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**CHARLES DICKENS:**

Author of *LITTLE NELL*, *PAUL DOMREY* AND *POOR JO*.

and writer of '7 Holiday Romances' for

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS.**



# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

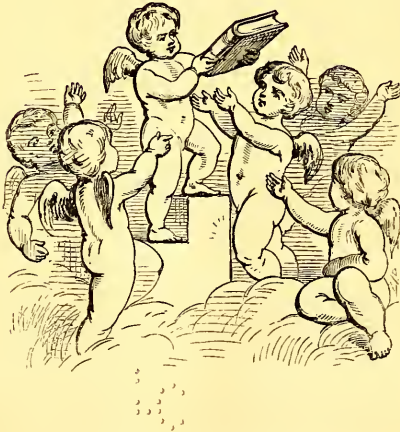
FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE AND LUCY LARCOM.

VOL. IV.

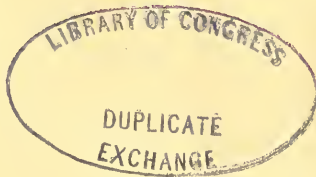


BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,  
124 TREMONT STREET.  
1868.

*W. H. Bracy* 123

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# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1868.

No. I.

## HOLIDAY ROMANCE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

INTRODUCTORY ROMANCE. FROM THE PEN OF WILLIAM TINKLING  
ESQUIRE.\*



HIS beginning-part is not made out of anybody's head you know. It's real. You must believe this beginning-part more than what comes after, else you won't understand how what comes after came to be written. You must believe it all, but you must believe this most, please. I am the Editor of it. Bob Redforth (he's my cousin, and shaking the table on purpose) wanted to be the Editor of it, but I said he should n't because he could n't. *He* has no idea of being an Editor.

Nettie Ashford is my Bride. We were married in the right-hand closet in the corner of the dancing-school where first we met, with a ring (a green one) from Wilkingwater's toy-shop. I owed for it out of my pocket-money. When the rapturous ceremony was over, we all four went up the lane and let off a cannon (brought loaded in Bob Redforth's waistcoat pocket) to announce our Nuptials. It flew right up when it went off, and turned over. Next day, Lieutenant Colonel Robin Redforth was united,

\* Aged Eight.

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with similar ceremonies, to Alice Rainbird. This time, the cannon bust with a most terrific explosion, and made a puppy bark.

My peerless Bride was, at the period of which we now treat, in captivity at Miss Grimmer's. Drowvey and Grimmer is the partnership, and opinion is divided which the greatest Beast. The lovely Bride of the Colonel was also immured in the Dungeons of the same establishment. A vow was entered into between the Colonel and myself that we would cut them out on the following Wednesday when walking two and two.

Under the desperate circumstances of the case, the active brain of the Colonel, combining with his lawless pursuit (he is a Pirate), suggested an attack with fireworks. This however, from motives of humanity, was abandoned as too expensive.

Lightly armed with a paper-knife buttoned up under his jacket, and waving the dreaded black flag at the end of a cane, the Colonel took command of me at 2 P. M. on the eventful and appointed day. He had drawn out the plan of attack on a piece of paper which was rolled up round a hoopstick. He showed it to me. My position and my full-length portrait (but my real ears don't stick out horizontal) was behind a corner-lamp-post, with written orders to remain there till I should see Miss Drowvey fall. The Drowvey who was to fall was the one in spectacles, not the one with the large lavender bonnet. At that signal I was to rush forth, seize my Bride, and fight my way to the lane. There, a junction would be effected between myself and the Colonel, and putting our Brides behind us, between ourselves and the palings, we were to conquer or die.

The enemy appeared — approached. Waving his black flag, the Colonel attacked. Confusion ensued. Anxiously I awaited my signal, but my signal came not. So far from falling, the hated Drowvey in spectacles appeared to me to have muffled the Colonel's head in his outlawed banner, and to be pitching into him with a parasol. The one in the lavender bonnet also performed prodigies of valor with her fists on his back. Seeing that all was for the moment lost, I fought my desperate way hand to hand to the lane. Through taking the back road, I was so fortunate as to meet nobody, and arrived there uninterrupted.

It seemed an age ere the Colonel joined me. He had been to the jobbing-tailor's to be sewn up in several places, and attributed our defeat to the refusal of the detested Drowvey to fall. Finding her so obstinate he had said to her in a loud voice, "Die recreant!" but had found her no more open to reason on that point than the other.

My blooming Bride appeared, accompanied by the Colonel's Bride, at the Dancing School next day. What? Was her face averted from me? Hah! Even so. With a look of scorn she put into my hand a bit of paper, and took another partner. On the paper was pencilled, "Heavens! Can I write the word! Is my husband a Cow."

In the first bewilderment of my heated brain I tried to think what slanderer could have traced my family to the ignoble animal mentioned above. Vain were my endeavors. At the end of that dance I whispered the Colonel to come into the cloak-room, and I showed him the note.

"There is a syllable wanting," said he, with a gloomy brow.

"Hah! What syllable?" was my inquiry.

"She asks, Can she write the word? And no; you see she could n't," said the Colonel, pointing out the passage.

"And the word was?" said I.

"Cow — cow — coward," hissed the Pirate-Colonel in my ear, and gave me back the note.

Feeling that I must forever tread the earth a branded boy — person I mean — or that I must clear up my honor, I demanded to be tried by a Court-Martial. The Colonel admitted my right to be tried. Some difficulty was found in composing the court, on account of the Emperor of France's aunt refusing to let him come out. He was to be the President. Ere yet we had appointed a substitute, he made his escape over the back-wall, and stood among us, a free monarch.

The court was held on the grass by the pond. I recognized in a certain Admiral among my judges, my deadliest foe. A cocoa-nut had given rise to language that I could not brook. But confiding in my innocence, and also in the knowledge that the President of the United States (who sat next him) owed me a knife, I braced myself for the ordeal.

It was a solemn spectacle that court. Two executioners with pinafores reversed led me in. Under the shade of an umbrella, I perceived my Bride, supported by the Bride of the Pirate-Colonel. The President (having reproved a little female ensign for tittering, on a matter of Life and Death) called upon me to plead, "Coward or no Coward, Guilty or not Guilty?" I pleaded in a firm tone "No Coward and Not Guilty. (The little female ensign being again reproved by the President for misconduct, mutinied, left the court, and threw stones.)

My implacable enemy, the Admiral, conducted the case against me. The Colonel's Bride was called to prove that I had remained behind the corner-lamp-post during the engagement. I might have been spared the anguish of my own Bride's being also made a witness to the same point, but the Admiral knew where to wound me. Be still, my soul, no matter. The Colonel was then brought forward with his evidence.

It was for this point that I had saved myself up, as the turning point of my case. Shaking myself free of my guards — who had no business to hold me, the stupids! unless I was found Guilty — I asked the Colonel what he considered the first duty of a soldier? Ere he could reply, the President of the United States rose and informed the court that my foe the Admiral had suggested "Bravery," and that prompting a witness was n't fair. The President of the court immediately ordered the Admiral's mouth to be filled with leaves, and tied up with string. I had the satisfaction of seeing the sentence carried into effect, before the proceedings went further.

I then took a paper from my trousers-pocket, and asked: "What do you consider, Colonel Redforth, the first duty of a soldier? Is it obedience?"

"It is," said the Colonel.

"Is that paper — please to look at it — in your hand?"

"It is," said the Colonel.

"Is it a military sketch?"

"It is," said the Colonel.

"Of an engagement?"

"Quite so," said the Colonel.

"Of the late engagement?"

"Of the late engagement."

"Please to describe it, and then hand it to the President of the Court."

From that triumphant moment my sufferings and my dangers were at an end. The court rose up and jumped, on discovering that I had strictly obeyed orders. My foe, the Admiral, who though muzzled was malignant yet, contrived to suggest that I was dishonored by having quitted the field. But the Colonel himself had done as much, and gave his opinion, upon his word and honor as a Pirate, that when all was lost the field might be quitted without disgrace. I was going to be found "No Coward and Not Guilty," and my blooming Bride was going to be publicly restored to my arms in a procession, when an unlooked for event disturbed the general rejoicing. This was no other than the Emperor of France's aunt catching hold of his hair. The proceedings abruptly terminated, and the court tumultuously dissolved.

It was when the shades of the next evening but one were beginning to fall, ere yet the silver beams of Luna touched the earth, that four forms might have been descried slowly advancing towards the weeping willow on the borders of the pond, the now deserted scene of the day before yesterday's agonies and triumphs. On a nearer approach, and by a practised eye, these might have been identified as the forms of the Pirate-Colonel with his Bride, and of the day before yesterday's gallant prisoner with *his* Bride.

On the beauteous faces of the Nymphs, dejection sat enthroned. All four reclined under the willow for some minutes without speaking, till at length the Bride of the Colonel poutingly observed, "It's of no use pretending any more, and we had better give it up."

"Hah!" exclaimed the Pirate. "Pretending?"

"Don't go on like that; you worry me," returned his Bride.

The lovely Bride of Tinkling echoed the incredible declaration. The two warriors exchanged stony glances.

"If," said the Bride of the Pirate-Colonel, "grown-up people won't do what they ought to do, and WILL put us out, what comes of our pretending?"

"We only get into scrapes," said the Bride of Tinkling.

"You know very well," pursued the Colonel's Bride, "that Miss Drowvey would n't fall. You complained of it yourself. And you know how disgracefully the court-martial ended. As to our marriage; would my people acknowledge it at home?"

"Or would my people acknowledge ours?" said the Bride of Tinkling.

Again the two warriors exchanged stony glances.

"If you knocked at the door and claimed me, after you were told to go away," said the Colonel's Bride, "you would only have your hair pulled, or your ears, or your nose."



"If you persisted in ringing at the bell and claiming Me," said the Bride of Tinkling to that gentleman, "you would have things dropped on your head from the window over the handle, or you would be played upon by the garden-engine."

"And at your own homes," resumed the Bride of the Colonel, "it would be just as bad. You would be sent to bed, or something equally undignified. Again, how would you support us?"

The Pirate-Colonel replied, in a courageous voice, "By rapine!" But his Bride retorted, Suppose the grown-up people would n't be rapined? Then, said the Colonel, they should pay the penalty in Blood. But suppose they should object, retorted his Bride, and would n't pay the penalty in Blood or anything else?

A mournful silence ensued.

"Then do you no longer love me, Alice?" asked the Colonel.

"Redforth! I am ever thine," returned his Bride.

"Then do you no longer love me, Nettie?" asked the present writer.

"Tinkling! I am ever thine," returned my Bride.

We all four embraced. Let me not be misunderstood by the giddy. The Colonel embraced his own Bride and I embraced mine. But two times two make four.

"Nettie and I," said Alice, mournfully, "have been considering our position. The grown-up people are too strong for us. They make us ridiculous. Besides, they have changed the times. William Tinkling's baby brother was christened yesterday. What took place? Was any king present? Answer, William."

I said, No, unless disguised as great-uncle Chopper.

"Any queen?"

There had been no queen that I knew of at our house. There might have been one in the kitchen; but I did n't think so, or the servants would have mentioned it.

"Any fairies?"

None that were visible.

"We had an idea among us, I think," said Alice, with a melancholy smile, "we four, that Miss Grimmer would prove to be the wicked fairy, and would come in at the christening with her crutch-stick, and give the child a bad gift? Was there anything of that sort? Answer, William."

I said, that Ma had said afterwards (and so she had), that great-uncle Chopper's gift was a shabby one; but she had n't said a bad one. She had called it shabby, electrotyped, second-hand, and below his income.

"It must be the grown-up people who have changed all this," said Alice. "*We* could n't have changed it, if we had been so inclined, and we never should have been. Or perhaps Miss Grimmer *is* a wicked fairy, after all, and won't act up to it, because the grown-up people have persuaded her not to. Either way, they would make us ridiculous if we told them what we expected."

"Tyrants!" muttered the Pirate-Colonel.

"Nay, my Redforth," said Alice, "say not so. Call not names, my Redforth, or they will apply to Pa."

"Let 'em!" said the Colonel. "I don't care! Who 's he?"

Tinkling here undertook the perilous task of remonstrating with his lawless friend, who consented to withdraw the moody expressions above quoted.

"What remains for us to do?" Alice went on in her mild wise way. "We must educate, we must pretend in a new manner, we must wait."

The Colonel clenched his teeth—four out in front, and a piece off another, and he had been twice dragged to the door of a dentist-despot, but had escaped from his guards. "How educate? How pretend in a new manner? How wait?"

"Educate the grown-up people," replied Alice. "We part to-night. Yes, Redforth!"—for the Colonel tucked up his cuffs,— "part to-night! Let us, in these next Holidays now going to begin, throw our thoughts into something educational for the grown-up people, hinting to them how things ought to be. Let us veil our meaning under a mask of romance; you, I, and Nettie. William Tinkling being the plainest and quickest writer shall copy out. Is it agreed?"

The Colonel answered, sulkily, "I don't mind!" He then asked, "How about pretending?"

"We will pretend," said Alice, "that we are children; not that we are those grown-up people who won't help us out as they ought, and who understand us so badly."

The Colonel, still much dissatisfied, growled, "How about waiting?"

"We will wait," answered little Alice, taking Nettie's hand in hers, and looking up at the sky, "we will wait—ever constant and true—till the times have got so changed as that everything helps us out, and nothing makes us ridiculous, and the fairies have come back. We will wait—ever constant and true—till we are eighty, ninety, or one hundred. And then the fairies will send us children, and we will help them out, poor pretty little creatures, if they pretend ever so much."

"So we will, dear," said Nettie Ashford, taking her round the waist with both arms, and kissing her. "And now if my husband will go and buy some cherries for us, I have got some money."

In the friendliest manner I invited the Colonel to go with me; but he so far forgot himself as to acknowledge the invitation by kicking out behind, and then lying down on his stomach on the grass, pulling it up and chewing it. When I came back, however, Alice had nearly brought him out of his vexation, and was soothing him by telling him how soon we should all be ninety.

As we sat under the willow-tree and ate the cherries (fair, for Alice shared them out), we played at being ninety. Nettie complained that she had a bone in her old back and it made her hobble, and Alice sang a song in an old woman's way, but it was very pretty, and we were all merry. At least I don't know about merry exactly, but all comfortable.

There was a most tremendous lot of cherries, and Alice always had with

her some neat little bag or box or case, to hold things. In it that night was a tiny wineglass. So Alice and Nettie said they would make some cherry-wine to drink our love at parting.

Each of us had a glassful, and it was delicious, and each of us drank the toast, "Our love at parting." The Colonel drank his wine last, and it got into my head directly that it got into his directly. Anyhow his eyes rolled immediately after he had turned the glass upside down, and he took me on one side and proposed in a hoarse whisper that we should "Cut 'em out still."

"How did he mean?" I asked my lawless friend.

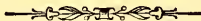
"Cut our Brides out," said the Colonel, "and then cut our way, without going down a single turning, Bang to the Spanish Main!"

We might have tried it, though I did n't think it would answer; only we looked round and saw that there was nothing but moonlight under the willow-tree, and that our pretty pretty wives were gone. We burst out crying. The Colonel gave in second, and came to first; but he gave in strong.

We were ashamed of our red eyes, and hung about for half an hour to whiten them. Likewise a piece of chalk round the rims, I doing the Colonel's, and he mine, but afterwards found in the bedroom looking-glass not natural, besides inflammation. Our conversation turned on being ninety. The Colonel told me he had a pair of boots that wanted soling and heeling, but he thought it hardly worth while to mention it to his father, as he himself should so soon be ninety, when he thought shoes would be more convenient. The Colonel also told me with his hand upon his hip that he felt himself already getting on in life, and turning rheumatic. And I told him the same. And when they said at our house at supper (they are always bothering about something) that I stooped, I felt so glad!

This is the end of the beginning-part that you were to believe most.

*Charles Dickens.*



## EMILY'S NEW RESOLUTIONS.

OUR little friend, Miss Emily Proudie, had on the whole a very pleasant summer of it at the farm. By the time that huckleberries were ripe, in August, she could take her basket on her arm, and, in company with Pussy, take long walks, and spend whole afternoons in the pastures, sitting down on the great wide cushions of white foamy moss, such as you always find in huckleberry pastures, and picking pailfuls of the round, shining black fruit. She never found herself tired and panting for breath, as she used to in her city life; for there were no bandages or strings around her lungs to confine her breathing, and in place of the hot, close air of city pavements there were the spicy odors of the sweet-fern and the pine-trees and the bayberry-bushes.

Then Pussy had brought her to be acquainted with all the birds, so that she knew every one just as well as she used to know her old calling acquaintance on Fifth Avenue. There was frisky Master Catbird, who sang like every other bird in the woods in turn, — five minutes like this one, and the next five minutes like that one, — and ended by laughing at them all, with as plain a laugh as ever a bird could make. And there were the Bobolinks, with the white spots on their black wings, that fluttered and said, “Chack, chack, chack!” as if they did n't know how to sing a word, and then all of a sudden broke out into a perfect bird babble of “Chee-chees” and “Twitter-titters,” and said, “O limph, O limph, O limp-e-te! sweetmeats, sweetmeats!” and, “Veni si-no pi-le-cheer-ene!” And then too, there was the shy white-throated finch, that never sings unless it is perfectly sure of being all alone by itself in the deepest, shadiest little closet of an old pine-tree or a thick-leaved maple.

Pussy had taught Emily how to creep round among the bushes, holding her breath, and moving in perfect silence, till at last they would get directly under the tree where the shy little beauty was sitting; and then they would see her dress herself, and plume her feathers, and pour forth just six clear, measured musical notes, — a little plaintive, but so sweet that one who heard her once would want to hear again.

Pussy used to insist that the bird uttered just six words in the tune of one of her Sunday-school hymns, — “No war nor battle sound.” By close listening, you might after a time be quite sure that the bird sung exactly these words in her green, still retirement.

Then there were a whole crowd more of meadow-larks, and finches, and yellow-birds, that used to sit on thistle-tops, and sing, and pick out the downy thistle-seeds, and snap them up, and send the little silvery plumes flying like fairy feathers through the summer air.

Emily used to suppose that there were no sights to look at in the country, where there was no theatre, and no opera, and no museum; but she soon found that she could see, every day, out in a common pasture-lot, things more beautiful and curious than any which could be gotten up to entertain people in the city.

On Sundays they used to ride two good miles over hill and dale to the village church, and there Pussy had her Sunday-school class of nice rosy boys and girls, whom she seemed so fond of, and who were always so glad to see her.

Many times the thought occurred to Emily, “How happy this girl is! Not a day of her life passes when she does not feel that she is bringing some good and useful thing to pass, feeling her own powers, and brightening the life of every one around her by the use of them. And I,” Emily thought, “have lived all my life like some broken-winged bird or sick chicken, just to be taken care of, — always to receive, and never to give; always to be waited on, and never to wait on anybody.”

With health and strength and cheerfulness came a sort of consciousness of power, and a scorn of doing nothing, in this young girl's mind. “Because I

am rich, is that any reason why I should be lazy," she thought to herself, "and let my body and mind absolutely die out from sheer laziness? If I am not obliged to work to support myself, as Pussy is, still, ought I not to work for *others*, as she does? If I can afford to have all my clothes made, is that any reason why I should not learn to cut and fit and sew so as to help those who have not money? Besides," thought the sensible Miss Emily, "my papa may lose his money, and become poor. Now being poor is no evil to Pussy; she contrives to be just as happy, to look pretty, to dress well and neatly, and to make her home charming and agreeable, — all by using her own faculties to the utmost, instead of depending on others, and being a drag and a burden on them. I will try and do so too. To be sure it is late in the day for me, I have indulged laziness so long, — and I *am* lazy, that's a fact. But then —" And then Emily went on thinking over the explanation that she had heard Pussy give to her Sunday-school class, on the Sunday before, of the parable of the talents, and the uses different people made of them. "These talents," she thought, "are all our advantages for doing good; and I have had so many! I am like the man who just digged in the earth and buried his Lord's money in darkness; I have not done anything with my talents; I have not cultivated my mind, though I have had every advantage for it; I have not even perfectly acquired any accomplishment. I have not done anybody any good, and I have not even been happy myself. My talent has not only not been increased, but it has grown less; for I have lost my health, and come almost to the grave by foolish ways of dressing, by sitting up late nights, and living generally without any sensible worthy object. And now, if my Lord should come to reckon with me, what could I say about the use I have made of my talents?"

This was more serious thinking than our Miss Emily had ever done before, and it ended in a humble, hearty prayer to her Saviour to enable her for the future to lead a better life; and then she began to study as earnestly to learn how to do everything about a house, as if she were in very deed a poor girl, and needed to know. She insisted on taking the care of her own room, and early in the morning you might have heard her stepping about her apartment in a thrifty way, throwing open her window, and beating up her pillows and bolster, and putting them to air. Then she would insist on helping Pussy wash the breakfast things, and she would get her to teach every step of the way to make bread and biscuit and butter, and all nice things. "It does me good, it amuses me, it gives me my health, and it makes me good for something," she said. "If ever I should have use for this knowledge, I shall be at no loss, and you don't know how much happier I am than when I did nothing."

"Now, Pussy dear," she used to add, "when I go back to New York this winter, you must come and visit me; for I cannot do without you."

"Oh!" Pussy would say, laughing, "you won't like *me* in New York. I do very well in the country, among the sweet-fern bushes and the bobolinks, but I should be quite *lost* in one of your New York palaces."

"No, but you *must* come and show New-Yorkers what a country girl

can be. Why, Pussy, you are a great deal better educated than I am, even in things where I have had more advantages than you, just because you have had to struggle for them ; you have really set your heart on them, and so have got them. Knowledge has just been rubbed on to me upon the outside, while you have opened your mind, and stretched out your arms to it, and taken it in with all your heart."

Emily would not be denied, and Pussy's mother said that she ought to have some little holiday, she had always been such a good girl ; and so it was arranged that she should go back to New York with Emily when she went.

But Emily was in no hurry to go back, for, as autumn came on, and the long fine days grew cooler, she found that she could walk farther and farther, and spend more and more time in the open air. She had great fun in going chestnutting, out under the bright gold-colored chestnut-trees, where the prickly burrs opened and showered down abundance of ripe, glossy nuts. Emily would sometimes come home long after dark, having spent a whole afternoon in searching and tossing about the golden leaves, and bearing her bag of chestnuts in triumph, — and so hungry that good brown bread and milk tasted like the most delicious luxury.

Then there were walnuts, and butternuts, and wild forest grapes, and bright-crimson barberries, all of which the young maidens went forth to seek, and in pursuit of which they garnered health and strength and happiness.

"Why, Dr. Hardhack," said Emily's mother, "I don't see as we shall ever get our Emily home again. I keep writing and writing, and still she says she is n't ready ; there is always something ahead."

"Let her alone, ma'am, let her alone," said the Doctor. "Give Nature a chance more ; you'll all be tumbling on to her, and trying to undo all the good she's getting as soon as you get her home ; so let her stay as long as possible."

"O Dr. Hardhack, you are so queer !"

"Truth, ma'am !" said the Doctor. "You are perfectly longing to kill that child ; it's all you can do to allow her a chance to breathe. But I insist upon it that she shall keep away from you as long as she has a mind to."

"Did you ever see such a queer old dear as Dr. Hardhack ?" said Emily's mother. "He does say the oddest things !"

So in our next we shall tell you about Pussy's adventures in New York.

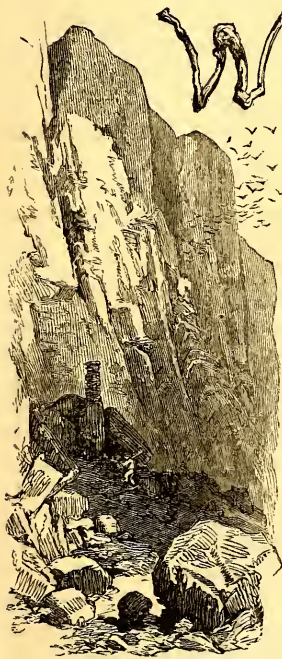
*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*



## CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

## VI.



WHEN the children next went to the "Mariner's Rest," it was unanimously agreed that they should go back again to the Captain's "cabin," — there were so many things there that they had not seen, and which they wished to look at. Alice wanted to see the birds, — the owl with the great, big eyes, and the pelican that had no wings, at least only little stumps that were hardly an apology for wings. Fred wanted to see the Chinese junks and the little ship, while William was bent on having the Moorish gun, the Turkish sword, the Japanese "happy despatch," and all the other weapons, offensive and defensive, taken down, that he might have a better view of them. The old man, at all times very ready and willing to gratify his little friends, was never more so than when he found them so deeply interested in the contents of his cabin; for every little curiosity or treasure there had an association with some period of his eventful life, and he was never happier than when any one admired what he admired so much, and thus gave him a chance to talk about it. "Heyday!" said he, when

all the children had spoken and made known their wishes, "I'm glad you take so kindly to the old man's den; you shall come down there and look at it whenever you like, only you must n't toss the things about too much. Run in there now, and make yourselves at home. I'll be with you in a little while." So the children set off without another word, and were quickly diving among the old man's treasures, while the Captain went back to his garden to finish the hoeing of his cabbages.

When the Captain had completed what he was about, he rejoined the children; and after a great deal of conversation which there is no need that we should here repeat, the party at length sobered down as if they were bent on business, and the Captain, once more drawing his little friends about him by the open window, again took up the tale.

"Now I told you yesterday," said he, "that the Dean and I had gone asleep again after all our work and trouble and anxiety, without having come

any nearer to getting up a fire. You have seen that we had enough to eat and drink, and that I had found a place to shelter us if a storm came on; but nothing could either of us think of to catch a spark. As soon as the Dean had opened his eyes, he said, 'Why, this is too bad! indeed it is, — I thought I had been making a fire all night.'

"'What with?'" asked I.

"'With matches, to be sure,'" answered the Dean. 'I thought I had a great load of them in my pocket.'

"'Then,'" said I, 'I'm sure I pity you, to wake up out of such a pleasant dream; for you'll find no matches here, nor any fire either, nor do I think we shall ever have any.'

"'O, don't say that, Hardy,'" replied the Dean, sadly, 'I don't think we are so bad off as to say we never will have any fire. Do you really think we are?'

"'I can't say,'" I replied; 'but what can we do?'

"'Try again,'" answered the Dean; — and we were soon once more upon our feet, both very determined to do something, but neither of us knowing exactly what it should be.

"So we set off to inspect the cave which I told you of yesterday. The Dean was much pleased with it, and, seeing nothing better to do, we both went to work at once to build up a wall in front of it, feeling very sad and sorrowful as we worked in silence. But in spite of our gloomy thoughts we made good progress, and had soon a solid foundation laid; but as we went on, it was plain enough to see that our wall was likely to be of very little account, since we had no means of filling up the cracks between the stones. This set me once more to thinking. Down below us in the valley there was plenty of moss, or rather turf; but when we tried to pull it up with our hands, we discovered that we could do nothing with it, and we wished for something to dig with. Then I remembered the bones I had found on the beach; so I told the Dean about them, and we both agreed that they might be of use to us. The thing which I first thought of was the dead narwhal with the great long horn; and I imagined that, if we could only get that out of his head, we should have all we wanted.

"When the Dean and I went down to the narwhal, we found that our task would be even greater than we had supposed; for the horn which we were after was so firmly embedded in the skull and flesh that it promised to be a very serious business to get it out.

"First, we had to cut away the flesh and fat from the thick nose, until we exposed the skull, and then we had to break the horn loose by dropping heavy stones upon the socket. At length we were successful. But we had consumed almost the whole day, and we found ourselves very much fatigued; so we sat down upon the green grass, and rested and talked for a while, and then went back to work upon the wall again. The horn was very heavy, but it answered our purpose; and we were soon digging up the moss with it, and then we carried the moss up to help make out the wall. This moss was very soft, being full of water; and it fitted with



the stones as nicely as any mason's mortar, so that we had no more trouble in making the wall perfectly tight and solid. Nor did we have any trouble in building up a little fireplace and chimney along with it. We had some discussion as to what use there was in taking all this pains, since we had no fire to put in our fireplace. But then, if we should in the end find that we could make a fire, we saw that we should have to tear the wall down again if we did not build the fireplace and chimney up at once; therefore it was clearly better to take a little extra trouble now, and save it possibly in the end.

"We labored very hard, and were well satisfied with the progress we had made, when we found it necessary to knock off, and eat some more raw eggs, and sleep away our fatigue again. By this time we had grown tired enough of these raw eggs, and, in truth, were very sick of them. But we had nothing else to eat unless we should devour the duck which the Dean had caught; and this we could never, as we thought, bring ourselves to do, uncooked as it was.

"The Dean had by this time grown pretty strong again, but still he was so weak that I should not have allowed him to work had he not insisted on it; so when his turn came to go to sleep, I was glad to be at work by myself, and I much surprised the Dean, when he got up again, with what I had accomplished.

"'Do you know what I was thinking of?' said the Dean, as we paused to rest, after we had again worked awhile together.

"'What's that?' said I; 'for I dare say it's something clever, as you have a wise head on your young shoulders, Dean.'

"'Thank you,' said the Dean; 'being cast away in the cold don't stop us from paying compliments anyway; but I was thinking that we ought to save all the blubber of that old narwhal down there; we'll want the oil by and by.'

"'What for?' said I.

"'To burn,' said he.

"'Nonsense,' said I; 'how are you going to burn it?'

"'That's just what we're going to find out,' said the Dean; 'we'll get a fire somehow, of that I'm sure.'

"'I should like to know how,' said I. 'Perhaps you have another bright idea.'

"'To be sure I have,' answered the Dean.

"'What is it this time?' said I.

"'Well, I don't know,' said he, 'as there's much in it, but I'm going to try the lens again.'

"'That's of no use,' said I.

"'I'm not so sure,' said he; 'you know we made a great deal of heat with our lens the other time, so much that it almost burned the hand. I think the trouble was my old pocket had been wet with salt water, and therefore would n't burn; now I think I've found out something that is better.'

"'What's that?' said I.

“‘Why, some cotton stuff,’ said he, ‘that I found blowing about among the stones.’

“‘Cotton!’ exclaimed I, in great surprise, ‘there’s no cotton growing here.’

“‘Well, it looks like cotton for all that,’ answered the Dean, ‘and I’m sure it will burn. Let me get some of it, and I’ll try it.’ So the Dean ran off, and soon came back again with a little roll of a pure white stuff, that looked very much like cotton, only much finer in its texture. I remembered it perfectly, for I had seen it, everywhere I went, about the little willow-bushes; and I had even plucked a willow-blossom to find it covered all over with this tender cotton-like material, which I blew from it with my breath. But the idea had never once come into my head that it would be of any use.

“‘What are you going to do with this?’ said I to the Dean, when he had showed it to me.

