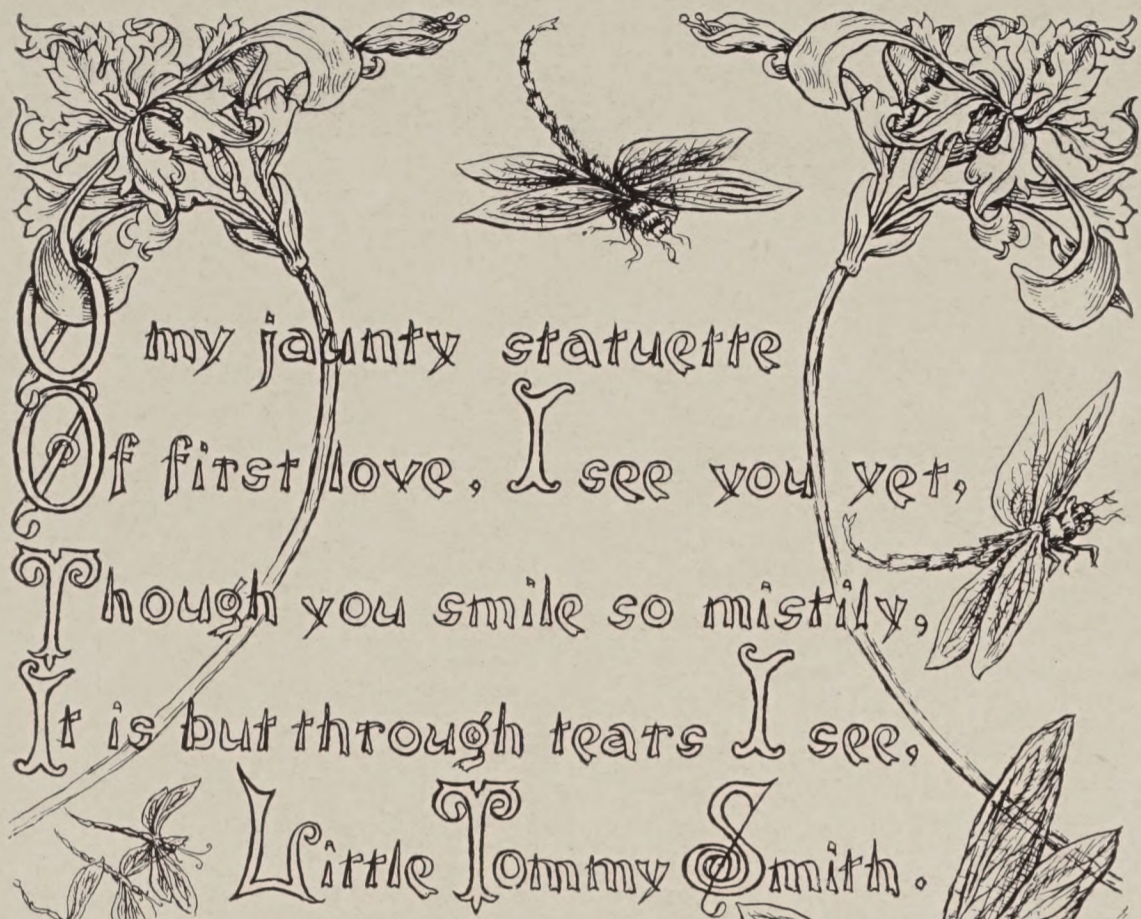
Whistling back, in mimicry,

"Old-Bob-White!" all liquidly—

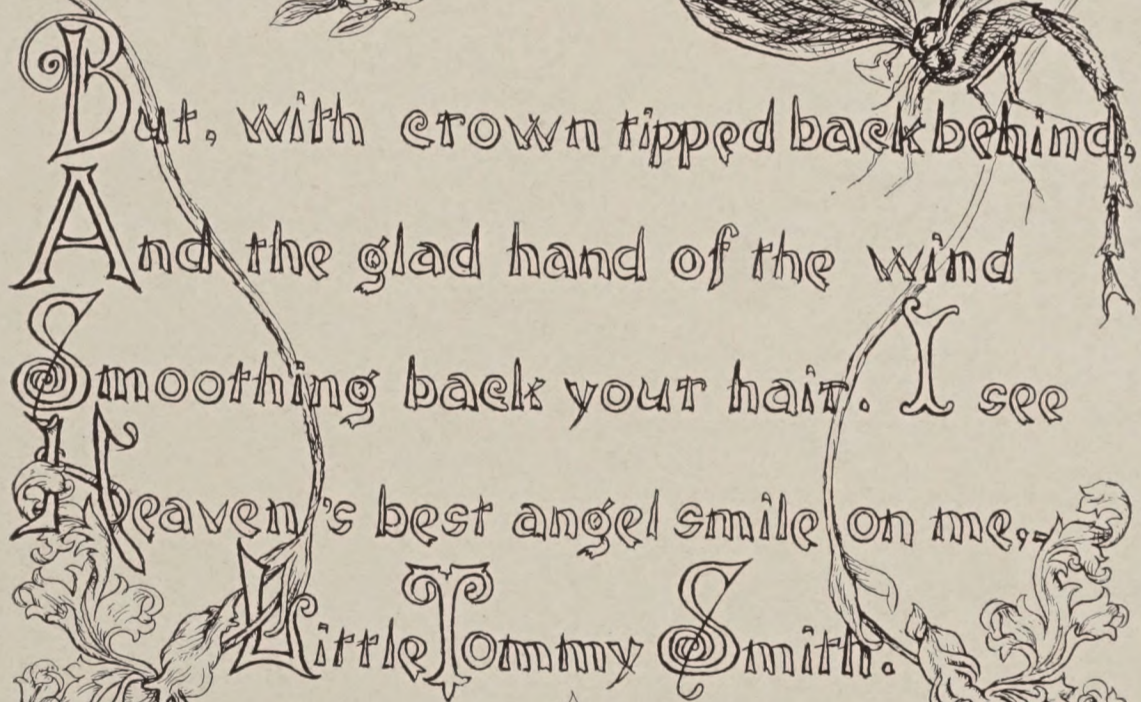
Little Tommy Smith.







my jaunty statuette
Of first love, I see you yet,
Though you smile so mistily,
It is but through tears I see,
Little Tommy Smith.



But, with crown tipped back behind,
And the glad hand of the wind
Smoothing back your hair, I see
Heaven's best angel smile on me,
Little Tommy Smith.

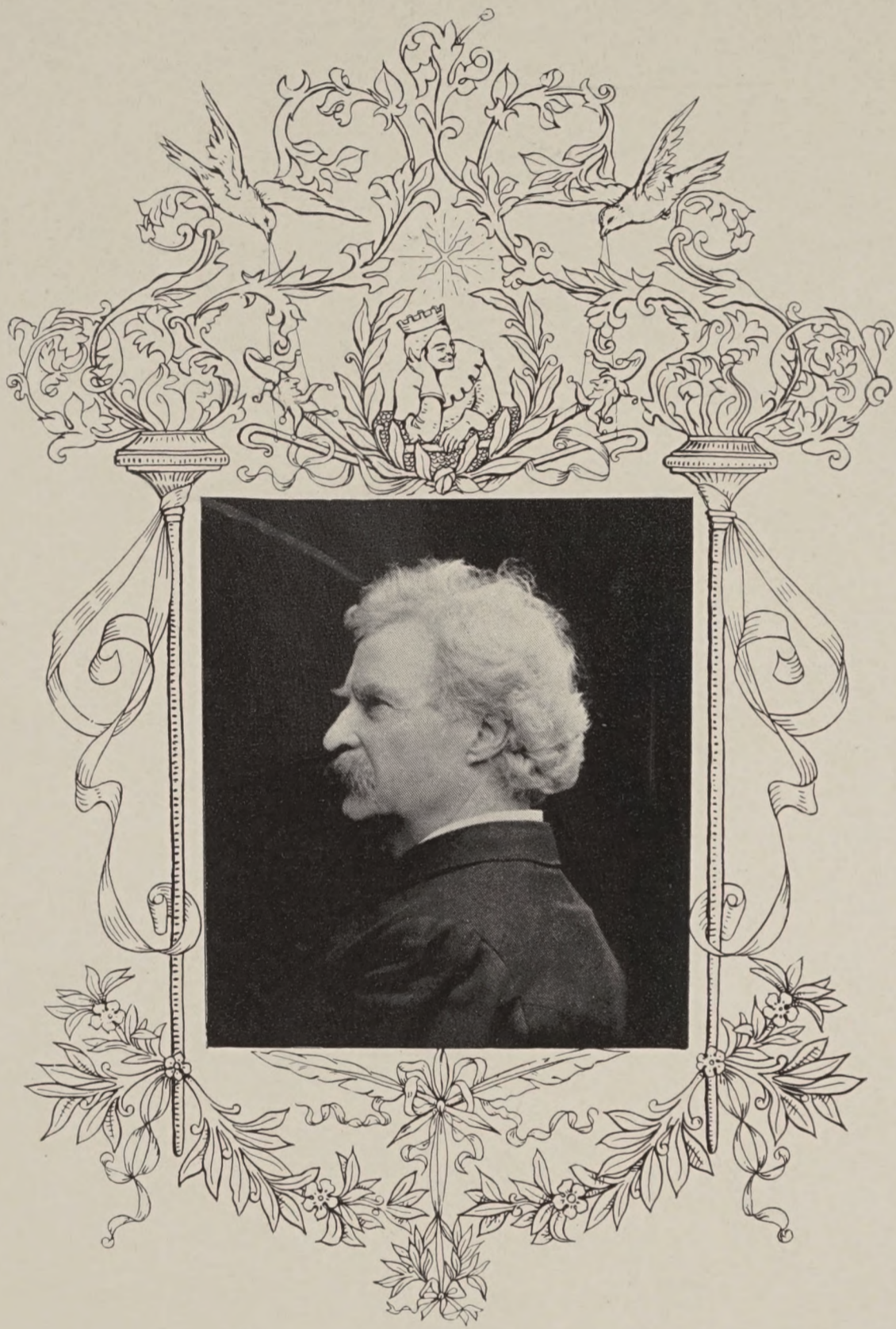




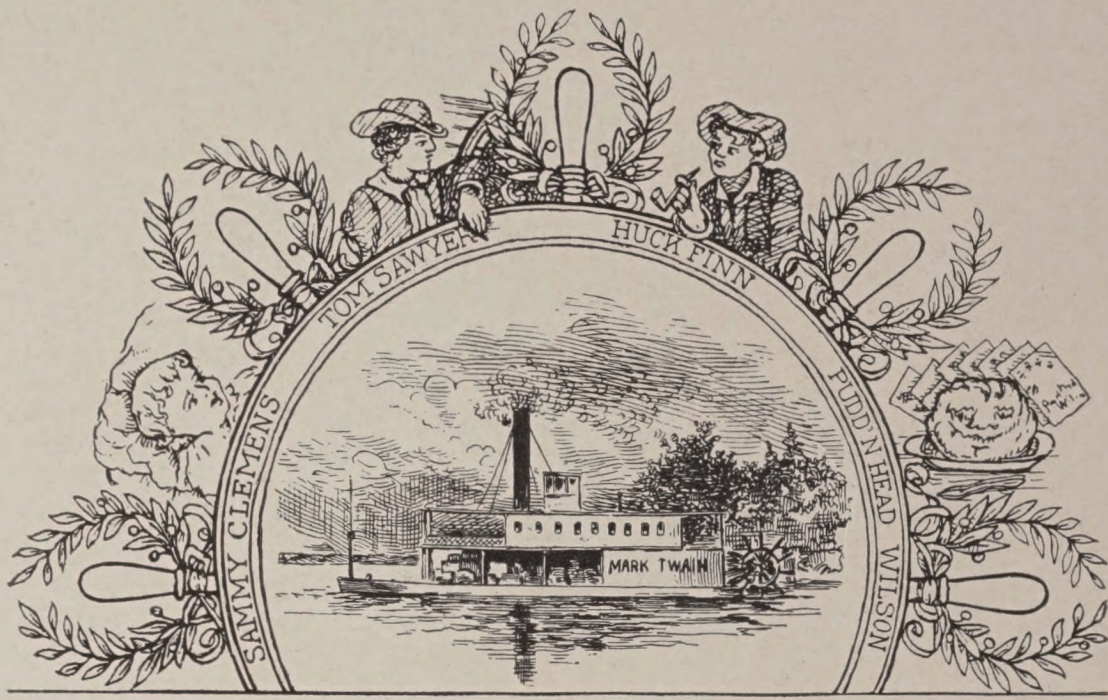
LILIA

If all God's world a garden were,
And little girls were flowers,
If boys were bees that busied there
Through endless summer hours
Oh, I would hum God's garden through
For honey 'till I came to you.

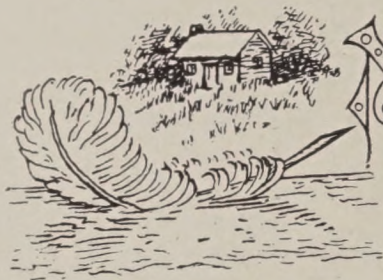




Mark Twain

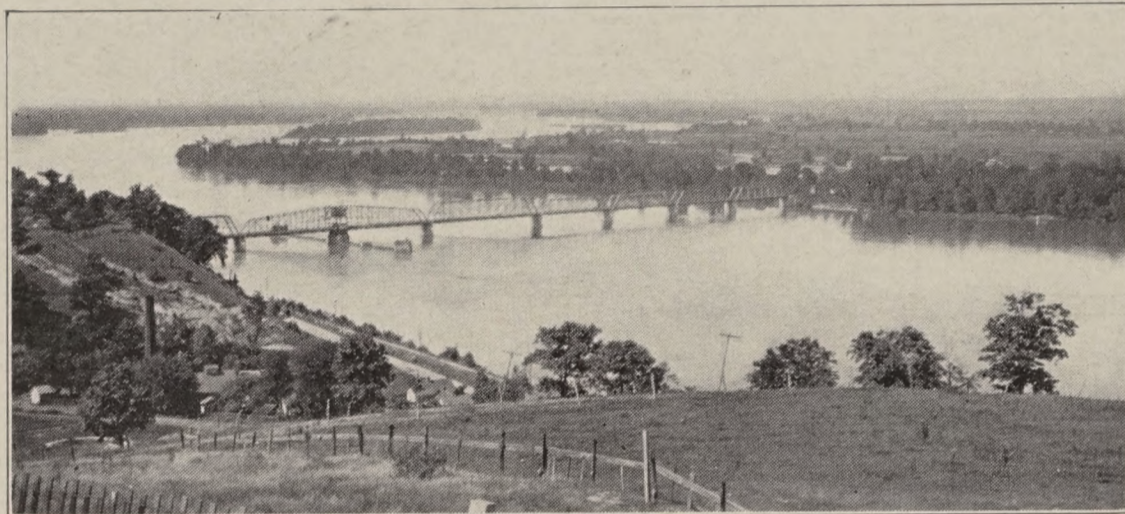


Samuel Langhorne Clemens



NOVEMBER thirtieth, eighteen hundred and thirty-five, a BOY was born. One might better say four boys were born: the other three were Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, and Pudd'nhead Wilson — you know them? And now, though his hair is white, the BOY is still a boy. Look at his keen eye: does it not tell you that he knows as well now as sixty years ago just what you feel and how you think?

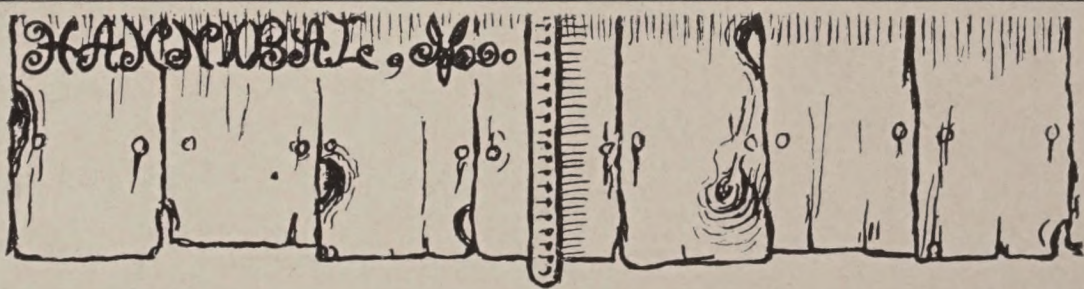
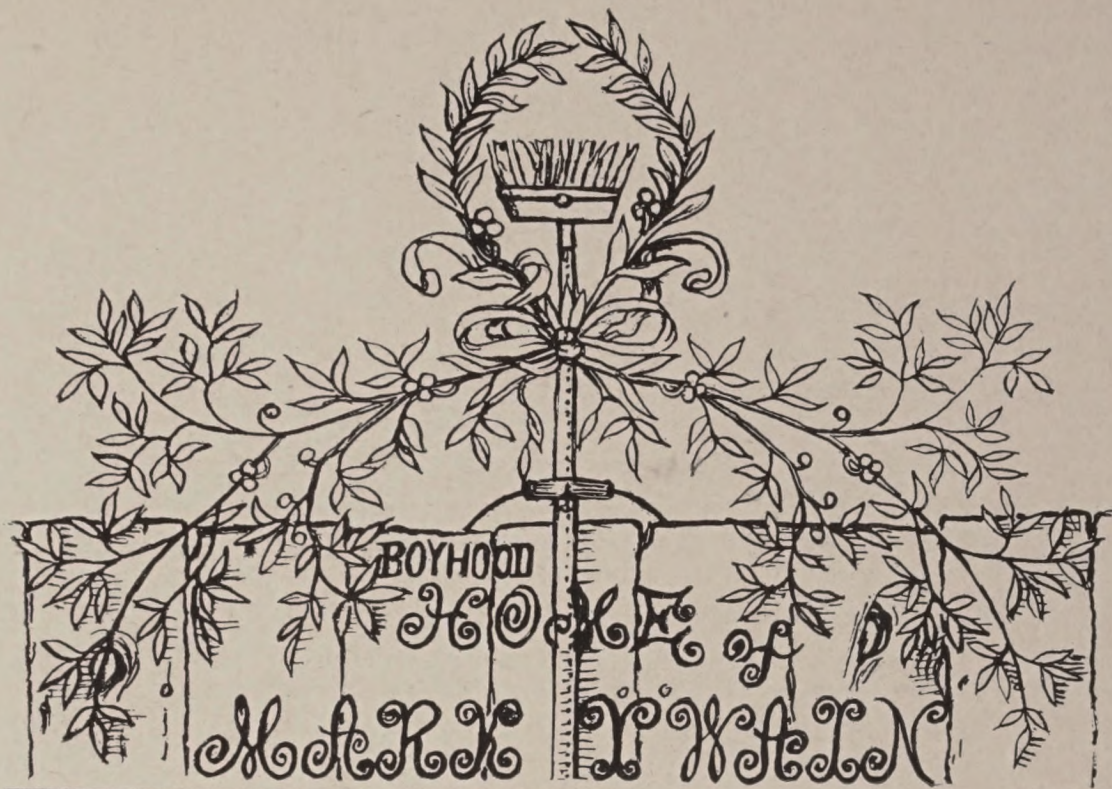
But *where* he was born is of more moment than *when*, for if he had been a big-city boy, or a Boston boy, he might have been quite different. He surely never would have been Tom Sawyer, or Huckleberry Finn, or Pudd'nhead Wilson; nor

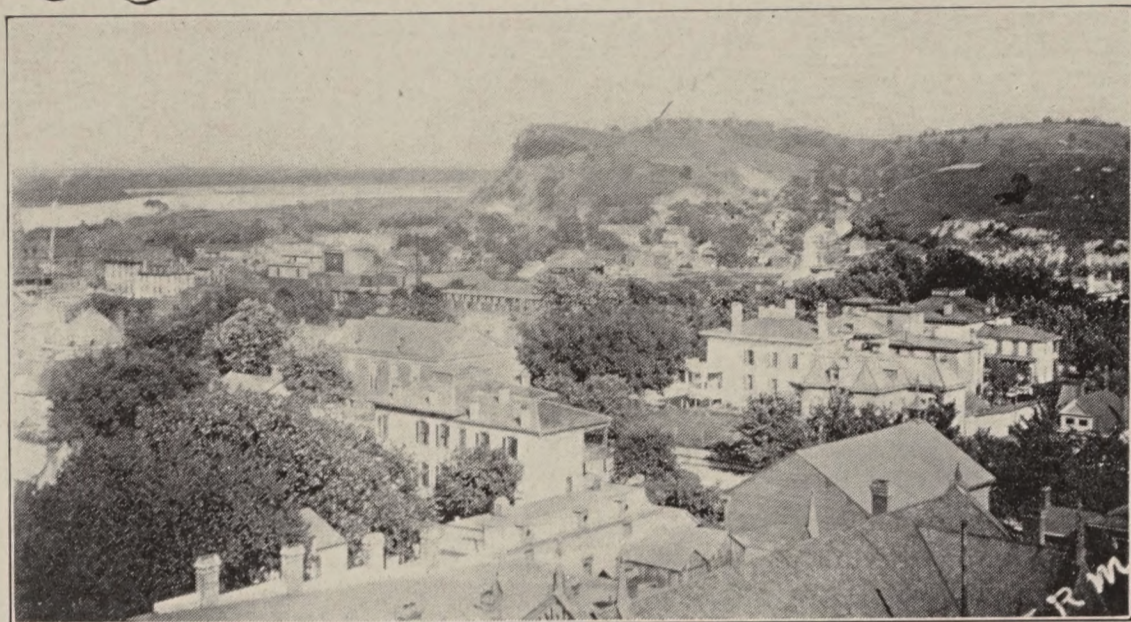


LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI

could he have fallen into the Mississippi River three times, and six times into Bear Creek, to be fished out these nine times quite “drowned.” — Ask him if he did not say “drowned” when he was a youngster (every well-regulated boy does at first) to the distraction of his parents.