“‘Why,’ said he with much confidence, ‘I’m going to make another lens of ice, and set fire to it.’

“To set fire to it was something easier said than done, yet the idea seemed to take root in my mind; and how or why it ever came about I can no more tell than I can fly, but somehow or other, it matters not what was the impulse or idea or expectation had in view, without saying a single word,



I pulled out my knife, and the bit of flint which I had found and carefully preserved the day before, and then struck one upon the other (as if it were quite mechanical) above the Dean’s little bit of cotton stuff, which lay upon the grass. A great shower of sparks was thrown off with each fresh stroke,

and these told of the fineness of the steel and the hardness of the flint. I went on pounding and pounding away, as if resolved on something. And if I was resolved my resolution was rewarded; for at length the Dean threw up his hands as suddenly as if a shot had struck him in the heart, and he shouted out, 'A spark, a spark!'

"The Dean's little bit of cotton stuff had taken fire, and the daintiest little streak of smoke was curling upward from it.

"Without pausing an instant, quick as the hawk to swoop down upon its prey, quick as the lightning-flash, quick as thought itself, I threw away my knife and flint, and caught up the spark. The Dean drew instantly from his pocket the bit of cotton cloth which we had tried to light with the lens the day before, and thrust it in my hand. I put the spark upon it, and then blew.

"The first breath drove all the Dean's light cotton stuff away, and the spark was gone.

"But we were now no longer where we were before. The spark had been made once, and it could be made again; and our hearts were bounding with delight. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' shrieked the Dean, 'we're all right now!'

"But our troubles about the fire were very far from ended. We had no difficulty in getting another spark to catch in another piece of this strange sort of tinder, of which we found great plenty near at hand. But it would not blaze. With the slightest breath it vanished almost as a flash of powder; and it was a long, long time before we hit upon anything that would do us any further good. We tried all the pieces of cotton cloth that we had about our clothes, picking it into shreds, and, putting the lighted tinder among these shreds, tried to make them blaze. But no blaze could we get. Once only did we raise a little flash, but it was gone in a single instant. We tried the dry leaves of the fire-plant (*Andromeda*), the dry grass, — everything, indeed, that we could think of which was within our reach, — but still no blaze, no blaze.

"With sore fingers and wearied patience, and with wits as well as bodies quite exhausted, we fell once more asleep, with mingling thoughts of triumph and disappointment, and with prayerful hopes for what the morrow might bring forth running through our minds.

"When the morrow came, a chance seemed to open for us; and we resolved to go about our work with caution, determined, since we had gone thus far, that we would in the end succeed. I don't know whether it was the Dean or I that first suggested it, but we made up our minds that the *moss* which we had turned up with the narwhal horn, when we were building at the hut, some of which had dried, would burn. We picked to pieces some of the long fibres of this moss, and laid upon them, loosely, some fragments of the tinder. A spark was struck as before, and upon blowing this a bright blaze flashed up, and then died out again as quickly as it had come.

"'I have it now!' shouted the Dean, 'we're sure of it next time!' and without saying another word he darted off towards the beach. When he came back again, he held in one hand a chunk of blubber from the narwhal,

out of which we squeezed some drops of oil, and soaked in them some fibres of the moss. Another piece of tinder and another piece of moss were placed as they had been before; another spark was struck, another blaze was blown, and when this came, the Dean was holding in it his fibres of oil-soaked moss, and the cunning little fellow soon had a lighted torch. 'Hurrah, hurrah!' he might well shout now, for the thing was done. 'Praised be Heaven! we have got a fire at last!'

"It was but the work of a moment to add fresh moss to the flaming torch, which was scarcely larger than a match, and then a few more drops of oil were added, and so on, oil and moss, and moss and oil, little by little, gently, gently all the time, until we had secured at length a good and solid flame.

"Then we laid the burning moss upon a flat stone, and then, as before, moss and oil, and oil and moss, were added, each time in larger and larger quantities, — no longer gently, gently, but with a careless hand, and in less, perhaps, than half an hour we had a great, smoking, fluttering blaze; and then we threw on some of the driest leaves and twigs of the *Andromeda*, and some dead willow-stems and dry grass, and then we had a roaring, sputtering, red-hot fire.

"And how we danced, and skipped, and shouted round the fire, like happy children around some new-found toy!

"The next thing was, of course, to turn the fire to some account. On two sides of the blaze we placed large square stones, and over these we put another that was thin and flat; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, we skinned the duck which the Dean had caught, and cut the rich flesh into little pieces, and placed them on the flat stone above the blaze; and then, to keep the smoke and ashes from the cooking food, we placed another light thin stone upon the flesh, and then we watched and waited for the coming meal. To help the fire along, and make it burn more quickly, we threw into it some little chunks of blubber, and then, in a little while, the duck was cooked."

"O what a royal meal we had! — we half-famished, shipwrecked boys, — the first hot food we had tasted during all these long, weary, dreary days; and, not satisfied with the duck, we next broiled some eggs upon the heated stone, and ate and ate away until we were as full as we could hold.

"All this had consumed many hours, and all the time we had been so much excited that we found ourselves quite exhausted when the meal was over, and we could do no more work that day; so we lay down again upon the grass, to talk and rest and sleep. When we came to sleep, however, we had now another motive besides watching for a ship, to make us sleep one only at a time; for we must keep this fire going, which we had got with so much trouble. This was easily done, since we only had to add, from time to time, some branches of the *Andromeda*, and these kept up a smouldering fire.

"Before either of us went to sleep, we had seen that the first thing now was to catch more ducks; and this we could either of us do, besides watching the sea for ships, and the fire that it did not go out. Accordingly, as soon as the Dean had fallen asleep, I went about this work, fully resolved



REDFORTH AND THE PIRATE-COLONEL.

DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.]

[See *A Holiday Romance*, page 2.



upon a plan as to how I should proceed. The knowledge of seals which I had acquired when in the *Blackbird* had perhaps something to do with it.

“I knew from the thickness of the seal’s skin, that lines could be made out of it very well. You will remember the dead seal that I told you of the other day, lying down on the beach, where it had been thrown up out of the sea by the waves. I forgot to mention, in addition, that we found several other seals, or rather, I should say, parts of them, for most of them had been eaten up by the foxes, or had gone to pieces by decay. So I at once went down, as I was going to say, to the seal that I had first discovered, and, taking out my knife, I made a cut around his neck, close behind the ears. It was a very large seal, and I found it not an easy matter to lift him up so that I could get my knife all the way around him; but I managed to do it notwithstanding, and made not only one cut but a great many of them, — or rather, I should say, one continuous cut around and around the body of the animal; so you will easily understand that, in this way, by keeping my knife about the eighth of an inch from where it had gone before when it passed around, I obtained at last a very long string, or rather one might say a thong, very strong and pliable. It must have been at least a hundred feet in length when I stopped cutting it, and I divided it into three parts. Having done this I next went back to where the ducks were thickest, when, of course, the birds flew off their nests. Then I fixed four traps, just as the Dean had done, tying to three of them the seal-skin strings which I had made, and to the fourth I tied the Dean’s bit of twine; then I hid myself among the rocks, and waited for the birds to come back.

“I had not long to wait, for in a few minutes two of them came back, and, without appearing to mind at all the trap that I had set for them, crawled upon their nests so quickly that it seemed as if they were afraid their eggs would grow cold. Seeing a third one coming, I waited for that too, and the fourth one came soon afterwards; and indeed, by this time, nearly all the birds that had their nests near by had returned to them. As soon as all was quiet I pulled my strings one after another as quickly as I could, and three of the birds were caught; but the last one was too smart for me, as the noise made by the others had startled her, and the heavy stone only struck her tail as she went squalling and fluttering away, frightening off all the other ducks that were anywhere near. I was not long, as you may be sure, in securing my three prizes; and I carried them at once up to the fire near which the Dean was lying under my overcoat in the sun. Soon after this the Dean awoke, and, when he saw what I had done, seemed to be much amused, as he declared that I had stolen his patent; but when he saw what kind of a line I had made, he was filled with admiration, saying, ‘Well, who would ever have thought of that? I’m sure I never should.’ Being now very tired, I lay down while the Dean took his ‘turn’; and by the time my eyes were opened again he had caught seven birds, so that we had now in all ten, — enough, probably, to last us as many days. This, of course, gave us a great deal of satisfaction, especially as we soon had one of them nicely cooked, and made a good breakfast off it.

“We had now been, you see, several days on the island, and we felt that we had done pretty well already towards providing for ourselves. The Dean, as I ought to have mentioned before, had grown in strength very rapidly during the last forty-eight hours ; and except that his head was still sore from the cut and bruise, he was entirely well.

“We felt now that, whatever else might happen to us, we could not want for food, as, besides the eggs, we could have as many ducks as we pleased to catch. We had succeeded in making a fire, and had abundant means to keep it burning. There were only two things that seriously troubled us. One was our lack of shelter, if a storm should come ; and the other, our lack of proper clothing if the weather should grow cold. But having succeeded so well thus far, we were very hopeful for the future. Heaven had kindly favored us. The temperature had been very mild all the time. There had been no wind, and scarcely a cloud to obscure the sky. As for shelter, we felt that we could manage in two days to enclose the cave ; and as to the other trouble, although we were not very clear in our minds about it, yet we did not lose confidence that a ship would come along and take us off before winter should set in. So we resolved not to abandon our vigilance, but to keep up a constant watch, as we had done before. Now that we had made a fire, we knew the smoke would be a great help to us in drawing the attention of the people on board any ship that might come near.

“With these agreeable reflections we went to work much more cheerfully than we had done before. But since the day is so far spent, we will drop our story here for the present ; and to-morrow, when you come, I will tell you how we fixed up the cave, and made ourselves more comfortable in many ways. Meanwhile you can reflect upon what I have told you, and you can answer me to-morrow whether you think John Hardy and Richard Dean were an enviable pair of boys.”

“I can answer that now,” said William.

“Well, what is the answer ?” asked the Captain.

“Why, their pluck and courage everybody would envy, or at least they ought to ; but for the rest, I would rather stay at home.”

“Well, well,” said the Captain, with his kindly smile, “each to his taste. I think I should rather be in the ‘Mariner’s Rest’ myself” ; — saying which he led the way into the grounds in front of the cottage which he loved so well, where he took leave of his little friends once more, making them promise over and over again (for which there was no need at all) that they would come next day and hear about the cave, and how they there built themselves a shelter from the Arctic storms.

*Isaac I. Hayes.*







### W I D E - M O U T H E D K L U H N .

**A** LONG time ago, when I was travelling in Germany, it was my good fortune to pass the winter months in the family of a respectable shoemaker. True, there were many children, and, as the shop adjoined the house, there was much hammering, and also a smell of leather. The children, however, were well-mannered; and as for the shop, it drew together a number of odd characters, — loafers who were so full of jokes and entertaining stories that it was always a pleasure to spend an hour in their company.

And if one tired of these, why, there was Janet, an old nursewoman of the family, who had been brought up among the mountains, and knew some story or legend concerning every crag, lake, and river. It was my delight to see her comfortably seated with her knitting, and then, by skilful questionings, to start her on the track of some long-forgotten tale. As the holidays approached, her memory brightened with the season, and she ran on with her quaint story-telling, like a music-box newly wound up.

On the day before Christmas, observing that a small, finely-shaped fir-tree had been carried, with great secrecy, to an upper room, I set forth for the town, and searched every street and store to find suitable presents; for the whole family had been kind to me, and here was an opportunity of giving them a pleasure.

On my return, weary with much walking, and half blinded from gazing so long at the array of beautiful things, I threw myself lazily upon the leather-

covered settee, and as Janet only was in the room, — the rest being then in the midst of all the hurry and joyful confusion of the day, — I begged that she would make the pleasant hours of expectation pass still more pleasantly by relating some events of the olden time.

“Why,” said she, laughing, “you are almost as hungry for stories as was Wide-mouthed Kluhn!”

Now this was a story of which she had often spoken, but which she had seemed unwilling to tell. Several members of the family had at different times said to me, “Pray beg from her that story; for it is one she never will give us, and we are curious to know what it is all about.”

The moment, therefore, that she mentioned “Wide-mouthed Kluhn,” I said quickly, “And who was he, Janet?”

The warmth of the occasion must have opened her heart, or the desire to please, which all feel at the approach of Christmas, had perhaps taken possession of her; for she answered, very kindly, “Wait till I fetch my knitting, sir, and perhaps I will tell you.”

Soon after she had gone for her knitting, I was somewhat surprised at seeing Lina, a young daughter of the family, thrust her head in cautiously at the door, creep on tiptoe towards me, and then to hear her whisper, “If she begins the story of Wide-mouthed Kluhn, be careful not to interrupt or even to speak to her, for —”

She was prevented from explaining any further by the entrance of Janet herself, who, instead of sitting down quietly in her easy-chair, proceeded to examine several odd-looking boxes and stools, which she turned upside down, and then carefully replaced.

At last, turning over a small, black leather trunk, she seated herself very calmly upon it, saying, with a smile, “Whoever tells the story of Wide-mouthed Kluhn must sit upon something that is upside down.”

I was about to ask, “Why is that?” when I glanced at Lina, who raised her forefinger, and slyly winked at me to keep silent. I was pleased to see that Lina was already at work upon the gold and silver paper I had given her, cutting it up into little fairies, and a fairy queen, who was that evening to hold her court upon the green cloth beneath the Christmas-tree.

Janet proceeded to take out her work, which, on this occasion, consisted not of the customary knitting, but of several balls of worsted of various colors, which she was winding together upon one. I was not sorry for this, as, besides the pleasure of seeing the preparations going on, it was pleasant, while listening, to watch the twisting and twining of the threads.

After arranging the various colors to her liking, she looked at me, with rather a mischievous smile, and began the story of

#### WIDE-MOUTHED KLUHN.

THERE was once a poor cobbler, called Kluhn Heinfelt, who had an only son, to whom was given his own name. “For,” said he, “it is a well-sounding name, and should not be lost.”

Now the cobbler loved his trade. Nothing suited him better than to have a good-sized hole brought to be patched, or a shoe which needed, not only patching, but tapping and capping.

But young Kluhn found no pleasure in these pursuits. His time was passed in strolling from house to house, hearing from gossipy old crones the tales they had to tell of ancient days, when valiant knights went galloping over the plains, when fairies danced upon the greensward, and giants dwelt in caves. For hours he would sit at the warm winter firesides, or in summer by shady doorways, listening, with mouth and eyes wide open, to these pleasing wonders, all of which he received as gospel truth.

Or if, perchance, his father had him fairly seated upon the bench, work in hand, he would sit with arms extended, holding the waxed threads, his head thrust forward, staring, open-mouthed, at the gray old sea-captain, the wooden-legged soldier, the trunk-pedler, the blind fiddler, and other worthies, who whiled away their time in the shop by relating the wonderful deeds they had done or seen or read of.

Thus he became known in all the village as "Offener Mund," — that is, Wide or Open-mouthed Kluhn. He was also called Simple Kluhn, and Kluhn the Believer. For he took everything that was told him to be actually true, and hung his Christmas stocking, when a grown-up lad, as trustingly as a child of four years. In looks, too, he was somewhat childish; for, having grown tall faster than his clothes wore out, he still continued in his boyish suit, although the jacket was scanty, and both wrists and elbows were bare.

The old cobbler bore with the idleness of his son very patiently, until he arrived at an age when it was to be expected that a young man should earn his own support. But one night, returning from a journey which he had undertaken for the purpose of buying leather, he found the work left for Kluhn scarcely touched. It was Friday evening, and the shoes promised for Sunday still lay heaped in the corner, unmended.

Around the shop, on boxes and three-legged stools, smoking and chatting, were seated their usual visitors. The trunk-pedler, just from a long tramp, was well stocked with news. The old ship-captain had taken out his pipe to whistle a tune brought from over the seas, and the blind fiddler was trying to catch it, while the wooden-legged soldier drummed out the time on Kluhn's new hat. There was also present, in his cap and gown, a young student, who had a taste for drawing, as well as a liking to hear wonders, and who, while listening, drew with a bit of charcoal the scenes and characters described in the stories, whether on land or sea, or in the clouds, — whether in giant's cave or ogre's den, in fairy-land or mermaid's grotto.

The old cobbler, finding Kluhn in his usual position, and the work undone, was full of wrath. He threw an old shoe at him, as he sat staring, and cried: "Out of my sight, you lazy good-for-nothing! Go to Mistiland, and never come back!"

Now there was no such place as Mistiland, or, if there were, nobody had

ever seen it. But it was a common saying in the country, when people made stupid remarks, or told unlikely stories, or asked a large price for goods, to say, "O, go to Mistiland!"

Kluhn, never doubting that his father meant just what he said, dropped his lapstone, seized his hat, and rushed from the house.

"Remember what you see there!" called out the student.

"And come back and tell!" shouted the old sea-captain.

It was a dark, dismal night, not a star to be seen. Kluhn ran with all speed through the streets and out of the town, until he arrived at a thick swamp. Here he sat down at the foot of a tree to recover his breath, and to ponder the way to Mistiland. But in vain he endeavored to think. The thousand wild stories he had heard came vividly to his mind, together with all the frightful figures drawn by the student, of robbers, witches, ghosts, ogres, monsters, and dragons. Being of a timid and affectionate disposition, he threw his arms around himself, saying, "Poor Kluhn! If these come, who will take care of you?"

Presently it seemed to him that he heard a noise in the branches overhead, as of some one coming down from the tree. He resolved to fly for his life. But while flying for his life he ran against some person, — some stout person, — with such violence that both nearly tumbled over. This stout traveller immediately began to rage and storm, and to lay about him with his staff in such a way that poor Kluhn, half dead with fright, dropped upon his knees, quaking and trembling, and begged loudly for pardon.

In his distress he called the angry unknown Dear Giant, Good Monster, Gentle Dragon, Blessed Robber, until the traveller burst into a hearty laugh, and declared that, if he would help him carry his pack, he would not only pardon him, but give him something good. "But I must first light my lantern," said he, "for the wind has blown it out."

When the lantern was lighted, he very carefully surveyed his new companion. Kluhn did the same. He saw before him a short, fat, jolly-faced man, wearing a bellows-topped cap and a gay cravat tied in front with an immense bow. His breeches were striped and buckled at the knees. He also had buckles to his shoes. His coat and waistcoat were extremely long at the waist, and adorned with large, shining buttons.

"I travel in the night," said he, "because it is cooler, and for other reasons. Are you going to carry my pack?"

"If you please," said Kluhn.

The man laughed, and strapped his pack upon Kluhn's back; and they trudged on together through the night and far into the next day, the jolly traveller cheering the way with pleasant talk, or singing, now and then, some ancient ballad.

And thus they journeyed on and on, Kluhn knew not how long, or how far. He thought not of weariness, neither took note of time. For the traveller, pleased to find himself so entertaining, and also to be eased of his load, was ever ready with some new wonder. Everything they saw,

every person they met, called to his mind pleasant recollections. If a rich man rolled past in his carriage, he spoke of robbers or bandits. If they met an infirm old woman, he thought of a witch, or a fairy in disguise. If a swan sailed down the stream, he knew the story of a swan. If an owl hooted, he remembered something wonderful about an owl. If a beautiful maiden passed by, he straightway sang some ballad of a beautiful maiden. And when, at last, they saw a black, round-shaped cloud resting on the summit of the distant mountains, he told the tale of a giant who, standing at the base on the opposite side, could rest his chin on the topmost peak, and thus survey the world.

“Where do you get so many stories?” asked Kluhn.

“Make them out of moonshine,” said the man. “My cap is full of it. Will you give me yours for mine?”

“Yes, indeed,” said Kluhn. And he took gladly the old bellows-topped cap, and gave for it his new hat.

“Here,” said the man, opening his pack, “is a bunch of witch-grass, which is good to wear in your cap. And now I must leave you. My home is over the river. I promised you something good. It is good advice. Never run in the dark. Here is a silver penny. Farewell.”

And with a chuckling laugh the jolly little packman skipped along the path and over the bridge.

As Kluhn sat there alone, wondering whom he next might meet, there came along a kind-looking old gentleman, white-haired, gentle-voiced, and dressed in black velvet. He looked down upon Kluhn with a benevolent smile, and said, “Young man, are you poor or unfortunate?”

“No, indeed!” said Kluhn. “I am the owner of a silver penny, and have heard fine tales for many days. Besides, my cap is full of moonshine.”

The old gentleman passed on, saying, “My business is with the poor and unfortunate.”

“Do you know the way to Mistiland?” asked Kluhn, calling out after him.

“I never heard of that place,” said the old gentleman; “but just here three roads meet. The wind blows towards the right. Some make it a rule, when doubtful, to follow the wind.”

After the old gentleman had gone, Kluhn stood, in doubt, at the place where three roads met. At length he plucked some of the witch-grass from his cap, tossed it in the air, and, seeing that it also floated to the right, he took, without hesitation, the right-hand road. It led through a delightful country, and Kluhn kept cheerily on, pleased with every new scene, and conversing with all travellers, hoping to find some companion as agreeable as was the jolly little packman. This charming road, however, led gradually upwards, and after many days Kluhn found himself high among the mountains. Yet he turned not back, for each day some distant object, some higher peak, enticed him on.

One day, at noontime, he sat down beneath a mountain-pine to look about him, and to eat the wild fruit he had gathered by the way. It was a solitary

spot. For days he had not seen a human being. Goats scrambled among the crags ; and upon a cliff near by stood a gazelle, looking down upon him with large, wondering eyes.

“ Truly,” said Kluhn, “ there is a fine prospect from this peak, and quite worth all the weary climbing.”

And well might he say this, for, whichever way he turned, — to the right, to the left, above, beneath, — some grand or beautiful object met his eye. There were dark forests, steep precipices, towering rocks piled high against the sky, little blue lakes nestling lower down among the hills, rushing waterfalls leaping over the mountain-sides, and far below were green valleys where those same wild torrents glided smoothly and gently on, he knew not whither.

As Kluhn sat gazing with wonder about him, he was startled by the sudden appearance of a flock of frightened children, who came running along a mountain-path. “ Why do you run, children ? ” said he ; “ who has frightened you ? where do you belong ? ”

They stopped at seeing Kluhn, and all clustered about the eldest, who informed him that they lived lower down the mountain, and had been to the hut of Runa the story-teller.

“ But we are hastening back,” said the child, “ because the black and blue rag is hung out.”

By further questioning, Kluhn learned that Runa, the story-teller, lived by herself in a hut made of green boughs ; that sometimes she was a fairy, and would then allow the children to come about her, and would tell them fine tales, but at other times she was a bad witch. The door of her hut was then closed, and a black and blue rag hung out, in token that, if she caught them, she would beat them black and blue.

Kluhn threw his arms about his own neck, and hugged himself for joy. “ Happy Kluhn ! ” cried he ; “ lucky Kluhn ! For now you can go with these children to hear wonders.”

Later in the day, by following the mountain-path far among the rocks and pines, the fortunate youth came in sight of a hut made of green boughs. The door stood open, and the same flock of children were gathered about it. One by one they crept through the doorway. Wishing to hear without being seen, he stepped softly towards the hole which served for a window. The thick foliage of a drooping bough hung partially over it ; still there was an opening through which one might see all that passed within. The hut was carpeted thickly with green leaves freshly gathered. Upon these the children were seated, gazing with half-frightened looks at the person they called Runa the story-teller.

She was a very old woman, small in stature, and straight, Kluhn thought, as his father's walking-stick, and not so very much higher. Her hair was white, her cheeks wrinkled and hollow. Her eyebrows also were white, but the keen, dark eyes beneath them shone with a wonderful brightness. She was clothed in green, and wore upon her head a crown of silver paper. A girdle of Alpine roses hung about her waist, and she held in her right hand

a slender rod. This rod she waved over the children, saying, "Now ye are dumb, like figures of stone."

At this they folded their hands, and sat in the attitude of statues.

Her voice seemed a little wonder of itself, — just a silver thread of sound, like the notes of some tiny flute, or the tinkle of dropping water, or the song a humming-bird might sing.

Kluhn, perceiving that she was about to commence, seated himself firmly upon a bough, resting his chin on the lower edge of the window.

"My children," said the old woman, "I shall tell you to-day the story of Little Redjacket. Once upon a time —"

Here Kluhn rubbed his hands, and, but for the fear of falling, would again have hugged himself; for of all things nothing so pleased him as that a tale should begin with "Once upon a time."

Remembering his situation, however, he merely rubbed his hands, gave his waistcoat an affectionate pat, and then thrust his face a very little farther in at the window; thus preparing himself fully to enjoy the "Story of Little Redjacket."

*Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*

*(To be concluded.)*



## CHRISTMAS WISHES.

**K**ING Nutcracker prepared for the Christmas feast with uncommon splendor, for on that day Santa Claus had promised his three sons — what do you suppose? A pony or a boat apiece? Of what use to bring such things to Prince Nutcracker and Prince Buttons, who were men, while for the little Prince Pepin, he had everything that he wanted since he first learned to cry for it! No, Santa Claus had promised them each a wish! What would the princes wish? Nobody knew. For though the Court Journal declared that of course their wishes would insure the happiness of their subjects, the Court Journal *knew* no more of the matter than you or I; and as all this happened before we were born, that is just nothing.

Nevertheless, for weeks beforehand, the entire court was in a state of preparation. The Duke of the Powder Closet powdered the court wigs at such a rate that they were obliged to station a line of pages from the Powder Closet to the wine-cellar, who passed up brandy punches continually to keep his strength up. The Queen wore her hair in curl-papers for a week, and spent the most of her time in the kitchen, where the pies and plum-pudding were in making; and his Majesty grumbled that he could not stir without stumbling over a trumpeter, practising his bit of the Christmas chorus in a corner. For himself, the King ordered a new blue-velvet coat, and sent his crown and sceptre to be mended and rubbed up at the gold-

smith's. All the pink pages had new green slippers. Ten of these pages were to help Santa Claus out of his sleigh, and ten were to hold the reindeer; and all the time they were to sing a song of welcome, and to step all together. So they practised five hours a day with the Lord High Fiddlestick; and the Lord High Fiddlestick bawled himself hoarse, while the pages lost flesh and temper in trying to learn.

What a pity, after all this pains, that Santa Claus left his reindeer behind him, and, slipping in just when nobody was looking for him, stood among them, not with his Christmas face, but looking sad and surly! "If you were my boys," said he, gruffly, "catch me giving you a wish. I would shut you up in an iceberg first! However, a promise is a promise. Let us hear what you have to say."

All the courtiers stood on tiptoe, and you might have heard a pin drop, they were so anxious to know what the princes wished.

Pepin, though the youngest, being a saucy, spoiled boy, spoke first. "A prince should always have his own way," said Pepin. "Now there are a great many things that vex *me*. Sometimes, when I am flying my kite, there is no wind. Now I think that a prince should always be able to fly his kite: if not, I might as well be any other boy. In the same way, it rains when I am going to drive, and the sun sets before I am ready; and my ball will tumble down when I want it to stay up, and sometimes it is too warm, and sometimes it is too cold; in short, there is no end to my annoyances, and I want to regulate these things myself."

Santa Claus looked hard at Pepin to see if he was quite in earnest. Pepin looked back at Santa Claus with a serious face.

"Have your wish, while you remain a prince," said Santa Claus.

The courtiers stared, but no one had time to make any remarks; for Prince Nutcracker, in a violent hurry lest Buttons should get ahead of him, wished for the luck-penny. Now you know whoever has the luck-penny will make money, more money, much money, and will never lose any.

"But there is one objection," remarked Santa Claus. "By continual use, the luck-penny by and by will look larger to you than anything else."

"That is nothing," said Nutcracker, slipping the luck-penny into his pocket.

Prince Buttons, blushing to the tips of his ears, wished "to marry the shoemaker's sweet daughter, and that the spirit of Christmas might live in their house the year round."

"Give us your hand!" cried Santa Claus, pulling out the holly-sprig from his cap, and giving it to Buttons; but the King jumped up, fuming and spluttering.

"You idiot! You ninny! The daughter of the shoemaker and the Christmas spirit indeed! Christmas fiddlestick and fol-de-rol! Out of my sight, you son of the shoemaker!"

His Royal Highness was in such a rage, that he actually lifted his royal foot to kick the prince. The Queen fainted; the courtiers cried, Oh! Prince Buttons ran away in the midst of the hubbub; Santa Claus disappeared; and,





to make matters better, the court suddenly found itself in darkness. It was high noon, but the sun had popped out of the sky like a snuffed-out candle. Nobody could find candles or matches, and, if the confusion was great in the palace, it was worse in the city. People were left standing in darkness at the shops and ferries and depots. People who were eating dinners, and people who were getting them, and people who had just come out to see Christmas, were all served alike. Everybody was in a fright; some screamed one thing, and some another; and all the time there was nothing the matter, only Prince Pepin, who was in a hurry to see the arch of Chinese lanterns, had ordered the sun to set.

“See here, Pepin,” cried the King in a passion, “order the sun up again, and if I catch you doing such a thing —”

Pepin, who was afraid of his father, did not wait for the rest of the sentence: so, just as everybody had lighted candles, or turned on the gas, there was the sun again.

“Seems to me,” said Pepin, sulkily, “I am not having my own way after all”;—and he went in a wretched humor to play battledoor and shuttlecock. He made bad strokes, and the shuttlecock tumbled on the ground.

“Hateful thing, forever coming down!” cried Pepin.

“It only obeys the law of gravitation, my dear,” said the Queen.

“I wish there was no law of gravitation,” snapped Pepin.

Whisk! Pepin was flying through the air as if he had been shot from a gun. Kicking frantically, he saw the King, the Queen, everybody, coming after him! Something hit him hard on the nose. He was in a perfect storm of great round apples, flying in all directions! bang! bump! on his head, in his mouth, on his shoulders! How he wished they had stayed in the market! Pepin dodged and ducked and squalled; the air was full of stones and timbers; a horse was kicking just over his head; somebody had him by the hair, and somebody else by the legs, for of course everybody clutched in all directions to save himself.

“Oh!” screamed Pepin, amidst the general uproar of barking, neighing, braying, clucking, and shouting, “I wish the law of gravitation was back again.”

At once Pepin, the King, the Queen, and the people, were on their feet. Everything was in its accustomed place,—everybody a little ruffled, but nobody hurt. The King was disposed to be angry, but the Queen declared that Pepin was only a little thoughtless, the courtiers murmured, “Quite natural,” and the Court Journal pronounced the affair the best joke of the season; but the people looked very glum over it.

That made no difference to Pepin, who continued his jokes very much at his ease. Often, when he was lazy, the sun did not rise till noon; and people might twist and turn in bed, or go about their business by candle-light, as they chose. When, on the contrary, he found his play amusing, he sometimes kept the sun in the sky till nine o’clock at night, while all the children in the city were crying for sleepiness. Three nations declared war on King Nutcracker, because Pepin sometimes ordered a dead calm for weeks, and sometimes had the winds blowing from all quarters at once, and navigation was quite impossible. The doctors were almost worn out, and people died on all sides, from the constant violent changes of weather; for if my young master got heated in his play, he made nothing of ordering the thermometer down to sixty degrees. The farmers were in despair, for Pepin hardly allowed a drop of rain to fall; and having a fancy for skating in summer, he ruined what harvest there was by a week of ice and snow in July. Remonstrance was quite useless, for Pepin was no longer afraid of his father, since he could leave him at any time in total darkness.

So one night there was heard a loud knocking at the palace gate, and though the pages and the guards and the watchmen turned over on the other side, and tried very hard to go to sleep again, the knocking grew so loud that they were obliged to get up and see what was the matter. There was a mob at the gates; the people, tired of Pepin’s jokes, had rebelled. Some ran one way and some another. Prince Nutcracker put his luck-penny in his pocket, and walked out at the back door; no one stayed to look after the King and Queen, who were running about in nightcap and slippers, and a terrible fright; and if it had not been for Buttons, who, on the first alarm, ran

to the palace, from which he had been kicked out six months before, they would have been in a sorry case, I think.

On the next day the Court Journal came out with a new heading. It was called now the People's Journal, and it said, "that, on the night before, old Mr. and Mrs. Nutcracker and their boy Pepin had escaped, nobody knew how, and nobody cared; and that young Mr. Nutcracker, the former heir to the throne, had opened a fine new store on Main Street. (See his advertisement on the third page.)"

So, you perceive, there was no longer a royal family.

As Nutcracker had the luck-penny, of course he made money in his new store. Every day, and all day long, he looked straight at the penny. At first he used to see other things; but as he took no notice of them, by and by the penny grew so large that it covered them all, and then he had no more trouble. He made money all the year round, and he gave none of it away. None to Pepin, because he had brought about their misfortunes. None to his father and mother, because, if they had made Pepin obey, he could not have brought about their misfortunes. None to Buttons, because he might have wished for something better, if he liked, than a holly-bush and the shoemaker's daughter. None to anybody, because why should not people work and earn money, as he had done, if they wanted it? And every day he grew more and more like his penny,—that is, of less and less use, for anything that was not buying and selling. For Santa Claus, he had not seen him in ten years, till one Christmas eve, when, hearing a sudden jingling of sleigh-bells, he looked up, and saw Santa Claus just coming down on the hearth-rug.

"I stopped my sleigh," said Santa Claus, "to see if you had anything to send your father and brothers."

"What for should I send them anything?" answered Nutcracker surlily.

Santa Claus put his hands down deep in his fur pockets, as if he was trying to hold himself. "*What For!* Are n't you rich and they poor? your own flesh and blood? Confound it, man! if you have not the instinct of a son and a brother, you must feel the Christmas spirit at least once a year in your heart, urging you to love and kindness towards your fellow-men."

"Well I don't, then," snarled Nutcracker. "Men need holidays to rest, I suppose, though I don't; but for Christmas being any better, or having anything more in it than any other day, I say, Bosh! Give me plenty of money, and I can buy all the love and kindness I want! And if other folks want it, let them work and earn money as I do, and —"

Nutcracker never finished this speech, because—he could not. A singular dumb, dry, and hard feeling had taken possession of him. His legs were gone. At least he could see them nowhere; so were his arms. Something wrapped him around. He had a strange notion that he had grown round, and that—it sounds ridiculous—but Nutcracker was quite positive that he was in a table-drawer among some coin, and that he was—a copper penny.

By and by, he heard a shrill voice, "Mr. Nutcracker, Mr. Nutcracker!"

that was his wife. Then he heard his children calling, "Papa! papa!" then a running up and down stairs; — they were searching for him. Then somebody declared that he had disappeared; somebody else said that he must be advertised, and, taking a handful of money from the drawer, Nutcracker among the rest, carried him to a newspaper-office, and paid him in at a window for an advertisement about his own disappearance. Two minutes after, the man at the window gave him in change to a gentleman, who paid him out to a newsboy, who bought an apple with him of a grocer, who gave him in change again to a shoemaker, who dropped him into his soiled and patched pocket, where Nutcracker found nothing else but a five-dollar gold piece.

This shoemaker was Buttons. Was not this a charming way for two brothers to meet?

The pocket into which Nutcracker dropped was a very poor pocket, — soiled, and patched as I said; but Nutcracker had not been in it five minutes, when he felt — how shall I tell you? It is not easy to describe feelings; but this shoemaker, who walked in the biting wind with no overcoat and with his hands in his pockets, had a warmth and sparkle in his heart that made Nutcracker feel brighter, though he could not tell why. There were Christmas trees on all the corners, and Christmas wreaths piled on the stands, and at every tree and wreath Buttons warmed more and more. There were women going home from market, with a broad grin on their faces, and a drum or a little bedstead on top of the cranberries and turkey, and Buttons laughed back at them, as he walked whistling, and looking around him; and splendid ladies came smiling out of the shops, and Buttons smiled at them; till between the signs of Christmas, and the pleasant faces, he got in such a glow that Nutcracker would hardly have said that he needed an overcoat.

All this time Buttons walked very fast and very straight till he came to a certain shop with a low door. Outside of this door was a clothes' stand, and on this stand hung an overcoat, marked, "Only Five Dollars."

Buttons stopped. "Now," said he to himself, "I need an overcoat. I have got five dollars in my pocket. Shall I buy this overcoat?"

Then Buttons imagined himself in the overcoat. His coat-tails would not fly out, and of course he could not put his hands in his pockets; and if not, where should he put them. Buttons took another look at the coat. It was certainly good for five dollars.

"But," said Buttons, "if I buy it, they will have no Christmas dinner, and Ma Nutcracker has set her heart on chicken and pudding. My little wife will never know the difference between Christmas and any other day. Poor Pepin in his bed, he will never know any difference. I shall come home in my brutal overcoat, and that will be all."

Then he began checking off on his fingers like this: "A dressing-gown for father, a shawl for mother, a new gown for the little wife, goodies for the children, a box of paints for Pepin, and the dinner." Then he gave a little sigh, and, putting his hands again in his pockets, walked away as fast as he

came. Do you suppose that he bought all these things with the five-dollar gold-piece? Nutcracker could not see, of course, but he thought not; for how could he?

Buttons lived up stairs, in a mean little house, in a dirty street. His rooms were small, and they were crowded. There were old Mr. and Mrs. Nutcracker, who never forgot that they had been king and queen, and that Buttons's wife was a shoemaker's daughter, and never remembered that Buttons had returned their cruelty with kindness, and I think were not very nice people to live with. There was Pepin, who had been hurt, poor boy! in escaping from the palace, and who had never risen since from his bed. There was Buttons's pleasant-faced wife; there were three fat children; there was the holly-bush, which had grown into a great tree; and there was — Nutcracker did not know what, but something, he was quite sure, for which he had been searching all his life.

The three fat children seized upon Buttons; one by each hand, and one by his coat-tails.

"Ah!" said Buttons, pretending to groan. "I am so tired. Let the best child look outside of the door, and see what he finds."

The best child opened the door cautiously, half afraid, and set up a shout. "Ma! come quick! here 's a chicken, and cranberries, and a paper,—it 's raisins!"

"Raisins!" screamed the other children.

"A chicken!" cried old Mrs. Nutcracker.

"Christmas wreaths!" exclaimed his wife, peeping out into the little dark hall. "Why, surely, you never—"

"Made them? Yes, I did," said Buttons, his eyes dancing. "In the woods. The cedars gave me the boughs for nothing."

"Christmas wreaths!" repeated Pepin from his bed. "Give me one,"—and, seizing it in his thin fingers, "Ah! how nice it smells,—like the woods!" he said, laying his pale cheek on it. "I wish I could see a tree once more."

Buttons jumped up, and ran down stairs very fast; and they heard him coming back, dragging something after him, bump, bump! The something rustled and cracked, and filled the room with a strong spicy scent of the woods. Buttons lifted it so that it stood just in front of Pepin's bed. It was a spruce-tree. Its thick, strong branches spread out wide. Its top brushed the ceiling. Birds had built nests in its branches, mosses had lived about its roots. It knew all the secrets of the woods and the sky and the rains, and it told you about them, as well as it could, whenever you stirred its branches. The little wife hung the wreaths all about the room,—one on every nail, one over each window, one over Pepin, one each on the backs of grandpa's and grandma's chairs. It was getting dark, and the fire-light came out, and danced on the ceiling, and on the white cover of the little table. Pepin lay looking at the tree. The children chattered like little birds; even Grandpa and Grandma Nutcracker were smiling. The room was like a spicy, cosey little nest. What was it, Nutcracker wondered

more and more, here and in these people's faces, for which he had labored all his life?

Suddenly Pepin cried out, "O, there is something here hanging on a branch of the tree!"

"Is it possible?" answered Buttons, "then you had better take it down, Pepin."

Pepin took it down. "Why, it is for me," he said, looking at the name on the wrapper.

"Then you had better open it," answered Buttons in just the same tone as before.

Pepin untied the string, but his hands shook. "It is square," he said, feeling it. He took off one wrapper. "It is hard," he said again, trembling all over. He took off the second wrapper, and it nearly dropped from his fingers.

"A box of paints!" screamed the children, dancing around.

Pepin tried to speak, but he could not get out a word. He kissed the box, he laughed; but you could see he was near crying. The little wife's eyes were full of tears also.

"Come! come!" said Buttons. "Do people cry over Christmas gifts?" There were no tears in his eyes. He was ready to dance, though now he would have no overcoat. As for Nutcracker, he had a curious tingling sensation all over him, though he was only a copper penny; and happening to look towards the hearth, he saw Santa Claus. The old fellow had tied up his reindeer, and slipped down the chimney, and was winking hard, and wiping his eyes, while pretending to blow his nose.

"I have it! I have got it, and know what it is!" cried Nutcracker, at the top of his lungs. "Every leaf on the holly-bush grew out of a kind thought; the Christmas spirit lives here all the year round, and these people love each other, and are happy. That is what I never had at home,—happiness; that is what my money could not buy. That is why I was every day trying to make more money,—always hoping to make money enough to buy it."

Should you not think that Buttons would have been very much frightened to hear such a voice coming out of his pocket? No doubt he would, only, in some mysterious way, Nutcracker found himself on his legs again, and he was walking as fast as he could, with a pocketful of money, to buy a monstrous turkey, and the best overcoat in the city, and boots, and a hat to match, and a new gown, and a dressing-gown, and a shawl, and a set of prints, and a great bouquet, and a basket of toys, and candies—for whom? Why, for Buttons, and Grandpa and Grandma Nutcracker, and the pleasant little wife, and Pepin, and the children, of course!

*Louise E. Chollet.*



## THE WIND AND THE IVY-VINE.



THE Ivy against the old church-tower was greatly disgusted with the Wind. "Silly fellow!" said she, "always whirling dust in people's faces, and whistling round where he is n't wanted. The next time I have the chance I'll certainly tell him what I think of his conduct. He ought to be ashamed of himself," said the Ivy-Vine; "for he is never at home, and does no good in the world at all." And she discontentedly hooked her fingers closer into the gray stone, and went to sleep.

But about midnight who should come by but the Wind himself, in high glee, and as full of his mischief as any of the family. He had whistled and shouted himself nearly hoarse after a poor fellow whose hat he had tumbled off. He had scared belated passers on the street by howling at them from narrow alleys, and slamming doors and gates as they went by. He had creaked the milliner's tin sign, until she had grown suspicious of all the students in the neighborhood. He had rattled the windows of the Jew pawnbroker so that he had got up, and, with a second-hand revolver and a big butcher-knife, crept

softly into the room to attack somebody. But the Wind was the only burglar, and he interfered with no one except the rats.

A thousand such merry pranks he had played that night, and now he had come back to the old tower to see if he could n't tilt a pigeon off his perch in the belfry. For that was truly fun, — to catch Monsieur Pigeon, who was tired with talking French all day, and had gone to rest among the rafters. And it was grand sport to watch him lurch, and lose his balance, and slip, and just wake quickly enough to save himself from falling. To be sure, no one could see all this but the Wind; yet he was satisfied, nevertheless, in his own merriment.

Most of all he laughed and whistled about when he heard the discomfited Pigeon abusing him in French for being so rude. For then he raised his voice, and answered him back in Choctaw, — which, you must know, my dear

little people, no one but the Wind can understand. And how they parley-voo'd and palavered this night you must get some one else to tell you, for I was n't there. The big Bell was the person who let *me* into the secret of the joke.

But I heard how the Ivy-Vine gave him her impression of his behavior when he came outside. "You disgraceful fellow! you horrid troublesome wretch! waking decent people up with your noises at this time of night! Go home and go to bed, and tell your mother I say you keep awful hours for a young man."

"Wh-a-a-at! whi-i-i-ch!" bawled the Wind, climbing down, and seating himself on a ledge of the tower just beside her. "Say that again, will you?" he shouted, giving the leaves a kick that set them all dancing together. For you see he did n't think much of the Ivy, and called her a meddlesome old person of no common sense.

"I tell you to go home!" rustled the Ivy in high displeasure.

"And I tell you I *won't* go home," whistled the Wind through his front teeth. "What is the good one gets from you anyhow?" said he.

"I keep the tower up," answered the Ivy, trying to be as pompous as possible.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!" retorted the Wind. "Tell that to the owls. I don't believe it at all. *You* keep the tower up indeed!"

"See here!" muttered the Ivy snappishly. "If you don't behave, and stop insulting respectable people in this way, I'll loosen several of my fingers and box your ears."

But the Wind only laughed the louder for that. Every now and then he would skirmish off, but he always came back to his ledge in the belfry to bother the Ivy about holding the tower up. It seemed to stick in his head as something very funny, and he chuckled over it immensely to himself. I really think, if the Ivy had n't said that, he would have gone away and left her in peace. But now he did nothing except throw it in her face. Where *I* was don't matter, but I knew of it all.

At last the Ivy went from bad to worse. She lost her temper completely, and so the Wind, as was natural, teased her more than ever. Finally, after calling him "Vagabond," "Scoundrel," "Rascal," "Villain," and all the hard names which she had heard the crows use to each other, she suddenly loosened all her fingers from the stone to box his ears. But he skipped cheerfully off, humming a scrap of an old song; and she lost her balance, like the pigeons, and fell clear to the foot of the tower.

There she lay next morning when I went past. And the great tower winked down at me through the slatted eyes of the belfry, and told me everything about it. "Such a fool as she was!" said he. "First she must needs get angry at what she could n't help, and then she must boast of what she never did, and then she must try what she never could perform. Now she's down at the bottom, and she will have to climb back again by herself; for I sha' n't help her a single inch unless I see her working too."

"I wish," says the Tower, "that the Wind did n't make so much disturb-



ance ; but then he 's a wild youngster, who does more good than harm. His Grandfather Hurricane, now, I hate to see anywheres near. And his Uncle Gale is only fit to associate with that Dutchman, Sturm Wetter, who lives by the sea. But this fellow drives out hosts of uncomfortable insects, and whistles off plenty of sickness ; and I always do hate to ring for funerals, for it jars my old bones. Good morning !”

And so I left him ; but as I left, I thought I noticed that the Ivy was already trying to crawl up again, and I hoped the lesson had done her good.

*Samuel W. Duffield.*



## MR. TURK, AND WHAT BECAME OF HIM.

**O** MAMMA ! it 's only twenty-five cents. Won't you give it to me ? — *won't* you ?”

Mrs. May looked at the eager face, with its bright, wide eyes and parted lips, and the color coming and going in the cheeks. “What is it, dear, that is only twenty-five cents ?”

“O, a toy, — the loveliest toy you ever saw. It is fit for a prince, and a queen would want it ; and it hangs there in the window, all scarlet and blue, dancing and dancing as if it was really alive, and very glad to be. I went in and asked Mr. Smith how much it cost ; and *won't* you give it to me ?”

Mrs. May remembered the balloon on the Common, last week, that collapsed on its way home ; and the dancing-Jack that never would dance any more after Florrie owned it ; and the singing-bird that would n't sing ; and the barking dog that would n't bark ; and a half-dozen other purchases which were to have made her little girl happy for a lifetime, and did make her so for five minutes ; but the eager face and coaxing voice carried the day, and she took out of her portemonnaie a crisp new quarter.

“O, you are just the dearest mamma !” And the little one ran away as if, like Mercury, she were wing-footed. She left the door open behind her ; but Mrs. May pardoned that to her excitement, and shut it, dreamily thinking what a fine thing it was to be young enough to have little things satisfy, — to like rock crystal just as well as diamonds.

Scarcely was the door shut before it opened again, and in came Florrie with the “Prince's Delight and Queen's Envy,” as her mother christened it, a little thing that looked like a Chinese mandarin, but must have been meant for a dancing dervish, for it was dance or nothing with it, — with a blue robe, and loose scarlet trousers, and a queer little turban-like cap, to the centre of which an elastic was secured. The thing had a coffee-colored face, with a merry twist to the mouth, irresistibly quaint ; and as Florrie swung the elastic in her hand, he bobbed up and down, and really looked as if he enjoyed it.



“Is n't it lovely, mamma?” — but Florrie said this with a little hesitation, as if she were not quite sure of sympathy; or, possibly, the toy looked more wonderful to her in the shop-window than when she held it in her hand.

“Don't break the elastic, or it won't be lovely,” mamma said, smiling.

“O, no fear of that! it's strong as can be”; — and that marvellous faith of childhood in the abiding and eternal nature of all its possessions and all its joys shone in her face.

She went into her playroom, — a little room opening like a recess out of her mamma's sitting-room, with curtains to shut it off. All her doll-family lived here, and there was a little menagerie, too, — say a hospital, rather, — of voiceless dogs, tuneless birds, and disabled cats. Mrs. May could not see her, but she could hear her talking.

“Children,” — children meant the doll-family aforesaid, — “this is Mr. Turk. ‘Prince's Delight,’ mamma calls him; but his name is Mr. Turk. He is going to give you lessons in dancing. Come here, Catherine Seraphina, you must have on your blue frock.”

Then there was silence, and Mrs. May knew just how anxiously the little face was bending over the task, fastening tiny buttons, smoothing folds, making carefully the doll's dainty toilet. Presently the voice came again: —

“Mr. Turk, why don't you dance? You did in Mr. Smith's window, and I've hung you up just the same as he had you. Must I pull you all the time to keep you going? I heard papa say somebody was as lazy as a Turk, and now I know just how lazy that is. Well, if you won't dance alone I'll help you. Heigho, children, just look at him! Is n't he a brave, beautiful, gay Mr. Turk?”

Just then Mrs. May was called down stairs to see a visitor, — an intimate friend, who stayed a long time, — so that it was almost nightfall when she went back again to her own room. There, at the window, stood Florrie, looking out, and so busy thinking that she did not hear the door open.

The mother saw in the listless droop of the little figure something that meant sadness ; and yet the child would have made a pretty picture, full of rosy, golden lights, such as you will see if you go “*Among the Studios,*” and find some of Mr. Babcock’s pictures. The sunset brightened the soft curls till they looked like pure gold spun into fine threads by some industrious fairy. There was just a glimpse visible of snowy neck and rounded cheek, and one dimpled hand thrown back against the crimson curtain completed the effect of careless, childish grace.

“*Birdie,*” Mrs. May said, with the unconscious tenderness which always softened her tones when she spoke to her one little girl. And then Florrie turned toward her a very sad face indeed, breaking up the pleasant sunset picture.

“*Mr. Turk is dead, mamma.*”

“*Maybe not, dear. Perhaps he is only wounded, and you know you and I have nursed a good many maimed heroes back to health. Let us see whether his case is hopeless.*”

Then Florrie went away slowly, and brought out of her own room poor Mr. Turk, despoiled of the glory of his turban-cap, and with the elastic broken off. Mrs. May took him into her hands, and looked at him with shrewd compassion.

“*I really think we can bring him to life, dear. A little glue will fasten his cap on ; and then we can get a new elastic, and set him to dancing again.*”

“*But he ’d be a fixed-up thing, mamma,*” said Florrie, taking him back, “*and fixed-up things are never quite the same.*”

She had spoken wiser than she knew. She will learn the same lesson by and by about broken faith, shattered friendships, enfeebled health, and all the other things which grown-up people try in vain to make as good as new by “*fixing.*” She had a vague foreshadowing of this, perhaps, as she stood holding poor deceased Mr. Turk in her hand.

“*I think I had better bury him, mamma. He would never be the same to me again ; and if I should put him away altogether, I could always remember how he danced to-day, and how glad and proud I was when I brought him home. Won’t you come to his funeral, and help me a little ?*”

Looking at the little, sad face, so much in earnest, Mrs. May consented. She found a neat box just large enough for Mr. Turk’s coffin, and Florrie laid him in it carefully, on a bed of snowy cotton-wool, his turban-cap upon his head, — poor dancing gentleman who would dance no more.

There was a nook in the garden which had already been made a place of sepulture. Queen Elizabeth slept there, — a great wax doll, with wonderful eyes, and real curls, and elegant clothes, who came all the way from Paris. Florrie left her lying too near the register one day, and found her with only the elegant clothes and the curling hair remaining of the lost beauty, — the

rest a shapeless mass of wax. Queen Elizabeth had been buried under the great red rose-bush, in the pleasantest corner of the garden, and at her feet Florrie dug with her little spade a grave for poor Mr. Turk. When the funeral was over, and they turned to go, Mrs. May saw tears glistening in the blue eyes she loved so well, and tried to offer a crumb of comfort.

“If you care so much, darling, you shall have another Mr. Turk, and he will fare better, perhaps.”

“No, mamma, I don’t want another, it would never be *this* one, and I never could be so glad of him. I should think from the first how soon he would come to an end; but *this* one — O mamma, I thought he would dance forever!”

You think I have told you but a little story? It is the story of a great trouble, — as real, and vivid, and heart-breaking to Florence May as some of the grown-up sorrows for which you will not scorn to pity her by and by. When a cup has in it all it can hold, it is full.

*Louise Chandler Moulton.*



## WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

WHICH is the Wind that brings the cold?  
 The North Wind, Freddy, and all the snow;  
 And the sheep will scamper into the fold  
 When the North begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the heat?  
 The South Wind, Katy; and corn will grow,  
 And peaches redden for you to eat,  
 When the South begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the rain?  
 The East Wind, Arty; and farmers know  
 That cows come shivering up the lane  
 When the East begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the flowers?  
 The West Wind, Bessy; and soft and low  
 The birdies sing in the summer hours  
 When the West begins to blow.

*Edmund C. Stedman.*



### THE LITTLE TEACHER.

**R**UPHELLE PRESTON was an enthusiastic young lady, aged fourteen. Under the bright ripples of her hair lay two swollen organs of ideality, which were as flighty as the wings on Mercury's slippers. They made Miss Ruphelle a day-dreamer. She loved to rear stupendous palaces which "hung on nothing in the air." She believed herself destined to become a shining light in the world, and was very much afraid of being hidden under a bushel.

She was a country girl, and had been educated at a district school, with now and then a quarter at the Female Academy. She glorified her instructors, particularly the elegant Miss Kelley with her intellectual blue spectacles, and pensive smile. It seemed to Ruphelle that the most "remarkable" thing she could do would be to don her mother's gold watch and teach school in a queenly manner like Miss Kelley. To be sure, her parents considered her too young for such a task, but this was only a mistake of theirs. Parents may be very wise, but there are some things which they do not understand.

Once a week or so, Ruphelle privately measured her height against the

wall by a yardstick, always affected boots with very high heels, and groaned in spirit whenever she was called a little girl. She had a continual thorn in the flesh, and that was the wayward mass of hair which fell in natural curls over her neck, and looked so provokingly childlike. Nets and pins could not confine it, nor combs its dreadful wildness tame. But there came a proud day for the aspiring damsel, — a day when she first hid her little feet under the folds of a long dress. Her friend, Jane Townsend, laughed at such eagerness; but then Jane was two years the elder, and had been a young lady so long that the novelty was all worn off.

“Ah!” thought Ruphelle, walking backward to get a full-length view of herself in the mirror, “who would call me a ‘little miss,’ now? How mature I look, with my hair done in a bird’s nest! I should pass for eighteen at least. That was mother’s age when she taught her first school. Poor mother! She was so small and so bashful then! What she did at eighteen I could do now, and should consider it mere play! I would n’t say it to mother, for it might hurt her feelings; but really it strikes me I must have more dignity than she had at eighteen, twice over. Think of her going home and crying because she had whipped a boy! But I fancy mother was n’t naturally strong-minded. I think for my part dignity is a gift, and —”

Here the young lady saw Brother Ben approaching, and hastily drew away from the mirror.

“What’s the price of long dresses?” said Ben, with a profound bow. “How’s your Majesty’s best health? And when do we begin our royal duties as Mistress of the Birch?”

“Ben,” said Ruphelle, severely, “you’ll never have to reflect upon yourself for not improving every opportunity to be disagreeable. You need n’t make sport of my long dress, though! I’m actually older than you are this minute, sir. Girls are naturally older than boys.”

“True, my venerable friend. That’s why you’re so full of wrinkles.”

“Ben, it’s your way to trifle with serious subjects; but I wish you to understand that I am not a chicken, and that I have mother’s consent to teach school this very summer.”

“If Mr. Johonnet will let you! Ahem! What will you give for a letter?”

Ruphelle’s quick scream of delight was hardly dignified. She eagerly snatched and tore open the epistle. Her cup of joy overflowed at that moment. Mr. Johonnet informed her in very pale ink that he accepted her application, and she might commence the school at Witch Hill — a small school of twenty pupils — on the first Monday in June.

“Well, there,” cried Ruphelle, dancing about her brother, “it does seem too good to be true!”

“Hurrah for the little teacher!” shouted Ben. “Three cheers for the twenty witches! Sweet sister, spare, O spare their tender ears!”

“Ben Preston, did n’t I begin to whip chairs with a switch before I knew my letters? Was n’t I always keeping school with my dolls, and shaking them as natural as life? So it’s plain I have a gift for government. Don’t try to put me down, sir!”

Thus far fortune had smiled upon the darling scheme. True, there were still a few difficulties to be met, such as the possible pangs of homesickness, and the certain horror of being examined by the "school committee"; but "the star of the unconquered will" had arisen in Ruphelle's breast, and she was not to be daunted.

"Are n't you afraid your pupils won't obey a young girl of fourteen?" asked Mrs. Townsend, doubtfully.

"Ah," thought Ruphelle, "piqued, is she? Sees that I'm smarter than her daughter Jane!"

"If I were in your place," added Mrs. Townsend, kindly, "I would n't tell my age."

"I dare say people won't ask me, ma'am."

"Yes, but they will, child; they always do."

"Then I'll have to tell."

"No, you can say you are 'not eighteen,' which is perfectly true."

"Why," cried Ruphelle, opening her honest eyes very wide, "'t would choke me to say that!"

"My dear, it is a harmless fraud. If your real age is known, depend upon it you'll not be treated with much respect."

"Now, Mrs. Townsend," faltered Ruphelle, "you belong to the church, and you ought to know what's wicked and what is n't. If you advise me to say I'm not quite eighteen, I'll say so."

"I do advise it by all means," replied Mrs. Townsend. So that matter was settled.

Witch Hill was a pretty little district tucked away in one corner of the town of Lincoln. Ruphelle reached it on Saturday afternoon, after travelling thirty hilly miles by stage. Her first impressions were not very favorable, for Mrs. Johonnet, with whom she was to board, met her at the door surrounded by five untidy children, and asked her, before her bonnet was fairly removed, how old she was.

The poor girl's heart almost turned over. "Not quite eighteen," replied she, in a choked voice; adding to herself, "O, what a lie! A black lie!"

"You don't say so," returned her hostess. "Do you suppose you've stopped growing? Been sickly, I guess? You look rather pindling."

Ruphelle blushed hotly, and shrank from Mrs. Johonnet's gaze, which she thought was the most penetrating one she had ever met.

She now began to have a foreboding fear of the three "committee men," whom she must see in the evening. "Will they come early, Mrs. Johonnet?" asked she at the tea-table.

"Well, they live close by, the farthest one considerable scant of half a mile. They'll be here by six, I think it's likely."

And it was already five. The amount of supper which Ruphelle ate after this would not have sufficed for a humming-bird. She lost her self-possession, answered questions at random, and offended Mrs. Johonnet by pecking daintily at a piece of custard-pie, which the good woman supposed she scorned because it was sweetened with molasses.

For her part, Ruphelle had conceived a childish dislike for her hostess, because she thought she detected a gleam of satisfaction in that lady's eye, as she said, "Don't take sugar in your tea, Miss Preston? I want to know!"

This suspicion of shallow hospitality gave the little girl her first twinge of homesickness. "Hope I sha'n't have much appetite while I'm here," thought she; "I don't like people to watch everything I put in my mouth."

After tea she went into the parlor, followed by three noisy children, — one of them two years old, and an undesirable companion, on account of the maple sugar which adhered to her hands and face.

Ruphelle gazed mournfully about the room, and, "weary and heart-tired," longed to go somewhere and cry. The stiff sofa and wooden chairs looked as if they did not feel at home and acquainted with one another, but as if they had all gone visiting; and as for the landscape from the window, the disheartened child thought it as forlorn as a desert.

She had just beheld with dismay the impress of the baby's fingers on her pink muslin dress, when the door opened, and two thirds of the awful board of committee were ushered into the room.

Ruphelle's hands became ice, her tongue leather, and a lump arose in her throat which choked her voice. In reply to the solemn questions propounded, she affirmed that "green" was a common noun, and "mountain" an intransitive verb. She put Greenland under the Equator, and removed the Red Sea into South America. She was frightened by her own blunders. That mysterious bit of paper called a certificate began to seem as priceless to her as a king's ransom, and as unattainable.

But soon a diversion occurred. Mr. Spaulding, whose forte was orthography, proposed the word "Skipo." Ruphelle, after many trials, confessed that she could not spell it.

"Easy enough," said Mr. Spaulding, glibly, "S, c, i, ski, p, i, o, po, Skipo!"

"Ah," thought Miss Preston, "if that's all you know, sir, I'm not afraid of you." And after this her answers were so ready and correct that she was freely promised a certificate as soon as Dr. Prince, the third member of the board, should return to town and add his signature.

Ruphelle felt as victorious as if she had parted with all her back teeth without the aid of chloroform.

"You look very young for a teacher," said Mr. Blount, with irrepressible curiosity; "may I ask how old you are?"

"Not quite eighteen," replied our heroine, desperately; at the same time whispering to her conscience, "Only a pepper-and-salt lie!"

Were the people of Witch Hill a set of detectives, all bent upon ferreting out her age? Alas! she soon regarded "not eighteen" as only a white lie, and at last almost believed it was the truth.