When he was eleven years old his father died, and he did not go to school after that. Everybody knew him by the name of Samuel — and called him Sammy, of course. But by whichever one of the four names we call him, all the children know him well. One name would seem to be quite enough, but he has still another — MARK TWAIN. This he gave to himself several years after





HANNIBAL, Mo.

he had reached the height of his (then) ambition and had become a pilot on a Mississippi River boat. If you have read "Life on the Mississippi" (and every one of you should — it is a most fascinating story, and a true one) you know that "mark twain" was the Mississippi leadsman's call for two fathoms of water, as he took soundings — and so we got our Mark Twain.

The boy came of good blood on the side of both parents. Florida, Missouri, was his birthplace. Later his parents moved to Hannibal, Missouri. The lad soon outgrew this town; the embryo Mark Twain was already calling softly to the youth Samuel: he heard. At eighteen he started out on his world-wide wanderings, and he has lived pretty much the whole world over since.

This gives one who has eyes to see and ears to hear the most liberal kind of an education, and it would be difficult to find a man — a boy, I mean — who has used eyes and ears to better purpose.

To name all the books he has written would be a waste of space. They are in every library and everybody has read them; and they tell the story of his life better than any one could possibly tell it. Do any of you doubt that the contents of Tom Sawyer's bulging pockets were other than our Samuel's daily collection of flotsam? Or that it was Sammy Clemens, and not Tom Sawyer at all, who *did n't* whitewash that fence? What tears he has made us shed! — of laughter and of the other kind; and what enchanting dreams he has given us in describing "The Prince and the Pauper," or some beautiful country! — like Hawaii, of which he says: "No alien land in all

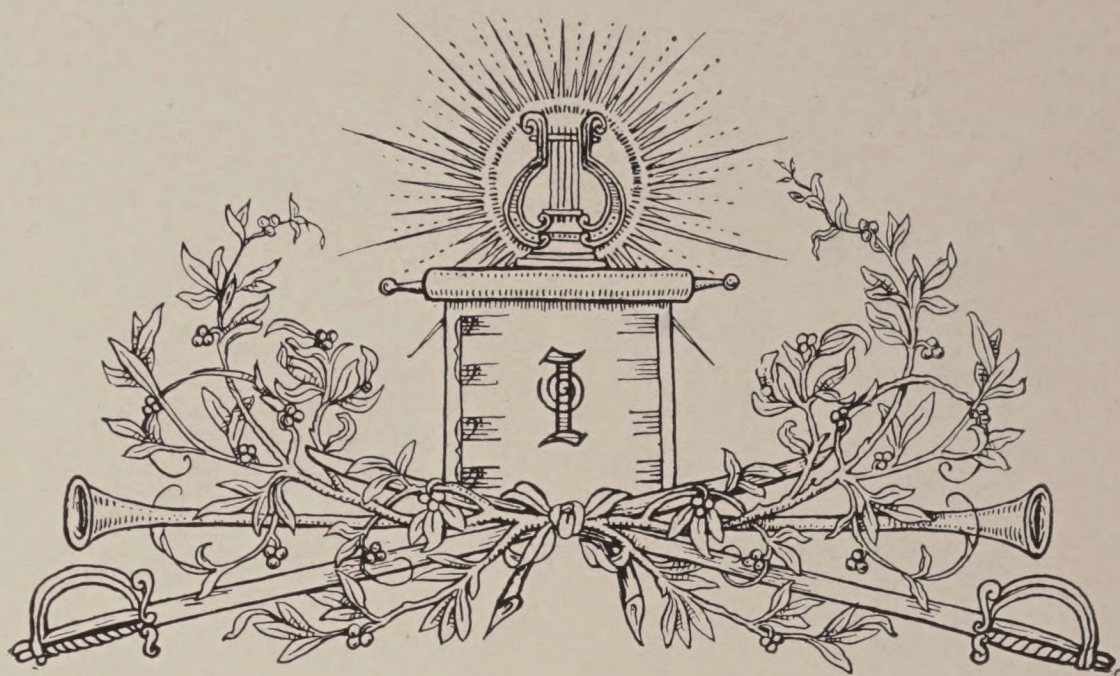


the world has any deep strong charm for me but that one ;” and again : “ In my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago.”

And between the lines, if you look sharp, you can read just what sort of a man the boy has grown to be. Here you will discover sensitiveness to new impressions, youthful enthusiasms — which beautify life — the keenest sense of humor, love of justice, hatred of tyranny and cruelty, loyalty to men and principles, great breadth of view, great tolerance. And last but not least, he does not shrink from the “ trouble ” it may be to do an act of kindness or to right a wrong. What better close to these inadequate words than those which he once wrote to me? “ *It is certainly not a little thing in this world to be fortunate enough to have given pleasure to a dweller in it, and to know that I have achieved this with you is a thing which I greatly value.*” Remembering, then, that Samuel Langhorne Clemens — the Mark Twain we hold in our hearts — does not despise the “ little things ” may inspire you to try to make the world a happier place for some other “ dweller in it.”

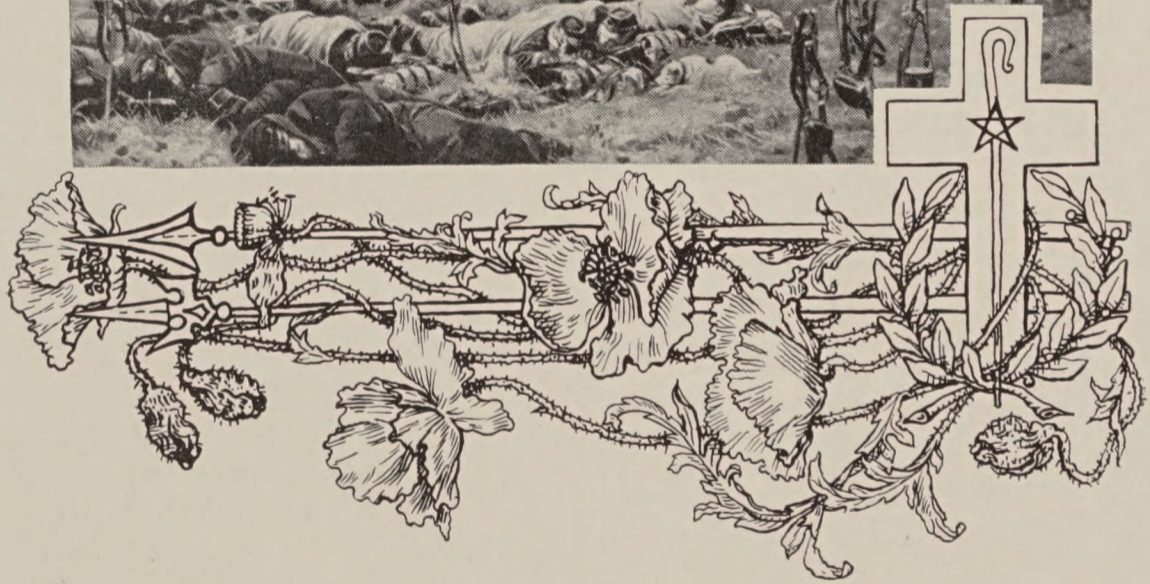
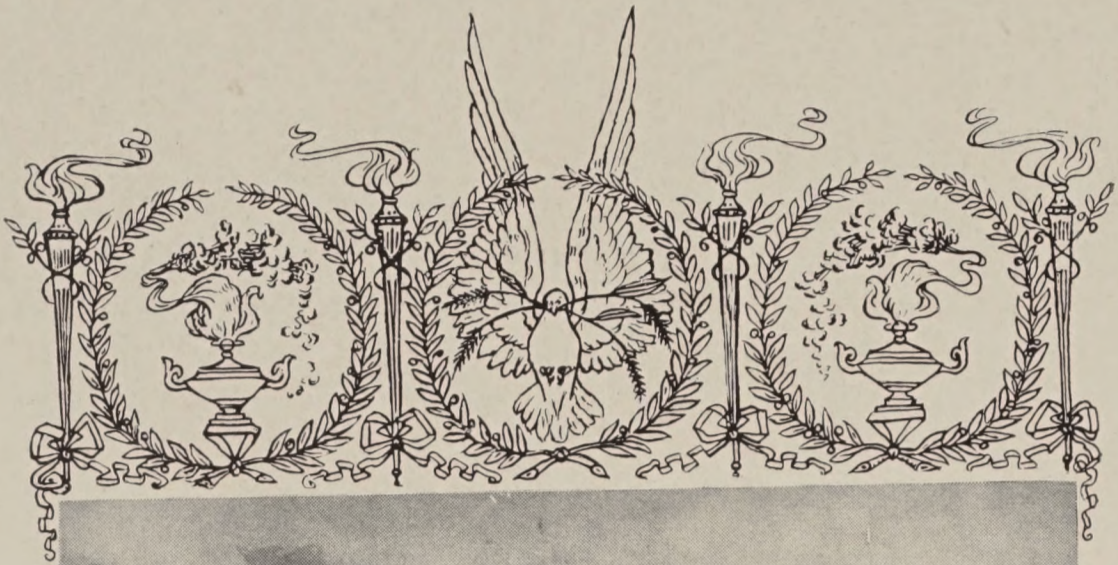


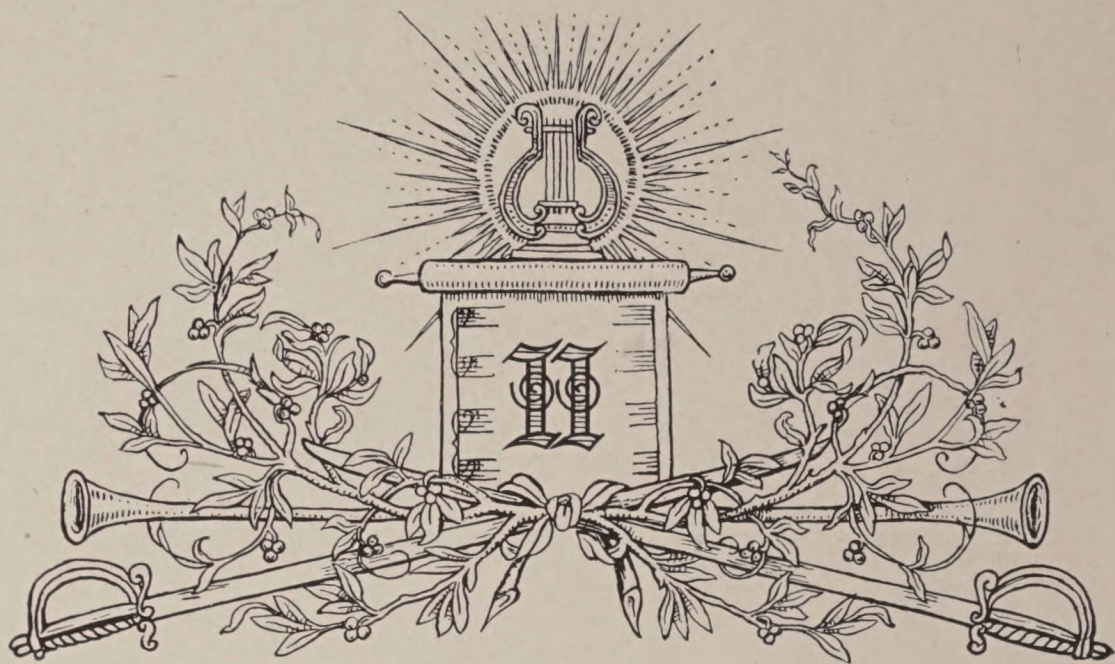




My eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

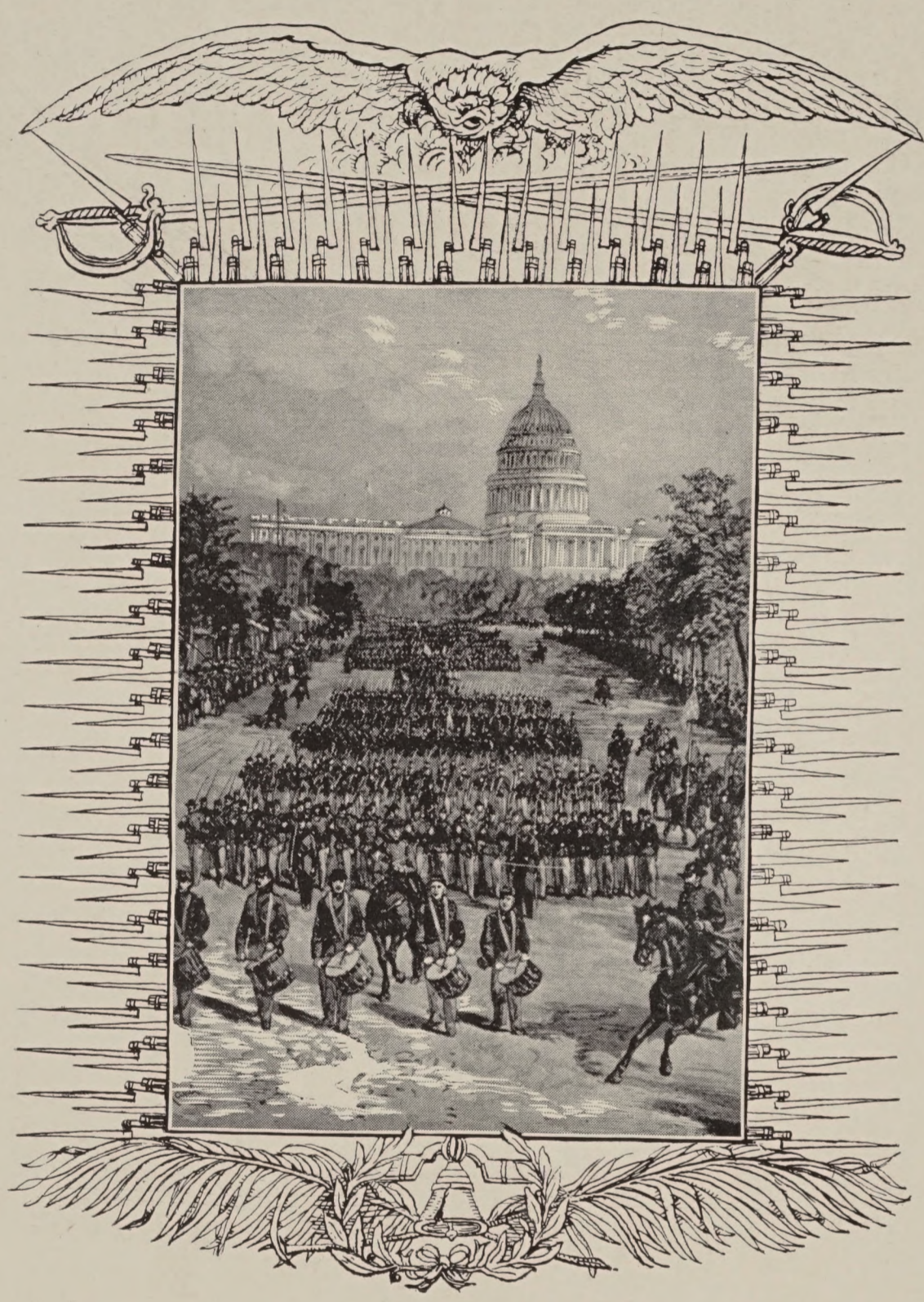


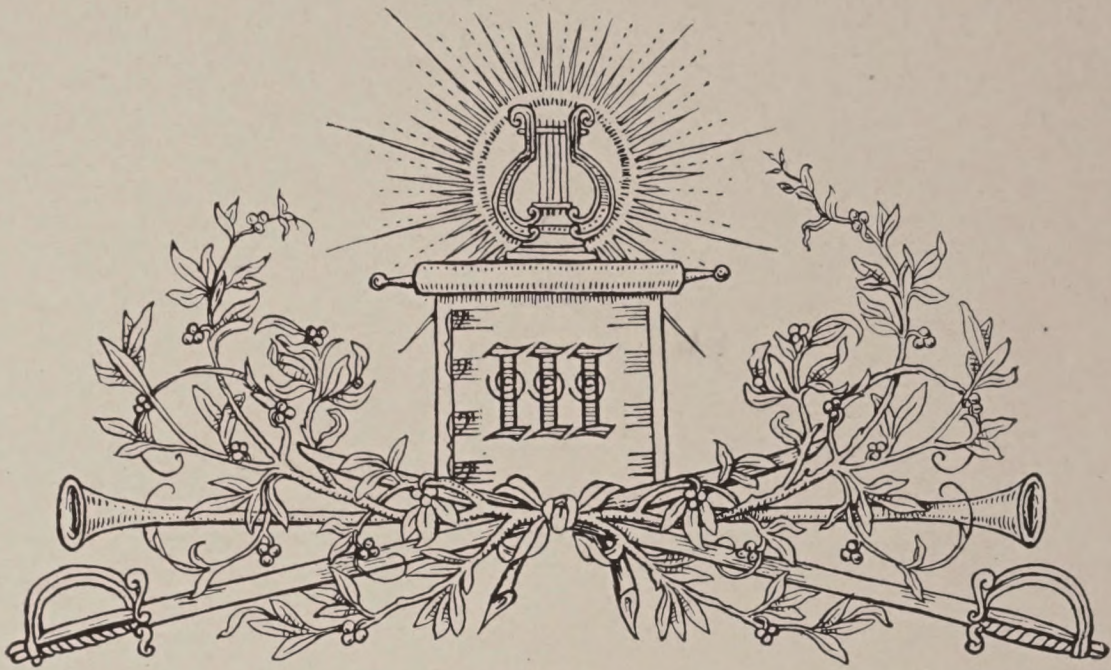




I have seen **H**im in the watch-fires
of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded **H**im an altar
in the evening dew and damps:
I can read his righteous sentence
by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.



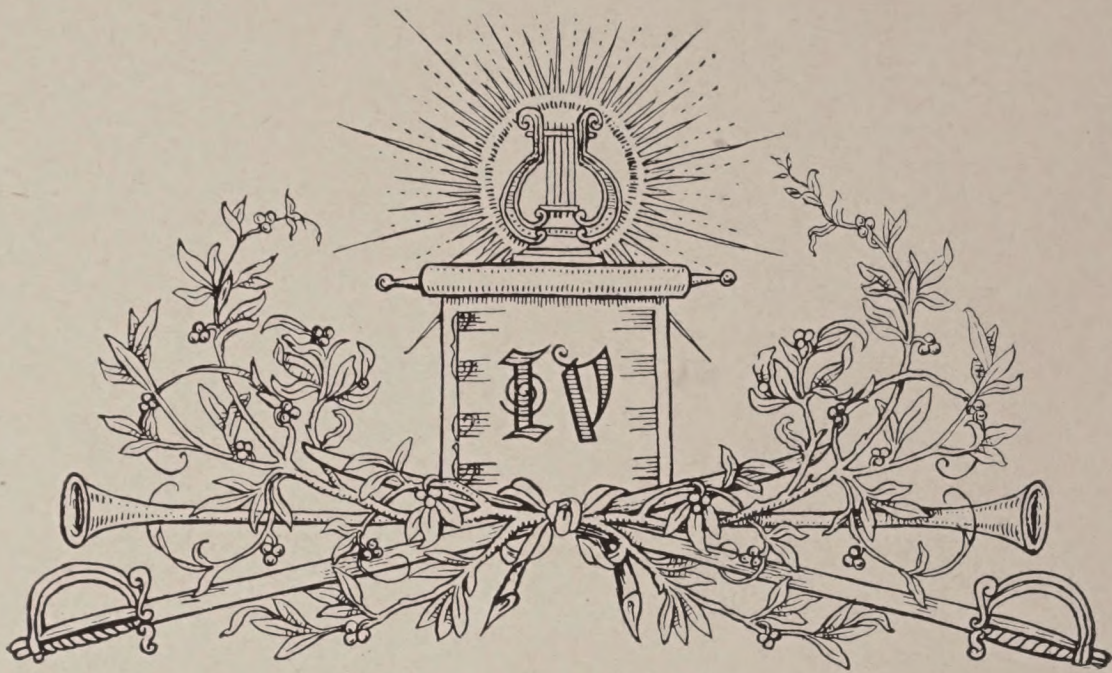




I have read a fiery gospel,
writ in burnished rows of steel:
“As ye deal with my contemners,
so with you my grace shall deal:
Let the Hero, horn of woman,
crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.”



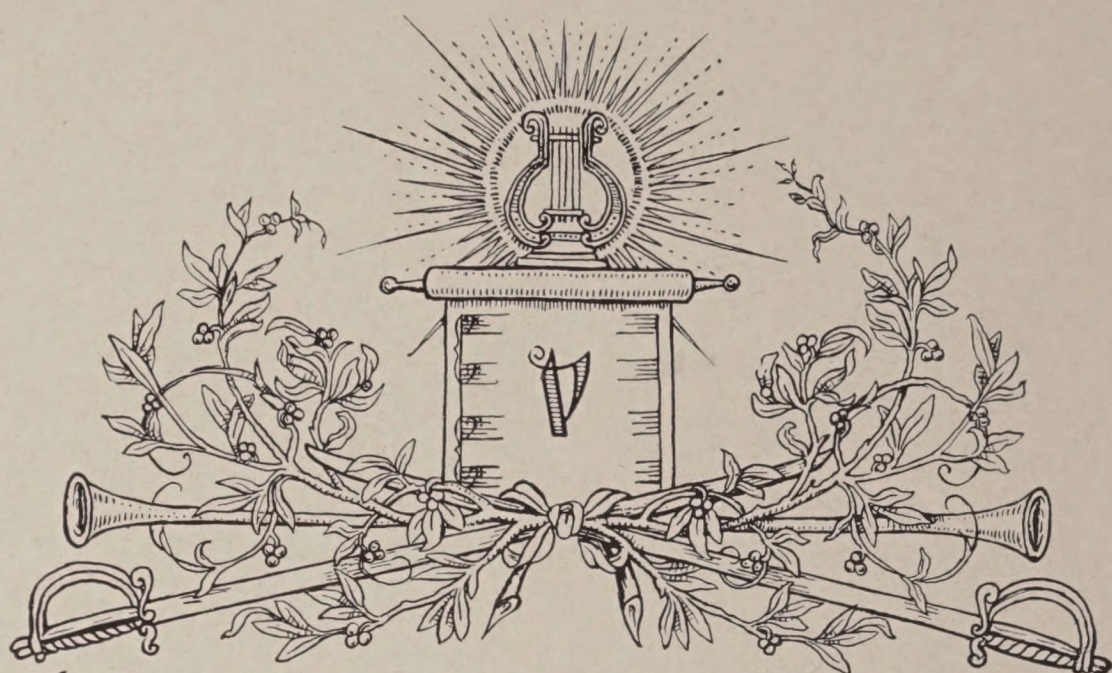




He has sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never call retreat;
He is sitting out the hearts of men
before his judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.







In the beauty of the lilies

Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom

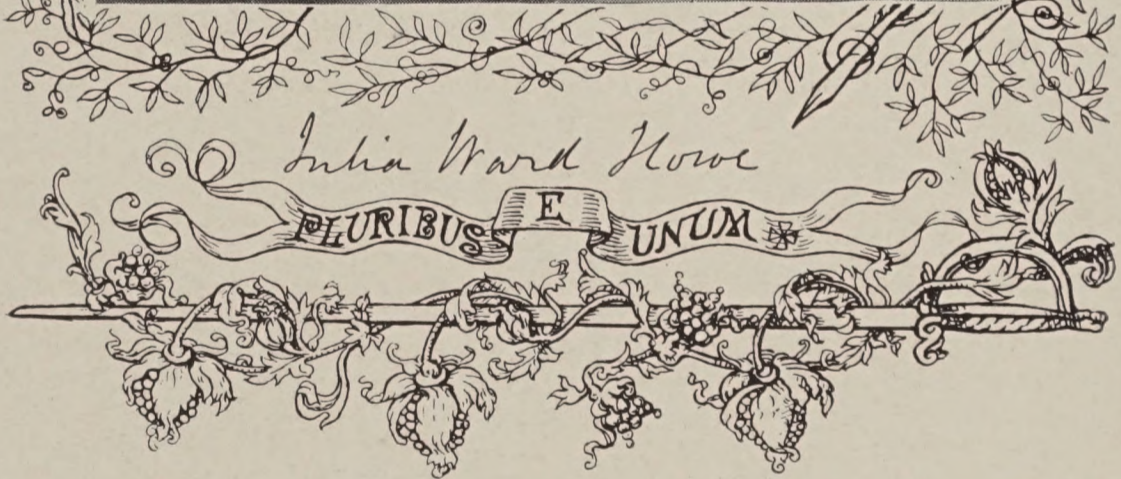
that transfigures you and me:

As he died to make men holy,

let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

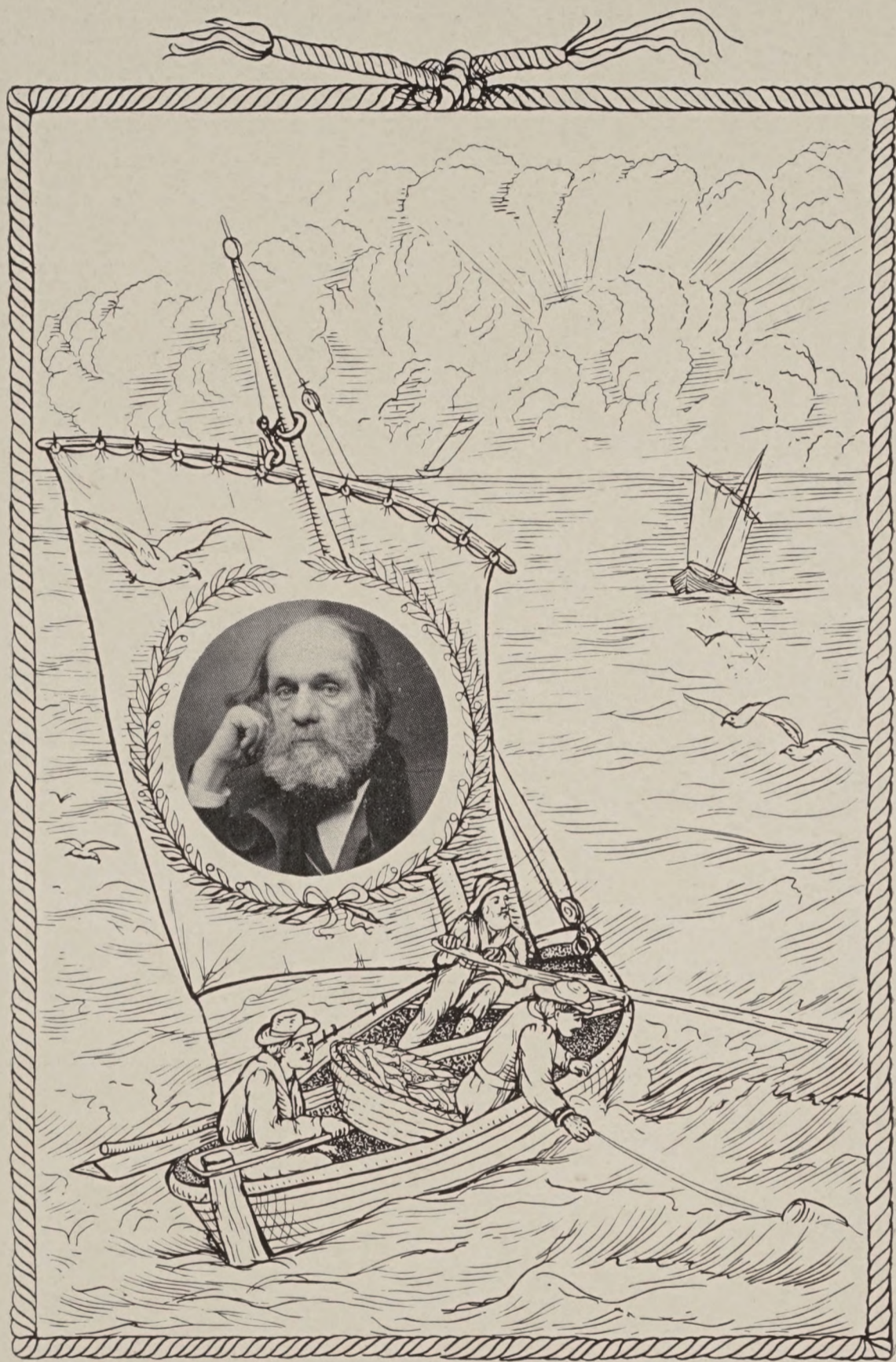




Julia Ward Howe

PLURIBUS E UNUM





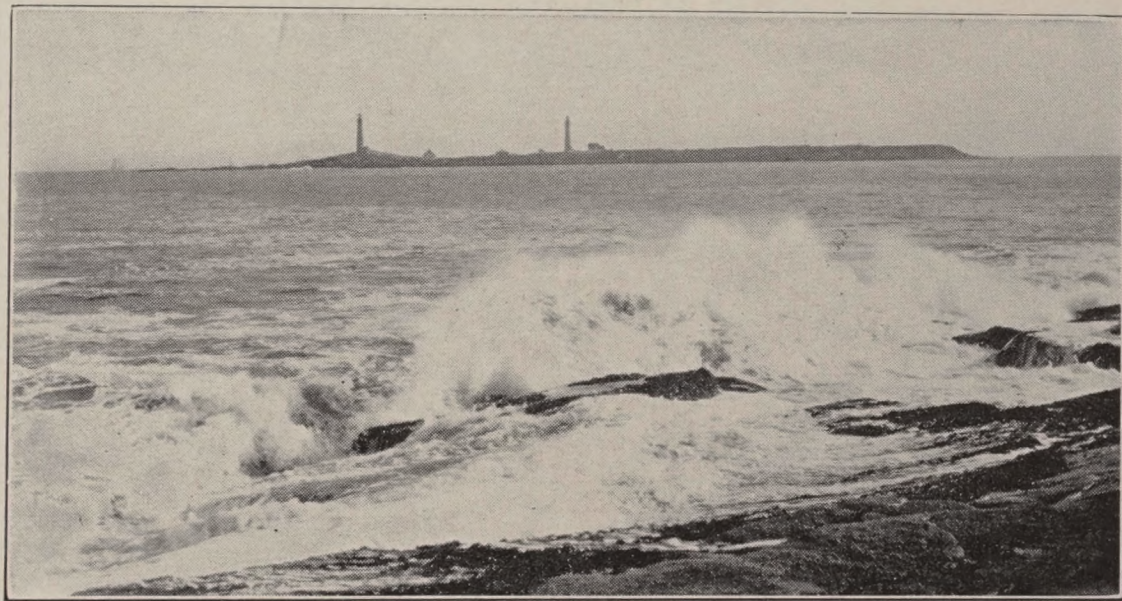
Edw S Hale



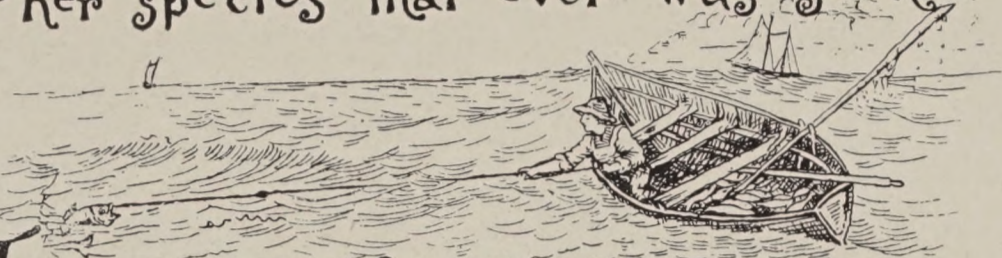
If you will look into my garden
In autumn, you'll find your reward in
The sight of a flower-decked dory,
Of which I will now tell the story.



This dory was built on the plan
Approved by a sea-faring man;
She was built on the shore of Cape Ann.



At first she was painted dark green,
And, indeed, was the finest machine
Of her species that ever was seen.



Her qualities first were essayed in
A voyage she made for menhaden,
From which she returned deeply laden.

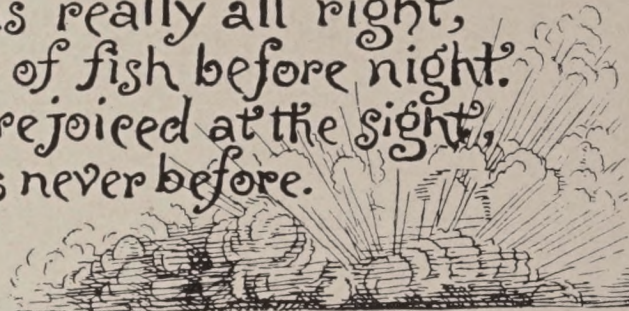
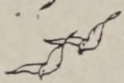
There were bushels and bushels galore,
And the people who stood on the shore
Declared they had never seen more.



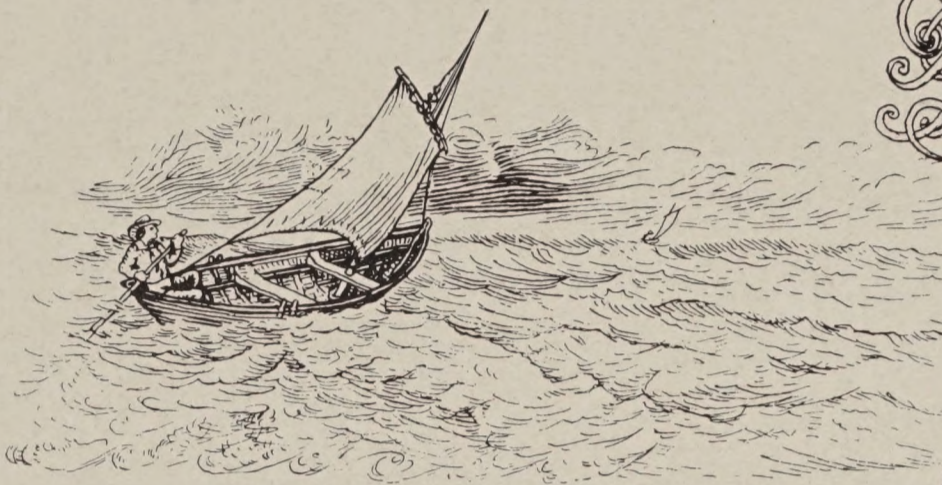
One time she was out with Luke Foster,
So long that the people of Gloucester
Were sure that the dory was lost, or
At least would be seen there no more.



But the dory was really all right,
She appeared full of fish before night.
And the people rejoiced at the sight,
And praised her as never before.



You should see how Dan Ober set sail
Before a sou'sou'western gale,
And never he needed a pail,
For there was not a spoonful to bail.



So well did the dory behave;
And so lightly spring over the wave,
That if Ober's lips were not mute, he
Would say that this vision of beauty
Exulted in doing her duty.



Dan Foster the business plied,
And always brought home to his bride
A boatful of fish on each tide.



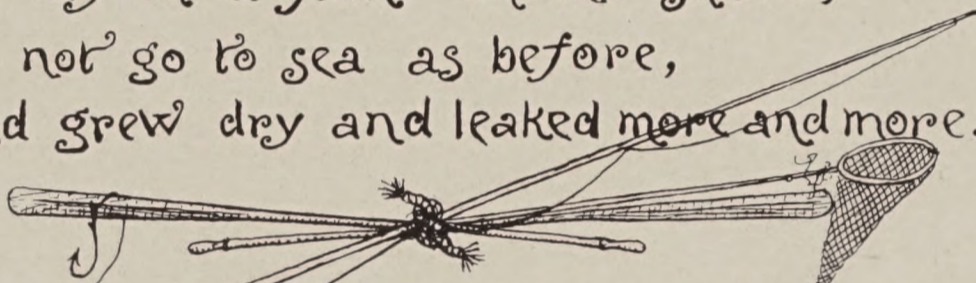
Dan Foster's twin brother he cried
Fresh haddock and cod far and wide;
The neighborhood all were supplied,
And the country on every side.



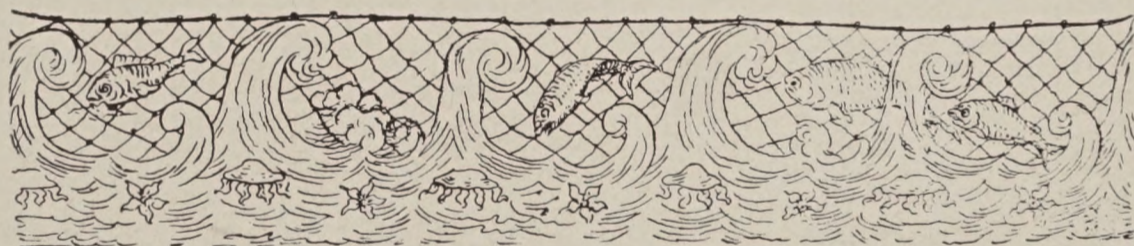
And now is the story all told,
For the dory which once was so bold
Grew timorous as she grew old,



She lay in a faint on the shore,
Did not go to sea as before,
And grew dry and leaked more and more.