Monday morning came. Would it never be nine o'clock, that she might see those adorable pupils, who were going to love her and obey every glance of her eye? Once she shook her watch, thinking it had stopped.



Finally she started fifteen minutes before the hour, balancing the door-key on her finger. The children, with hats, bonnets, and dinner-baskets, stood near the school-house, waiting for a peep at the bright little teacher.

"What a whalin' big woman!" said Sylvanus Bean, one of the large boys. "What 'll you bet I can't lift her with my little finger?"

As Miss Preston drew near, she looked at the upturned faces with a tremulous smile, which tried to be very mature and condescending. She unlocked the door, whereupon the children quietly entered, and watched her as she hung up her shaker, deposited her Bible on the desk, and then stood by the window examining her watch.

When she rang the bell, the imperious sound startled her. What was she going to do with all the time? She took down the names very slowly, set shaky copies, and overturned an inkstand, heard everybody's lessons twice, and the alphabet children's four times; still it was only eleven o'clock, though she was hungry enough for three! Certainly they did have the longest days here at Witch Hill!

She must do something to wear away the minutes; so she patted a little boy on the head, and asked him if his mother was quite well. He was a social child, unused to the restraints of a school-room, and he replied with animation: "Yes, my mother's well. She's a smart lady, she knows how to take out her teeth. Can you do that? Did you ever see my mother?"

Ruphelle thought it hardly dignified or safe to risk any more conversation, but concluded to deliver a lecture. It was her maiden speech, and proved to be a remarkable specimen of oratory, with as many heads as a field of clover.

Nobody must speak, she said, or ask to speak, or leave a seat; nobody must stir a foot or lift an eyelid without leave. Everybody must look straight at his book, and, though a pistol should be fired at his ear, he must not turn his head. If nobody did *thus*, and everybody did *so*, then how happy all the parents would be, and, behold, what a number of Presidents of the United States would spring up forthwith!

Just as the little teacher was forgetting her hunger, and growing eloquent, somebody laughed!

Ruphelle wished the floor would open and swallow her, but that was not to be expected. Tears rose to her eyes; she let them drip back into her heart. She would n't cry, — O no! And the next thing she knew she was laughing hysterically, and the rest of her speech, like Aladdin's palace, was suddenly missing.

The children all liked her from that moment, and considered her "jolly"; but as for her authority it was gone forever. The first week seemed like a lifetime, and at the end of it, scold as she might, nobody heeded her. The scholars whispered, laughed, and whittled slate-pencils before her very eyes.

As a warning to the rest, she made a frightful example of one naughty child, by pinning her to the skirt of her dress, and marching her across the floor. In the midst of this proceeding, Dr. Prince, the third and most for-

midable "committee man," arrived to visit the school. Ruphelle was so frightened and distressed, that she said, "How do you do, ma'am?" and asked the doctor to take off his bonnet. The consequence was a chorus of laughter from the children, and a look of intense amazement on the part of the visitor.

It was a dreary, dreary summer for the little teacher. She might have said it was "no summer, only a winter painted green."

The Hartwells sent to request that she would chastise Johnny, and the Beans that she would n't touch Tommy. The Dudleys wished she would keep a little order, and the Daggets considered her a very unprofitable teacher. Mrs. Tuttle, who came in with her knitting to look around, was sure she should go crazy in such a noise; and Mrs. Spaulding openly called it a "baby's school."

Every night Ruphelle rolled her miseries into a lump, and cried over them. She grew so thin and pale that her father, going to see her, urged her to close her tedious labors. But the poor child sadly shook her head; she wished to finish her self-appointed task, cost her what it might.

But, as it happened, the agent suddenly discovered that the money "would n't hold out," and the district decided that two months was quite sufficient for the summer school. Ruphelle had grown very wise, and understood this as a delicate hint that her services were no longer acceptable. However, she merely said, "Very well, Mr. Johonnet," crushed back the tears, dismissed the school, and ingloriously started for home.

"Poor Ruphelle!" said Brother Ben, "you look like 'an example of suffering affliction and patience.' By the way, how did you enjoy the witches?"

"Ben, please never speak to me of school as long as you live!"

The youth laughed. "Strange you did n't fancy the business when you have such a 'gift for government.' Perhaps you're like the man who had such control over his dog. 'See how he minds me!' said he. 'Out of the house, Towler!' And when the animal did n't go, but crept under the table, the man said, 'O, well, Towler, out doors, under the table, anywhere! It's all the same.'"

"That will do, Ben. If you wish to know of worse trials than I've had this summer, you'll find them recorded in the Book of Job. That's all I have to say."

"I see," retorted Ben, "you're cured of one infirmity, palpitation of the tongue."

But one day Ruphelle said confidentially to her mother: "Mother, do you know there is n't any sort of *remarkability* about me, and I've found it out? I'm just like other children of my age. If you're perfectly willing, I'd rather not grow up just yet."

And her mother replied: "See that you remember it, my daughter; for I have somewhere read that a woman may hope to be an angel some day, but can never be a girl again."

## C A S H .

“CASH! Nine!” That is the glove department. “Cash! Two!” linen clerk calls. “Cash! Five!” Silks. Dear me! how very busy the five or six pairs of boys’ feet have to be, the great store is so crowded, it is so warm, and the tired clerks are so impatient! It is a mercy if the poor little heads be not crazed. They get used to it, and almost before the call is uttered, away they go, now here, now there, darting through the crowd like a swallow after a gadfly, and with an “Ay!” or a “Here!” they snatch the money from the counter, and are off to the cashier’s desk.

But it is weary work, and towards night some of the little feet ache sadly, and the childish voices grow hoarse, especially if they be new-comers. For such there is little mercy.

“Here, you!” says the “big boy” of the half-dozen, with a rude shove, to a little blue-eyed pale-face of some ten years’ experience of life. “What ye doing, loafing round this way? Three! Can’t ye hear? There ’t is. Calicoes.” And away hurries Pale-face, to be greeted by the calico clerk with “You ’ve been long enough a coming. Step lively now!”

Closing time comes at last, — even the fashionables being weary for one day of feasting their eyes or buying what they do not want. The proprietors went home long ago to dinner and a drive in the Park; the clerks give the last twirl to their mustaches preparatory to a saunter up Broadway, and the five comrades of little Pale-face whoop away in the same direction, one to ride a few blocks on the steps of an up-town stage, another to rush along, overturning a bootblack’s apparatus, — quite accidentally, of course, — another, the “big boy,” to chaff with the old apple-woman on the corner about a three-cent cigar.

Blue-eyed “Cash” does n’t seem in any hurry for his supper; he even sits down awhile on the Park-railings as he crosses Union Square, very tired, perhaps sick. Greater men than he ever will be have paused ere now to debate the momentous question, “To be, or not to be?” Shall he go and tell his mother that he cannot stand it any longer, — that it is too hard for him, — that he does n’t like the boys, — that he is sick, — that, in short, he would rather do something else, or nothing?

Not yet; the day when his father’s lips had kissed him, and said, “You will be a good boy to mother, Frankie,” and his father’s hand was laid on his head for the last time before hand and lips lay silent and cold in Greenwood, was too fresh in memory. And how he had found his mother crying, with Baby Willie and little sister clinging to her and crying too for sympathy, and his mother had said they were poor, and she knew not where to look for work, and he had straightened up so bravely and looked very manish in spite of tears in his eyes and throat, as he said: “I can work. You know pa said I must take care of you and Sis, and I ’m a going to. Don’t cry, ma; I shall soon be a man. I can go to market now, and cut wood and

make fires ; you know I did while pa was sick. And I can be a newsboy, like Tommy Dolan ; or I can black boots, like Johnny Finnegan, in the alley ; — or — I know ! Errand-boy 's the thing ! Don't cry, ma ! We won't have to move ; we 'll pay the rent somehow. You must take a boarder, like Mrs. Skillins down stairs." And in the purity of his brave young heart, he could n't see why "ma" shuddered at the mention of Tommy Dolan and Johnny Finnegan.

The very next morning, as bright and early he started down stairs with his basket on his way to Tompkins Market for "ma's" breakfast, he encountered Stebbins, Mrs. Skillins's hall-bedroom lodger, a dry-goods clerk down town. Stebbins and Frankie were good friends. "Sis" went down stairs on his shoulder on many a morning, and kissed him "good by" at the door, and both were well acquainted with the way to his pockets when he came in at night.

A bright thought popped into Frankie's curly head.

"I say, Stebbins," with rather a nonchalant air and utter forgetfulness of "ma's" injunction to say *Mr.* Stebbins, — "any errand-boys in your store ?"

"Six more than are good for anything. Why, Bub ?"

"Then you just turn off one of 'em, and get me his place, will you ?" confidentially, with a knowing wink.

"Whew !" whistled Stebbins. "Got on high-heeled boots, I guess."

"Have n't got any boots ; but I 'll have a pair soon as you get me that place. You see I 'm going to be a man ; somebody 's got to take care o' my mother, you know ; and I guess I can do something, if I only get a start."

"You 'd better start for the market, then, right away."

"Never you mind the market ; but don't forget what I ask you. I can do as much as any other fellow most eleven years old."

When, in a few weeks, Stebbins told "ma" that they wanted a new cash-boy, "ma" demurred a little about "Frankie's giving up school ; his pa was always so anxious to give him advantages," and inquired particularly about the boys he would mix with, and gave him a thousand charges on conduct, associates, &c. ; to all of which Frankie answered confidently : "Never mind, ma. Don't worry about school. When I earn some money, I can go to college, if you like, and Sis shall have a piano. I don't play with bad boys, you know I don't. My pa was a good man, and said I must be a gentleman when I grow up."

So "ma" brushed his best suit, and, with the elation natural to a good purpose and good clothes, Frankie took his first step toward the golden Future.

Not over the smoothest road, he soon found. Work is work, at best ; and though the young heart was large and brave, the hands were small and weak. And everybody in the wide, selfish world is n't like Stebbins or "ma." But it *was* a comfort, after getting through that first tedious week, to hasten home on Saturday night, and lay that three-dollar-bill by the side of "ma's" plate. Did not her tender embrace repay his patient perseverance ?

Sitting there on the Park-rail, no wonder he questioned if he could forego this weekly pleasure, and started on with the thought, "Patience yet awhile!"

It is a good thing not to give up easily when one is striving in a good cause; but sometimes spirits most willing inhabit flesh most weak.

The sultry August days of rain and heat brought their usual tribute of disease to the crowded, dirty city; and Fever and Death began to roam hand in hand through the quarters of the poor.

For more than a week a light had burned all night in Frankie's chamber, and his mother had sat all day beside his bed; but he did not know her. Willingly the little feet had carried their owner to his daily tasks, and wearily brought home his aching head, till they could do so no longer.

When the doctor came, how eagerly Frankie prattled to him of his work and his plans, and how the "big boy" in the store had tried to get him to drink lager-beer with him, and a great deal else that he did not at all know he was saying, because he was wild with fever. And his mother, following the doctor out, anxiously said, "*Do* you think he will get well? It seems to me I could n't live if he does not."

No doubt Frankie's mother *could* have lived if it had pleased the good God to take him from her; for many a mother lives whose own dear boy looks not on her with his bright eyes in her earthly home, but with angel-eyes from the heavenly. God is especially merciful to "the widow and the fatherless"; and after a while the doctor found Frankie sitting up, or playing with Willie on the floor, when he made his daily visit.

"Doctor" was a great man, so they all thought. Surely he could make any one well. He had such a smile, such pleasant ways, such jokes for Frankie, such treasures of knick-knacks for Baby and Sis. He had such a breezy way of rubbing his hands, and saying, with pretended sternness, "Out of bed? My goodness! How 's this? Don't you know you 're sick? I shall have to give you a dose of castor-oil at once to convince you of it. Don't want it? Why, you 'll tell me next you don't want a doctor. Well, if you won't take oil, I don't see but you will have to take—a ride. Mother, just wrap a shawl round him. I'm going out to Bloomingdale, and I think I 'll take him along. When people won't take castor-oil, it is high time they went to the insane asylum."

It was about this time that Stebbins stood talking at the desk with the cashier, who said, "By the way, what has become of that little 'Cash' you brought us?"

So Stebbins told him how sick Frankie had been, and the senior partner, standing near, overheard, and said he had noticed the little boy because he was delicate, yet so willing and bright, and, questioned further, Stebbins told all he knew of the family.

"Give that to his mother," said the senior partner, handing a bright new "greenback" with an X on it, "with my compliments on her promising boy; and tell her that when he is well again we shall be glad to see him back."

That "greenback" was a welcome visitor to Frankie's mother, for while

she had been attending him so closely the sewing-machine had been idle, and money grew scarce, but far above the ten dollars did she value the senior partner's praise of her boy.

Soon Frankie began to talk of going to work again, but his mother consulted the doctor, and he did not advise his return to the store. He thought him too young, and not strong enough, and promised to look around himself for a better chance.

Somebody who was Secretary of the "Life and Hope Sustaining Society," of which Doctor was one of the directors, said to him one morning: "Doctor, I don't quite like this boy we have here in the office. He seems inclined to get rid of work, and has several times been impertinent to me. I heard him tell one of the clerks that he never would be ordered around by a woman, because the clerk reproved him for neglecting what I had told him to do."

"You don't say so! Never 'll do at all! He needs a man to oversee him. I declare! Now I think of it, the superintendent up stairs wants a boy. I 'll speak to him about it, for I 've a little chap for this place that will just suit you, I think."

That was the way it happened that one morning Doctor stood beside Somebody's table, and, with his hand on Frankie's shoulder said: "I 've brought you a boy, Miss Somebody, and he is to do just what you want, and mind whatever you say to him, carry letters, sweep, and take particular care of your fire, if he stays till winter."

At first Somebody took very little notice of Frankie; she had had so much experience of disagreeable little boys, who grew saucy and idle when noticed and indulged, that she was afraid of spoiling her new page. But Frankie was modest and quiet in her presence, however lively he might be in the street or with other boys, and when he was not busy would take up a book or paper and read, or would write in his copy-book which Somebody gave him, and in which she was teaching him to write.

She had known him nearly three months, when she noticed one day that he seemed listless, and so quiet that she scarcely knew he was there. Looking around she saw him sitting on a box behind the stove and crying. She sat down beside him, and, gently smoothing back his damp hair, inquired his trouble. With a great sob and a pitiful look he answered, "*The baby is dead!*"

There were many babies to Somebody all equally dear, but she knew well that there could be but one to him. So she put her arm around him, and let the blue eyes weep themselves dry upon her shoulder, and whispered all the comforting words she could. She knew the child's heart was full, so she asked many questions about the baby and "Sis" and "ma."

"O, you don't know how cunning he was! He was most two years old, and we loved him so! He was only sick two days, with croup; and when I woke this morning there was ma crying, with Willie dead in her lap."

"Why did you leave her, my child?"

"I thought it would n't be right to stay away, and not let you know."

"True, but go now ; your ma will need you. You must help her to bear the baby's loss."

After that day Somebody and Frankie were warm friends, and nothing marred their mutual relations till nearly spring, when an event occurred that might have ruined poor Frankie's prospects.

He was generally prompt and faithful, particularly in taking letters to and from the post-office, and spent very little time in talking with other boys on the way, and never went off on errands of his own when sent on another's business. This was especially important, as many of the letters contained money, as well as valuable information ; and if he had stopped, or gone out of the way, or played awhile with his friends, the letters might easily have been lost or stolen.

Standing by Somebody's side, he waited for her to finish a letter, into which she put twenty dollars, and, having sealed it carefully, gave it to him to be mailed at once, after which he was to go on another errand to Wall Street.

Off went Frankie, cheerfully whistling "The Union Forever." On the landing he met the up-stairs boy, with a handful of letters, going in the same direction. He inquired Frankie's errands, and made some boasting remarks to give an idea of his own importance. When they reached the street, he said : "Just let me take that letter in your hand ; it is a thick 'un, and I 'll bet there ain't stamps enough on it. I d' know, I guess it 'll pass" ;—and as Frankie reached his hand for it he added : "There 's a Wall Street stage now ; you 'd better jump in. I 'm going to the office, and I 'll take your letter right along with mine." With that he signalled the driver, and before Frankie had time for reflection, he was rumbling down Broadway.

A week passed, and as Frankie was sweeping out and making ready for Somebody's coming, he went to empty the waste-paper basket into the big box in the hall, where the papers were kept for the rag-man. As he did so, he noticed in the box a clean-looking envelope on which the stamp was still uncanceled. As he picked it out to save the stamp, the up-stairs boy came down with *his* basket. Pouncing suddenly and roughly upon Frankie, he sung out : "Gi' me that. It 's mine ! What are you nosing in the waste-box for, I 'd like to know ?"

"Yours ?" said Frankie, thrusting it into his pocket. "I think I have as good a right to what I find in the box as you have, and I mean to keep it."

"You better gi' me that envelope if you don't want your ears pulled."

"You 'd better pull them if you 're tired of your place," retorted Frankie.

"Ho, ho ! a favorite ! Got influence, have ye ? Get out !" and he raised his foot for a heavy kick, when he lost his balance and fell over backwards,—an accident in some way connected with the Doctor's coming behind him at that moment.

Rather crestfallen, he picked himself up, and went up stairs shaking his fist, and muttering threateningly at Frankie over the railing.

Somebody had been at her table about an hour when she said, "Frankie, come here."



She was looking over that morning's letters, and, holding one in her hand, she said: "Our branch office in L— County writes me that the letter and the twenty dollars which I sent a week ago have not been received. You remember seeing me put in the money? You took it to the office."

No, Frankie could n't remember exactly, he so often saw her do similar things.

"Let me see. It was the day I sent you to Wall Street, to Mr. K—'s office. Try and think of all you did that day."

A sudden thought, and a crimson blush rose to Frankie's cheek. For the first time he was conscious that he perhaps had not done right in letting another perform his duty. With downcast eyes he stammered: "O Miss Somebody, I am sorry. If the letter is lost, you will blame me; I let Jim take it to the office."

"This is a serious matter, my child; tell all the truth plainly."

With the earnestness of candor and regret, Frankie fixed his eyes on her face, and told every circumstance of his parting with the letter. When he ceased, Somebody still looked at him silently. Suddenly she said, "What is that sticking out of your pocket?"

He drew out the crumpled envelope, and handed it to her.

"Frankie! This is the envelope to that very letter. Where are the letter and the money?"



Young as he was, the child at once comprehended his situation ; but he knew no way except the straightforward way, always best. So he frankly told the occurrence of the morning, even to the timely appearance of the Doctor.

Somebody said no more to him then, but he saw her talking earnestly with the Doctor, in low tones ; then they both went up stairs to the Superintendent's room, and were gone a long time. When they came back, they called Frankie to them, and Somebody told him that they had had the waste-box searched, and found the missing letter, — that they had questioned Jim, who denied all knowledge of the matter, even to the fact of ever having received a letter from Frankie to take to the post-office.

“But you don't believe him, *do* you?” said Frankie, with an open, inquiring gaze into the faces of his two friends ; for in his innocence he thought they must know as well as he did himself how impossible it was for him to have told a falsehood in the matter.

“We don't know exactly what to believe yet. We must investigate,” said the Doctor.

It would be too long a story to tell you how, little by little, they traced the guilt to Jim, learning where and how he spent the stolen money, and how he tried to fix a share of his wickedness upon Frankie by saying he had agreed with him to commit the act and divide the money. But though he thought to account thus for this instance, he could not make even as plausible a story about the many other sums he was found to have obtained in a similar way.

Poor Jim ! He was found out, as most wicked people are sure to be, and now he is learning to make chairs in the Penitentiary ; and I hope when he comes out again he will have also learned that the straightforward way *is* the best, after all, though narrow and rough sometimes.

The latest news of Frankie is that he is living on the Doctor's “place” out in the country. Doctor got tired of city practice, and preferred gardening and attending to village patients. Frankie drives the Doctor's chaise, pounds drugs, and is useful generally. He recites lessons every day to his old friend Somebody, who is *Mrs.* Doctor now, and whom Frankie thinks he could n't do without. There is a little house on the place which the Doctor thought the very thing for Frankie's mother and “Sis,” and work for the machine is even more plentiful there than in the city.

*Does n't* “Sis” revel in buttercups and dandelions ? And *does n't* Stebbins have his fill of strawberries and other good things, when he comes out for a Sunday's vacation ?

Caroline A. Howard.



## INLAND AND SHORELAND.

SERAPHINA sat in state in a pasteboard arm-chair, stuffed, and covered with gay chintz, which mother had made for Polly on her last birthday; and Matilda Ann, who had the scarlet fever, Polly said, was tucked up in bed, her ink eyes staring up at a little bit of blue sky one could see through a chink in the rocks. It was October now, and as Polly sat on her small stool making an apron for Seraphina, while Jack and Jimmy hammered away at some pieces of board, which were by and by to turn into a wagon, a cool wind blew into the rock house, sending all the bits of calico and silk flying.

"What a wind!" said Polly, chasing first one piece and then another. "I do believe we've got to move up to the wood-house chamber. It's dreadful cold, sitting still out here."

"Cold!" repeated Nathan, who had busied himself with turning somersets, in the intervals of watching the hammering. "Do as I do, and I guess you won't be cold."

"I would n't do such a thing," said Polly, indignantly. "Girls was n't made to turn somersets."

Here a lovely bit of pink silk whirled out on the shore, and then, rising into the air, floated about a moment over a rock which at high water was always covered. Polly raced after it, and, as it settled down, jumped to the rock, and caught it in her hand. The sea-weed was wet and slippery, and, as she touched her bit of silk, over she went, rolling like a ball down the shelving side to the sand below.

"Ho!" shouted Nathan. "I thought 'girls was n't made to turn somersets.' I could n't 'a' done that better myself, Polly."

"You just keep still," said Polly, getting up with a very red face. "There's all those Lane children coming down the bluff: what 'll we do?"

"Have a good time," said Jack, coming out all over little sticks and splinters. "That Lotty's a first-rate little gal, and Harry's a nice boy. Takes all you know to stand Paul, but where there's a lot of us I guess he'll do. How'd you find your way?" he went on, as the children came running down the path. "I thought you were going to Shrewsbury with your grandfather."

"So we were," said Lotty, "but grandpa had somebody come to see him; and mother told us the way down here, and said you'd see to us. We're going home to-morrow."

"Why," said Polly, "you have n't been here a week."

"I know it," answered Lotty; "but our school begins next Monday. Next summer we're going to come here the first of June, and stay all summer long. Shall you be here?"

"Why, yes," answered Polly, "unless I die. I don't ever go away. None of us does that but father."

"I would n't stay in one place all the time," said Paul, looking about the rock house very contemptuously. "Is this the place you play in?"

"Yes," said Polly, who had seen the look, and was ready to declare Paul the ugliest boy she had ever seen. "It's a splendid place when it's warm, but it's getting pretty cold now."

"I should think it was," said Paul, pretending to shiver. "The wind blows in everywhere; but then I suppose you're used to being cold. What you making, Jack?"

"A wagon to carry clams and things in," said Jack. "It'll be handy for Nathan when he's digging 'em, instead of a basket."

"But there's only three wheels," said Harry.

"I know it," said Jack; "two behind, and one in the middle in front. That's all you want when you have n't got any more."

Paul in the mean time had picked up Polly's bottle of gold and silver shells, which, standing where the sun shone on it, was sparkling beautifully. On the rough little shelf from which he had taken it were some bright bits of coral, and a strange shell, brought home by Captain Ben, with other curiosities, many years before.

"What's that?" said he.

"That's a paper nautilus shell," answered Jimmy, who knew all that could be told him by his father about every curious thing he had ever seen. "See how little it is at the end, and it grows bigger and bigger. The top's broken, so you can look in; it's all divided off into lots o' rooms, and there's a tight wall between each one. How do you suppose it got round in its house?"

"I don't know," said Paul, half interested and half sulky.

"Father says," said Jimmy, "that a man who knew all about everything that ever was made told him once, that the nautilus began in the little end, and lived in it a year till it grew bigger, and its shell grew too, and then it went out into the next room, and built up this wall between, and never went back again. This one's got five rooms, so I s'pose it lived five years, and went sailing round everywhere."

"Sailing!" said Paul. "A shell can't sail."

"This shell could, anyhow," said Jimmy. "Father says he's seen 'em in the Southern Seas, when he used to be a sailor, going everywhere, and they look beautiful on the water. Portuguese men-o'-war the sailors call 'em."

"I don't believe it," said Paul. "I guess I should know about it if it was true."

"Come," said Jack, who saw Jimmy's eyes flash, "let's go down to the Point, and look at the fiddlers."

"I told mother I'd get some horse-feet for the pig," said Nathan, "and I guess now's just the time. Tide's half up, and there'll be dozens of 'em on the beach. Let's all go."

"I think you've got a funny pig, if he'll eat horses' feet," said Harry; "and what makes fiddlers live on the Point?"

"O," said Jimmy, beginning to laugh, "they live there so 's to have plenty of room, and they can fiddle all the time, and never disturb anybody."

"I don't believe they 're real fiddlers," said Harry, who, having lived all his life in a city, knew very little of what was to be seen 'long shore.

"Of course they 're not, you goose," said Paul; "any stupid would know that."

"Did you know?" said Polly.

Paul turned red, but pretended not to hear, and walked on, looking very sulky. It was aggravating to have all these green 'long-shore children talking of things he knew nothing about; and he was turning over in his mind a speech which was to confound them altogether, when they came to a long strip of sand, hard and firm as any floor, and scarcely a shell or pebble to be seen on its whole length.

"I wish I had my velocipede here," said Harry. "Would n't I spin along!"

"What 's a velocipede?" asked Jack.

"Ho!" said Paul. "Before I 'd be so green as not to know that! A dirty beggar-boy knows what a velocipede is."

"You don't know half as much as a dirty beggar-boy," said Polly, whose feelings were getting too much for her. "I wish a crab would bite you."

"You 'd better look out," Paul began; but Jack interrupted.

"Come now; no fighting in this company. If I 'd 'a' lived in the city all my life, I 'd know some things I slip up on now; and Paul, if he 'd 'a' lived here, would have talked about fishes and all that as fast as we can. Come on to the Point."

Lotty and Polly took hold of hands, and scampered over the smooth sand, while Nathan, to relieve his mind, turned another somerset, which ended disastrously, for Harry, at that moment running up, received a blow from Nathan's heels, as he flew over, which quite doubled him up.

"There!" said Paul, "see what that hateful boy has done! That comes of going with low people."

"Well," said Jack, picking Harry up, "don't s'pose you meant to knock each other's eyes out; but you just take better care o' your legs, Nathan."

"He did n't mean to," said Harry. "I was n't looking, and I ran right into him."

"He did it a-purpose," said Paul. "I shall tell grandfather, when I go home."

"Do what you like," said Jack, getting a little excited. "Might as well try to get along peaceable with a sting-ray."

"What 's a sting-ray?" said Lotty.

"Why," answered Jack, "it 's a flat fish with a long tail, and two or three sort o' spikes in the end; and if you get it in a fyke, or draw it up on a line, it just lashes round, and stings everybody it can. They 're awful poison."

By this time they had reached the Point, and both Lotty and Harry drew back a little. The tide had thrown up numbers of little soft clams on the

sand, leaving them stranded there as it went down ; and the horse-feet, which generally come up when the tide is half high, and go back after it has been falling two or three hours, were busy here feasting on the clams.

“What are those horrid things wiggling all round ?” said Harry.

“They ’re the horse-feet,” said Jimmy.

“O,” said Lotty, “I thought you meant the pig ate real horses’ feet. I should n’t think he ’d touch those things. How can he bite through the shells ? and don’t he get bitten back ?”

“No,” said Jimmy, dashing in among them, and piling them into his basket on their backs. “They ain’t anything but a round shell, with a tail and a stomach. Take this little one in your hand ; hold it by the tail, and you won’t hardly know you ’ve got it. They can’t bite, or, if they can, they never was known to.”

Lotty looked curiously at the spongy sort of animal under the shield-like shell ; and in the mean time Paul, when he saw Harry draw back, walked on, intending to show that he had no fear, and thus lost Jimmy’s description of them. Suddenly he stepped right into the midst of some half-dozen immense fellows, feeding where the clams were thickest. They all scuttled rapidly down to the water, except the very longest one, which seemed to Paul as big round as a bushel-basket, and with a tail a foot long. Paul stood stock-still for a moment, really afraid to stir ; and the horse-foot, seeming just then to realize that some danger was near, went right over his feet, and down to the water.

“O !” screamed Paul, as the slimy thing went on, “it’s going to bite me ; it’s going to bite me ! O Jack !”

All the children came running, and Paul, very much ashamed as he saw Jimmy’s basket full and little Lotty holding one by the tail, turned red, and hung down his head.

“Why, I thought a shark had got you !” said Jack. “You might ’a’ saved some o’ that hollering for next time. ’Most too much for one horse-foot.”

Paul for once had nothing to say, and followed the children back till they reached the pigpen. There Jimmy and Nathan emptied the big basket into a barrel, throwing four or five of the fish into the pen, which the pig crunched up as if he enjoyed them. One, dropping from the basket, wiggled off toward the shore.

“Here, you fellow !” said Nathan, sticking its sharp tail into the ground and leaving it there. “I believe that critter would get back to water, if it was a mile away. I should n’t wonder if they smelled it.”

“Now,” said Harry, “I want to see the fiddlers before we go home.”

“All right,” said Jack ; “they ain’t far off.”

“Ain’t they ?” said Harry, looking around ; “I don’t hear ’em.”

Jack burst into a laugh, and Jimmy and Nathan joined in.

“Why, they ’re crabs,” said Polly, — “little crabs with one big claw ; and they live in the salt meadows sometimes, and in wet places ’long shore. There ’s a lot of ’em always behind that big rock you see off there, only you can’t catch ’em easy.”

"Why?" said Harry, who had laughed too, after the first moment of confusion.

"'Cause," said Polly, "there 's always an old one watching; and even if there 's hundreds out o' their holes, the minute you go near 'em, he knocks on the ground, or does something, and in they go."

"Let 's go see 'em quick," said Harry and Lotty, very much interested.

"I ain't going to," said Paul; "I 've seen enough nasty things. I 'm going down to look at that boat."

Jack followed, leaving Jimmy and the other children to watch the fiddlers. He and Nathan had been out that morning, fishing, and the pretty skiff was drawn up on the beach.

"Can't we go out in that?" said Paul.

"Yes, we could," said Jack, "only the tide 's going out, and we 'd have a hard pull back."

"There 's a big boat there with a mast, that would hold us all," said Paul. "We could go in that, for grandpa meant we should have a sail, and he said you 'd take us, too."