And forgetting the scenes she had been to,
When Dan Foster had died, as all men do,
The dory was sold at a vendue.



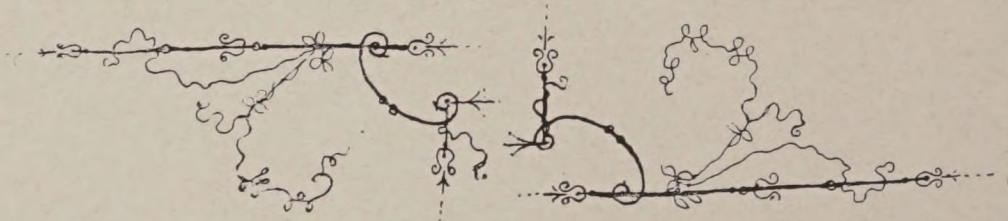
The people who sold her with powers
From Dan Foster's will, made her ours;
And now, every autumn of showers,
This oddest of dories embowers
With semi-tropical flowers.

The colors are scarlet and gory,
But peaceful, for all that, the story,



Of this autumn decline of the dory,
Which floats all its banners of glory.

Told in Verse By Edw. S. Hale
And Salted down picturesquely
By F. Schuyler Matthews and others



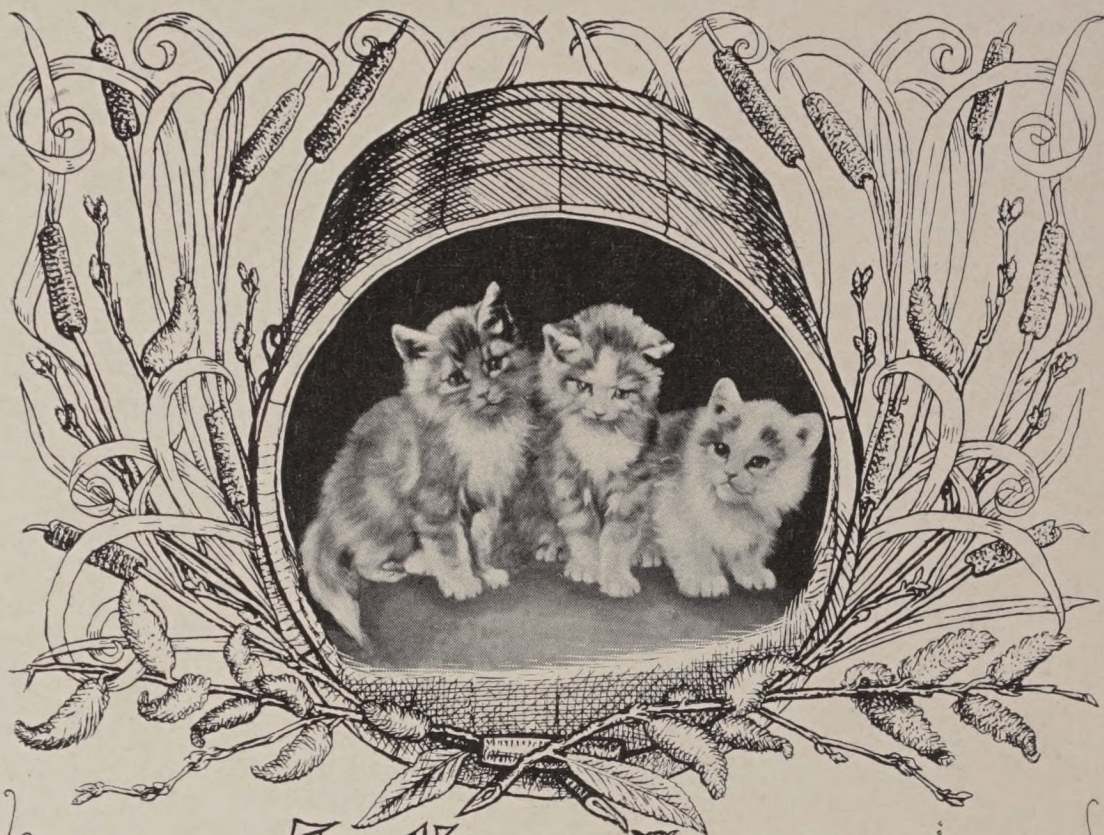


The Boy Poet

The Boy's earliest attempts at versification were found, the other day, in an old desk, and at the end of almost half a century. The copy is in his own boyish, ill-spelled print; and it bears no date. The present owner, his aunt Henrietta, well remembers the circumstances and the occasion, however, having been an active participant in the acts the poem describes, although she avers that she had no hand in its composition. The original, it seems, was transcribed by The Boy upon the cover of a soap box, which served as a headstone to one of the graves in his family burying-ground, situated in the back-yard of the

Hudson Street house, from which he was taken before he was nine years of age. The monument stood against the fence, and this is the legend it bore — rhyme, rhythm, metre, and orthography being carefully preserved :





The Kitten's Epitaph

“Three little kittens of our old cat
Were berrid this day in this grassplat.

They came to their deth in
an old slop pale,

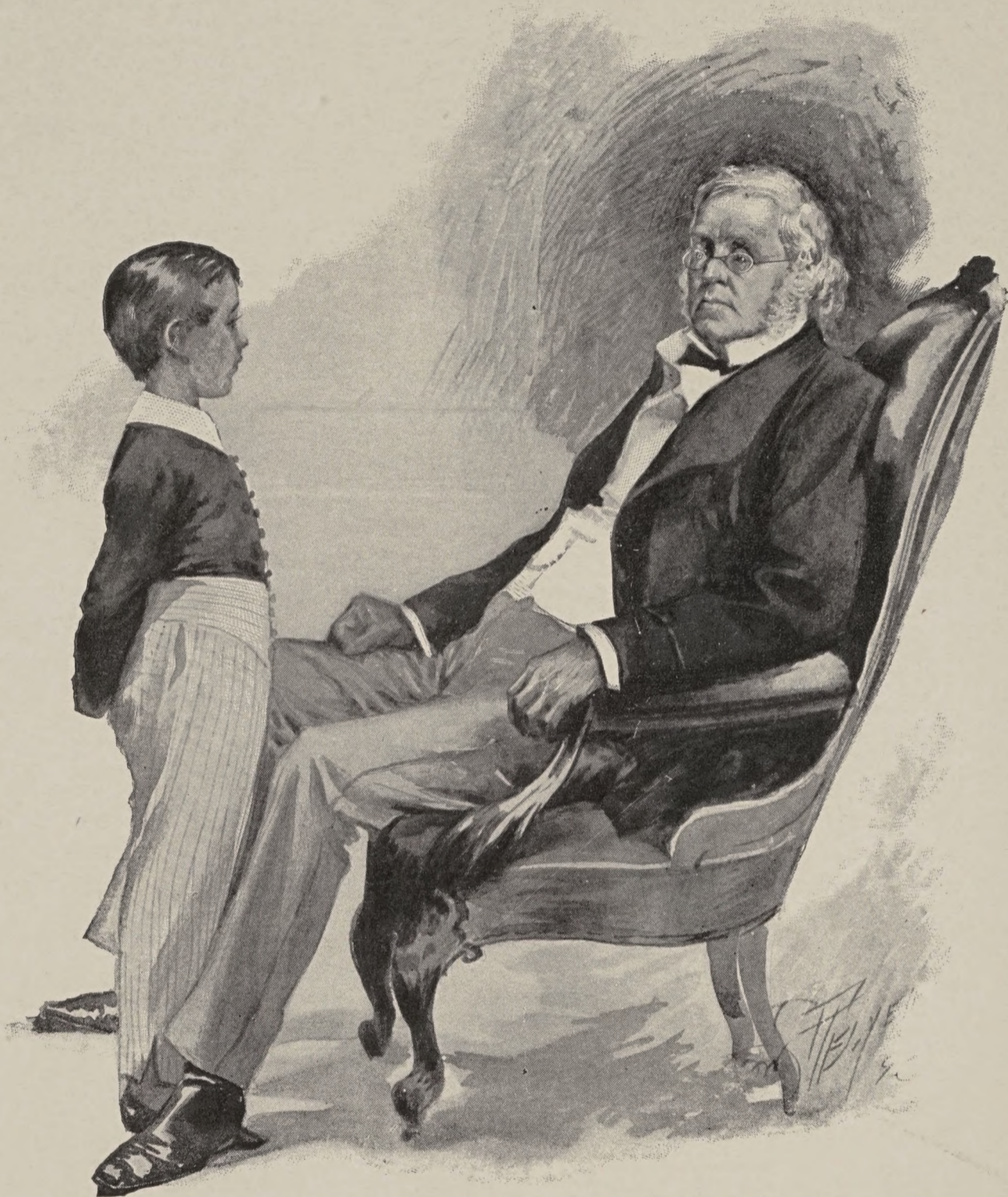
And after losing their breth

They were pulled out by the tale.

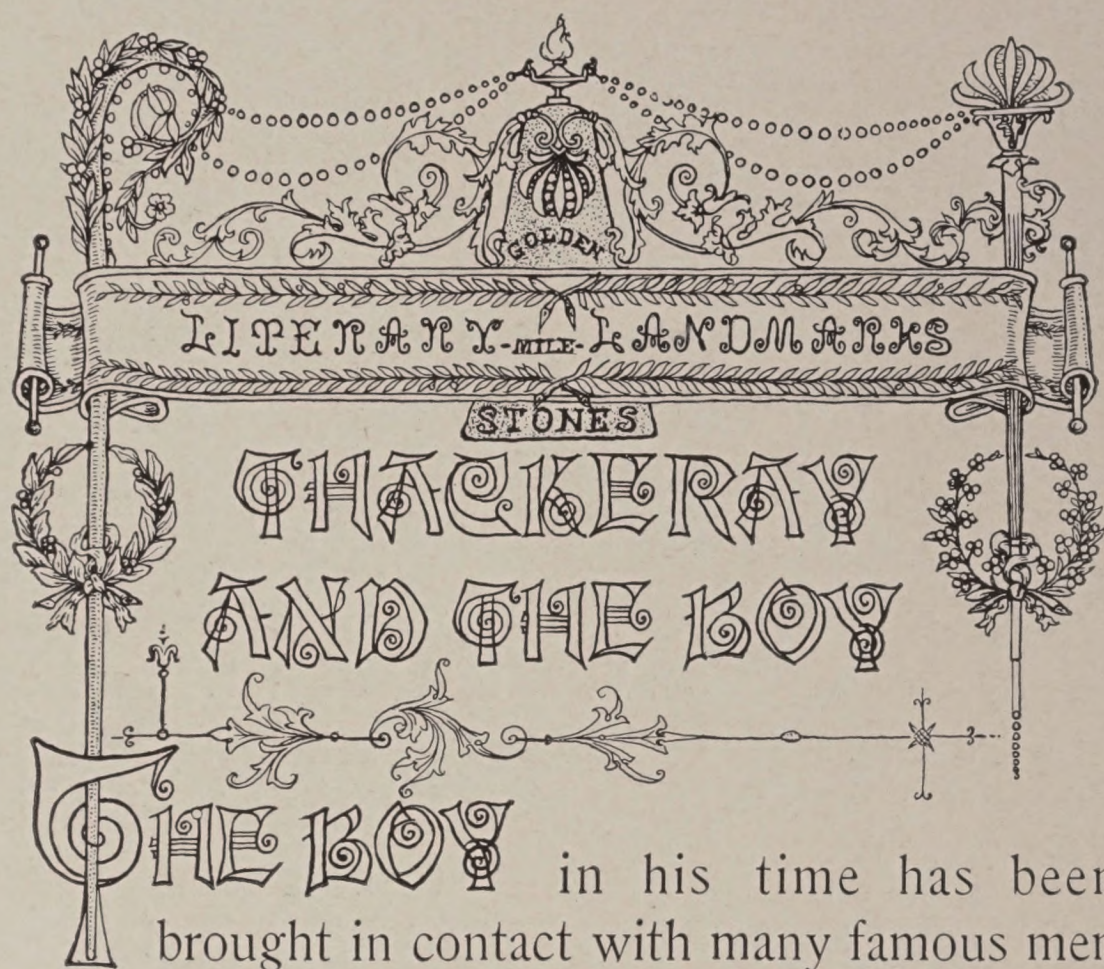
These three little kittens have
returned to their maker,

And were put in the ground by

The Boy, Undertaker.”



CHICKERAY AND THE BOY



THE BOY in his time has been brought in contact with many famous men and women; but upon nothing in his whole experience does he look back now with greater satisfaction than upon his slight intercourse with the first great man he ever knew. Quite a little lad, he was staying at the Pulaski House in Savannah, in 1853 — perhaps it was in 1855 — when his father told him to observe particularly the old gentleman with the spectacles, who occupied a seat at their table in the public dining-room; for, he said, the time would come when The Boy would be very proud to say that he had breakfasted and dined and supped with Mr. Thackeray. He had no idea who, or what, Mr. Thackeray was; but his father considered him a great man, and

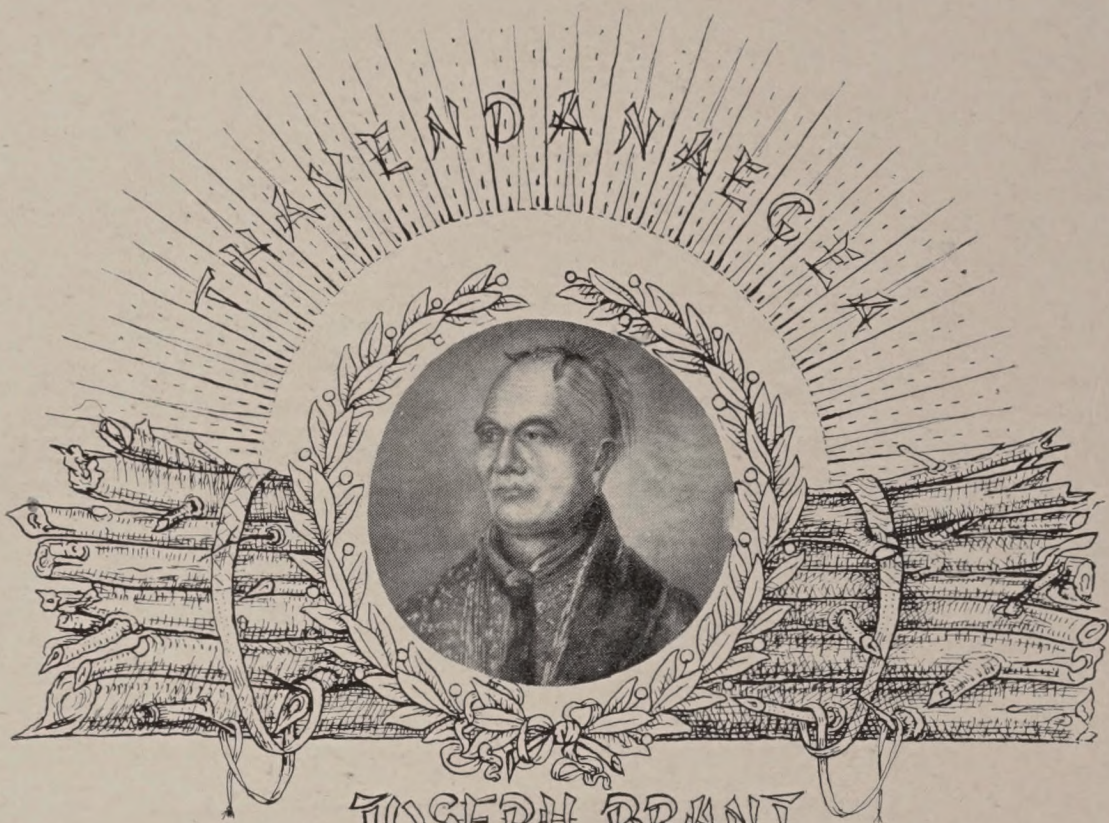
that was enough for The Boy. He did pay particular attention to Mr. Thackeray, with his eyes and his ears; and one morning Mr. Thackeray paid a little attention to him, of which he is proud, indeed. Mr. Thackeray took The Boy between his knees, and asked his name, and what he intended to be when he grew up. He replied, "A farmer, sir." Why, he cannot imagine, for he never had the slightest inclination towards a farmer's life. And then Mr. Thackeray put his gentle hand upon The Boy's little red head, and said: "Whatever you are, try to be a good one."

To have been blessed by Thackeray is a distinction The Boy would not exchange for any niche in the Temple of Literary Fame; no laurel crown he could ever receive would be able to obliterate or to equal the sense of Thackeray's touch; and if there be any virtue in the laying on of hands, The Boy can only hope that a little of it has descended upon him.

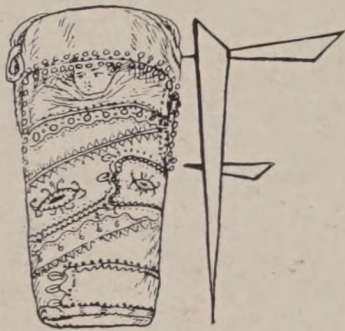
And whatever The Boy is, he has tried, for Thackeray's sake, "to be a good one."



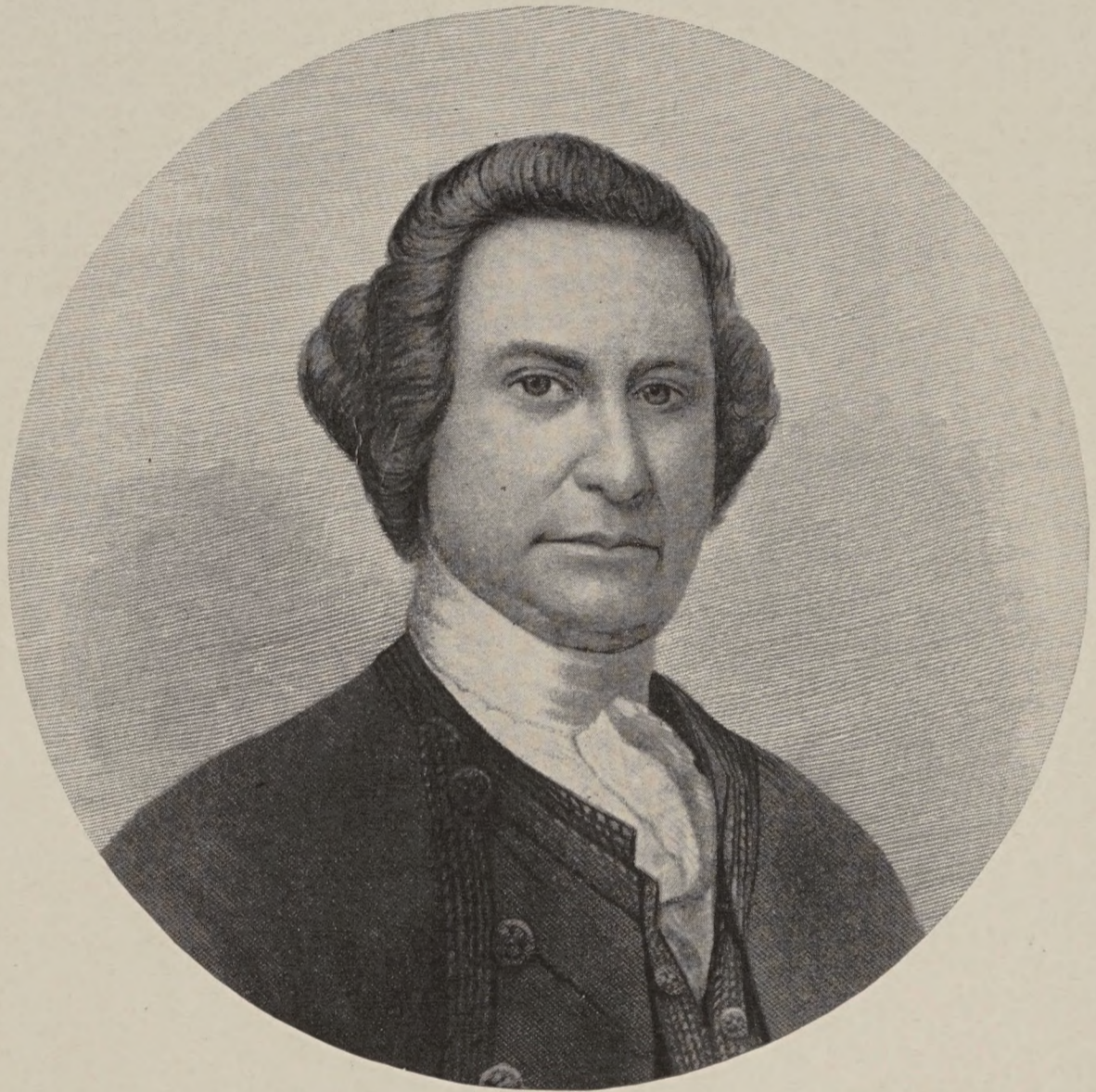
Jos Brant
Shayendanegea



JOSEPH BRANT
The Famous Captain Of The Mohawks



FEW children now living have ever heard of Joseph Brant. One hundred years ago he was known to many children in Central New York. His name frightened them whenever it was spoken. He was the most important Indian who ever lived in that part of the State. During the Revolution he was the leader in the dreadful destruction of homes and killing of families which resulted in driving thousands to seek homes elsewhere. Some little account of this man should interest children to-day.



Wm. G. Mason

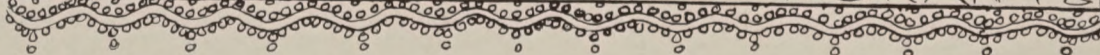


The name he is known by is not his real Indian name, which was Thayendanega, and in that language means a bundle of sticks or strength. His parents were Indians of the Mohawk tribe, and his home was at Canajoharie, Indian Castle, a town familiar to many children who have travelled on the railroad along the Mohawk Valley. A very remarkable white man named Sir William Johnson lived in that part of the State, and became interested in Thayendanega. He sent him away to Connecticut and had him educated at Lebanon with other Mohawk boys. Here he learned to read and write, and gained some knowledge of arithmetic. His handwriting was very good — much more easily read than that of many white men living to-day.

Sir William Johnson afterwards took Brant into his own house, where, according to the Indian custom, Brant's sister Mollie had become Sir William's wife. In Sir William's house, still standing at Johnstown, New York, the newel post in the hall shows the mark which Brant one day made there with his tomahawk. Brant acted as interpreter to Sir William, and became very useful to missionaries who arrived among the Indians, and not only preached to them, but taught them many



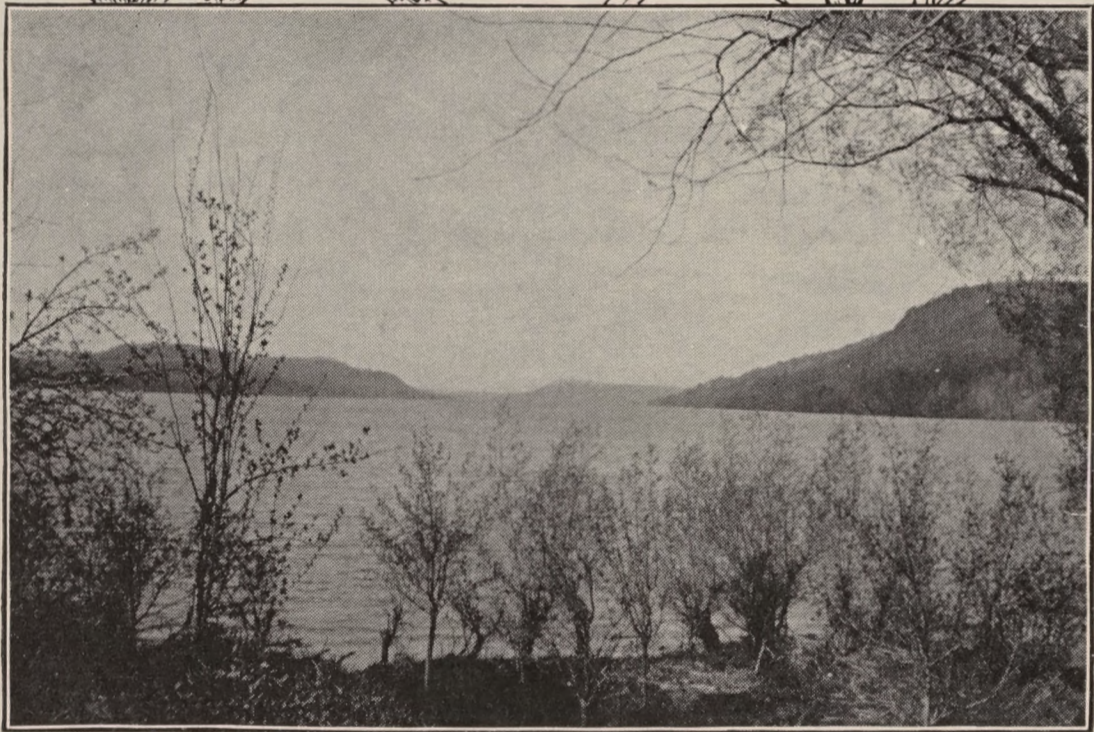
Interior. Newel post notched by BRANT.



useful things. He was exceedingly kind to these missionaries. Other white men who went into Central New York to explore the country employed Brant as a guide. He was often at Otsego Lake, where J. Fenimore Cooper, after the war, when a child about four years old, settled with his father. He built canoes for them, and thus made journeys along creeks and rivers and across lakes.

During the war between the English in America and the French who owned Canada, Sir William Johnson became a general, and Joseph Brant was attached to his staff. He went with him to Oswego and Niagara, and afterward to Lake George, where Sir William commanded in an



A decorative banner with a ribbon-like border, featuring illustrations of corn stalks and sheaves of grain. The text is centered on the banner.

J. Fenimore Cooper - and -
Otsego Lake

important battle. Brant took part in this fight, which was his first experience of war. He said afterwards that when the firing began he "shook like an aspen leaf."

When finally the Revolution had begun, Brant took sides with the English, and with the other Mohawks went to Canada. Here were organized expeditions against the settlers in Central New York, who lived on what was then the frontier. Beyond their settlements no white man lived. New York west of Utica and Binghamton was Indian territory, secured to them by treaty, and no white men were allowed to take up lands there.

The warfare which ensued is known in history as the Border Wars. It lasted from 1777 until 1782 — a period of five years, during which the Mohawk and upper Susquehanna valleys were reduced to a state of desolation. Here were about twelve thousand farms which the owners had to abandon. Two-thirds of the population either died or fled. Of those who remained three hundred had become widows and two thousand were orphans. There were often battles in the open country, actual massacres of whole settlements, as at Cherry Valley, and Wyoming in Pennsylvania,

and in these terrible events many children were killed outright by the Indians.

Joseph Brant was the principal leader in some of those events, but he had as superior officers white men who were called Tories. By them he was urged to undertake his work, and he often said afterwards that they were "more savage than many savages." He often tried to restrain the Indians in their cruelty. Sometimes he succeeded, and many cases are known where he saved the lives of both white men and women who were his friends.

One of his methods for doing this was to place upon a house a certain mark with white chalk or black coal, the meaning of which was understood by other Indians to be that this family was to be protected by Brant's orders. He sometimes released prisoners when he knew they were Masons, and gave the sign, for Brant was a Mason himself. In one case of this kind the man had been bound to a tree and was about to be burned, when Brant ordered him released, the Masonic sign having been given to him. Before the massacre of Cherry Valley, Brant once made a visit to the place in order to ascertain if any troops were in the village. He climbed a tree on a neighboring hill and



QUEEN CHARLOTTE

GEORGE III.

Lord
GEO. GERMAINE.

BURKE

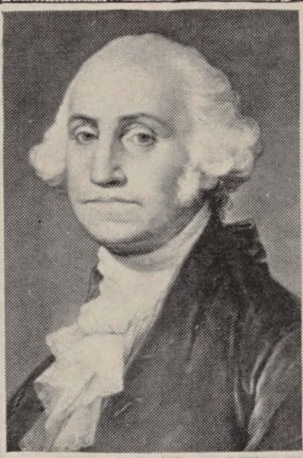
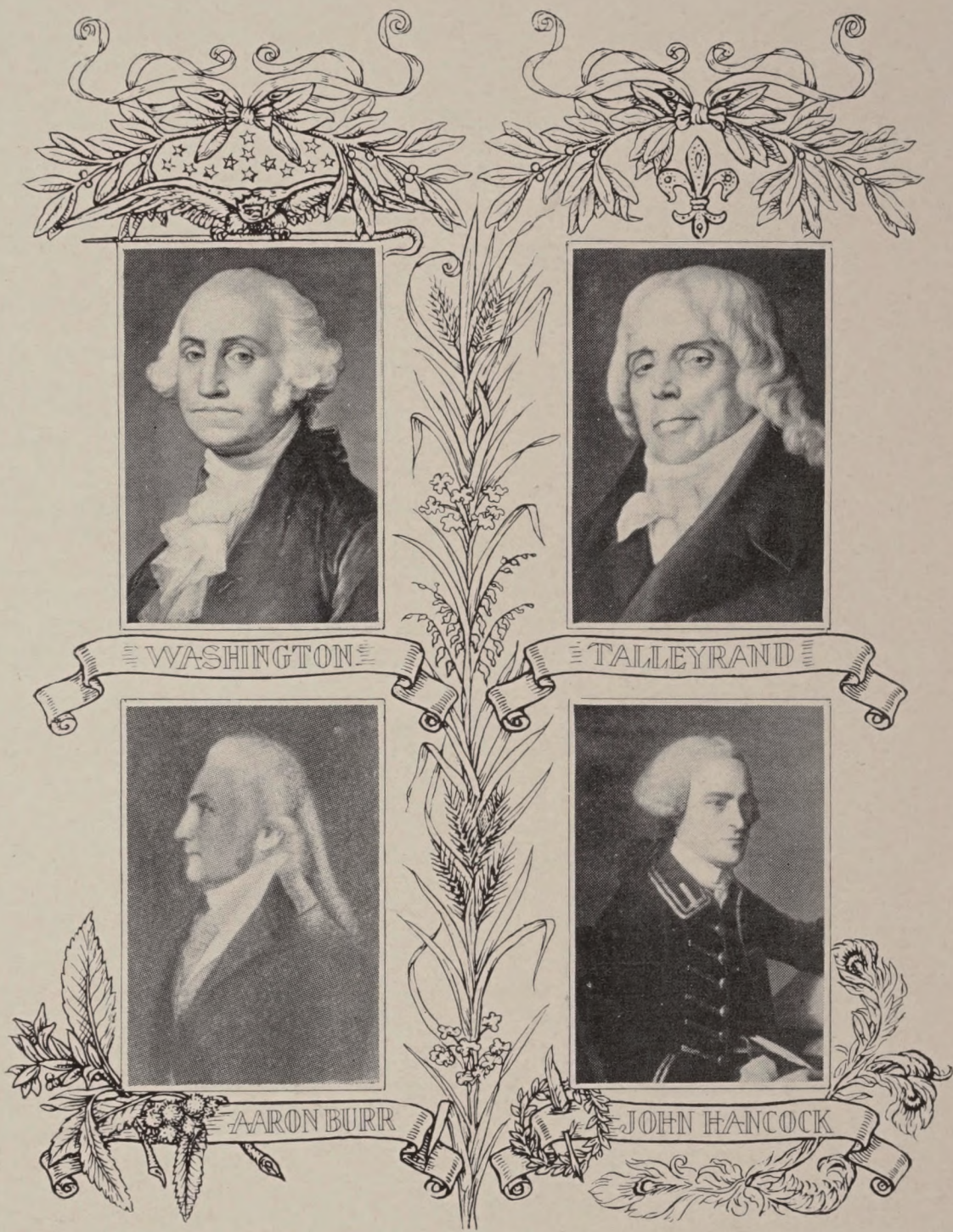
FOX

SHERIDAN.

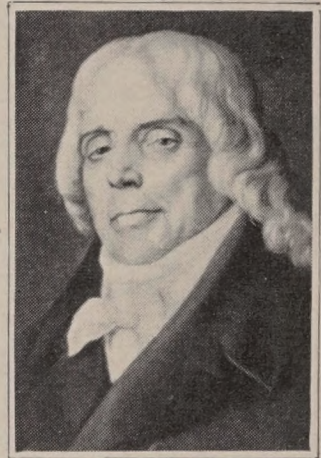
looked down upon a fort, within which he saw what he supposed to be soldiers parading on the grass. He concluded not to make an attack. Afterwards he learned that it was not soldiers who were parading, but village boys wearing paper caps and marching with wooden swords.

Brant twice went to London, and came to know many distinguished men. One of these was Lord George Germaine, who was a member of the King's cabinet. Under Germaine's direction much of the warfare in Central New York was conducted. Brant several times went out to dinner in London and met famous men. Among these were Burke, Fox, and Sheridan. He was invited to call upon the King, George III., but when the King extended his hand for Brant to kiss in the usual way for visitors, Brant declined to do so. He gave as his reason the good American excuse, that he, too, was a sovereign. But Queen Charlotte was present at this interview, and Brant graciously bent over and kissed her hand.

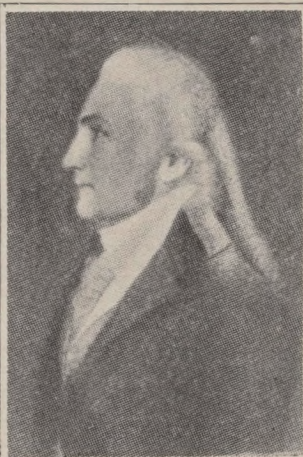
A great ball was given in honor of Brant during his stay in London. He dressed himself in full Indian costume, putting on feathers and war paint and carrying his tomahawk. One of those present



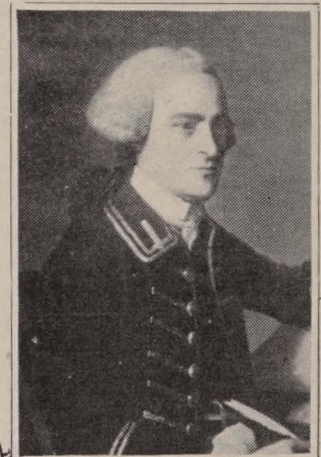
WASHINGTON



TALLEYRAND



AARON BURR



JOHN HANCOCK

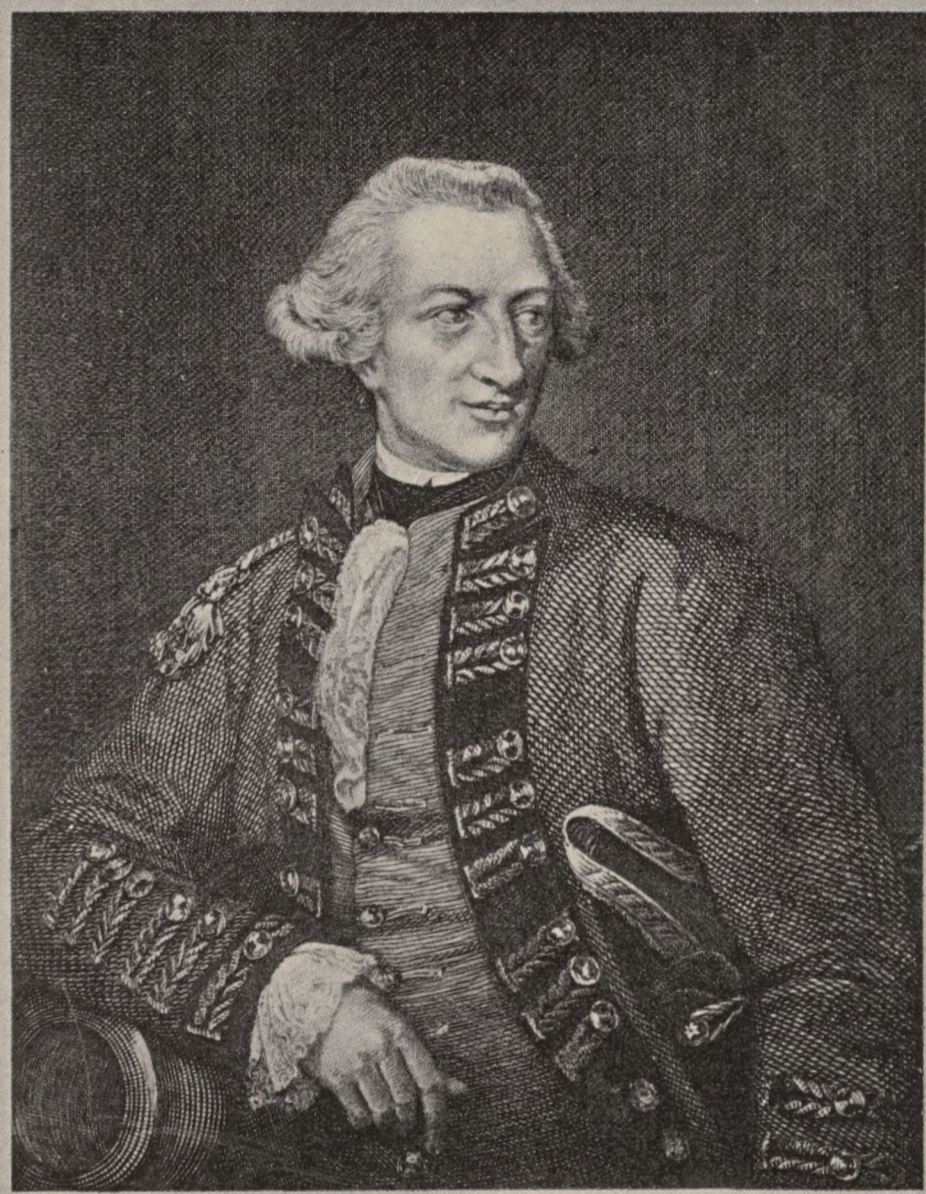


Theodora



was a Turk who had come from the Sultan as ambassador to the English court. The Turk mistook the paint on Brant's face for a visor of metal, such as men used to wear in battle. He went up to Brant and touched his face, which gave Brant a chance to have some sport with the Turk. He sprang back suddenly from the company near him, sounded the war whoop in true Indian fashion, glared savagely at the Turk, and flashed his shining tomahawk high in the air. Every one was startled, and the Turk is said to have turned very pale. The son of George III., who was then the Prince of Wales, and afterwards became King as George IV., took Brant to many interesting places in London, some of which were not at all nice. Brant afterwards described them as "very queer places for a prince to go to."

In America, Brant made the acquaintance of many distinguished Americans after the war. In Philadelphia he met Washington, Aaron Burr, and John Hancock. Talleyrand, afterwards the War Minister of Napoleon, was in Philadelphia at the time, and Brant came to know him. Aaron Burr's daughter, the celebrated Theodosia Burr, was then living in New York, and Burr introduced him to her. She gave a dinner in Brant's honor, and



HUGH EARL PERCY.