Jack thought a moment. "That boat 's pretty dirty," said he, "but you 've all got on your playing clothes, and we won't go far. I can't bring it up near, for the tide 's too far out, but I 'll carry you to it in the skiff. Come along," he shouted, running up to the house, to let Mrs. Ben know they were going. The children raced down to the beach, for nothing was so delightful as going sailing with Jack; and since he had been working for Squire Green they seldom had the chance. Mrs. Ben stood in the door, and handed two thick shawls to Jimmy as he passed by.

"Wrap them children up well, if you 're out any time," said she, "for they ain't used to it. They 're safe enough with Jack and you, but I don't want 'em to get cold."

"I wish that Paul was n't going," said Jimmy; "he 's just the sassiest boy!"

"Don't you be sassy back," said his mother. "It takes two to make a quarrel, and, if he sees he can't rile you, maybe he 'll mend his manners; he don't look over and above pleasant, that 's a fact."

By this time the city children were safely in the boat, and Jack, after pulling Polly and Jimmy to it, fastened the skiff to the buoy by the rope which had held the other. Very little rowing was needed, for the tide helped them out of the cove; and once fairly in the open bay, they hoisted sail and went on famously. The city children, who knew nothing of the water, save what could be seen crossing the ferries, were wild with delight, — even Master Paul condescending to dip his hand in the water, and look complacently at the porpoises tumbling in the distance. So for a while things went on charmingly, till Jack thought it time to turn back, and, without giving Paul a chance to object, said to Jimmy, "I guess we'll go about now."

"About what?" said Paul.

"Never mind," answered Jack, with a comical look, "only you just duck your head down, please. We 're going to jibe."

Paul did n't know what "jibe" meant, but he determined he would n't duck his head, nor be ordered about by Jack in any way. Now to "jibe" is to change the position of a sail, so that, if the wind has been blowing against the right-hand side of it, the left-hand side shall be brought round for the wind to blow upon. So, if the sail has been drawing on the left, or larboard, or port side of the boat, the wind, striking its opposite face, will carry it across the boat, to the right or starboard side. The bottom of the sail is fastened to a heavy pole called the boom, and the boom is of course carried over with the sail. As this boom hangs at about the height of the shoulder of a boy sitting in the boat, you can see at once why Jack told Paul to duck his head. Paul was sitting with his back to the sail, and did not see it coming over, so he sat up straighter than ever; and the boom, striking him on the back of the neck, tumbled him heels over head into the bottom of the boat, where he lay for a moment in the midst of two or three fish and some slimy water, not yet cleared out.



It was so evident where the fault lay, that as he scrambled up, not much hurt, he could not blame any one but himself, and so sat down again, only saying: "I won't have such an ugly great stick as that in my boat. I'm going to have a boat next summer, a great deal nicer than this nasty thing; and I'll have all the sails hung up on the mast, like that ship over there," — pointing to a brig standing up the bay before the wind.

All the 'long-shore children shouted so at the idea of a square-rigged skiff, that Paul felt completely disconcerted, and concluded to go forward, out of the way of that "ugly great stick."

"If you go forward, you must tend jib, and send Nathan aft," said Jack; "there is n't room for both of you."

What "tending jib" was, Paul did n't in the least understand, but he took Nathan's seat in front of the mast, saying "Very well" as he did so. Jack held the boat on the same course till they reached the bar, when he thought it better to go on the other tack, that is, "jibe" again. So he called to Paul, "Mind that jib."

"Yes," answered Paul, "I will."

The jib of the boat was tied by a little rope to the side of the boat, and Jack wanted Paul to untie the rope and, at the right moment, let the jib blow over with the other sail. Paul had not the least notion what to do, and did nothing at all. Consequently the boat, instead of going about on the other tack began to drift to leeward.

"Let go that jib!" shouted Jack.

"I ain't touching the jib," answered Paul.

"Well," said Nathan, jumping forward, "if ever I saw a lubberhead!"

Paul, furious, jumped up, and caught little Nathan by the shoulder, intending to give him a good shaking, but, slipping, both went down together between the seats. Jack by this time had got the boat before the wind. This course carried them straight away from home, but it was the only thing he could do. Then, giving the tiller to Jimmy, he went forward, picked up the two boys, and ordered Paul, pretty sharply, to go aft and behave himself. It took a long time to beat up to the bar again; and when they at last reached it, the tide was out, the water very shallow, and the waves running high.

"What are you doing?" said Paul, as he saw the boat once more change its course. "We were 'most in, and now you're going away again."

"I'm tacking," said Jack.

"What a lie!" said Paul. "If I don't just tell grandfather."

"You shut up, once for all," answered Jack, "or I'll know the reason why. You've made trouble enough already. I'm going up to the other cove, where it's easy landing, and you keep pretty still till we're there."

Paul, like all blusterers, was a coward; he was a little sea-sick, too, and so sat perfectly quiet, while Lotty and Harry, as the boat rocked more and more violently, began to cry.

"You need n't be afraid when Jack's along," said Polly, encouragingly. "He would n't let the boat tip over, if it wanted to; and we'll be there in a few minutes, anyhow."

There was a wet scramble over the slimy, slippery rocks covered with seaweed, after getting out of the boat, but at last they were safely on shore again, Paul, with his brother and sister, walked slowly home, Jack following with the fish he had caught in the morning. Squire Green stood at the gate.

"I was beginning to wonder why the children did n't come," said he. "What's been the matter, Paul?"

"It's all Jack's fault," said Paul, delighted that he could at last relieve his spite a little. "We went sailing, and first he knocked me down with the



stick on the sail, and then he told me to let go the jib, when I was n't touching it, and sailed way out again when we were 'most home, just to plague us, and he said he was tacking, when there was n't a tack there."

Grandfather Green sat right down in the porch, and laughed till the tears ran.

"To think," said he, as Paul's mother came out towards them, "that a grandson of mine should be such a landlubber! What have you been about, Charlotte, that you have n't told him more about 'long shore?"

"He can learn next summer," said Mrs. Lane. "Jack will teach him."

"I 'll smash him, if he tries to," said Paul, furiously angry.

"Come, sir," said grandfather, suddenly, turning from Lotty, who was telling the trouble they had had in getting home, — "come, sir, act like a man for once, and stop showing off airs. Shake hands with Jack, as the least you can do after acting like a simpleton, and make up your mind that you don't know everything yet, and won't for some time."

Jack's gray eyes were looking dubiously at him, though there was a queer little twinkle in them; but he held out his hand at once. Paul drew back a moment; then, meeting his mother's gentle glance, and beginning to be ashamed of his bad temper, he shook hands with Jack very much as though he had rather not, and went into the house.

Next morning Polly and her mother, walking up to Jack's house, were passed by the stage-coach, carrying all the Lanes to the steamboat dock. Lotty and Harry waved their handkerchiefs, but Paul sat up stiffly, and did not turn his head.

"That 's an awful boy," said Polly; "I wish he would n't come here next summer."

"Maybe he 'll be better then," said her mother.

"He sha' n't ever touch my Seraphina, if he is n't," said Polly. "He looked at her yesterday, and she 's acted real bad ever since, and won't sit up good or anything."

"Well," said her mother, laughing; "you keep straight yourself; that 's the main thing."

*Helen C. Weeks.*





Words by MRS. ANNA M. WELLS.

Music by F. WEBER.\*

1. Where the wave - less pond outspreads, Lil - ies lean their love - ly heads,  
 2. Where the si - lent heavens outspread, Troops of beauteous stars are led;

Help me, Fa - ther, that I may Live as pure a life as they.  
 Help me, Fa - ther, that I may, Like the stars, thy will o - bey.

3.

Where the grassy fields outspread,  
 There with dews the flowers are fed;  
 Thus, my Father, thus, I pray,  
 Feed my soul with love alway.

4.

Where life's checkered paths outspread,  
 By that love would I be led,  
 Onward, upward, all the way,  
 To the golden gates of day.

\* Organist of the Royal German Chapel, St. James's Palace, London.

# ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



## A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, & FUNNY THINGS

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

No. 1.

My *first* is a mathematical curve.  
 My *second* is a Mohammedan nymph of paradise.  
 My *third* is a poisonous mineral substance.  
 My *fourth* was an engine of torture used during the Inquisition.  
 My *fifth* was a fabulous river, the drinking of which caused entire forgetfulness of the past.  
 My *sixth* was a shepherd and astronomer of Carai, condemned to a sleep of thirty years.  
 My *seventh* was a queen of Assyria, who built the walls of Babylon, was slain by her son, and transformed into a pigeon.  
 My *whole* is an English novelist.  
 The *initial* letters of the words compose his first name, and the *final* letters compose his surname.

VIOLET.

### CHARADE.

No. 2.

IN the city's crowded street,  
 In the poor man's lonely cot,  
 You my *first* will often meet, —  
 Hard to find where it is not.

Though I should be poor and lone,  
 Seeking gold and finding none,  
 Though my lot be hard to bear,  
 In my *next* I own a share.

None can rob me of my *last*, —  
 Come what will, I hold it fast;  
 All men prize it, — even the worst  
 Like to have my *last* put first.

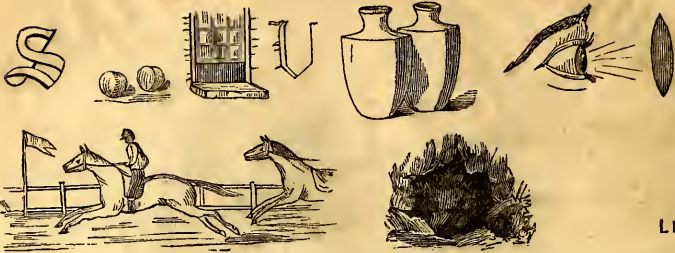
Ere the prairies of the West  
 By the foot of man were pressed,  
 Had my *whole* its course begun;  
 Still its work is never done;  
 Day and night it travels on,  
 Always going, never gone.

J. L. G.

### ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 3.



ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 4.



LF

ENIGMA.

No. 5.

HISTORICAL.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 11, 6, 13, 15, 8, 10, was a king who was very much flattered.

My 11, 19, 12, 7, 1, 6, 3, 4, was a distinguished general.

My 7, 2, 4, 8, 18, 13, was the most noted of the Puritans.

My 14, 15, 10, 16, 13, 16, 3, 10, 6, 13, 18, 17, saved her husband's life.

My 3, 6, 8, 5, 7, 10, 17, was an English bishop.

My 11, 9, 6, 15, 11, 16, 19, was a celebrated poet.

My whole headed a long line of kings.

BUNNY.

PUZZLE.

No. 6.

THERE is a word, a short, but lovely word,

Whose mention brings the happiest thoughts in play,

'T is heard in childhood,—and is frequent heard

In vigorous youth ; in manhood's riper day.

It calms the infant's troubled mind,  
When darkling dreams or fears afright ;

It is in youthful hearts enshrined,  
A beacon-fire to guide their steps aright.

It lends a sparkle to pleasure's cup,  
Heightens each joy which Heaven bestows ;

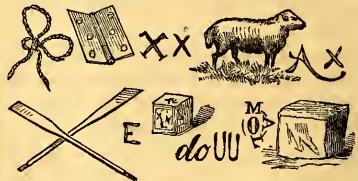
Sweeter than flowers which bees do sup,  
And richer by far than citron groves.

'T was heard on Golgotha's gloomy plain,  
Falling from lips that spake no ill,

From One whose life was free from stain :  
Who preached of "Peace, and to the world good-will."

H. P. T.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 7.



C. J. S.

ANSWERS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

14. GROOM,  
OmrI,  
LineN,  
DelugE.

CHARADE.

18. Ice-land.

ENIGMAS.

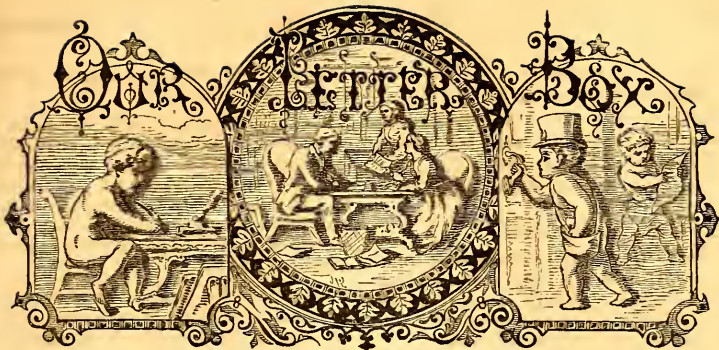
14. "Pray God she prove not masculine ere long."

15. Right overstrained turns to wrong.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

18. One murder makes a villain, millions a hero.  
[(One murder) (M aches) (a villa) (inn), (mill) (eye on S) (a he row).]

19. There are in Europe and America forty-five reigning sovereigns. [T (hare) (R in ewe) (rope) an (dam) (e) ri (c) (a) XLV (raining sovereigns).]



*Fanny* says: "I am writing to you to ask you to answer a few questions which I have been trying to solve in my mind.

"I wish to know (1.) if it is proper to play with dolls after a girl is ten years of age; also, (2.) if it is proper to play games in the street, such as 'I spy,' 'Yard sheep,' or 'Prison Bar,'—which are *my especial favorites*.

"Some people say girls should be brought up to work and do such things as sew, wash dishes, etc., and should not be romping in the streets; but I think 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' But now to speak of beaux. (3.) Is it proper, if you wish to have a correspondence with a gentleman, for the lady or the gentleman to write first, or rather who should make the first advances? I hope you will not think these ideas mixed up."

(1.) Why, yes, if the girl chooses to play with them. (2.) It is proper enough, if the street be so private that the children playing in it do not disturb or interfere with other passers. (3.) It seems to us that some of our little nieces think altogether too much about writing letters to boys, and accepting attentions from them. There will be time for such things when they grow up into womanhood, and chief among many unpleasant and sorrowful sights is a precocious, forward girl, trying to imitate the manners and fashions of her elders. We do not like to have such questions asked us, because we cannot advise fairly in regard to them. If our children cannot ask their parents about any such matter, they may be pretty sure that the thing itself is wrong and to be avoided.

*Telegraph Student.* The alphabet and signals used by the city of Boston in the fire-alarm and police departments are founded on a modification of the Bain system.

*L. M.* Your enigma is useless without the answer.

*Victorine.* You are right,—the blind beggar we told you of was a woman.—Do not play that trick upon your brother on any account. So far as the thing itself is concerned there is no great harm in it, but you know very well that he would not only be vexed, but his feelings would be hurt, by your altering the photograph; and, although he

could of course replace it, the second would not be like the first in his estimation. You do not like to be troubled, you say, and that should teach you consideration for others. There is neither wit nor fun in any trick which gives another pain, places him in a disagreeable or ridiculous situation, or rouses wrong feelings in him.

*Minnie,* we are glad to learn, had a little explanation with her teacher just after writing the letter which we noted in our December number, and now tells us that they "are better friends than ever they were before." That is capital, and just as it should be, for it would have been a pity if any sore feeling had arisen from a little haste or want of judgment on the part of either teacher or pupil.

Minnie wishes now to know if we consider it silly for her to think upon the desire to be an actress, about which she wrote before. We do not regard it as silly, but idle; all speculations which do not lead to some good and useful end should be banished to make room for profitable thoughts.

*Bobolink* asks: "What course of study would you recommend to a young man who has just left school, where he studied the course of Latin and Greek preparatory to College, viz. through Horace and Homer? Is not French a good study? and does not dancing improve one and make him more graceful?" We should advise keeping up as much of the former departments of study as possible. French is useful always: it is not only pleasant on account of its literature, but in mercantile life it is often very valuable. Dancing is no better than calisthenics or gymnastics for giving ease and grace; for our part, we do not think it so good, because it does not build up strength, which, when united to suppleness, is an essential element of good carriage.

*Alice Gray.* Whatever is wrong is improper, and "slang" is a sin against the laws of language. If your "brothers" and "cousins in college" use it, there is the greater reason why you should set them a good example by avoiding it. Slang is no more ornamental to the language of boys than of girls, whatever the boys themselves may think about it,—or the girls either.

*A. F.* You have not even learned to spell.

*Nora S.* Keep trying.

*Arthur D.* We should say not.

*Amie.* (1.) Robert Browning did write "The Last Ride Together." (2.) There is no such line as "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

"*Houstonia*" is a very pleasant sketch, but the spelling is —!

*Trix.* We will see about it.

*Effie S.* (1.) We have no assumed names: our own are good enough. (2.) Your conundrums must be original. (3.) Never mind what you hear; read the publishers' advertisements, and you will find out everything about subscriptions.

*Amy B.* asks: —

(1.) Is it proper for girls to write to young gentlemen.

(2.) Is it proper for little girls to have beaux?

(3.) Is it proper to flirt in the street?

(4.) Is it right to dance or to play cards?

(5.) Is the gentleman or lady to bow first?

(1.) Not without their parents' leave. (2.) No. (3.) Neither in the street nor anywhere else. (4.) Different people have different ideas about these things, and children must be guided in regard to them by their parents or teachers. (5.) The lady.

*Lottie S. B.* There are no better books for a plain, practical account of European countries, their customs, legends, etc., than the "Hand-books" of Murray or Baedeker.

*V. Jupiter.* We must decline your request.

We suppose you have all said "I don't see it," when you looked at last month's picture puzzle; and if you all did, you were all right. Now let us see how many of you can find out what sentence in Shakespeare's "Hamlet" has been packed away here by Mr. Day.

*Clara.* The question you ask has already been answered several times.

*L. C. G.* Dickens's Works will be supplied by our publishers as premiums, if the right number of names can be had. So also with covers for volumes of the magazine, which are 50 cents each. Find the price of the book you desire on Messrs. Ticknor and Fields's Catalogue, and then see by referring to the premium list how many names are required for books of that price.

*Tiny Tim* wants to know "all about the Mouse-Tower and the Bishop of Bingen," mentioned in this verse of Mr. Longfellow's charming poem "The Children's Hour": —

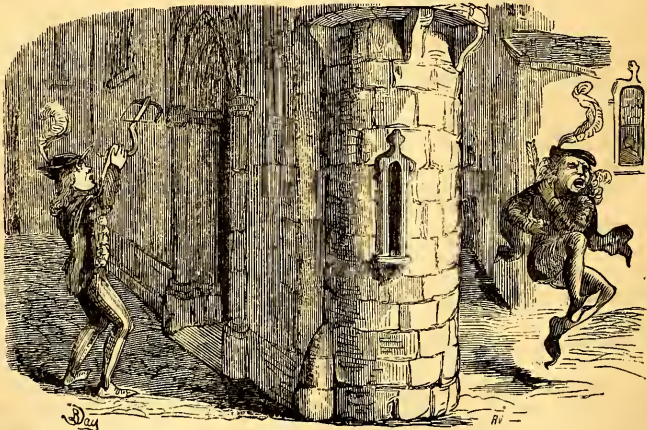
"They almost devour me with kisses,

Their arms about me intwine,

Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen

In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!"

Well then, *Tiny Tim*, the story runs, briefly, as follows: There was once a fearful famine at Bingen, and the avaricious Bishop, whose castle was full of overflowing with corn and flour, instead of helping the distressed poor, demanded large prices for his grain; as the people had no gold, they were obliged to starve. At last the rats and mice, leaving the village where there was not a crumb to nibble at, rushed in vast numbers to the castle, and, besieging the place, not only captured and devoured the corn and flour, but, to make a clean job of it, ate the Bishop himself.







WAKE UP!



# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

No. II.

CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

VII.



**W**E have now for some time followed the Ancient Mariner through the recital of the wonderful adventures which befell himself and the Dean on the lonely little island in the Arctic Sea ; and we have watched the children going and coming from day to day. And we have seen, too, how happy the children were when listening to the story, and how delighted they were with every little scrap they got of it, and how they remembered every word of it, and how William wrote it down in black and white, and had it safe and sound for future use, — little dreaming, at the time of doing it, that the record he was keeping would find its way at last into “Our Young Folks;” and thus give other children than himself and Fred and Alice a chance to make the acquaintance of the good old Captain and the brave and handsome little Dean.

And William Earnest kept his record regularly, and he kept it well, as we have seen before ; and up to this point of time everything was set down with day and date. But now a change had clearly come over the habits of our

living world praise the Lord for remembering it. That's what you never see in all the Arctic winter, — no sunshine ever streaming up above the hills and making all the rainbow colors in the clouds. That's what you never see at all, no more than if you were blind and could n't see. But never mind just now about the winter. We have n't done with the summer yet, nor with Sunday either, for that matter.

“As I have said before, the loss of Sunday much grieved the Dean. So, you see, we had nothing else to do but make one on our own account.”

“What, make a Sunday!” exclaimed William. “I've heard of people making almost everything, even building castles in the air; but I never heard before of anybody putting up a Sunday.”

“Well, you see, we did the best we could. It is not at all surprising that we should have lost our reckoning in this way, seeing that the sun was shining, as I have told you, all the time; and we worked and slept without much regard to whether the hours of night or day were on us. So we had good reason for a little mixing up of dates. In fact we could neither of us very well recall the day of the month that we were cast away. It was somewhere near the end of June, that we knew; but the exact day we could not tell for certain. We remembered the day of the week well enough, and it was Tuesday; but more than this we could not get into our heads, and so it seemed that there was nothing for us but to sink all days into the one long continuous day of the Arctic summer, and nevermore know whether it was Sunday, or Monday, or Friday, or what day it was of any month; and if it should be Heaven's will that we should live on upon the island until the New Year came round, and still other years should come and go, we should never know when the New Year was.

“But, as I was saying, about making a Sunday for ourselves. I did everything I could to refresh my memory about it. I counted up the number of times we had slept, and the number of times we had worked, and recalled the time when I first walked around the island; and I tried my best to connect all those events together in such a way as to prove how often the sun had passed behind the cliffs, and how often it had shone upon us; and thus I made out that the very day I am telling you about proved to be Sunday, — at least I so convinced the Dean, and he was satisfied. And that's the way we made a Sunday for ourselves. So we resolved to do no work that day; and this was well, for we were very weary and needed rest.

“I need not tell you that we passed the time in talking over our plans for the future, and in discussing the prospects ahead of us, and arranging in a general way what we should do. You see we had settled about Sunday, so that was off our minds; and after recalling many things which had happened to us, and things which had been done on the Blackbird, we finally concluded that we had found out the day of the month, and so we called the day ‘Sunday, the second of July,’ and this we marked, as I will show you, thus: On the top of a large flat rock near by I placed a small white stone, and this we called our ‘Sunday stone’; and then, in a row with this stone, we placed six other stones, which we called by the other days of the week. Then I

moved the white stone out of line a little, which was to show that Sunday had passed, and afterwards, when the next day had passed, we did the same with the Monday stone, and so on until the stones were all on a line again, when we knew that it was once more Sunday. Of course we knew when the day was gone, by the sun going around on the north side of the island, throwing the shadow of the cliffs upon us. For noting the days of the month we made a similar arrangement to that which we had made for the days of the week; and thus you see we had now got an almanac among our other things. 'And now,' said the Dean, 'let us put all this down for fear we forget it.' So away the little fellow ran and gathered a great quantity of small pebbles, and these we arranged on the top of the rock so as to form letters; and the letters that we thus made spelled out 'John Hardy and Richard Dean, cast away in the cold, Tuesday, June 27, 1824.'

"Now, when we came to look ahead, and to speculate upon what was likely to befall us, we saw that we had two months of summer still remaining; and, as midsummer had hardly come yet, we knew that we were likely to have it warmer than before, and we had now no further fears about being able to live through that period. In these two months it was plain that one of two things must happen, — that is, a ship must come along and take us off, or we must be prepared for the dark time that must follow, after the sun should go down for the winter.

"I said one of two things must happen; but then there was a third thing that might happen besides, — we might both die; and that seemed likely enough, so we pledged ourselves to stand by each other through every fortune, each helping the other all he could. At any rate, we would not lose hope, and never despair of being saved through the mercy of Providence, somehow or other.

"Having reached this resigned state of mind, we were ready to consider rationally what we had to do. It was clear enough that if we only looked out for a ship to save us, and that chance should in the end fail us, we should be ill prepared for the winter if we were left on the island to encounter its perils. Therefore it was necessary to be ready for the worst, and accordingly, after a little deliberation, we concluded to proceed as follows: —

"Firstly, we must construct a place to shelter ourselves from the cold and storms. In this we had made some satisfactory progress already.

"Secondly, we must collect all the food we can while there is opportunity.

"Thirdly, we must gather fuel, of which, as had been already proved, there was Andromeda (or fire-plant) and moss and blubber to depend upon. Of this latter the dead narwhal and seal would furnish us a moderate supply; but for the rest we must rely upon our own skill to capture some other animals from the sea; though, as to how this was to be done, we had to own ourselves completely at fault.

"Fourthly, we must in some manner secure for ourselves warmer clothing, otherwise we should certainly freeze; and here we were completely at fault too.

"Fifthly, we must contrive in some way to make for ourselves a lamp, as we could never live in our cave in darkness; and here was a difficulty apparently even more insurmountable than the others, — as much so as appeared the making of a fire in the first instance, — for while we had a general idea that we might capture some seals, and get thus a good supply of oil, and that we might also get plenty of fox-skins for clothing, yet neither of us could think of any way to make a lamp.

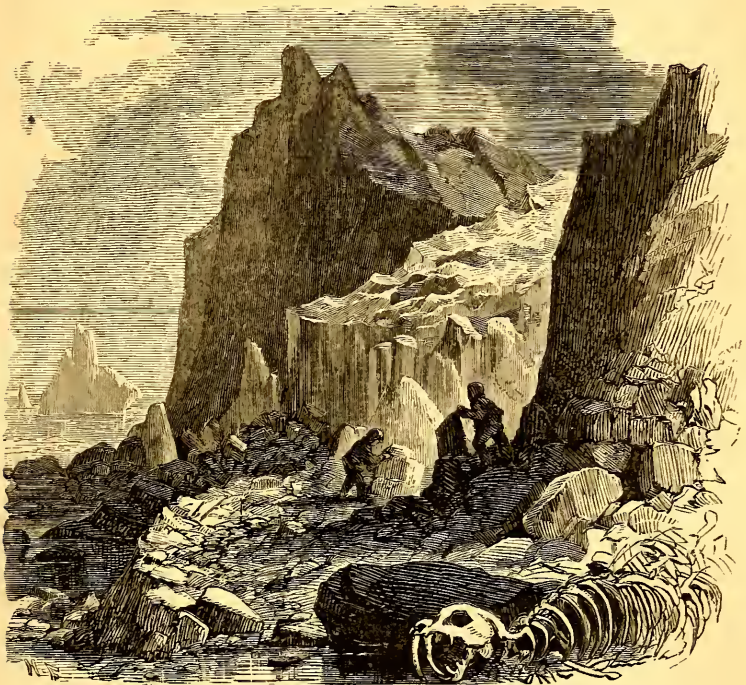
"When we came thus to bring ourselves to a practical view of the situation, the prospect might have made stouter hearts than ours quake a little; but, as we had seen before, nothing was to be gained by lamentation, so we put a bold front on, firmly resolved to make the best fight we could for life."

"A poor chance for you, I should think," said Fred, "and I don't see how you ever lived through so many troubles," — while little Alice declared her conviction that "the poor Dean must have died anyway."

"A very bad prospect, indeed, my dears," continued the Captain, — "very bad, as I can assure you; but as it is a poor rule to read the last page of a book before you read the rest of it, so we will go right on to the end with our story, and then you will find out what became of the Dean, as well as what happened to myself.

"Well, as I was going to say, when Monday came, we set about our work, not exactly in the order which I have named, but as we found most convenient; and as day after day followed each other through the week, and as one week followed after another week, we found ourselves at one time building up the wall in front of the cave, then catching ducks and gathering eggs, then collecting the fire-plant, and then turning moss up on the rocks to dry, and then cutting off the blubber and skins of the dead seal and narwhal. All of these things were carefully secured; and in a sort of cave, much like the one we were preparing for our abode, only larger, we stowed away all the fire-plant and dried moss that we could get. Then we looked about us to see what we should do for a place to put our blubber in, — that is, you know, the fat we got off the dead narwhal and the seal, and also any other blubber that we might get afterwards. When we had cut all the blubber off the seal and narwhal, we found that we had an enormous heap of it, — as much, at least, as five good barrels, — and, since the sun was very warm, there was great danger, not only that it would spoil, but that much of it would melt and run away. Fortunately, very near our hut there was a small glacier hanging on the hillside, coming down a narrow valley from a greater mass of ice which lay above. From the face of this glacier a great many lumps of ice had broken off, and there were also deep banks of snow which the summer's sun had not melted. In the midst of this accumulation of ice and snow we had little difficulty in making, partly by excavating and partly by building up, a sort of cave, large enough to hold twice as much blubber as we had to put into it. Here we deposited our treasure, which was our only reliance for light in case we invented a lamp, and our chief reliance for fire if the winter should come and find us still upon the island.

“After we had thus secured, in this snow-and-ice cave, our stock of blubber, we constructed another much like it near by for our food, and into this we had soon gathered a pretty large stock of ducks and eggs. And now,



when we contemplated all that we had done in this particular, you may be sure our spirits rose very considerably.”

“Odd, was n’t it?” said Fred, “having a storehouse made of ice and snow. But, Captain Hardy, if you’ll excuse me for interrupting you, what did this glacier that you spoke about look like? and what was it, anyway?”

“A glacier is nothing more,” replied the Captain, “than a stream of ice made out of snow partly melted and then frozen again, and which, forming, as I have said before, high up on the tops of the hills, runs down a valley and breaks off at its end and melts away. Sometimes it is very large, — miles across, — and goes all the way down to the sea; and the pieces that break off from it are sometimes very large, and are called icebergs. Sometimes the glaciers are very small, especially on small islands such as ours was. This little glacier I tell you of lay in a narrow valley, as I said before; and, as the cliffs were very high on either side, it was almost always in shadow, and the air was very cold there; so you see how fortunate it was that we thought of fixing upon that place for our storehouses. Then another great advantage to us was, that it was so near our hut, — being within.

sight, and only a few steps across some very rough rocks ; but among these rocks we contrived to make, by filling in with small stones, a tolerably smooth walk.

“As we caught and put away the ducks in our storehouse, we began at length to preserve their skins. At first we could see no value in them, and threw them away ; but we saw at length that, in case we could not catch the foxes, they would make us some sort of clothing, while out of the sealskin which I mentioned before we could make boots, if we only had anything to sew with.

“Thus one difficulty after another continually beset us ; but this last one was soon partly overcome, for the Dean, on the very first day of our landing, discovered that he had in his pocket his palm and needle, carrying it always about him when on shipboard, like any other good sailor ; but we lacked thread.”

“What is a palm and needle, Captain Hardy ?” inquired William.

“A palm,” answered the Captain, “is a band of leather going around the hand, with a thimble fitted into it where it comes across the root of the thumb. The sailor’s needle differs only from the common one in being longer and three-cornered, instead of round. It is used for sewing sails and other coarse work on shipboard. The needle is held between the thumb and forefinger, and is pushed through with the thimble in the palm of the hand, and hence the name.