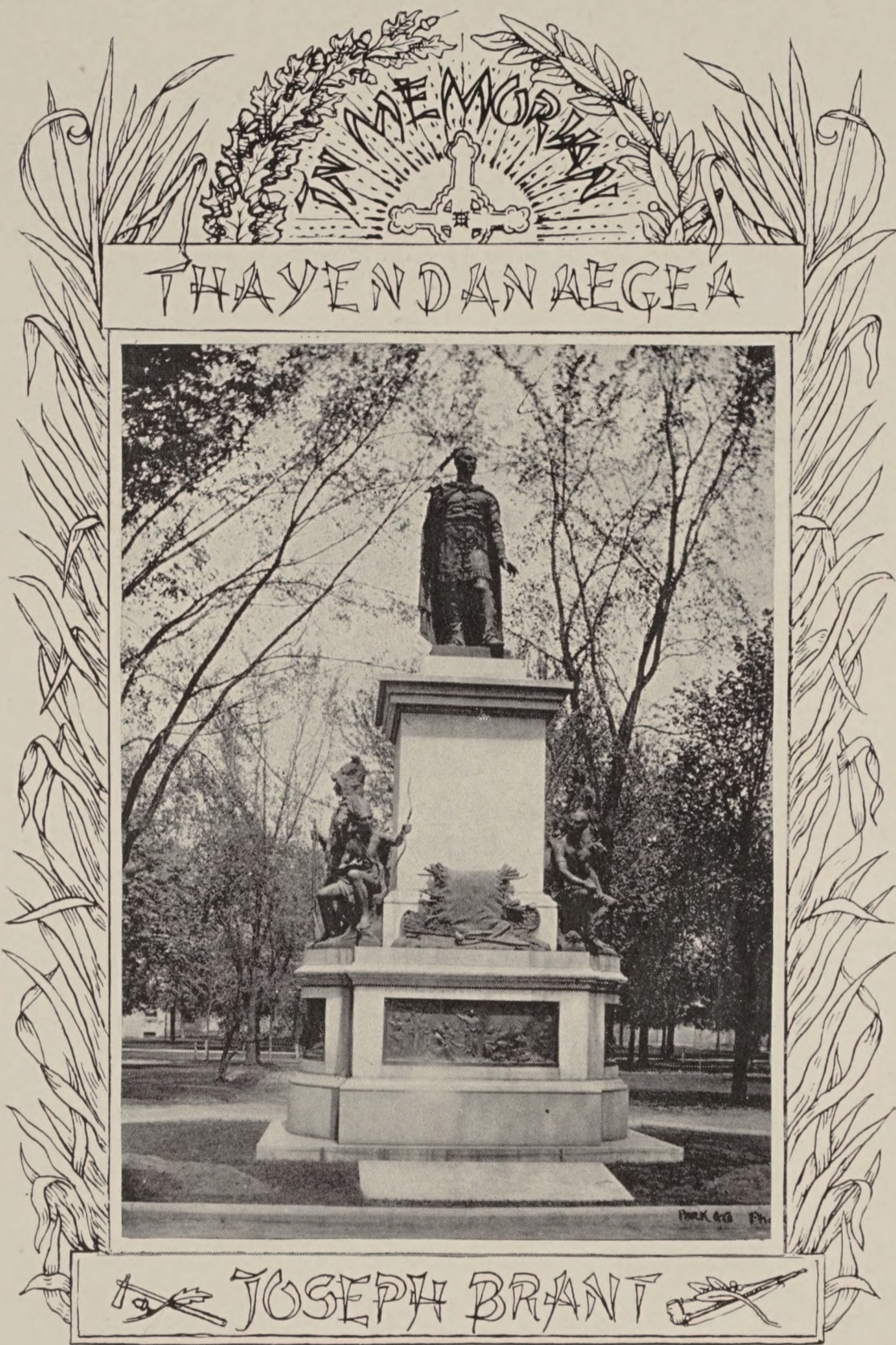
AFTER THE MEZZOTINT BY VALENTINE GREEN.

several distinguished men attended it. Among them was Bishop Moore, who was then at the head of the Episcopal Church in New York State.

One of Brant's intimate English friends was the Duke of Northumberland, who, as Earl Percy, had been in this country as a general during the Revolution. Brant and he had sometimes slept in the same tent. For many years afterwards the Duke of Northumberland kept a portrait of Brant at his home in England. It hung in the private room of the Duke's wife. Sometimes the Duke sent presents to Brant, such as a brace of pistols. He once wrote him a letter in which he signed himself "with the greatest truth, your affectionate friend and brother."

Brant was remarkable as a man who made fast friends, and especially among men who were of more importance in the world than he was. He had acquired excellent manners — knew how to behave among nice people. He was always true to his friends and never forgot a favor; nor did he ever forget an injury. He had the true Indian nature.

When the Revolution closed, the Mohawk Indians were obliged to leave New York and settle in Canada. Here a large tract of land was given



MEMORIAL

THAYENDANAEGEA

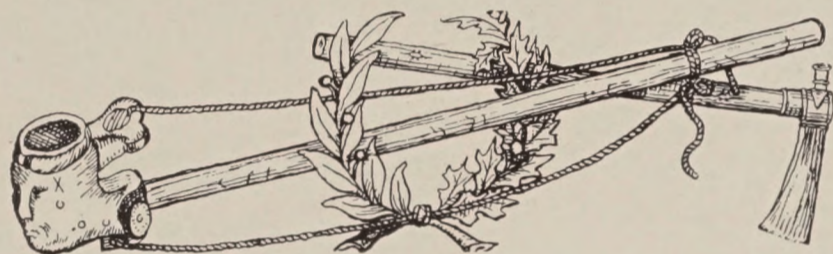


JOSEPH BRANT



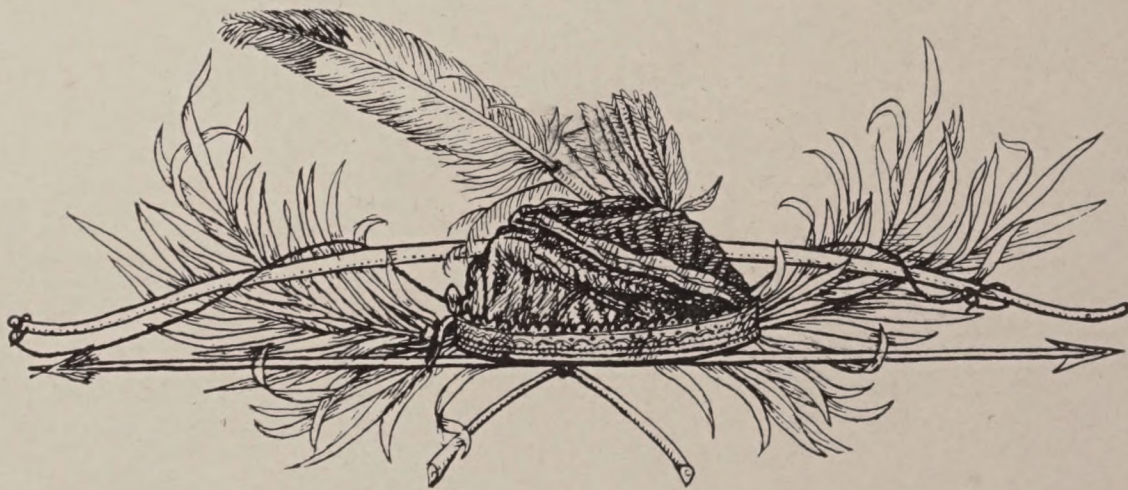
to them by the English. It lay along a beautiful and fertile valley. They built houses to live in, and a church, for which Brant secured a part of the money, was erected. Brant assisted the minister to translate parts of the Bible into the language of his own people. These translations were published in London, and copies of them are now very scarce, being worth large sums. He received from England a salary as a retired Cap-

tain of the Army, and turned to agriculture. He raised a great many horses and had thirty or forty negro slaves. At Brantford, a town named after him, in Ontario, Canada, an imposing monument to Brant was erected several years ago at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, of which sum the Indians themselves contributed five thousand dollars.



Descendants of Brant are still living. One of these is named J. O. Brant-Sero. His home is in Canada, but just now he is staying in England, giving lectures on the history of his people. During the war in South Africa, Brant-Sero tried to become a soldier in the English army, but was not allowed to do so. In spite of this he went to South Africa in order that he might see the war. He afterwards complained that white men in that country did not treat him as he had been treated in Canada. On the sidewalk they insisted that he should turn out for them; but this he was not willing to do. He quite understood a man's rights.

Probably no people anywhere have a more keen sense of their rights than the New York Indians. They always insisted on this in dealing with white men, and would never acknowledge that they were inferior. Again and again they told the English, when making treaties with them, that they were "born free." They never acknowledged that even the King of England, whom they called their "friend that lives across the great lake," had any authority over them. They once sent a message to the King that they were born free and expected to remain so. Brant was a true son of that noble but almost forgotten Mohawk tribe which once owned a very large part of New York State, and now has not a foot of ground in that State to call its own.





Eugene Field



Glover-top Thistle-down

Glover-top sighed when the wind sang sweet,
Dropping the thistle-down at her feet;
“Oh, dear me, never a day
Can I roam at my will, but ever, alway
In this tiresome meadow must ever stay!”



Thistle-down floated, then sank into rest,
Only to rise at the breezes' behest,
Hither and yon, on the wings of the air,
Tired little sprite, so dainty and fair,
"Oh, to just stop," she sighed, "anywhere."



Honey-bees swarmed to thistle and clover,
Sweet little toiling ones, over and over
A work-a-day song they cheerily sing:
“Look up, dear hearts, and what the days bring,
Bless God for it all - yes - everything.”



CALLING
THE FLOWERS



Blow loud for the blossoms
That live in the trees,



Blow low for the daisies
And clover:



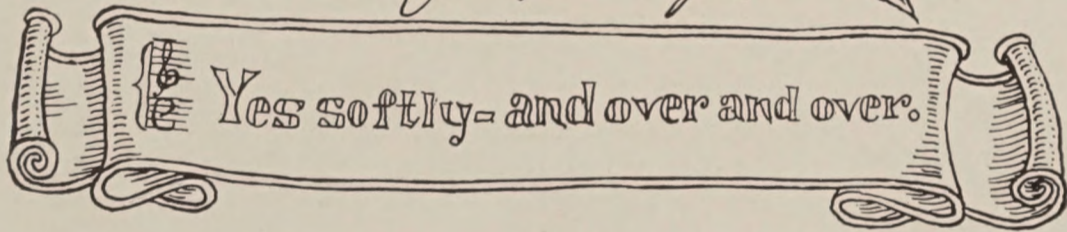
But as soft as I can for
The violets shy,



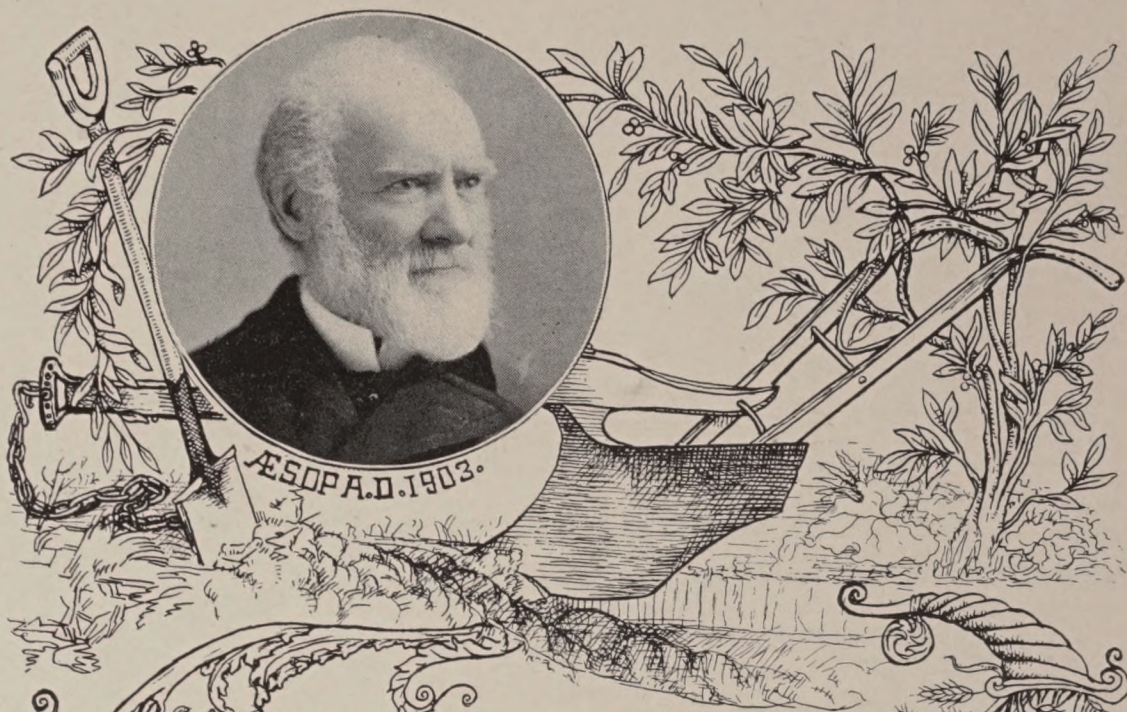
Saint Nicholas



"Mary Mapes Dodge"



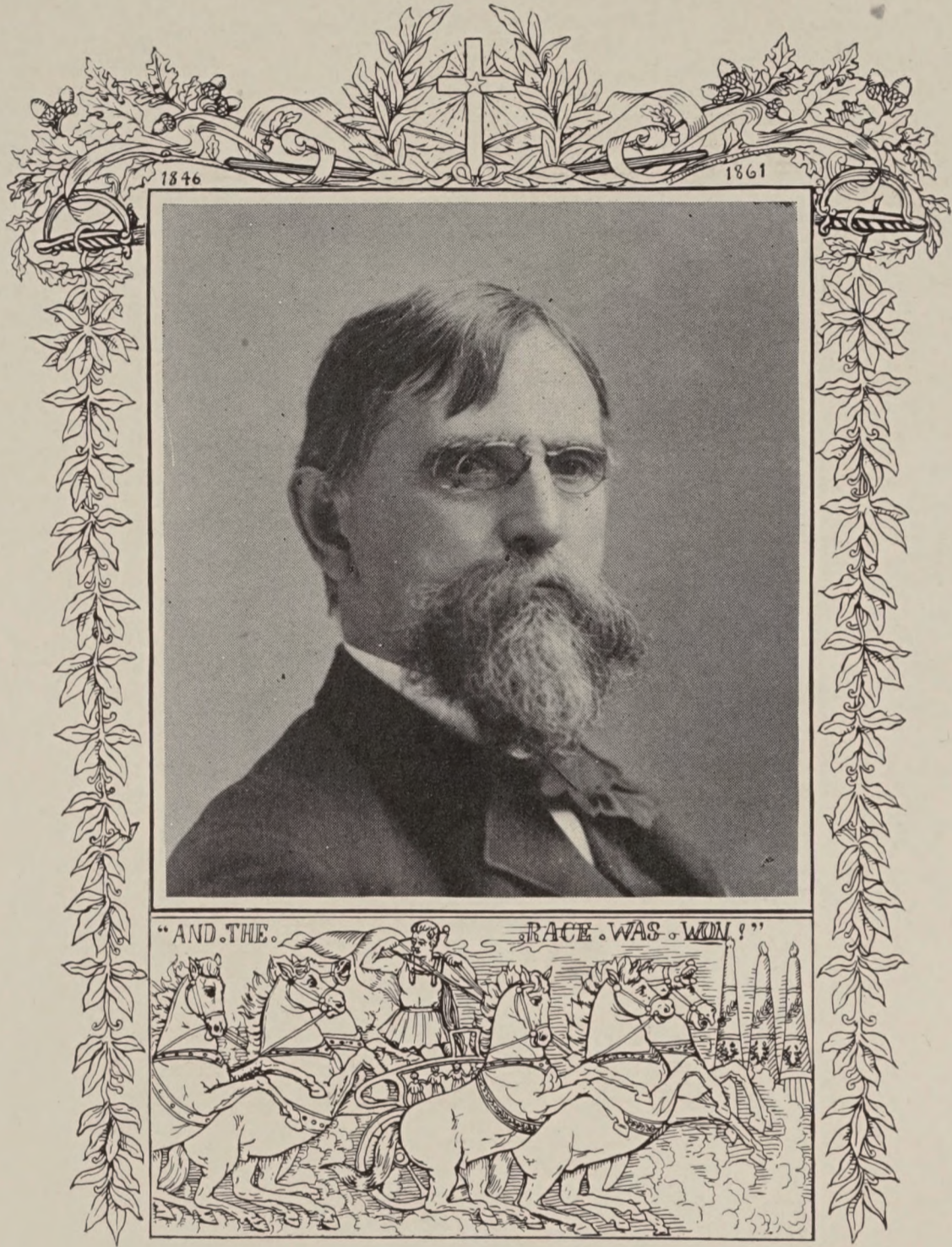
Yes softly- and over and over.



GARDEN FABLE

"Proud tools we should be," quoth the spade to the plow;
 "Some credit to me," saith the seed, "you 'll allow."
 "Mother Earth," quoth the furrow, "provides you her soil,
 She opens her bosom, and blesses your toil."
 "Ye sunshine and rain! there 's a voice from you both:
 "'Tis God after all who insureth the growth."





Lew. Wallace.



DAVID WALLACE, the father of General Lewis Wallace, was elected Governor of Indiana by the Whigs in 1837. He was a man of elegant manners, broad culture, and commanding presence, and it was through him, as member of Congress from 1837 to 1843, that one of the most important of the inventions that have benefited mankind took definite shape and direction. For three years the magnetic telegraph went begging in vain through the halls of Congress. The inventor then went to Europe with the hope of securing substantial aid. His mission utterly failed. He re-

turned to Washington: the early sessional months of 1843 were closing when the special committee vote was finally taken. The roll-call went down the list, every Whig voting for an appropriation, and every Democrat against it. The end of the alphabet was nearly reached; the *pros* and *cons* were even, with but one more vote to be cast. David Wallace decided the day by casting his vote for the thirty thousand dollars which enabled Professor Morse to make successful trial of his electro-magnetic telegraph from Baltimore to Washington City. Governor Wallace was defeated that autumn for re-election because of his action on this measure.

General Wallace's mother was Esther Test, the daughter of Judge John Test, member of Congress. From her he inherited his love for art and literature. She was not only a highly gifted woman, but possessed rare beauty and charm of manner. "She departed long ago, in the fairness of her youth," as General Wallace expressed it. Governor Wallace's second wife was Miss Zerelda Saunders, who lived to a good old age. In her the children left to her care found a conscientious and devoted mother who loved them as tenderly as if they were her own.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Lew. Wallace was born in Brookville, Indiana, April 10, 1827. In September, 1837, his elder brother, William, became a student in Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Indiana. Lewis, then a boy of ten years, was left at home in Covington, but his heart was with his brother in the new college thirty miles away. "An uncle was going to Crawfordsville one day; seeing the opportunity, Lewis ran ahead on the road, and waited

in ambush. When the gentleman came up, his bridle was caught, and the horse led to a stump. To the vehement protest there was but one answer, given when the nephew was mounted behind the saddle. 'I'm going to Crawfordsville. Go on.' Presenting himself to his brother and the faculty, all equally astonished, Lewis was enrolled a 'prep' of the institution." "The race was on and the soul of the racer was in it."