“To come back to our story (having, as I hope, made the palm and needle question clear to you), let me ask you to remember that I told you, when I landed on the island, I had four things, — that is, 1st, my life ; 2d, the clothes on my back ; 3d, a jack-knife ; and 4th, the mercy of Providence. But now, you see, I had added a fifth article to that list, in the Dean’s needle ; and I might also say that I had a sixth one, too, in the Dean himself, which I did not dare enumerate in the list at first, as I felt pretty sure that the Dean was going to die, or at least wake up crazy, which would be just as bad for me.

“But you see a sailor’s palm and needle could be of very little use unless we had some thread, of which we did not possess a single particle, except the small piece that was in the needle, and by which it was tied to the palm. It was a good while before we obtained anything to make thread of, so we will pass that subject by for the present, and come back to what we had more immediately in hand. This was the preparation of our cave, or rather, as we had better say, hut, — that being more nearly what it was.

“The building of our hut, then, was indeed a very difficult task, as the solid wall we had to construct in front was much higher than our heads, and in this wall we had, of course, to leave a door-way and a window, besides a sort of chimney, or outlet, for the smoke from the fireplace, which was opposite to the door.

“We must have been at least two weeks making this wall, for we had not only to construct the wall itself, but when it got so high that we could no longer reach up to the top, we had, in addition, to build steps. We left a window above the door-way, not thinking, of course, to find any glass to

put in it, but leaving it rather as a ventilator than a window. It was very small, not more than a foot square, and was easily shut up at any time, if we should not need it. For a door, we used a piece of the narwhal skin, when it became necessary to close up the orifice. This skin was fastened above the door-way with pegs, which we made of bones, driving them into the cracks between the stones, thus letting the skin fall down over the door-way like a curtain.

“In making the wall we were greatly helped by the bones which I had found down on the beach, as they were much lighter than the stones, and aided in holding the moss in its place, so that we were able to use much more of that material than we otherwise could. When the wall was completed, we were gratified to see how tight it was, and how perfectly we had made it fit the rocks by means of the moss.

“Having completed the wall, our next concern was to arrange the interior; but about this we had no need to be in so great a hurry as with the wall, for we had now a place to shelter us from any storm that might come, and we could hope to make ourselves somewhat comfortable there, even although the inside was not well fitted up; for we had a fireplace, and could do our cooking without going outside. And when we found how perfect was the draft through the outlet, or chimney (such as it was), you may be very sure we were greatly delighted.

“As it fell out, we had secured this shelter in the very nick of time, for in two days afterwards a violent storm arose, — a heavy wind with hail and occasional gusts of snow, — a strange kind of weather, you will think, for the middle of July. This storm made havoc with the ice on the east side of the island, breaking it up, and driving it out over the sea to the westward, filling the sea up so much in that direction that there was no use, for the present at least, in looking for ships, as none could come anyway near us. The storm made a very wild and fearful spectacle of the sea, as the waves went dashing over the pieces of ice and against the icebergs. When I looked out upon this scene, and listened to the noises made by the waves and the crushing ice, and heard the roaring wind, I wondered more than ever what could possess anybody to go to such a sea in a ship, for it seemed to me that the largest possible gains would not be a sufficient reward for the dangers to be encountered.

“But so it always was and always will be, I suppose. Wherever there is a little money to be made, men will encounter any kind of hazard in order to get it. Thus the risks in going after whales and seals for their blubber, which is very valuable, are great; but then, if the ship makes a good voyage, the profits are very large, and when the sailors receive their ‘lay,’ that is, their share of the profits on the oil and whalebone which have been taken, it sometimes amounts to quite a handsome sum of money to each, and they consider themselves well rewarded for all their privations and hardships. And it must be owned that the whalers and sealers are a very brave sort of men, especially the whalers who go among the ice; for besides the dangers to the vessel, and the danger always encountered in approach-

ing a whale to harpoon him (for, as you must know, he sometimes knocks the boat to pieces with his monstrous tail, and spills all the crew out in the water), he may, while swimming away with the harpoon in him, and the boat fast to it dragging after, — he may, I say, take it into his head to rush beneath the ice, and thus destroy the boat and endanger the lives of the people in it.

“But this is too long a falling to ‘leeward’ of our story, as the sailors would call it; so we will come right back into the wind again.

“When the weather cleared off after the storm, we went to work again as before. But everything about looked gloomy enough. The cliffs were besprinkled with snow, and about the rocks the snow had drifted, and it lay in streaks where it had been carried by the wind. The sea was still very rough, and, as there were many pieces of ice upon the water, when the waves rose and fell, the pounding of the ice against the rocks and the breaking of the surf made a most fearful sound.

“The sun coming out warm soon, however, melted the snow, and, getting heated up with work, we got on bravely. Indeed, we soon became not less surprised at the rapid progress we were making than at the facility with which we accommodated ourselves to our strange condition of life, and even grew cheerful under what would seem a state of the greatest possible distress. Thus you observe how perfectly we may reconcile ourselves to any fate, if one has but a resolute will, and the fear of God before his mind. I do not mean to boast about the Dean and myself; but I think it must be owned that we kept up our courage pretty well, all things considered, — now, don't *you* think so, my dears?”

“To be sure we do,” replied William. “And if anybody dares to doubt it, I will go, like Count Robert, to the cross-road, and give battle for a week to all comers, just as he did.”

“Poking fun at the Ancient Mariner again, — are you?” said the Captain, trying hard to look serious. “And so I 'll punish you, my boy, by knocking off just where we are, and saying not another word this blessed day.”

*Isaac I. Hayes.*





## ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

O DEAR! little mother, I 'm falling!  
 And what can a poor Dolly do?  
 I can't even hear myself calling;  
 And nobody's near me but you.

You sang me a lullaby sweetly;  
 But dolls' eyes wide open *will* keep;  
 And so you were tired out completely,  
 And sang yourself soundly to sleep.

I love you; I wish you would fold me  
 Close up to your cheek rosy-red.  
 'T is a dangerous way that you hold me;  
 The sawdust will rush to my head.

I 'm sliding, I 'm tumbling, I 'm bumping;  
 I 'm sure I shall fracture my skull;  
 Against your hard boot it is thumping,—  
 O save me! do give me one pull!

If you down a steep chasm were slipping,  
 On terrible rocks almost dashed,  
 To your aid there 'd be *somebody* tripping:  
 Wake up, or you 'll find Dolly smashed!

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Good morning, Dolly, my dear.  
 And how did you sleep last night?  
 Not soundly, I very much fear;  
 But have you forgiven me quite?

The sun is out warm to-day;  
 Can you trust my motherly care?  
 In-doors it is hard to stay,  
 And you certainly need the air.

We will make the Doctor a call;  
 And if he and I can agree  
 That you are not hurt by your fall,  
 What a glad mamma I shall be!

I shall watch you tenderly hence.  
 But you never were over-bright;  
 And if you are bumped into sense,  
 You will be, dear, my heart's delight.

*Lucy Larcom.*



## THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.

MOST of the readers of the "Young Folks," are doubtless familiar with the name of the Grand St. Bernard, — that celebrated pass among the Alps, where the good monks live all the year and provide food and shelter for the poor travellers. Every school-boy can repeat the words of Longfellow's poem, "Excelsior," and it is the spot where this scene is laid of which we purpose giving a short account. In the warm and bright days of early October, a year or two ago, a party of Americans started from the little Swiss village of Martigny, in the valley of the Rhone, to cross the pass of the St. Bernard. Two large carriages, drawn by mules, rattled along through the valley. Behind us was the "blue Rhone, in deepest flow," rushing on towards the beautiful Lake of Geneva, winding around the foot of lofty mountains, now falling in beautiful cascades, and then again rushing onward, swollen by mountain torrents. The lofty peaks of the snow-covered Dent du Midi rise up in the distance on the right; and on the left is the little village of Sion, with its two curious old towers standing like sentinels to guard the entrance. The beautiful snow-peak of the Jungfrau is plainly visible, and beyond that the high mountains of the Simplon pass sparkle like diamonds in the sunlight. As we drive on through the valley, we see on all sides of us the peasants busy in the vineyards gathering in the harvest. Old and young are at work, for the labor must be performed within a given time,

and to many a poor family this is the only source of income. It is a picturesque sight to see the women and girls, in their cantonal costume, — the tall straw hat, or the silk turban-like covering for the head, the short skirt of colored woollen fabric, and the heavy wooden shoes, — at work among the green vines, and the men with large wooden panniers on their backs, filled with the purple and white fruit, as they carry it away to be pressed. Beside us, but down deep in the valley, is a foaming mountain-torrent, dashing over rocks, and the *débris* of the mountain-slides. High above us are the cattle, feeding upon the remnants of green pastures, — the sheep, smooth and white after the shearing, and the black and white cows each with a bell around her neck; for here there are very few red cows, such as we see in our pastures in America. The children here are never idle. As soon as a child can take care of herself she must help take care of the household. The boys are generally seen in the fields, watching the cattle, and the little girls must learn to mind the baby. I have seen plenty of girls not ten years old lugging about babies in their arms, or carrying great heavy loads on their backs. For this reason we see very few bright, healthy-looking children. They live in miserable little homes, dark and dreary, with scarcely any sunlight; they sleep in poorly ventilated rooms, and all day long carry heavy burdens, or do hard work in the fields. No wonder, then, they become old-looking and wrinkled before they are at the age when our girls become the brightest. As we rode along, we drove through little villages, with streets so narrow that the passers-by had to scamper along ahead of us, or make wall-flowers of themselves to let us pass. On both sides of us were low Swiss cottages, which look far better in the white wooden models, and in the pictures, than they are in reality. They are never painted, and the dirt that accumulates on the outside is only in keeping with the smoky and filthy appearance within. But if we find the houses and inhabitants so very uninviting in appearance, we have, on all sides of us, the beautiful mountains, the deep gorges, the green valleys, and the little mountain-torrents, to admire. Nature's handiwork is always lovely, and, as we looked at these things, we wondered if the people living among such beautiful objects ever gave them one thought. After resting for two hours for dinner we resumed our ride. And now the road became more difficult, winding around the mountains, and going close to the edge of precipices. Far on ahead of us we could see the tall peak of Mount Velan, rising, like an obelisk of frosted silver, against the clear blue sky. Two hours brought us to the last of the Swiss towns, and here we left our carriages, and, putting saddles on the mules, mounted them for the last ascent. The road here is very narrow and stony, as the mountains rise on either side more precipitously. Here is the great danger of this pass, in stormy weather; and there is no month that snow-storms do not come to this place. We are here eight thousand feet above the lake; and at such a height it is too cold for rain. The cold here is intense all the year. Even when we have the hottest summer weather in the valley, it is very cold at the summit of the pass. As we reached the top, the sun was just setting, and then occurred one of those phenomena which are so common among the Alps. The rays of the sun

were not seen, but the sky assumed a deep orange color, and the tops of the mountains covered with snow wore a beautiful rose-colored tint, which lasted for several minutes. This is the *Alpengild*. Slowly the twilight faded, and then it became cold and dark. But before this our little party were at the Hospice, and had been cordially welcomed by one of the brethren who met us at the door. The Hospice is a large stone building, four stories high, and capable of accommodating a great number of people. It was founded, nine hundred years ago, by a good monk called Bernard de Menthon. Then it was a little building erected for the purpose of sheltering poor travellers who crossed from Italy into Switzerland. When Napoleon Bonaparte made his celebrated passage of the Alps, in May, 1800, he rested and refreshed himself at this little house of the good monk St. Bernard. The room in which he rested is still preserved, and is over the front door. Additions have been made to both ends of the house, but the original foundation and rooms are preserved. Bonaparte's army of thirty thousand men carried over all their artillery, by placing it on trees, which they cut down in the valley near St. Pierre. Three weeks after accomplishing this wonderful feat, the same soldiers were engaged in the battle of Marengo. During the war of 1798 - 1801 both the French and Austrian soldiers used this passage continually. The Hospice was captured by the Austrians in 1799, and afterwards retaken by the French, who placed a garrison in it. This same pass has been used for ages, even longer than since the Christian era.

The town of Augusta, which was founded twenty-six years B. C., is at the foot of the pass on the Italian side; and the Romans doubtless used this route in passing to and from Cisalpine Gaul. At this Hospice we were each provided with comfortable rooms for the night. Everything about it was very clean, and every possible provision is made for the comfort of travellers. A plain, well-cooked supper was given us, at half past six, at which one of the brethren presided. The reception-room, which is also the dining-room, is well furnished, the walls being hung with engravings and pictures presented by travellers in return for the hospitality extended to them. A very fine piano, the gift of the Prince of Wales, stands in one corner, and by it a harmonium, the gift of a friend of the Hospice. A wood fire was burning on the hearth, gathered around which we spent the evening. Some of our party played upon the piano, and sang, after which, two of the brethren sang a few songs for us. Thus the evening passed away, the monks entertaining us with their conversation, and asking questions about our country and its institutions. Hundreds of Americans during the past summer have been the guests of these good brethren, and all leave some testimonial of their goodwill by placing a donation of money in the box appropriated to the expenses of the Hospice. There is no charge for the hospitality; all are guests and are treated alike; but we hope none are so thoughtless as to go away without depositing something in the box. Let us consider a little the use to which this money is put. In the first place the expense of living at the Hospice. There is not a tree nor a shrub within five miles on either side. All the wood, as well as provisions of every kind, must be brought up the mountain

on mules ; and there are only three months in the year when this can be done, on account of snow-storms. The air at this height is so rarefied that water will not boil, nor fire burn, as soon as in the valley. Nearly double the time is required to prepare the meals, and of course double the amount of fuel is consumed. The monks are bound by their vows to give shelter and food to all travellers who seek it. During the past year twenty-three thousand persons were thus accommodated. The majority of these were poor, seeking work, and using this as the shortest route between Italy and Switzerland. From such people very little, if anything, is received ; and, while they diminish the store of provisions, they leave nothing with which to replenish it. The monks are a noble class of men, who give their lives to the good cause of aiding their fellows. It is so cold at the Hospice, that they cannot remain longer in the service than fifteen years, and these years are the best part of their lives. Between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, they are generally engaged in this Christian work. After that they descend to the valley to pass the remaining years of their lives. They are all well-educated, gentlemanly men, loving their work, and devoting all their time and energies to it. The pass of the St. Bernard is one peculiarly liable to storms and avalanches. It is not that it is higher than other Alpine passes, but, from the position of the mountains, it is more exposed. The snow frequently lies in drifts, near the Hospice, from thirty to forty feet deep. The wind is very severe here, and blows the snow directly down the path. Travellers overtaken by a storm are very glad to seek shelter in the dark little stone houses of refuge which are built in the dangerous parts of the road. Every morning, in the winter, the good brethren set out with servants and dogs, and descend to the foot of the pass on both sides of the mountains. The dogs carry baskets of provisions strapped to their necks, in case any poor traveller is met with, that they may give him food and wine, and bring him up to the Hospice. Many a poor wayfarer has thus been saved from perishing in the snow. It frequently happens that some traveller is completely hidden by the snow, and would be passed over by the monks but for the dogs. These noble animals have a very strong faculty for scenting human beings, and have been the means of saving many lives. One fine and noble-looking dog, by the name of Barry, saved eighteen people's lives during his lifetime of nine years. When he died, it was thought too cruel to bury him, and, instead, his skin was stuffed, and you can see him, as natural almost as when living, in the museum at Berne. He well deserved to be preserved for his noble deeds during his lifetime, and not forgotten like other dogs. We saw about a dozen of these fine animals. They are large, like a Newfoundland dog, some with shaggy hair, some quite small, only two months old, and others of various sizes and colors. They are named Juno, Castor, Pluto, Jupiter, &c. Castor is the oldest fellow, being now in his ninth year. He is large and shaggy, and has the privilege of the house. They all sleep together in a little room under the kitchen, and require considerable care. There are two keepers, whose duty it is to provide their food, keep them clean and see that the sick, if any, are

properly taken care of. Imagine what joy it must be to any poor and fatigued traveller, who has lost his way, is blinded by the driving snow, and is nearly frozen and famished, to be found by these hospitable men, provided with food and shelter till he is able to go on again, on his journey. Those who make excursions there for pleasure, and are pleased with all they see in pleasant weather, know very little of the hardships these men endure during nine months of the year. And for all their life-long devotion to this noble cause they receive no recompense save the approbation of their own consciences for having done a good work, and the hope of a reward hereafter from the hands of Him who has said, "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." In the Hospice is a very good library for the use of the monks, and a good collection of minerals and coins. There is a good collection of American money, which has been donated at different times, ranging from our new three-cent pieces to the little gold dollars we used to see. Everything has been donated to them by persons visiting there, and among the pictures are some very good portraits of distinguished people, as well as choice sketches of different subjects. One could amuse himself very well for a whole day in their cabinet of minerals and natural history. The chapel, too, is very pretty. It contains a well-executed marble monument, placed there by Napoleon I. to the memory of General Desaix, who was killed at the battle of Marengo, in 1800. The ceiling and walls are frescoed, and on one side is a full-length picture of St. Bernard with his dog by his side, and opposite this is a copy of one of Raphael's Madonnas. The altar-piece is of colored marble, with white facings, and contains a fine large painting of the Ascension of our Lord. The stalls, or places inside the railing, occupied by the monks, during service, are of carved wood, quite well executed. Over one of the doors is a large wooden figure, representing St. Michael overcoming the dragon. Here, in this little chapel, far away from human habitation, our little party assembled at sunrise for the usual service, which is always performed morning and evening by the good brethren. Near by the Hospice is another building, which is used as a store-house, but, in case of fire to the Hospice, can be made to accommodate travellers. A small building stands by itself, called the *morgue*, and this is the saddest thing connected with this noble institution. At this great height no graves can be made for those who die, for there are rocks all around, and the bodies are all placed in this little house called the *morgue*, which you know is derived from the Latin word *mors*, signifying death. The bodies of all who are found who have perished in the snow are brought here, and placed in the same position in which they were discovered. The air is so rarefied here that no decay can take place, and the bodies dry up. Those found are mostly men, but there is one young boy there, and one poor mother with a little infant in her arms. How sad it is to think of that poor woman, with her little baby, wandering about in the terrible snow-storm, with the cold wind blowing, and drifting the snow in her path and blinding her eyes. How vainly she called for help! How eagerly she must have listened for every sound, hoping that

assistance would yet come ! And then as it grew dark and she sank down in the snow to rest, and shield her child from the cold wind, how she must have suffered from hunger ! And when at last death came to her, and relieved her of her sufferings, think of the poor little baby, all alone in the snow-drift, and at last growing cold and stiff and perishing of hunger. Doubtless many a poor person has been thus exposed, and just when life was expiring, has been found by the good brethren, and carried to the Hospice. Is not this a noble, Christian work, dear children ? and, should we not all be very thankful to these good monks, who live away from friends, and the pleasures of the world, that they may assist their suffering brethren ? God bless and prosper the "pious monks of St. Bernard," in their present labor of love, as we are sure he will reward them hereafter.

*Adrian.*



## THE NEW YEAR'S HOUSE.

THERE was once a little boy, who lived at the very end of the world, far, far away toward the East, near the great and glorious gates through which the sun comes every morning. And this little boy said to himself, "I live so near the sunrise that I mean to go on just a little farther, and see where the sun sleeps at night."

So one evening he set out to travel eastward, and presently was lost in the mountains, as he might have expected. However, he was not afraid, for he thought he had come so close to the sunrise, that, if he woke very early indeed, he should be sure to see the resting-place of the sun. So he lay down in a cave, and fell asleep. And it was the last night of the old year.

Presently some one called him, and he jumped up and ran to the mouth of the cave. Who was standing there ? Was it a fairy man, or a giant, or an angel ? He did not know ; but he looked up at him and was not afraid ; for, whoever it was, he was grand and beautiful and kind.

"Child," he said, "you have strayed away from home. Come into my house. It is cold here in the cave. I am the New Year, and my house is larger and more splendid than anything you ever saw. Will you come ?" And he stretched out his arms.

The boy looked up with trustful eyes into the beautiful face, and said "Yes" ; and the New Year took him in his arms, laid the little head upon his strong shoulder, covered the blue eyes a moment with his large hand, and then removed it, and said, "Look !"

The boy looked. The mountains were all gone, and before him was a great palace, misty as cloud, and full of a pale, silvery light. They went in at the great doors, and the New Year sat down, and set the boy before him, holding the small hands in his.

"Child," he said, "what shall I show you?"

"What is there?" asked the boy.

"What is there? Everything that shall be on earth for a whole year. All things beautiful and wonderful and terrible; all things good and evil; things to be feared, things to be desired, things to be marvelled at. So many! so many, my child! and the time is short."

"Show me the beautiful things," said the boy.

"You are right, my child; I will show you beautiful things"; and, holding him by the hand, he led him through corridors which seemed to have no end, for they reached to the horizon; and they passed great doors, on each of which was written the name of a nation; and all nations on earth were there. "A year's destiny is in each of these halls," said the New Year, as they passed them by. "But you are too young to understand." Then he opened a door, and said, as if thinking aloud, "Shall I show him these?"

The boy looked in. There were pictures and statues and patterns and plans of all kinds of architecture and ornamental work.

"What are they?" he asked.

"These are the ideals which I shall show to poets and painters and artists of all kinds, that they may make these things upon the earth. Let us pass on; I have grander things than these"; and he closed the door and opened another. "Look," he said. "Three hundred and sixty-five sunrises, and, yonder, three hundred and sixty-five sunsets. Glorious pictures, — are they not? I shall show them, one by one, to the world, to as many as care to look, and then hang them up again in my new house on the other side of the world."

"O, sir," said the boy, "are you going to move?"

"Yes," he replied; "I have lived for ages without beginning in this house, and I am going to remove into another, to live there for ages without end."

"I did not think," said the child, "that there was room for so large a house in the whole world."

"There is not," he replied. "This house is not in the world, but in the realm of the Future, and my new house is to be in the land of the Past; and everything I have will be carried across the whole wide world and shown to it, before I am settled in my new home. But come into my garden."

They stood on terraces which seemed made of silver cloud, and looked across spaces broader than the sea, all ablaze with blossoms.

"O the flowers! the million million flowers!" cried the boy, delighted.

"I need a million million," said the New Year, "to supply the world for a spring and a summer and an autumn and a winter.

"You won't want any for winter, shall you?" said the boy.

"Ah, my child, you have never been where there are flowers all the year round, and have forgotten, perhaps, that when it is winter in one place it is summer in another, to say nothing of the conservatories, which require some of the choicest. But come on; see this room, full of gifts for everybody."

"For next Christmas?" asked the child.

"For every day," he said.

There were more things than ever were in all the Crystal Palaces the



world has seen ; all the lovely things which all the brides of the year were to receive ; all the gifts for gold and silver weddings ; all birthday presents for children, rich and poor. There were real ponies, saddled and bridled, and penny jumping-jacks ; there were miniature vessels and tiny steam-engines, pearls and diamonds and wax dolls. But I could not begin to tell them all, if I sat up all night to tell. The boy's blue eyes opened wider and wider with wonder and delight. "O, how rich the world will be!" he exclaimed.

The New Year smiled. "I have better things than these," he said, "holy treasures which I could not well show you, — peace, and hope, and patience, and gladness, and all goodness ; and great sorrows, which are to be the best blessings of all to a great many people, only they will not think so when I bring them. You must tell them."

"Shall I see you again?" the child said.

"Yes, I shall be your friend henceforth. I have things for you, too, but I shall not show them to you now ; I will bring them to you, little by little, every day."

"O, but please show me one thing, only one thing ! I have two large rabbits at home, and I do so want two little ones, — cunning little white ones, you know ; and mother said perhaps there would be some next year. O, do look and see if there are any little white rabbits !"

The New Year laughed, "See!" he said, opening a door into a wide park, where were playing thousands of young animals of all kinds, — baby lions and tigers, little lambs and kids, and more white rabbits than you could count in a week. "I should not wonder if two of them were for you."

"O, thank you, thank you!" cried the boy. "And where are the birds?"

"In these eggs," he answered, showing a vast number of beauties, such as no egg-gatherer on earth ever collected, — all sorts, from the ostrich's to the humming-bird's. "And see," he added, "where the butterflies are hang-up in their little cases. You will see some of them when they come out of their chrysalides."

"How funny they are!" said the child ; and, as he spoke, silver trumpets began to sound. "What is that?" he asked.

"The call, the call!" he replied ; "I have been waiting for it from the beginning. My time has come. The Old Year has passed into his new home. I must begin to remove."

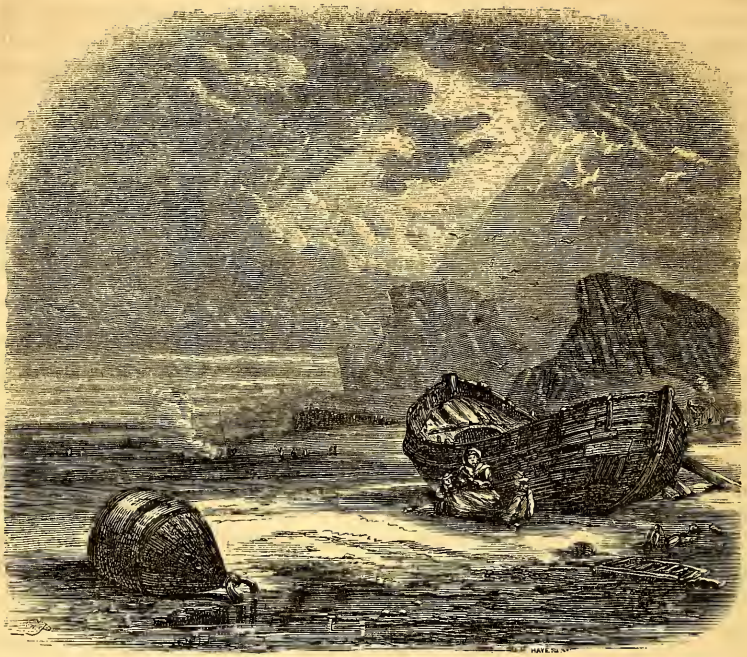
"What shall you send?"

"Starlight first, and rest, and sleep ; till it is time to hang up in the east the first of my sunrise pictures. Now go, my child!" And he took him up in his arms again, and made the blue eyes close by kissing him on the eyelids.

When the boy opened them again, he found himself in his father's arms. "My son, how did you come here? I followed you, with old Bruno's help, till I found you."

And he carried him home ; and the boy never found where the sun slept at night ; and people told him he had been dreaming, when he tried to describe to them the splendors of the New Year's house."

*Mary Ellen Atkinson.*



## THE O'LD LIFE-BOAT.

### A TRUE STORY.

“WHAT an ugly old boat!” Fred said, and kicked it with his foot.

It *was* an ugly old boat, as it lay on the beach in the golden sunshine, patched all over, seamed, and battered; a great lumbering hulk of a thing, looking quite out of place, both Fred and Matty thought, amongst all the other bright, dapper little boats that surrounded it, or rode out on the blue sea. Fred felt as if he could not express sufficient contempt for it in any other way than by kicking it; so he kicked it once, and then he kicked it again, while Sister Matty stood by and looked at him quite approvingly.

“I never saw such an ugly old boat in all my life!” said Fred.

“I wonder they don’t break it up or burn it,” said Matty, contemptuously.

“Nay, I wonder how they could ever have built it at all!” cried Fred; and his feelings were so much roused now that he kicked it a third time.

“Fred!” suddenly called a sharp, clear voice across the sands; and Fred looked up, not quite easy in his mind, for he knew the voice very well, and he knew a certain warning tone in it, too, which, on many various occasions in the course of his career (he was just seven, and Matty was a year and a

half older), had disturbed him at the moments when he was especially enjoying himself. So he looked up, and shouted out "Yes!" in answer; then (though, for his own part, he could not see a vestige of harm in what he was doing), reflecting that it was best to be prudent,—for Fred had learned by sad experience that you hardly ever can tell when you are not getting into mischief in this world,—he stood still, and abstained from kicking the old boat any more.

The lady who had called to him came quickly forward across the sands; and as soon as she was near enough to speak with ease, "Fred," she said, "if you kick that old boat, and try to break in its sides, you will deserve that somebody should kick you."

"But it's so ugly!" said Fred, a little doggedly.

"Is that any reason for kicking it? You are no beauty yourself," said the lady.

"I'm not as ugly as *it* is!" cried Fred, indignantly; and he felt so much hurt by the implied comparison that for a moment he instinctively raised his toes again; but luckily he recollected himself in time, and resumed his footing.

"If there were any chance, Fred, that you would do as much good in your day as this old boat has done,—that you would live as noble a life, and have as many lips to bless your name when you are old,—I for one would be content to have you, not only as ugly as it is now, but ten times uglier."

"O mother, what do you mean?" cried Matty; and both the children stood and stared at her.

"Do you want to know what I mean? Well, sit down here, then, and I'll tell you. Sit in the shadow of the old boat, if you like, and I'll tell you one of the noble things—the first noble thing—that it ever did."

The children sat down, and she began to talk to them. She sat leaning against the old boat's side. The sparkling yellow sands stretched out all round them, and beyond the sands was the blue, sunny sea, with just a delicate little changing line of foam at its edge as it broke in bright, tiny waves upon the shore. Those waves were dancing a little wilder and more quickly on one side, where the rough, strong pier stretched out amongst the rocks; and the children's eyes turned oftenest to watch them here, leaping up with sudden, light, airy springs, and tumbling this way and that, as if they were half in play and half in anger.

"I wish there would come a real good storm, with waves like mountains." Fred had said to Matty, only half an hour ago; and Matty had replied cheerily, that she hoped one *would* come before they went home again, and that it would be a shame, indeed, if it did n't; for Fred and Matty did not live at this seaside town,—which, in fact, they had never seen, until two days before, though it had been their mother's birthplace,—but had another home somewhere else, many miles away.

"You can't imagine, children," said the lady, "from what you see now, how wild this coast looks on many a winter day. If you were here then, you would often find that you could hardly keep your footing out on these open

sands ; and, far off as the sea looks, yet even at this distance the spray from it would come upon your faces, and, if you went near to it, it would almost blind you. Round there where the rocks are, if you once saw the great winter waves rolling, you would never forget them."

"I wish it was winter now!" cried Fred, eagerly. "I should like to see them."

"I have seen them often," said the lady, — "oftener than I ever wish to see them again ; for it is a terrible sight, though a grand one too, and sometimes a very, very sad one. Do you know how many a ship has struck out there on those rocks, Fred, and how many a life has been lost upon them?"

"No," said Fred, a little awe-struck, and looking in her face.

"There have been more wrecks than you would like to think of ; and if there are fewer now, and fewer lives lost, it is all owing to this noble old boat, and to the brave men who have manned her."

"O mother, is she a life-boat, then?" Matty said, and her eyes brightened.