When seven years old the boy lost his mother. From that time until he was grown he refused to submit to control or restraint, but fortunately his tastes were pure and refined, and his unlimited liberty was not abused. However, he could never be induced or forced to go to school. His father used to say that he had "paid Lewis' tuition for fourteen years, and he had never gone to school one." He preferred to roam the fields and woods, a close student of nature in all her moods; yet from childhood he was a constant reader. He had, too, a decided taste for drawing. Scraps of paper, bits of wood, the fly-leaves of his otherwise unused school-books were covered with clever caricatures of his schoolmaster and school-mates. He wore in those days a white oil-cloth cap, and when he went to church against his will,



he filled the crown of it with faithful sketches of the preacher and others whose oddities happened to attract his attention. Though not regularly cultivated, the boy's faculty for drawing was never lost, but became more and more correct and strong from continual practice. At one time he thought of being an artist, an ambition his father discouraged; but his work has both strength and finish.

Young Wallace spent his days in reading, drawing, and dreaming. Plants, trees, birds, fish, and animals were his familiar friends. He would dis-

appear immediately after breakfast with a favorite book in his pocket, to be seen no more until nightfall. At sixteen, the lad wrote a novel called "The Man at Arms: A Tale of the Tenth Century." It covered three hundred closely written pages. Unfortunately the manuscript was lost while the author was in Mexico soldiering.

Lewis was studying law at Indianapolis when war was declared against that country. He was then nineteen years of age; he enlisted, and was elected Second Lieutenant, but the regiment to which he was assigned was detailed to guard provisions at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and was never in an engagement. He said he would give one year of his life only to see a battle. However, he received accurate and lasting impressions of the country and of the beauties of nature. Monterey, high above the sea-level, surrounded by cloud-capped mountains, skirted by a rapid river and embowered in orange groves, roses, and wreathing vines, — all were stamped on his sensitive memory; so too were the speech, customs, bits of folk-lore, and history of the country.

In his seventeenth year (1844), he began "The Fair God," which he kept on hand as a pastime. It was advanced to the entry of Cortez into the



MONTEREY

capital of Montezuma, when at the beat of the drum he enlisted, and went to join General Taylor, then on his way to Monterey. Upon return from the war he resumed the book, varying study of the law with it. Not until 1873 was the publication had — a long pastime indeed.

In Mexico, through a comrade from Crawfordsville, Lieutenant Wallace heard much of a young lady whom he had never seen; and when he returned he at once sought the acquaintance of Susan Elston. He was a soldier fresh from the war; she an interesting, lovely girl, charming in manner and appearance, herself a writer and as ardent a lover of books as himself. They were pleased with each other, and three years later, when she was scarcely out of her teens, they were married and began their life together at Covington, Indiana — a little village on the Wabash. Here their only child, Henry Lane Wallace, was born. Then they removed to Crawfordsville, Indiana, where they have lived ever since. The drawing-room windows of their modest gray house look over the sweep of sloping lawn out onto a pleasant street not a stone's throw from the mansion in which Mrs. Wallace was born and where she spent her girlhood. Major Elston's





home was in a park of forty or fifty acres of large forest trees. Just to the rear of the Wallace house is a grove of magnificent beeches; above these appears the tower of the beautiful building which General Wallace uses as his study, and calls "a good working library." A few feet from the porch of the house is a large beech tree under which many chapters of "Ben-Hur" were written. The author says: "Do not imagine I wrote every day. Although it was my great desire to do so, I was a bread-winner, and had duties to attend to. There were many days when Ben-Hur would call to me, and with persistence; on other days some other character would do the same, and at such times I was powerless to do aught but obey, and was forced to fly from court and client. Many of the scenes of the book were blocked out in my journeys to and from my



The "BEN-HUR" Beech



office. The greater part of the work was done at home, beneath the old beech tree near my house. I have a peculiar affection for that tree. How often when its thick branches have protected me with their cooling shadows has it been the only witness to my mental struggles ; and how often, too, has it maintained a great dignity when it might have laughed at my discomfiture. The soft twittering of birds, the hum of the bees, the lowing of the kine, all made the spot dear to me."

While practising law at Crawfordsville and writing "The Fair God," the young man found time to drill a militia company. All of its members who went into actual service became, in a short time, commissioned officers. When Fort Sumter was fired upon Governor Morton offered the Adjutant-Generalcy of Indiana to Captain Wallace, who accepted, and later was appointed Colonel of the Eleventh Regiment of Volunteers, which soon became famous for its discipline and gallantry in action. He was rapidly promoted, and retired at the close of the Civil War with the rank of Major-General.

In 1879 President Hayes commissioned General Wallace Governor of New Mexico. While

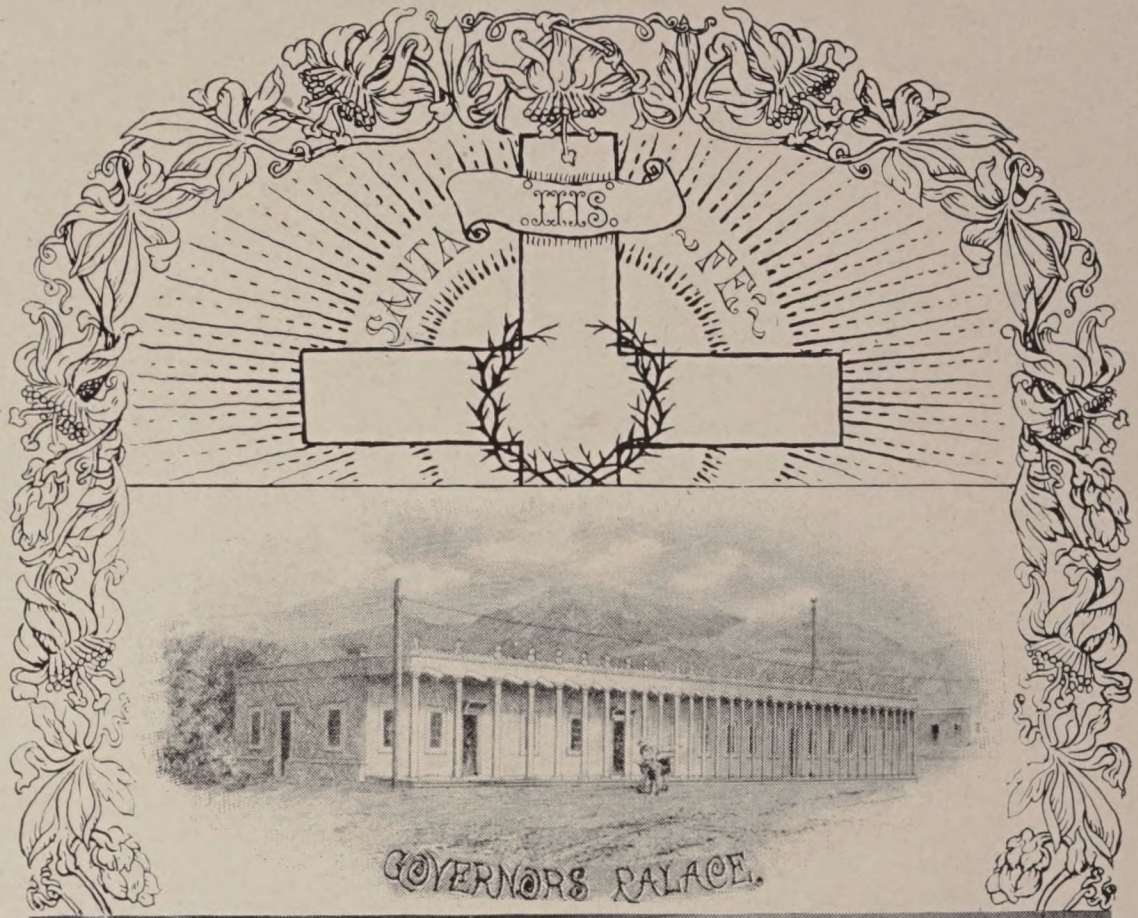


Major General - Lew. Wallace - 1865.

there he was extremely popular with the people, and his administration was successful in every respect.

An interesting but little known historic structure is the Governor's Palace at Santa Fé. It is a long, one-story building, bounding one side of the beautiful *plaza* which occupies the centre of the city. A deep portico covers its whole front, and the flagging beneath it forms a favorite promenade. Among other features of the old adobe building is shown the "Ben-Hur" room where General Wallace wrote several chapters of his famous novel "Ben-Hur." Of this incident the author says: "When in the city my habit was to shut myself in the bedroom back of the executive office proper and write till after twelve o'clock. The sixth, seventh, and eighth books were the result, and the room has ever since been associated in my mind with the crucifixion. The retirement, impenetrable to in-coming sound, was as profound as a chasm's."

General Wallace resigned the office of Governor of New Mexico when President Garfield appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Turkey. When the commission was made out, the President wrote across the lower left-hand



GOVERNORS PALACE.



THE "BEN-HUR" ROOM



corner “Ben-Hur — J. A. G.,” a delicate and beautiful tribute to the author.

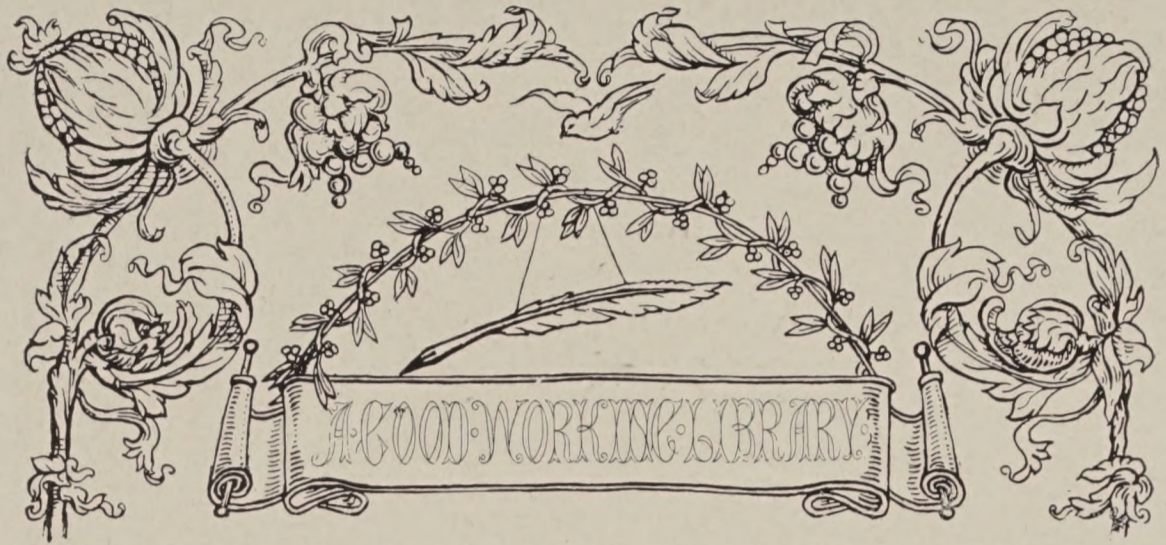
“The Prince of India” was the fruit of General Wallace’s sojourn in Turkey, where he spent four years on terms of close and personal friendship with the Sultan, for whom he has yet a strong affection. The Sultan loaded him with honors, pressed rich gifts on him which by law he could not accept, gave him the most informal access to the palace at all times, and offered him important posts in his own government if he would remain

in Turkey after his term of office expired. All were declined, and he returned to Crawfordsville.

When General Wallace went to the Holy Land, places sacred to the Mohammedan, and never before free to the foot of a Christian, were thrown open to him; and he was entertained during the whole journey as the guest of the Sultan.

In his private life General Wallace has been extremely happy. His wife has been the most sympathetic and helpful of companions; throughout the Civil War she was with him whenever it was possible, and ministered tirelessly to the needs of the soldiers. She also went with her husband to Constantinople, where, as the wife of the United States Minister, she assumed many difficult and social duties, but nevertheless found time, among many other charming things, to write a series of letters, which finally appeared in book form as "The Storied Sea."

The literary methods of General Wallace are peculiar. He first writes on a slate, then copies on paper, and recopies until the work meets his approval. While at work on "Ben-Hur" he frequently sat up till daybreak. Once when asked at breakfast what he had accomplished, he an-



swered: "I wrote ten lines, and this morning I scratched them out."

While "Ben-Hur" has been translated into more tongues than any other modern book, and is being staged around the world, gathering laurels for the author and his gracious wife, they are passing their halcyon days beneath the shadows of their beeches at Crawfordsville, Indiana. There, still writing at times, and with the society of their books, friends, child, and beloved grandchildren, — Lewis Wallace, Junior, and his brother, Noble Wallace, who perpetuate the name, — they are happy.





Joseph Miller.
Mch. Shasta. Cal. 1882.



GOD'S FLOWERS

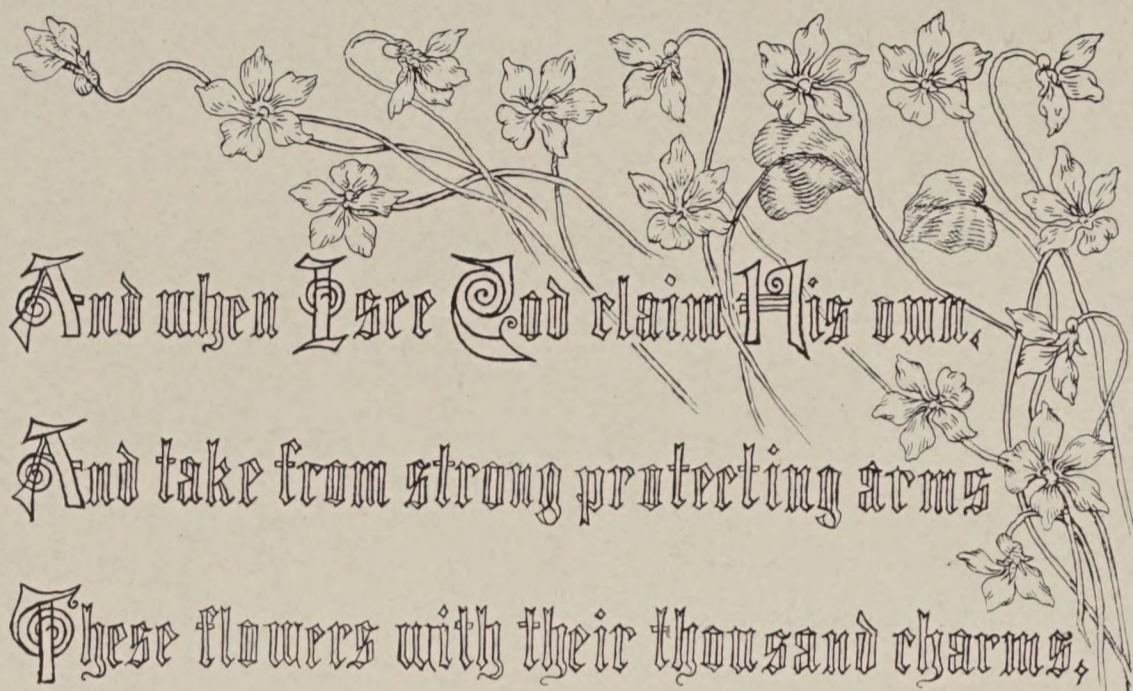
God's flowers are His little folks;

The sweetest flowers ever found

Grow fairest, freshest from the ground


Beneath the noble, lordly oaks.





And when I see God claim His own,
And take from strong protecting arms
These flowers with their thousand charms,

I think upon the great white Throne:



I can but think His angel needs

These flowers to set round about

His throne, while silver trumpets shout

His glory from these flowery breeds:



These flowery borders of God's hearth
Where Christ walks down His fragrant Hall

And blesses, breathes and welcomes all,

As once He welcomed them on earth.





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Fairyland

J.E.M.S

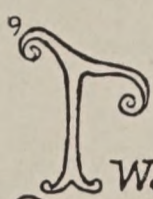
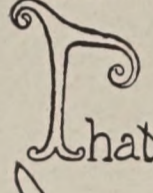
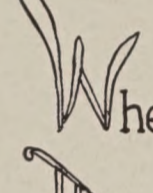

When first into Fairyland I went

I was so happy and so content;

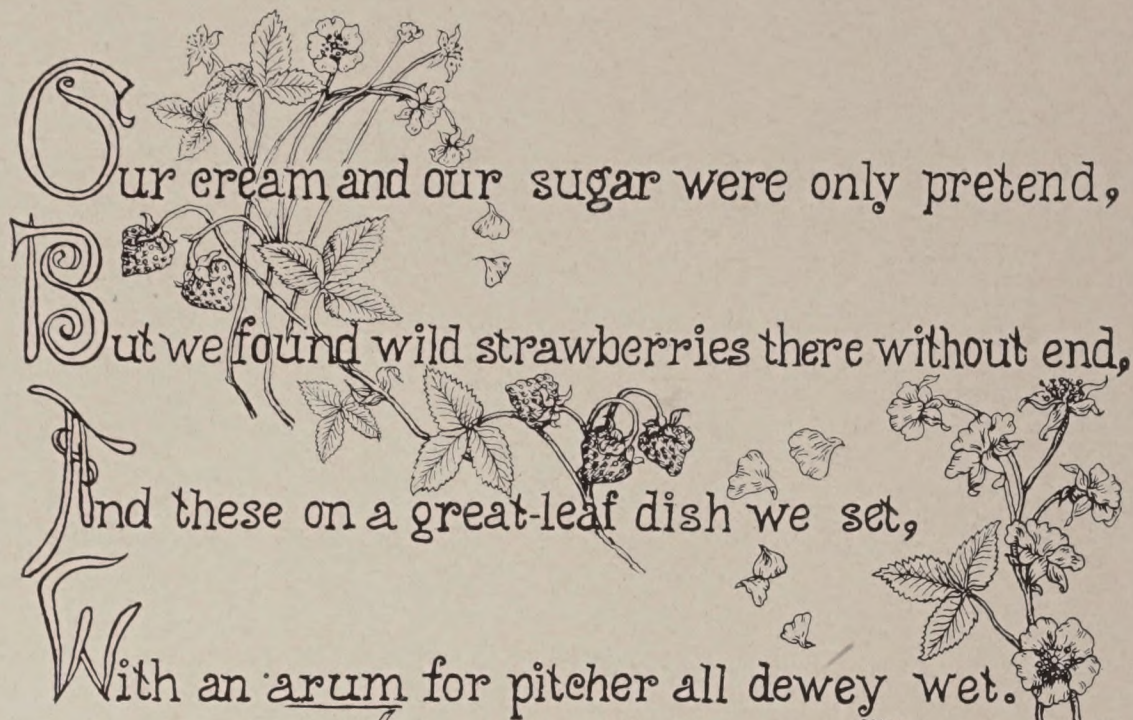
For a little fairy carried me there

Who had large blue eyes and golden hair.


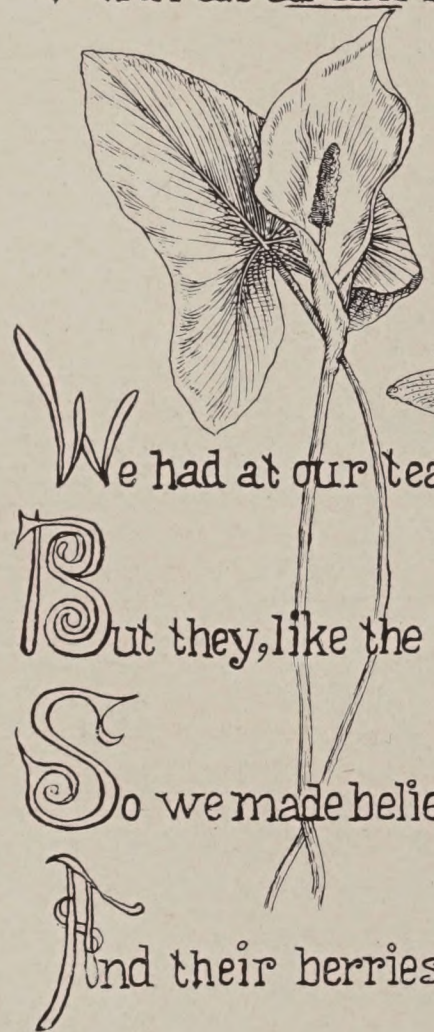


 was a beautiful wood with great high trees
hat scattered gold leaves as they shook in the breeze,
here the oriole flashed and the blue-jay screamed,
nd the trees and the sky in the smooth lake dreamed.



here we played party, down in the glen,
nd made believe ladies and gentlemen,
nd put on their airs and talked of the weather.
h! we were so happy together.



O
ur cream and our sugar were only pretend,
B
ut we found wild strawberries there without end,
A
nd these on a great-leaf dish we set,
W
ith an arum for pitcher all dewey wet.

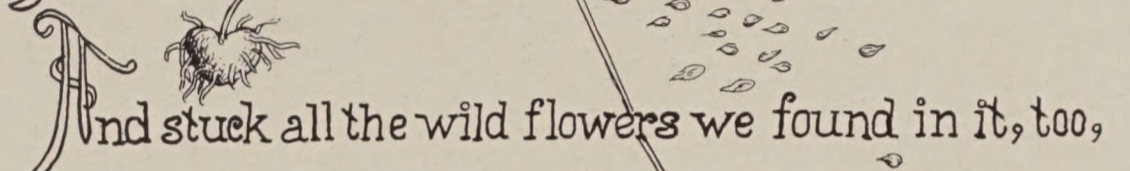


W
e had at our tea parties many a friend
B
ut they, like the sugar and tea, were pretend;
S
o we made believe help them, and pour out their cup,
A
nd their berries and cake we ourselves ate up.

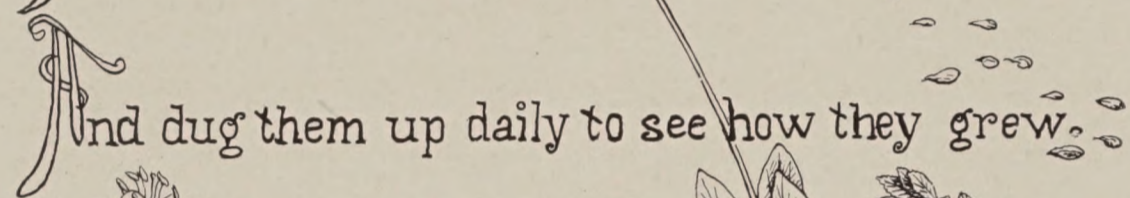


And there was a garden we dug with a stick.

And planted with flower-seeds ever so thick,



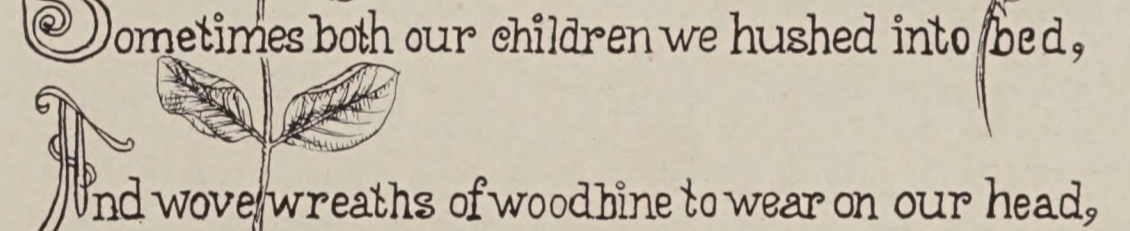
And stuck all the wild flowers we found in it, too,



And dug them up daily to see how they grew.

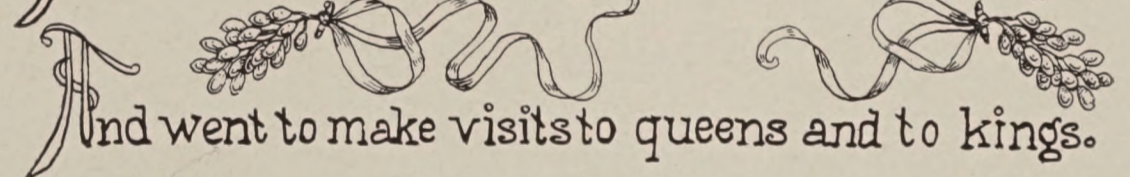


Sometimes both our children we hushed into bed,



And wove wreaths of woodbine to wear on our head,

And barberries for earrings we tied on with strings,

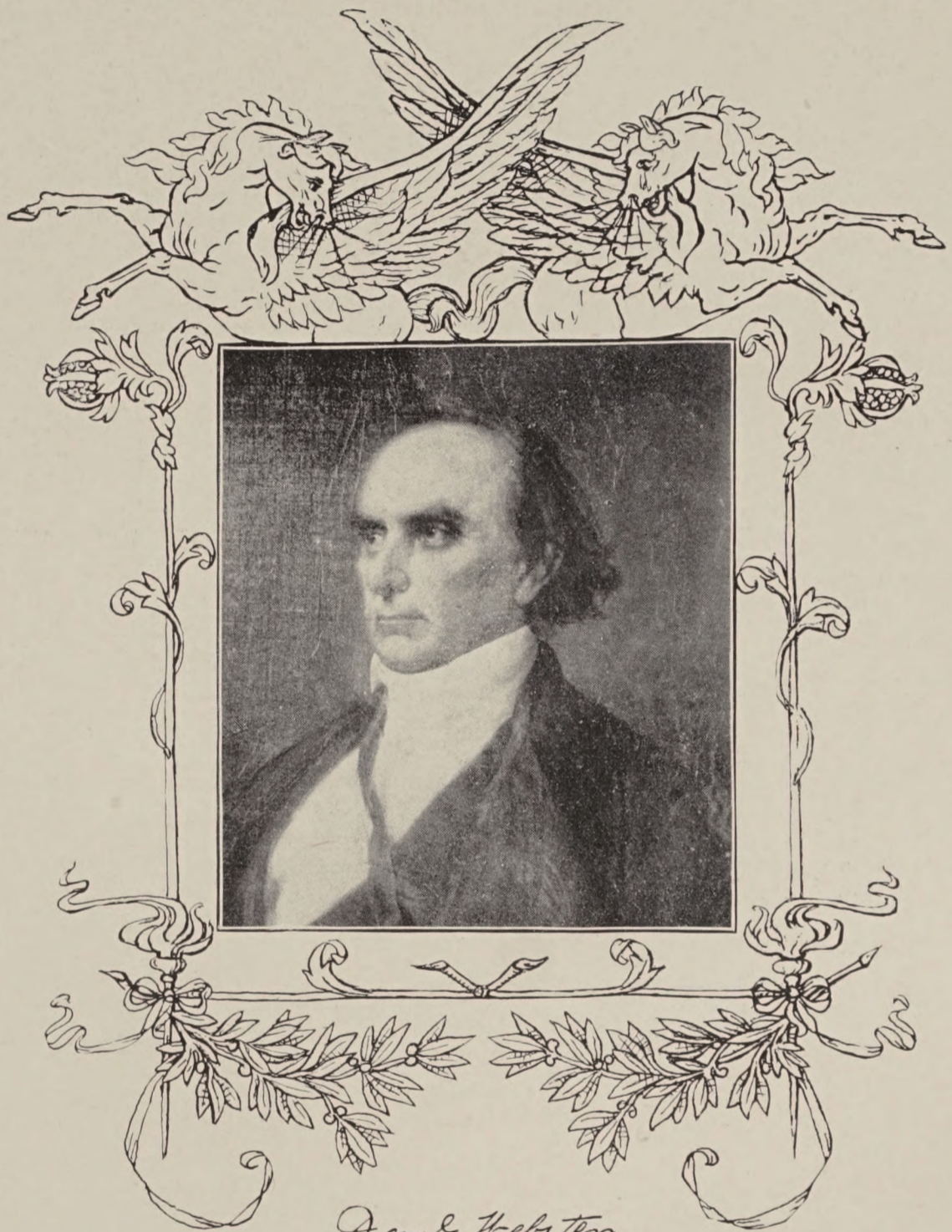


And went to make visits to queens and to kings.

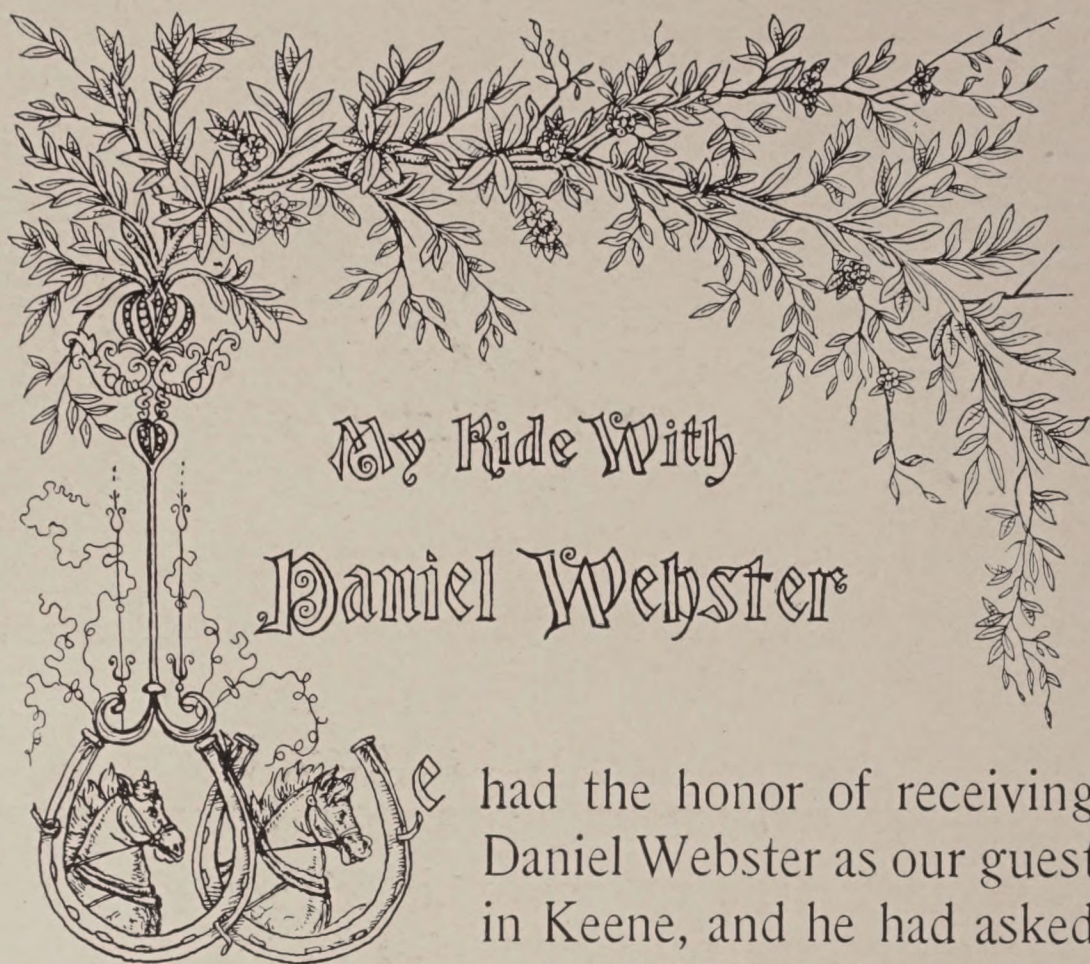
Oh! 't was so pleasant there in the wood;
How glad I should be to go back if I could;



But the fairy returns not who carried me there,
And the place without her would be dreary and bare.



Daniel Webster



I had the honor of receiving Daniel Webster as our guest in Keene, and he had asked us to visit him at Marshfield, his famous country seat on the sea. To proceed thither to see our great hero, accompanied by a brass band, was rather exciting for a girl of thirteen, and to be met by Mrs. Webster in her carriage (all in white, a fine-looking, dark-eyed woman) seemed to me to be very distinguished. My mother and a friend were placed in the seat of honor, and I was asked to mount the box, in which Mr. Webster was driving, himself. To say that I was frightened as those big black eyes swept me up is to state it mildly; but I lived through it, and since I was young and small I was

allowed the seat next to Mr. Webster on the driver's box. How elated I felt as my tall father put me up there, and he whispered in my ear: "Remember this, my daughter; you are to drive five miles with Daniel Webster as your coachman!"

It was the most impressive and attractive thing about Mr. Webster that all his friends called him always "Daniel Webster." My coachman, who was dressed in a plain suit of gray, with a wide-awake hat, and a loosely tied neckerchief of red, began immediately to make himself agreeable.

"So this is your first visit to the sea, Miss Wilson?" said he.

I could have told him that he was the first person to address me as "Miss Wilson." I was not old enough for titles then.

And so he went on smiling and showing his splendid teeth, which were as white and regular as a string of pearls, looking down on me with his great black eyes, which were fabulously handsome. He pointed out to me Seth Peterson who was walking along the road, and who stopped to take some orders from his fellow-fisherman.

"You will eat to-day some fish which Seth and I caught this morning," said Mr. Webster.



May Elizabeth Wilson,
aged thirteen

I was frightened to death, but I made a lucky hit by asking what sort of fish were the easiest to catch.

He launched off on his favorite subject, and told me of the gamey bass and the reluctant cod and so on ; when I said :

“ I suppose you enjoy fish which are the hardest to catch, don't you, Mr. Webster ? ”

He looked round at me and laughed. “ You are beginning young, Miss Wilson,” said he ; “ that is the remark of a coquette.”

And at dinner he embarrassed me very much by repeating this conversation as a piece of youthful precocity.

Our drive was only too short, as we soon reached the long, low, pleasant white house known as Marshfield.

Mrs. Webster — a Miss LeRoy by birth — had very distinguished manners, and I felt awed as she received me every day with a lofty courtesy, on the veranda.

The house was full of company : Judge Warren, a famous wit, was there. Mr. Webster laughed at everything he said. A great Whig demonstration had just taken place, and one man had put a flag in a sheaf of wheat as his part of the proces-



Green Harbor, Marshfield.

sion. "He did n't want things to go against the grain," said Judge Warren.


The dinner was profuse and excellent. Mr. Webster had dressed for it, and looked so grand in his blue coat and brass buttons that I was more and more afraid of him; but he grew more and more kind.

He offered a goose for the *pièce de resistance*, and carved it himself with great deftness. He afterwards whispered to me that he was afraid it would not go round.

Every day for a week he gave me the honor and pleasure of a drive, and every day the company changed. I liked him best in the mornings, when, with his soft hat on his head, he sat on the veranda with his dogs and his friends, talking, telling stories, and being the genial and magnetic host.



FABLE OF A MOUSE

A live product the garden sent to the house,
 A dancing and prancing and gay little mouse,
 "Fine trap," quoth the mouse, "but I'll never be caught:
 "Whoever has set it, has set it for naught."
 "What risk in a spring, which we watch as we please?
 "I'll laugh at this thing when I eat up the cheese."
 Adroitly and quickly he snatched at the bait,
 Yet quicker the spring, that decided his fate. 
 So lured by temptation to venture and wreck;
 In vain the mouse struggled when caught by the neck.







Ⓞ tenderest Heart of mediaeval time!

Unfading glows thy little maiden's robe

Ⓞf modest crimson, emblem of the sweet

Perennial passion thrilling in thy rhyme;

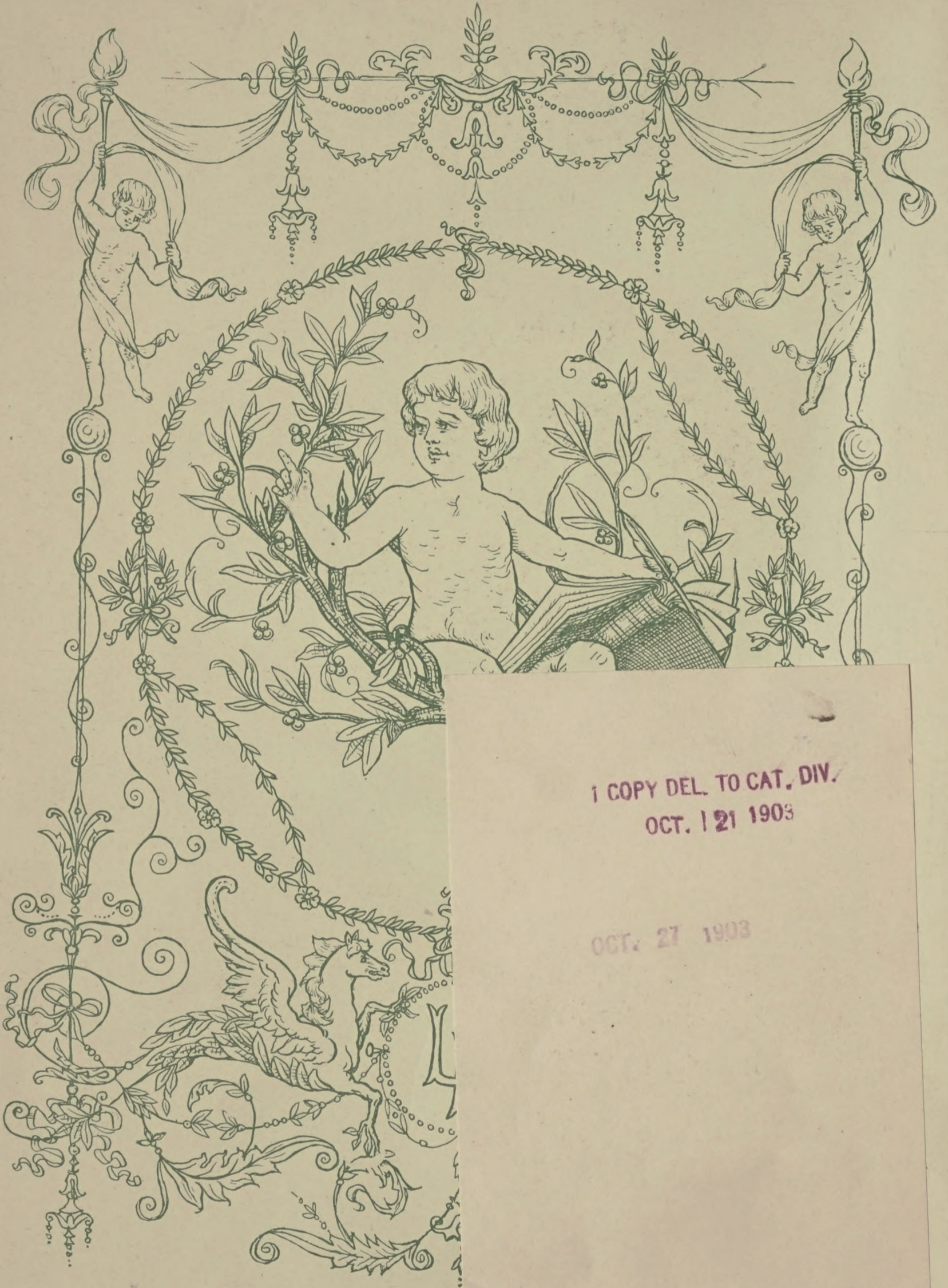




And still true lovers pilgrim round the globe
No kiss the print of Beatrice's feet.



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