"Yes, she is a life-boat ; and I remember long ago, when I was a little girl, sitting just as we are doing now by her side, and hearing my mother tell me of the first night that she put out to sea.

"It was a wild October night. All the town had long gone to bed, and the wind had been roaring and raving for many hours, when very early in the morning, a good while before the dawn, hundreds of people were awakened by the sudden booming of a gun at sea. It was a minute-gun, — a signal from a ship in distress, as almost everybody who heard it knew. Men, and women too, sprang out of their beds, dressed themselves, and hurried down to the beach through the great driving wind. They knew from the near sound of the gun that the vessel must be close in shore, and very soon through the darkness they saw the lights at her mast-head. She had struck on those rocks that you see out there, where the waves are dancing and playing so lightly. They were dancing in another kind of way that night.

"When a ship went on the rocks in a storm like this, there had till now been very little that any one could do for her. Brave men were always at hand (for in all the world, children, there are no braver men than you may find in almost every seaport town or fishing village), ready to go out, when it was possible, through the surf, and try to throw ropes to the poor perishing people, and so to save a few lives now and then. But sometimes, when the sea was very high, nothing of this kind was possible, and then there was nothing for it but to stand still with aching hearts, and watch the wrecked ship breaking up, as far as it was possible to watch it in the darkness, or through the blinding spray, and listen helplessly to the sad cries that sometimes reached the shore even above the wildest roaring of the storm. But to-night something was to be tried that had never been tried yet.

"Not long before, a few gentlemen of the town, headed by one whose name — Well, never mind his name just now," the lady said, interrupting herself with a half-smile ; "we will merely at present call him the Master ; for at this time in everything that was done he *was* the master. These gentle-

men had met together, and decided that they would subscribe amongst themselves for a life-boat. So the boat had been built, had been in its place for a month or two, and the fishermen had gravely shaken their heads over it. It was a queer, new-fangled-looking sort of thing, they said to one another. And they had looked very doubtfully at the Master when he talked to them, and tried to make them understand how a boat that was built like this life-boat of his, all cased and lined with cork to make it buoyant, might put out safely on a sea in which their ordinary small craft could never live. The Master talked very well, and had a shrewd tongue of his own, they said ; but he was only a landsman ; what could *he* know about the sea ?

“ Now, as they crowded down upon the beach, every man of them was wondering what the Master meant to do. He soon left them in no doubt as to that. Hardly ten minutes had passed since the first gun had been fired, when he was at the boat-house, unlocking the door.

“ A little knot of men were gathered round him, some of whom had followed him out of curiosity, and a few of them, perhaps, because they were ready to trust him. He threw the doors wide open.

“ ‘ She ’s all ready. We ’ll have her down in a couple of minutes,’ he cried.

“ It was *he* who had taken care beforehand that she should be ready. He did n’t lose a moment.

“ ‘ Here, lads ! Throw these chains across your shoulders,’ he called aloud. ‘ She ’ll run as fast as you can go with her. Steady now ! steady ! All ’s right ! ’

“ They had only to draw her by her chains (you shall see, some day, children, the sort of bed on which she lies), and she ran forward on her two great wheels, like a carriage. In little more than the two minutes those wheels were crunching down the soft sand of the beach.

“ A few of the people there set up a shout as the boat came in sight, but the greater number of them held their tongues, and only stood and shook their heads again, as they had been doing any time for the last six weeks.

“ ‘ We ’re none of us cowards, that I know of, but the Master ’s like to find himself mistaken, if he thinks to get a crew for his fancy boat on such a night as this,’ one man said to a little knot of others that were standing with him ; and there was not one of them but seemed to think as he did.

“ ‘ I would n’t go out in her for ten pound,’ one said.

“ ‘ She ’ll be swamped before ever they can launch her,’ cried another.

“ For it was indeed a fearful night, wild enough to make the bravest there grow grave at the thought of putting out to sea, even in the strongest boat that ever hands built. And yet, wild as it was, the Master went straight on with his work, as if he hardly knew that the wind was blowing, or the sea flinging its surf into his face.

“ They brought the boat down almost to the water’s edge, and then the men who had been drawing her stood still. The Master stood still too, and looked about him. It was dark night yet, you know ; he could n’t see much ; he stood with his back to the white boat, and with the light of a lantern that

some one held falling full upon him. Everybody could see *him*, and he was *worth* seeing, children, for in all the town there was no nobler-looking man,—but he for his part could only see a dim mass of faces pressing near him,—eager and anxious faces, all curious to know what he would say or do.

“Now, my lads, who will go with her?” he called out loud.

“Then he turned from one side to the other; but no one answered him. There was a little movement in the crowd, but that was all; no one seemed ready to be the first to speak.

“The Master looked sharp round him, and spoke again.

“I did n’t think you would have let me ask twice. What! is no one willing? You, John Martin,—and he pointed suddenly at one man whose face he saw,—‘will you come?’

“In an instant the crowd made a clear way for the man who had been singled out to pass through it; but he merely came forward a step or two, and as though he only did it because he was ashamed.

“All at once a voice not far from the Master began to speak in a grumbling, discontented way.

“‘It’s easy for them as stay at home themselves to call on poor fellows like us to throw away our lives.’

“The Master flashed round with his quick, bright eyes. He could not see who had spoken, for it was all dark in the direction whence the voice had come; but he looked straight that way.

“‘Do you think I ask any of you to risk what I am not going to risk myself?’ he cried, in such a voice that everybody seemed to hear him through all the noise of the waves. ‘Whoever may be second, I’ll be the first man to step into her. Now, who will come next?’

“They gave him a cheer all at once, and two or three voices called out ‘Shame!’ to the man who had spoken in the dark. Then, the next instant, John Martin was at his side.

“‘I’ll be the next, Master,’ he said. And from that moment, one after another, they pressed forward,—they were such really brave men, though they had held back for a few seconds at the first. In two or three minutes the Master might have manned his boat twice over. It was not, probably, that they believed in what it could do a bit more than they had done for weeks past, but something had been roused in them by his words. The same feeling which has made all generous-hearted men who have ever lived or ever will live in this world ready for similar risk made them ready at his asking to face danger and death.

“So they launched the boat. That was no easy matter to do, but they did it safely; and in a few moments all that the crowd on shore could see was the little white spot she made, tossed up and down, and here and there, on the dark, wild waves.

“She had not far to go, but it must have been a hard voyage, children; and I think the Master had need indeed to be a brave man, sailing, as he did, with a crew that had no confidence in his power to lead them, but had followed him only because for the moment their hearts were fired by

his own courage. Perhaps, when it was too late, some of them might have repented, and wished that they had their feet on dry land again. Perhaps, as they fought their wild way on, which must have seemed such a hopeless way to most of them, some might even have reproached him for having tempted them to leave their wives to become widows and their children fatherless. At any rate, some of those poor wives on shore spoke out like this, crying, and wringing their hands. For the most part the women had been slower to reach the beach than the men, and several who had husbands amongst those that had sailed in the life-boat only learned where they had gone when the boat had been out for half her time at sea. When they did learn it, they were wild with terror, and stood wailing and crying like broken-hearted creatures, for they thought that they should never look on their husbands' faces any more.

“The boat was out for, perhaps, half an hour, — a long half-hour! Can you fancy how the crowd of people watched her from the shore? Again and again they lost sight of her, and thought that she had gone down; but again and again the white, bright spot gleamed upon the waves, like a star of hope to those who were watching her with strained eyes and beating hearts. They shouted when she rose, cheering her on with cries that she could not hear; and when she sank and disappeared they gasped for breath, and could not speak to one another. And then, presently, the pale gray dawn slowly began to break.

“It was half twilight when the life-boat came back to land, with her work done. They could see her more plainly then, coming slowly, tossed and beaten wildly, yet still battling her brave way on, minute after minute bringing her nearer home. They flocked down to the water's edge — and beyond it — to meet her, some of them entering the very surf where they could scarcely stand, that they might be the first to lay their hands upon her, the noble boat! and drag her through to the safe sands. As they reached her, what a shout they gave! and as one by one her crew sprang out, — the men who had sailed in her, and the men whom she had saved, — how they caught and wrung them by the hands, as if they had all been friends alike! The wreck was a foreign fishing-smack, and they had brought off every man on board.

“The Master had been the first to set his foot within the boat, and he was the last to leave her. He stood up, waiting till his time came, in the pale half-light; and against the gray morning sky, they all saw him, and broke suddenly into a cheer that was like a blessing from many hundred lips. They gathered about him as he jumped on shore. He had been right, and they wrong, they said. Even the poor crying women, who had been saying such bitter things of him five minutes before, came round him now with their eyes wet with another kind of tears.

“The old boat has been out since that night, children, in many another wild sea. See how she has got patched all over, how worn and battered she is! But her scars are all noble, like a soldier's wounds; for every one of them she can count a life that she has saved. Would you

like her better now, Fred, do you think, if she were spruce and bright and new? Will you ever have the heart again to lay a rough touch on her worn old sides?"

Fred hung his head a little abashed, and the lady sat silent for a moment or two; then, looking up again, she went on speaking:—

"But, old as she is, she is not past work even yet; though all those who sailed in her that first night have finished *their* work long ago, and most of their names even are forgotten now. Amongst them all there is only one name that is remembered still, but *that* will be remembered as long as the old boat herself lives. When that night was over, in gratitude to the Master, and in memory of what he had done, they called her by his name. The old letters are there still where they were painted; go round and read them."

The children found where the name was written in dim, dark letters; but the first word was a long one, and Fred knit his brows in deep perplexity over it. Matty, however, who could read better than Fred, began to spell it out.

"C-h-r-i-s, Chris," spelt Matty, "t-o, to—" And then Matty's face lighted up suddenly into a look of bright surprise. "'Christopher Douglas!'" cried Matty. "Why, that 's grandpapa's name!"

And then the lady looked round and laughed.

"Yes, it is grandpapa's name, and it was grandpapa's father's name before him. And for my own part, children, I think the noblest record of his life that your great-grandfather has left behind him are those dim letters on the old life-boat."

*Georgiana M. Craik.*



## THE DOWNFALL OF THE SAXON GODS.

IT was the year 627, more than twelve hundred and forty years ago. England was peopled by Anglo-Saxons, and divided into several kingdoms, frequently warring with one another. In some the Christian religion was taught and practised, and in others a cruel and bloody paganism was the faith of king and people. The fierce Northumbrians still clung to their idols, and worshipped huge images of Woden and Thor, Saturn and Freya; sometimes killing children, and the prisoners captured in war, as sacrifices to their false gods.

Edwin, the King of Northumbria, a year before had married Ethelberga, the daughter of a Christian king of a neighboring Anglo-Saxon people. At first her father objected to the marriage, for Edwin was a pagan. But the Northumbrian king promised that his wife should enjoy her own religion unmolested, so Ethelberga was married. She was accompanied to her new home by the venerable Bishop Paulinus and several priests, who hoped to



convert the fierce Northumbrians to Christianity. Their efforts seemed to meet with little success. The people listened to their preaching in grim silence, and then turned to worship the gloomy idols their fathers had worshipped. Christianity, they said, might do for women, but not for Saxon men. It taught that people should love their enemies, whilst Thor, the god of war, said they should slay them, and their fathers, who were brave warriors, had always done so. Their Queen, who was good and gentle, was a Christian, but she was a woman. Their King, valiant and fearless in battle, sacrificed to Woden and Thor, and they would do as their King did.

For a year the good Bishop reasoned with Edwin, but to little purpose. For a year the gentle Ethelberga pleaded with him, but he did not yield. He became silent and thoughtful, sitting for hours in deep study after the preaching of Paulinus and the pleading of Ethelberga, but gave no other sign of conversion. Then a daughter was born, and the pagan priests came to bear her to the temple, to present her before the gods. But Edwin said: "She belongs to her mother. Let her become a Christian." So the child was baptized Eanfled, and the hopes of the Queen and Bishop became stronger.

A short time afterwards, as the King sat thoughtfully listening to the arguments of the Bishop and the Queen, he declared that he was almost ready to become a Christian, and would do so if he were not a king; but he feared to change the faith of his people. Then, rising, he said he would summon his nobles, his chief priests, and his wise men, for consultation, and, if they thought it best, Northumbria should become Christian. Messengers were at once sent throughout the kingdom to summon the chiefs and men of rank to the *Witan*, or great council of the kingdom.

The council was to be held at the royal palace of Godmundingham, near the banks of the river Swale. A high wall of earth surrounded the palace and its ample court-yard, the entrance being through a single gateway. In the centre of the enclosure was a large wooden building, with pinnacles at the corners and on the points of the high pitched roof. The posts and beams were decorated with rude carvings. An open dome surmounted the centre of the building, through the windows of which the smoke found its way; for there were no chimneys in those days. This was the great hall where all the household took their meals, where guests were received and entertained, and where the councils were held. The heavy doors, iron-clasped and iron-bolted, remained open from morning to night, that all might come and go as they pleased. Only in time of war, or when attack was feared, were the great doors shut in the daytime.

Around the hall were smaller buildings, slightly built and with feeble doors. These were the sleeping-places of the King and Queen, and of the principal members of their household, the others sleeping in the hall, stretched on the floor. Each of the "bowers," or chambers, had but one room, and all the buildings were detached from one another. The furniture was very simple, the beds of great nobles being oftentimes merely bags of straw on the bare floor, and that of the Queen but a simple crib. A stool or two, and

sometimes a chest, completed the bedroom furniture. Besides the chambers, there were some small buildings for offices and out-houses. The palace of a Saxon king, in the seventh century, was a very simple affair, — the wind blowing through the loosely made wooden walls, and the sleeping-chambers being no better than a poor shanty of the present day.

It was a morning in early spring. The last snow had fallen and disappeared. Nestled amid the young grass, the modest, blush-tipped daisy sparsely sprinkled the turf. The pale primrose rested cosily among the matted and twisted roots of the trees, and the early violet peeped shyly from out fern-shaded nooks. The tree-buds were bursting into green, and amid their branches the birds twittered and fluttered, as they busily worked at nest-building. A butterfly that had come before its fellows flitted uncertainly about, basking in the early sunlight to strengthen its wings for more active flight. A sturdy little half-naked Saxon boy chased the winged visitor awhile, but soon gave up the pursuit to return and watch the proceedings around the king's house.

There was no little stir and bustle in and around the palace. In the court-yard great fires were blazing under huge caldrons, in which whole oxen and swine were seething. In other caldrons meats and vegetables were boiling together, and were frequently stirred by the cooks with ladles and hooks. At smaller fires geese were roasting on spits turned by boys, who slyly pressed their fingers against the roast, and licked their greasy tips with an enjoyment heightened by the peril they ran of a hearty thwack from the stick of the master-cook. Stout men bent under loads of fagots for the fires in the court-yard, and others carried billets of wood for the fire on the raised hearth in the centre of the hall; for the spring was still young, and the air was chilly.

The hall itself was being made ready for the council and for the great feast that was to follow it. The place of honor was at the end of the apartment farthest from the main door. Here the floor was raised a few inches from the ground, this elevation being called the dais. On this was placed a high-backed chair for the King's throne, and by its side a lower chair for the Queen when she came to the feast, — for she could take no part in the council. On either side of the throne was a cushioned bench for the principal men, and down the sides of the hall were other benches for the men of less rank and the servants of the household. The boards and cross-legged stands which served for tables were piled up at the lower end until the time for the feast. The unpainted and smoke-begrimed pillars and beams, and the warped and shrunken wall-boards, through whose cracks and crannies the wind whistled in storms, were screened behind and around the dais by tapestry hung on pegs, and brilliant with scarlet and purple dyes and with embroidery of gold and silver threads. On the pegs around the other parts of the room were hung shields and armor, bows and quivers. The fire in the middle of the floor crackled and blazed, sending its blue smoke up to play in wreaths and curls among the dark rafters overhead.

A horn sounds. The idlers in the court-yard scatter right and left. Those

outside the walls rush in at the gate, and gather around the door of the hall. The King and his nobles are going to the Witan, and the people rush to see their loved monarch, who has led them often to deadly battle, where spear broke spear and shield rang upon shield, and who in peace was their father and their friend. King as he was, and going to the most important council ever held in his kingdom, his royal dress differed little from that of his nobles. A short tunic covered with a cloak clasped on the shoulders with heavy bronze ornaments, bandages of different colors wound around the legs, and sandals on the feet, formed the dress alike of king and noble. A circlet of plain gold around his head, and heavy golden rings and bracelets on his fingers and wrists, alone distinguished sovereign from subject. Close to the King walked a venerable man, whose long hair and flowing beard were of the color of the trailing white robes he wore. The women shuddered and clasped their children to their breasts as he passed, and even fierce-bearded men bent in secret awe ; for this was Coifi, the high-priest of the temple, and chief of those who ministered to the powerful and terrible gods, — Woden the mighty, Thor the thunder-wielder, and Freya the implacable. Silent and thoughtful, King Edwin slowly passed with bowed head among his people, and dark and troubled was the face of Coifi.

As they passed the bower of Ethelberga, she kissed her infant child, and gave it to one of her attendants. The King stopped as she came to the door, and Ethelberga, grasping his hand, knelt and kissed it, at the same time whispering a blessing on him. Then, rising, she bade the King go forward in the hope and fear of the Lord, and not shrink from doing what was right.

“ I will to my chamber,” said she, “ and pray that you may have strength for what you have to do.”

Coifi lifted his head, as if to speak to the Queen ; but the troubled look again crossed his face, and, dropping his head, he passed on in silence. A shout rose from those in the court-yard as King Edwin turned, before entering the hall, and said a few friendly words to them. Then he and his nobles entered, took their seats, and waited the coming of Paulinus.

Hark ! Borne upon the breeze, now swelling rich and full, now dying away into silence, come melodious voices chanting hymns, grander and sweeter than the fierce lays of wrath and slaughter sung by the gleemen in the mead hall when the twisted cup passed round. Nearer and fuller come the voices, swelling in melodious praise of Him who died upon the cross. The cooks dropped their ladles and stirring-hooks, the turnspits suffered the roasts to fall in the ashes, and the watchful overseer forgot for the moment to cudgel his neglectful subordinates into greater diligence, that they might listen to the unwonted music. With solemn and reverent step, through the gate came Paulinus, in long robes, wearing the episcopal mitre, and carrying the shepherd's crook that marked his office of bishop. Before him went the cross-bearer, holding aloft the symbol of redemption ; and behind him came priests and monks, chanting litanies and psalms, and paying no heed to the curiosity of some and the muttered curses of others as they passed towards the hall.

As they entered the building, King Edwin and his nobles rose, and the King himself went forward to greet the Bishop and lead him to his seat. The singing ceased. The cooks and their helpers resumed their work of boiling and roasting. The stick of the overseer was again active on the backs of the lazy and careless. The crowd of idlers who had nothing to do in getting up the feast thronged around the open door to hear what took place within. The servants threw fresh billets on the fire, sending a shower of sparks around the hall, and then withdrew to the wall at the lower end.

Then arose King Edwin. Turning to his chief nobles, he said: "You have heard, O earls and wise men, the new religion that is preached by these strangers, — that the faith of our fathers is foolishness, and the gods we have worshipped mere blocks of wood and stone. What shall be said of this strange faith? Are Woden and Thor but senseless blocks, as these men say? and is the cross of the Christians mightier than the sword of Woden and the hammer of Thor the thunder-wielder? Let him who is able to give counsel speak."

There was silence for some moments. Then arose Coifi, high-priest of the Northumbrian Saxons, the most earnest and relentless sacrificer to the cruel gods. He desired to hear more of this new religion. Perhaps it is good. He had worshipped the old gods many years with great diligence, and was satisfied they were false. The faith these strangers preached might be better. The King should examine it well, and, if it should seem good, let us at once adopt it.

A venerable earl, bent with age, and with his snowy hair hanging over his shoulders to his hands clasped on the head of his staff, next spoke: —

"To me, O King, the present life of man, when compared to that time which is unknown to us, is like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room in which you sit at supper in the winter season. With your commanders and ministers you sit in comfort around the bright fire blazing in the middle of the hall, heedless of the storms of rain and snow without. From the darkness and storm without the sparrow enters through one open door, catches a brief glimpse of the warmth and comfort within, and again swiftly disappears through the other door into the darkness and storm. Such is the life of man. Of our brief stay here we know, but of what went before or what is to follow we know nothing. If, therefore, this new faith tells us anything more certain of the past or the future, let us follow it."

Others spoke to the same effect, and were willing that the King should have the new religion proclaimed. But Coifi wished that nothing should be done hastily. He would hear more particulars of the new faith before he could fully embrace it.

Thereupon Paulinus rose. In impressive words he told the story of the cross, of the sin and the redemption of man. The importance of the occasion lent fire to his tongue. He was laboring for a great prize, — the souls of a whole nation. From the garden of Eden he led his hearers, to the rocky manger in the cave at Bethlehem; to the Mount of Olives, whence the wondrous sermon of love and peace was given to the world; to the garden of

Gethsemane, where the sins of the world wrung with agony the spirit of the Redeemer; to the judgment-seat of Pilate; to the foot of the cross, on which the expiation was completed; and, finally, to the open sepulchre and the mount from which the Saviour ascended to heaven in the sight of his adoring disciples. When he finished, Coifi, the pagan high-priest rose in haste, trembling with excitement.

“O King!” he exclaimed, “this holy man speaks the truth. I have long felt that the religion I taught was naught but lies. I sought truth therein, but could never find it. Here is truth that gives life, salvation, and eternal happiness. Let us at once embrace this religion. The gods we followed are false; let us dash them to earth. The temples we worshipped in are unholy; let them be cast down. The altars are profaned with blood shed in vain; let them be given to the flames.”

The earls and counsellors rose, exclaiming, “Coifi has spoken well, O King; let this be done.”

“But who will thus dare the wrath of the gods,—if they should be gods? Who will lay axe or torch to the temples protected by the curses of the thunder-wielder?”

“That will I!” answered Coifi. “I have led in their worship, I will lead in their destruction.” Striding to the door, he shouted, “Bring me horse and armor, spear and shield. I will dare the thunder-wielder himself to the combat!”

Right and left the crowd around the door fell back in amazement and consternation as Coifi strode forth, shouting for horse and armor. No priest of Woden dared mount a horse. For him to put on armor was to provoke the wrath of the gods. To grasp shield and spear was to invite swift and terrible destruction. Even the nobles who had with him urged the abandonment of the old faith shrunk with involuntary dread at such bold defiance of the gods they so lately worshipped as all-powerful. But Coifi was undaunted. Buckling on a shirt of mail instead of his priestly robe, he sprang lightly on the back of a war-horse, and, grasping sword and shield, rode gayly out of the gate, followed by the King and all his nobles, and by every one in the court-yard. The cooks dropped ladles and crooks, the overseer forgot his duties and his staff, the women ran out of their chambers, and all rushed tumultuously, tumbling pell-mell over one another in their haste to see what the high-priest—who, they thought, had certainly gone mad—was about to do. The Christian bishop and his priests went solemnly, chanting prayers as they went. Only Ethelberga, the Queen, was left in the palace; and she knelt by the side of her babe, praying earnestly that the Christian cross might triumph over the pagan sword and sacrificial knife.

A little way from the palace, partly surrounded by gloomy woods, stood the heathen temple, the greatest and most renowned in all Northumbria. A stark and rugged fane, fit place for a worship so fierce and cruel as that of the heathen Saxons! A massive wall of earth was the outward enclosure. The entrance to this, defended by a gate, oak-framed and iron-bound, gave admission to a large court-yard, in which were the houses

of the lower servants of the temple, who performed the menial offices. Other walls of stone and wood surrounded yards with the dwellings of the priests and virgins, fortune-tellers and performers of the cruel rites of the altar. Beyond all these barriers, and in the centre of all these enclosures, was an open spot on which was the temple itself, — a gloomy structure, rude and massive, whose open sides gave passage to every wind that blew. Here stood the gigantic images of the gods, rudely carved figures in stone and wood, — Woden the mighty, robed and crowned, bearing in one hand the sceptre of power, and in the other the sword of vengeance; Freya the terrible, clutching the death-dealing mace in her strong grasp; Thor the thunder-wielder, his flaming beard streaming down his iron-mailed breast, the mighty hammer that crushed his foes uplifted to strike; Saturn the wise, white-robed, bearing in one hand a vase of water, on which floated the flowers of the season, and the other resting on the wheel of a war-chariot; with other gods and goddesses of less note. Before every one was an altar; and each image was smirched with the smoke of countless sacrifices, in many of which the reek of human blood mingled with the smoke of burning wood.

It was to this temple that the crowd of king and nobles, freemen and bondmen, headed by the armed and mailed high-priest, were hurrying. The wide gate of the temple entrance stood open, for rarely, except at night, or in time of sudden and pressing danger, were the courts of dwelling or temple closed. Saxon hospitality allowed no bar to the entrance of the former, and the latter was guarded by a dread that was stronger than oak or iron. The wide gate stood open; but when the servants of the temple saw the disorderly throng that rushed tumultuously at the heels of the armed horseman, they gathered around the entrance, uncertain whether or not to swing to the massive gate. Whilst they hesitated the opportunity was lost. Waving them aside with his spear, Coifi rode swiftly through the gateway. For a moment the throng behind hesitated before passing the barrier they had hitherto held sacred; but the pressure behind allowed no stay, and like a flock of sheep they dashed in after their leader. Through all the enclosures they passed without let or hindrance until they reached the last. Here the priests and virgins, startled from the altars by the noise of the approaching crowd, flung themselves on their knees in the entrance, and opposed the passage of Coifi with uplifted arms, and wild cries of terror at the sacrilege. It was but for a moment, and then Coifi, reining his horse for a leap, bounded forward, the kneeling priests and virgins falling away on either side with more piercing shrieks of affright.

Even the crowd that had thus far rushed heedlessly at his heels stopped without crossing the last line that separated them from the most sacred chamber of the gods, and stood looking with shuddering expectation of what was to follow. King Edwin was foremost in the line, his hands clasped, and his eyes gazing intently on Coifi with mingled hope and fear. The priests of the Saxon gods prostrated themselves on the ground, hiding their faces in the earth, and stopping their ears, that they might neither see the sacrilegious deed, nor hear the thunders of the expected retribution. Behind

the shuddering awe-struck crowd knelt the reverend Bishop Paulinus, and the priests of the true God, praying fervently that the eyes of the blind worshippers of false gods might at last be opened.

Slowly Coifi rode around the temple, striking every altar with his profane spear as he passed. Then reining up in front of the statue of Thor the thunder-wielder, and rising in his stirrups, he exclaimed with a loud voice :— “ Thor, god of the roaring thunder and the death-dealing lightning, wielder of the mighty crusher, lo ! in the name of the Christian’s God, thus I defy thee ! ” And with these words he launched his spear right at the face of the monstrous image, striking it in the eyeball.



The crowd swung back in dread ; even King Edwin clutched at a pillar as if to save himself from the coming shock. But no shock came. No thunder shook the heavens. No lightning-bolt struck the presumptuous Coifi dead. The crushing hammer remained unmoved in the uplifted hand of Thor,—a hammer of iron in a hand of wood. Slowly Coifi again rode around the temple, smiting each image in the face, and no harm came. They were indeed but blocks of wood and stone.

Then the crowd awoke from their stupor of astonishment. With a wild

cry they burst into the sacred enclosure. Axe and hammer were soon at work, and gods and goddesses were hurled to the ground. Fagots and torches were brought, and in a few minutes gods and temple were burning in one sacrificial fire. Wall and bank were next levelled with the ground, amid the wild shouts of the Saxons, above which rose the triumphant voices of the Christian priests chanting psalms and hallelujahs.

But from the exulting and excited throng, one figure stole quietly out, and, mounting a fleet steed, rode swiftly back to the palace, and crossed its deserted courts to the Queen's chamber. There, leaping from his horse, Edwin threw himself into the arms of his faithful Ethelberga, exclaiming with joyous but reverent voice, "Now, indeed, Christ is Lord."

*J. H. A. Bone.*



### WIDE-MOUTHED KLUHN.

“ONCE upon a time,” the little woman began, “there lived in a quiet valley a rather sour-tempered child, who was so fond of red, that she was seldom seen without some garment or ribbon of that color, and so became known in the valley as Little Redjacket.

“She had often heard of Santa Claus, the well-beloved friend of children,



of the sweet fairies who lived in flowers, of wicked giants, of humpbacked dwarfs whose feet grew backwards, or were clawed like the feet of geese, and who hammered away upon various metals, deep underground; also of the little hillmen, with caps no bigger than her thimble, who worked all day inside the hills, but came out at night to roll down the sides, and to play tricks upon the passers-by; and of the funny trolls, not higher than a pipe-stem, clad in moss-jackets and pointed caps, who came forth by moonlight to fiddle, while fairies danced around the ring.

"And one summer's day she said to herself, 'Of Santa Claus I know something, for he comes every year, and I love him. But where are the fairies? Beyond the hills lie whole fields of blooming flowers; perhaps they may be hiding there. I can easily run thither and look; and on the way I will call at the hills for the little hillmen.'

"She climbed to the hill-tops and stamped and shouted, 'Hillmen! Hillmen! 'Come out!' But no answer. Then she called at the entrance of a deep cave, 'Dwarfs! Come out!' But no answer, except her own words, many times repeated, fainter each time, — 'Come out, come out, come out!'

"'No matter for the dwarfs,' said she, 'and no matter for the hillmen. But the fairies, they are prettier than all!'

"She rambled hither and thither through the tall grass, where countless flowers were blooming, ran up and down by the meadow brook, climbed high upon the mountain-sides, now stopping awhile to listen, and now calling out, "Where are you, dear fairies?' But in vain. No voice answered to her call.

"After long, weary wandering, she arrived at a place to which her father had once taken her, when driving his flocks to the mountains. A wild spot, where two pretty brooklets bubbled out from among the rocks. Near by was a bower thickly shaded by overhanging boughs, and fragrant with the odor of wild flowers. Here, among the soft grass, she threw herself down to rest. And, while resting, she sang, sorrowfully: —

'The pretty green fairies I never shall see;  
I call, but they will not come to me.  
Vainly I've sought through the meadows wide,  
Vainly have clambered the mountain-side;  
Pretty green fairies, where do you hide?'

As the last mournful note died away, a voice close beside her replied: 'The fairies will ne'er come at your call. They are far, far away. I, their queen, am the only one that remains. Yes, my dear little people are gone. So are the trolls and the hillmen and the dwarfs. The giants went long ago. A mighty person, who is well known in the world, needed their services. I, by promising to do good to little children, was allowed to remain. I have heard your song, and shall now change myself into a sparrow, and in that form will guide you to those whom you so much wish to see.'

"I then changed myself into a sparrow."

Here Kluhn observed that the children started, and would doubtless have spoken, had they not remembered that her wand had changed them to

figures of stone. He, however, accustomed to wonders, remained unmoved.

“Into a sparrow,” she repeated, “for, children, I was that fairy queen, and was rocking gently to sleep in a lily-bell, sighing for my lost people, when the song of the child caused me to remember my promise.

“In the form of a sparrow I flew before the child, or nestled in her bosom. I fed her with honey-dew ; and when she longed to dart through the air like a bird, to swing in the tree-tops, or soar far above them, I changed her into a red-bird.

“We flew swiftly o’er mountain and valley, forest, and plain. And little Redbird was happy, — now skimming over the flowers, now darting through the leafy branches, now soaring high into the heavens. Her song rang merrily. But to me it was sad. For I remembered the time when every flower had its fairy, and every grassy plain its ring, where my little people danced through the summer nights. But now they were far away. And the lovely water-sprites were gone from the fountains. Even the funny, long-nosed trolls I missed. For they always came trooping at night with their fiddles, and the king of the trolls was my lover, and sighed for me, and moaned for me. Ah, it was all very pleasant !

“But I disturbed not my happy little Redbird with these sad memories. We kept steadily on, and, if I sighed, it was to her but as the passing of a gentle zephyr.

“After days of rapid flight, we drew near to the Stony Girdle. Here Redbird complained of an unusual darkness, to which I replied, that it was needful to endure for a while the darkness always reigning there. For none must know the way by which the Stony Girdle is passed. None must behold the Silver Sea, or the Mysterious Bridge which leads to the wonderful Mistiland.

“As we proceeded, the air became soft and balmy, and was so filled with all delicate odors, that to breathe it was a delight. And there floated about us strains of the softest, sweetest music. Or, rather, it was a mingling of harmonious sounds, which gently swelled and died away, and swelled again like the summer wind among the bending grass.

“The darkness had gradually given place to a shining, silvery mist, which continually opened and closed, or lifted and fell, revealing to us for a moment beautiful objects, or giving us glimpses of scenes far too glorious to describe. Now a white wing was thrust in sight, and quickly withdrawn, or a bird of golden plumage darted past like a flash of fire. At times the opening mist showed to us fiery serpents, and winged horses breathing flames. Next we beheld lovely princesses turned to stone, and guarded by dragons ; while in the distance, veiled in mist, rose castles in the air, with columns of silver and turrets of gold, all of which slowly melted away. Above us the sky was tinged with a faint rose-color.

“‘This,’ said I, ‘is the wonderful Mistiland. Here you will see many beautiful objects, but nothing clearly.’

“But where are the fairies?’ she asked.

“I said, ‘My dear little Redbird, have patience. We are now approaching that portion of this wonderful country where dwells the great and powerful one of whom I have spoken. That mysterious person, I mean, so well known over the world, and so dearly beloved by children. Soon we shall draw near to the dominions of him who, one night in every year, drives rapidly over the house-tops, wrapped in furs, with a cracking whip and tinkling bells, which you, being asleep, never hear. If fairies dance no more by moonlight, nor trolls sport upon the hills, nor dwarfs work in mines,—if giants have ceased to trouble the earth,—if nymphs dwell no longer in fountains, nor mermaids under the sea,—it is because the good Santa Claus has need of them. For only by their aid could he provide so many beautiful gifts for children.’

“Just at that moment we were startled by a sound like the rumbling of thunder.

“‘That, my dear,’ said I, ‘is the groan of a weary giant. As a punishment for their wickedness in past times, the giants are obliged to carry heavy loads of silver, gold, and other ore to the forges. The dwarfs then work it up into such things as their master requires. Look! See where through the mist arise the sparks and the smoke of their forge! And now the lurid flames! Listen to the beating of millions of hammers upon millions of anvils!’

“My companion wished to approach nearer, in order to observe the curious feet of the dwarfs. But I said, ‘No; come with me. We have yet more to see, and our stay cannot be long.’

“Passing on, we heard, far below, a most sweet melody. And by a quick lifting of the mist in that direction, we saw mermaids, sitting upon the rocks, stringing coral, or combing their long green hair. The soft haze which floated about them seemed tinged with a color reflected from the delicate pink shells.

“‘How beautiful!’ exclaimed my companion. ‘And the song,—how sweet!’

“‘True,’ said I. ‘But you must not stay. For, if too long we listen to that bewitching melody, we can never spread our wings and fly away.’ And as we passed on I saw that our stay had already been too long; for she flew but slowly, and with drooping wings.

“But the next sight we beheld was, to me, the prettiest of all. Yes, beyond us the mist parted, and disclosed the prettiest, dearest sight of all! The sides of a gently sloping hill were covered with little folk,—trolls and hillmen,—in moss jackets and pea-green caps, who made, with their tiny instruments, a right pleasant tinkling music, while, upon the greensward, my own little people, my pretty green fairies, danced in the ring!

“It was only for an instant. The mist came down like a silvery veil, shutting them from our sight.

“‘But all these little people,—why are they not at work?’ asked Redbird.

“‘Do you not know,’ I answered, ‘that Midsummer night is now commencing, — the time when all fays, sprites, and wee folk must keep their revels? See! The work of the dwarfs is over. The noise of their anvils is hushed. The fires no longer burn. All hold high holiday now, — all save the giants. They must labor always, because they were once so cruel to children.

“‘But look!’ said I. ‘Look towards the east. My dear Redbird, did no smiling grandfather ever promise you beautiful things, when his ship should come home from sea?’

“‘Yes, dear fairy,’ she said; ‘a bird that would lay golden eggs, and a wreath of red roses that never should fade.’

“The mist directly in front of us now gradually became thin, and melted away, revealing at first a part, and afterwards the whole, of a magnificent ship, with all sails set and streamers gayly flying. She was deeply laden, and was spanned from stem to stern by a brilliant rainbow. At her prow was carved the figure of a young and beautiful female, in flowing robes of blue, and crowned with a garland of the *Immortelle*, or immortal flower. The face was radiant with smiles. One hand rested upon an anchor, and the other was extended forward, as if pointing to brighter things beyond; and from the quarter to which she pointed there streamed a cheerful golden light, which lighted up and glorified her whole figure.

“But while my little companion gazed, entranced, as one would at some beautiful vision, the mist rolled slowly back, and the whole gradually disappeared from our sight.

“‘Do not sigh, my dear Redbird,’ I said. ‘Yonder is your grandfather’s ship. And the good Santa Claus will, no doubt, at the proper time, bring to you the wonderful bird, and the wreath of red roses that never shall fade. But turn your thoughts now to something quite different. We have yet others to see who labor for Santa Claus. I shall next show you his book-makers, or poets. This is their native place.’

“As I spoke, an open space suddenly appeared, showing portions of a fair temple. Within this temple I pointed out to her whole rows of pale, anxious beings, of whom only the heads and upper portions were clearly visible. By the quills behind their ears, and their thoughtful, dreamy look, I saw that these were the poets, or book-writers.

“‘Do not approach too near,’ I said. ‘We cannot breathe their air. But observe well all that you see.’

“As the mist rolled farther away, we saw that high above them floated clouds of every gorgeous hue, crimson, purple, and gold, while all about were flying little airy, active sprites, of every shape, or rather of scarcely any shape, but seemingly formed of the mist. It was their part to aid and encourage the patient poets, by bringing them bright thoughts, or dipping their pens in the rich coloring of the clouds.

“But they liked just as well to torment and perplex; for frequently they would throw at some troubled writer only part of an idea, while the rest of it was carried to some other, thus putting both in misery; for fragments of

thought in the brain are quite painful. And often these imps of mischief would bring to some poor wretch the most rare and delightful visions, and then hold fast by the top of his quill, that not a word could he write!

“Those pale, weary ones before us were evidently in distress, and no wonder, for what they were trying to do can never be done.

“Some were looking down in deep meditation, others gazed upward for inspiration. They sighed, they frowned, they grasped their hair, they knitted their brows, they clasped their hands in despair, laboring in vain to accomplish what is impossible.

“Observing that they looked frequently in a certain direction, we turned our attention that way, and saw, placed upon a throne, a high-backed arm-chair, on the top of which was a beautiful white goose, turned to stone. Beneath this beautiful white goose was seated a portly old dame, wearing full ruffles and a high-crowned cap. There was a jolly twinkle in her eye, and her nose glistened from frequent stroking; for she had long laughed at that row of luckless authors who so vainly tried to write songs like her own.

“This they will never do, unless they can find the quill with which she wrote. But that was plucked from the white goose before it was turned to stone, and was lost a long, long time ago. There is a story that, at the appointed time, some one will join that pale row of writers who shall have the power of plucking from the enchanted goose a quill, with which more ‘Mother Goose Melodies’ may be written.

“But jolly Mother Goose, she sits and laughs in her high-backed chair; for, though many have tried, none have yet been able to pluck the quill.

“‘But where is Santa Claus himself?’ asked Redbird.

“‘Santa Claus,’ I answered, ‘is now in the midst of his all-summer nap.’

“Then she asked, ‘How can he tell when to wake?’

“I said, ‘He cannot tell when to wake; and for that reason a small boy named Jack — Jack Frost — is employed to watch, and by sharp pinches to wake him at the proper time.’

“Just then we caught sight, as he darted past from the north, of a little winged boy. His head was powdered with snow, and around his neck was a frill of icicles. He had on his flying-skates, which were very bright, and ornamented with feathers. His robes were made of frozen mist, trimmed with delicate frostwork. The thumb and finger of one hand were extended towards us, as if in readiness to give a sly pinch. In the other was the long feathered pointer with which he draws pictures upon the window-panes. He gave us a funny look in passing; and by the twinkle of his eye, and the puckers about his mouth, as if he were ready to die with laughing, I saw that he had been up to some mischief, — either dropping ice in the milk, or breaking glass, or pinching the toes of small children.

“‘But what,’ asked Redbird, ‘are those multitudes of tiny, dark forms, which float about near the entrance to this wonderful place?’ For by this time I had gradually conducted my little companion back toward the region of the Stony Girdle.

“‘I saw no dark forms when we entered,’ said Redbird.

“‘Your eyes,’ I said, ‘were not then accustomed to the peculiar light of the place. Those are the gloom-fairies. They would gladly be employed here; but that is impossible, because they are the enemies of the dear young people whom Santa Claus loves so well. They dwell in the abodes of darkness, and have no sunshine, except what they are able to steal from the faces of children. But they must first obtain an entrance into their homes.

“‘In order to do this, they plant near them a vinegar-bush. This is invisible, and if not nourished by the breath of the gloom-fairies, and the tears of children, it will die; but if allowed to live, it will grow, and spread, and overshadow the house.

“‘It then affords shelter to numberless gloom-fairies, who sit in the branches, and watch for an opportunity, when children pass, to steal the sunshine off their faces, and cork it up in little bottles which they carry under their wings. They also shake down upon them, from the leaves, a disagreeable dust, which disfigures every face it touches.

“‘These gloom-fairies avoid all cheerful, pleasant sounds. They cannot live within hearing of music, especially the music of children’s singing. Nothing, therefore, is so sure to prevent them from planting their bad bush as a hearty laugh or a lively song. Hearing these, they scowl, spread their dark wings, and fly away.

“‘It is my delight, little Redbird,’ I said, ‘to flutter about, unseen, among children; and this I do frequently. I listen to their voices, I join in their sports. And when among them appears a sour, cross-looking child, I think, “Aha, aha! so you have been under the vinegar-bush!” But when one comes with bright eyes and a happy song, I smile and say, “Ah, my little cheerybird! the gloom-fairies have stolen no sunshine from your face!”’

“I then drew a feather from the wing of my little friend, and, after breathing upon the end, held it up before her. She beheld there the picture of a little girl in red, with braided hair.

“‘It is myself,’ she said, ‘all but the face. That is bad.’

“‘The face is yours too,’ I said, ‘just as it appears when the gloom-fairies have stolen its sunshine, and have shaken over you the branches of the vinegar-bush. There is one now growing near your home. Growing and spreading fast, for it is watered daily by the tears of a child.’

“And you may be sure, my children,” said Runa the story-teller, “that what I told Redbird concerning the vinegar-bush is really true. For I have known its branches to be shaken even over the heads of grown people.

“But, as I perceived by the breathing of my little companion that she had remained a sufficient time in Mistiland, — for long draughts of the air are not healthful, — I conducted her back, by rapid flights, to the bower by the mountain springs whence we came. And there, in her own proper form, I left her upon the grass — first, however, throwing her into a deep sleep, for she was very weary.

“Meanwhile, her father had been searching anxiously for his little child, but nowhere in all the valley could she be found. As he stood beneath an apple-tree, wiping his brow and sighing heavily, I perched overhead, and sang something like this : —

“ ‘High among the mountains,  
Near the bubbling fountains,  
Where the trees bend low,  
Where the wild flowers grow,  
'Mid the shadows deep,  
A weary child doth sleep.  
Gay red robes doth the maiden wear ;  
She hath ribbons of red in her braided hair.’

“Then, as he moved not, I sang again : —

“ ‘Where two brooks are flowing,  
Where dark pines are growing,  
Where, among the rocks,  
The shepherd leads his flocks  
Up the rugged steep,  
Thy little one doth sleep.  
Gay red robes doth the maiden wear ;  
She hath ribbons of red in her braided hair.’

“It seemed to her father, however, not that a little bird had sung to him where to find his child, but that he himself remembered the day when she went with him to lead his flocks, and they sat together by the mountain springs.

“ ‘Who knows,’ cried he, ‘but the child is there, and has fallen asleep under the trees?’

“He took his staff, passed quickly over the hills, and along the fragrant meadows, and soon, by following the shepherd’s path, he found Little Red-jacket sleeping in the bower.

“When the child awoke and saw her father bending over her, she sprang to her feet, looked eagerly around, and exclaimed, ‘Am I not a little red-bird?’

“ ‘To be sure you are,’ cried the shepherd, taking her in his arms ; ‘you are my own little red-bird.’

“ ‘Where is the fairy queen?’ she asked earnestly.

“But her father only kissed her and smiled ; for he had often heard her prattling of fairies, and supposed she had been dreaming. Perceiving, therefore, that he thought but lightly of the matter, she said very little, but walked silently by his side, thinking of her wonderful journey.

“But upon arriving home she proclaimed to the whole household where she had been, and what she had heard, and all that she had seen. Whereupon they also smiled, and said, ‘The child has had a dream.’

“At this she grew angry, and was just upon the point of bursting into tears, but, remembering the gloom-fairies, she laughed instead, and was soon after heard singing loudly from room to room.

“And ever after, not a day passed that she did not sing a song in every

room of the house. And at last people inquired, 'Why, what has come over Little Redjacket, to make her so agreeable? She 's a real little song-bird in the house, and as sweet as a posy!'

"Then she would smile, and say: 'Ah, you would not believe me; but it was all true that I told; for do you not see that I have driven the gloom-fairies away?'"

Runa the story-teller paused here, and, very quietly turning in the direction of the window, raised her wand slowly, and pointed it towards the listener there.

Kluhn started, and, in his haste to hide himself, fell from the branch, and dropped upon the ground where the descent of the mountain was steep and slippery. He rolled over and over, over and over, over and over, down the dizzy heights, which it seemed to him were to have no end. And all the while, as he rolled, strange, deep voices from inside the mountain seemed to mock and laugh at him.

At last, after a sudden plunge from a rock to level ground, he started up, looked about him, and rubbed his eyes, like one awaking from sleep.

The sun was just rising, and what was his surprise to find, after turning his eyes in every direction, that he was still by the swamp where he had the night before sat down to rest, after his father had thrown an old shoe at him, and he had run from the shop. He had slipped from the bank, and rolled down to the very edge of the swamp, where the frogs were making exactly such sounds as had seemed to mock him from inside the mountain.

Kluhn sat there in the morning sunshine, thinking, his eyes fixed upon the ground, like one trying to solve some difficult puzzle. He recalled to his mind, in due order, all that he had seen and heard. But, being slow of thought, the sun had risen high in the heavens before he had quite persuaded himself that since he left the shop but one night had passed, that he had slept through the night beneath the tree where he sat down to rest, and that of Runa the story-teller and her hut of green boughs, and of the jolly little packman, he had but dreamed.

"Ah," said he, as he picked his hat out of the dirt, "if only the bellows-topped cap had been true! But I see now it was all a dream."

Having made this quite clear to himself, he said: "I will return to my father's shop. They will gladly welcome me, coming with something so well worth telling. And it may be, after all, that it is no more a dream than their own fine tales."

Upon arriving at his father's shop, he listened for a while at the door, peeping through a knot-hole. His father sat with folded arms, although it was Saturday, and much to be done.

"Ah, if I only had my boy back!" said he, with a heavy sigh. "Why did I drive him away? He might have taken a turn. He would, without doubt, have become, in time, a fine, industrious young man. O, if he were only back again!"



“Yes,” said the trunk-pedler, “I wish he were back. It was something to have a person at hand to whom one always might talk!”

“And a person that could tell good music,” said the blind fiddler.

“And then,” observed the wooden-legged soldier, “he was such a good listener!”

“And such a good believer!” cried the old sea-captain. “Nothing was too strange for him. He was ready to swallow anything, — flying horses, sea-serpents, dragons, horned monsters, — it mattered not to him!”

Kluhn here glanced at the student, and perceived that, although thinking with a sad face of the missing one, he was, nevertheless, in an absent, dreamy way, drawing the figures as fast as mentioned.

He saw, marked out on the wall, his own face, with mouth wide open, just upon the point of swallowing a flying horse, behind which were sea-serpents, dragons, and horned monsters, waiting to go down. This so amused him, that he burst into the room with a hearty laugh.

Never wanderer had a warmer welcome! And Kluhn had the satisfaction of making them all stare, open-mouthed, when he related his story, — which he took care to tell as if it were true, — and also of seeing the student somewhat puzzled to draw the various characters mentioned therein.

“So that is the story of Wide-mouthed Kluhn,” I said, as Janet finished, and held up her large ball, whereon were twined the worsteds of different colors. “I shall tell that story to my children in America.”

Upon this I heard a loud laugh, and a merry voice said: “How much he must think of his children in America, to be talking of them in his sleep!”

I started up and looked hastily about me. Janet sat quietly knitting in her arm-chair. The family were gathered around, waiting for me to awake, before lighting the tree.

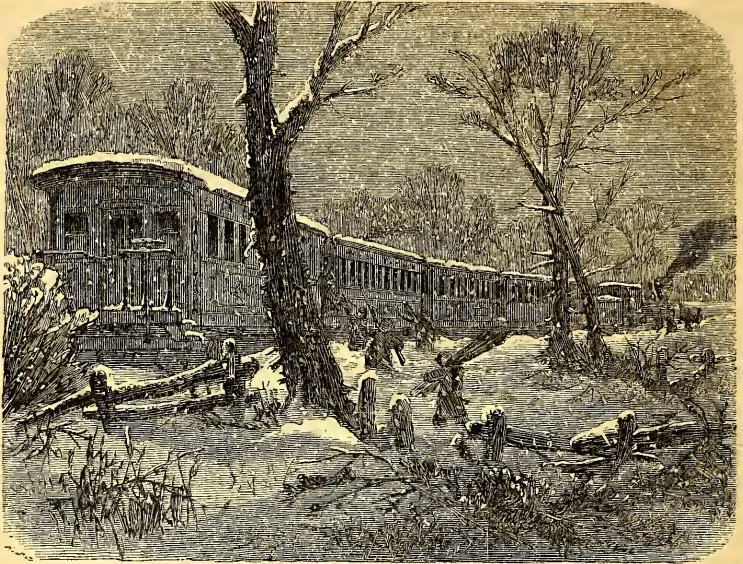
“And did you not,” I asked Janet, — “did you not turn the leather trunk upside down, and sit there, winding bright worsteds? And Lina, did you not creep in on tiptoe, and bid me not interrupt her?”

Upon this, they all laughed merrily. And when I saw the small black trunk right side up, and when Janet held up her long gray stocking, and when Lina assured me she had not entered the room until just as I spoke of my children in America, I became convinced that it was all a dream. And after the tree had been lighted, and the gifts presented, and the supper eaten, I amused the company and myself by setting before them, in as orderly an array as was possible, the somewhat confused visions of my Christmas sleep.

Then, suddenly recollecting that Janet had told me no story, I exclaimed, “So then, after all, I have not yet heard the —”

Here I paused. For, even then, it seemed impossible to believe it all a dream.

“No,” said old Janet, with a smile, “you have not yet heard the true story of Wide-mouthed Kluhn.”



### BLOCKED IN THE SNOW.

THE snow fell faster and faster, the train moved more and more slowly, and the daylight was almost gone. Mrs. Durant glanced over the top of the magazine in which she was vainly trying to forget her anxieties, and watched, first the whirling storm without, — the dreary, leafless forest through which the cars were struggling, — and then the faces of the two young girls who were travelling under her charge. Laura, the elder, was absorbed in reading the last chapters of “Leslie Goldthwaite,” with her head pressed closely against the window to catch the fading light, quite heedless that the damp pane was taking all the crimp out of her fair hair. Her sister Emily was leaning back in the other corner of the seat, fast asleep, in spite of the jerking motion of the laboring train.

“If they were but safely at home,” thought Mrs. Durant, “I should not mind much being snowed in here all night. Alfred and I could bear it very well, but they —”

At this moment the train gave a sudden lurch and stopped. Emily was aroused, and began to rub her eyes and look around her; but Laura only said, “O dear! what a jerk!” and went on with her story. Mrs. Durant appeared absorbed in her magazine, lest the girls should notice the uneasiness she felt, as man after man left the car, and an audible murmur of dismay was heard.

Now the door opened again, and a bright-faced boy of fifteen came in, with

a great rush of cold air, but an equally unmistakable cheery influence. He came straight to our party, and all three looked up to hear the news with which he was evidently excited.

“Well, girls, here we are in a jolly fix!—stuck fast in a snow-bank! No chance of getting to the city to-night, and perhaps not to-morrow. Don’t you want to come out and help shovel, or had you rather tear down the fences to keep the fires going?” and perching himself on the back of a seat, swinging his feet and wringing the snow-water out of his buckskin mittens, he gave himself up to the boyish delight of being the fountain of important knowledge, which he dealt out in aggravatingly small supplies, at his mischievous pleasure, to his cousin and sisters and the neighboring lady-passengers. “Stuck fast? I guess you ’d say so, if you could see the poor old engine with her head and ears in a twenty-foot drift; only two shovels on board, and the snow drifting in behind us all the time! You ’d better say ‘O dear!’ Laura. You ’ll say it fifty times before morning, if you keep up to your usual average! Wood, did you say, Cousin Nannie? Well, no,—not much on board; but plenty of fences alongside, and a good axe in case we need trees too. No danger of our freezing,—more chance of starving. What do you say to that, Em? Our lunch-basket empty, and the nearest town five or six miles beyond, *more or less*,” added the roguish fellow, while poor Emily’s eyes grew absolutely pathetic in their earnest searching of his face to discover whether he were in jest or not. “I ’m fiercely hungry already,” he continued, “and I can’t stand it long. I think I shall begin on that fat baby that has been crying so in the corner there. Telegraph? O, that’s broken long ago, ma’am. The most hopeful man on board has given up all idea of getting through, and has just started off on foot, on a foraging expedition. I hope he ’ll live to reach the next town. Coming back again will be harder still; but I ’m going to start with him,” he added, jumping down and buttoning his coat with an air of great resolution.

Emily’s eyes were already dilated to their utmost, and now they filled with tears. Laura looked pale, but started up impulsively, saying, “I shall go too, then, Alf; but I don’t believe you ’re in earnest.”

“In earnest? Indeed, I am though; and won’t you be sorry for all the times you ’ve teased me, when I ’m brought back all frozen stiff, with a chain of raw sausages round my neck, that I perished in trying to bring to you?”

“Alfred, Alfred,” remonstrated Mrs. Durant, as Emily’s distress increased, and Laura again started up and said, “I *shall* go with you.”

The boy was now satisfied, and became reasonable, kissed Emily, laughed at Laura, and assured Mrs. Durant that the village was only a mile distant, and the walk tedious, but by no means dangerous. Half a dozen others were going. He would probably get back by seven o’clock at the latest. It was now nearly five, and they should see what a jolly supper he would bring them; and away he went, brave and boisterous, and with a sense (indescribably dear to the boyish mind) of being the protecting head of the party.

All this time the train was motionless; and people began to resign them-

selves to the necessities of the occasion, with more or less grumbling, according to their tempers. By the conductor's advice all the ladies and children in the three cars — with the gentlemen belonging to them — arranged themselves for the night in one car. As the day had been stormy from its beginning, the train had not been very full, and so this was easily done. All the single gentlemen adjourned to the smoking-car, and thus only two fires were needed. These were fed from time to time with huge armfuls of hastily split fence-rails, and the temperature alternated from breathless heat to almost freezing-point, in a manner somewhat trying to the passengers. There was fortunately but one baby among the company, and but four young children. Every one who had anything eatable left brought it out for their benefit; a kindly Scotch woman took the baby from its weary mother, and paced up and down the aisle, crooning "Bonny Doon," till it went to sleep. Beds of shawls were improvised for the other children, and soon they too were happily unconscious, and the elders waited patiently the return of those who had gone forth to forage. Some enterprising ones waded out to the baggage-car and brought supplies from their trunks, — such as books, dressing-gowns, cards, dominoes, and extra wrappings. Emily kept up her courage pretty well, but worried at intervals about "poor Alf." Mrs. Durant, in the change of seats, discovered a dear old school-friend, and almost forgot all the inconveniences of the situation in the pleasant surprise. Laura wondered how "Leslie Goldthwaite" would have felt and behaved in such an emergency as this, and tried to weave stories about the rather commonplace people around her.

It was nearly nine o'clock when the skirmishers returned. Alfred's cheeks were like carmine, his eyes flashing, his breath coming very fast, his pockets stuffed out with parcels. "Plunder me," he cried, sinking down on a seat, and waving off his sisters, who would have embraced him in their joy. "Pick my pockets, but don't ask me to talk yet," he gasped.

Mrs. Durant saw that he was really exhausted, though he tried to keep a bright face, while the girls dived into his pockets, and brought out, with delighted and amused exclamations, baker's bread, hard crackers, tea, sugar, sage cheese, Bologna sausage, ginger-snaps and cocoa-nut cakes.

"A mixed-up supper, — is n't it?" he laughed; "but grub is grub when we're all hungry, and you must make the best of it. I got a little of everything there was in the store, I believe, and the hopeful old chap I told you about has some more of my things in his basket, — a few eggs and a tin dipper to make your tea in, Cousin Nannie."

"You're very kind and thoughtful, Alf," returned Mrs. Durant. "Are you rested enough to be introduced to an old friend of mine, whom I've discovered since you went away, — Miss Dora Challis?"

Alfred sat up and bowed, blushing. "It must have been your father, I was talking about," he said. "I saw the name on his basket, — and here he comes."

It proved to be so; and Mrs. Durant felt her cares immediately lightened as the tall, fine-looking man of fifty-five joined their group.

Thus the two parties became one, and every one was pleased. Alfred's fatigue made him gentle and affectionate ; Laura declared it was as good as a picnic ; Emily forgot all her fears, and Mrs. Durant and Miss Dora felt like girls again ; while Mr. Challis showed himself an experienced traveller in his numberless devices for the general cheer and comfort. He showed his daughter how to make tea with the aid of the stove, the new dipper, and melted snow ; set the girls to toasting crackers and cheese, and made Alfred go to sleep, while he and Mrs. Durant curtained the windows with shawls, and improvised a tea-table from two valises overspread with newspapers, and managed to convert brown paper into plates.

The meal passed off very merrily. To be sure there was no butter and no milk ; but the bread and crackers and tea were relished well, nevertheless, with the aid of the sausage and cheese ; and the snaps and cakes, though rather fossil-like, disappeared in due time. Alf himself carried a share of the cheer to the mother of the baby he had scolded about all day, and when every one's hunger was satisfied, a good store remained for breakfast.

"And now, how shall we amuse ourselves till bedtime ?" asked Mr. Challis, as our party settled down again, — his daughter and Mrs. Durant on one seat, he and Emily facing them, and Laura and Alfred just behind. "I suppose you and Mrs. Durant, Dora, could talk all night about old times ; but we shall not allow that. Can't you suggest some game in which we can all join ?"

"O, if we only had a parlor board, we could play croquet," exclaimed Emily.

"O, if we only had a pond and a boat, and some trolling-lines, we could go fishing," added Alfred, mockingly.

"But *can* we play anything, Miss Challis ?" said Laura. "We have no cards, or dominoes, or checkers, or squails."

"O yes, indeed, I know several good games that only need our wits and voices, — 'Characters,' 'Comparatives,' 'Proverbs,' 'Capping Verses,' 'Twenty Questions,' &c., and many more that can be played with the help of pencils and paper, like 'Oracles,' 'Consequences,' 'Crambo,' 'Cento Verses,' and 'Favorites.'"

The girls opened their eyes wide with surprise and delight, and Alfred whispered, "Ain't she a jolly one to be snowed in with ?"

"We might try 'Characters,' first," continued Miss Dora. "You must all mention some celebrated person in history, fable, fiction, or modern times, whose name begins with A. Then take B and C, and so on, through the alphabet. We must speak in turn, and of course those who come last have the hardest work."

"Let me begin, then," cried Alfred and Emily, with one voice.

"Let us go by ages, beginning with the youngest," said Cousin Nannie ; and Alfred led off bravely with Alexander the Great ; Emily followed with King Alfred ; Laura with Adam ; Miss Dora named Apollo ; Mrs. Durant, Aristotle ; and Mr. Challis ended with Archibald Alison. B went off very fast with Bonaparte, Byron, Burns, Ben Bolt, Bryant, and Edwin Booth.

C brought up Charlemagne, Cooper, Charles I., Christopher Columbus, Cleopatra, and Cæsar. D, E, F, G, H, I, and J were not found difficult, but K required more thinking. Kossuth, Kosciusko, Kriss Kringle, Keble, Keats, and Kingsley made up the list at last.

There was no trouble about L. Lincoln, Sir Launcelot, Longfellow, Lalla Rookh, Lafayette, and Sir Launfal. M and N were easy too. Then Obadiah Oldbuck, Ole Bull, Ophelia, Oberlin, Ovid, and Othello. P was soon filled, but Q was harder, — Quilp, Don Quixote, Quintus Curtius, Quince, Quincy, and De Quincey. R, S, and T went off rapidly; but U knit the brows again, yet was not unconquerable. Of course, Alf chose Uncas, and Emily Una, and Laura Undine; the ladies gave Urania and Urso (Camilla); and Mr. Challis made every one laugh by adding Miss Ullin, which was his version of "Lord Ullin's Daughter." V was met with Victor Emanuel, Victoria, Vashti, Venus, Vulcan, and Virgil. W, Washington, William Wallace, Wellington, "Wept of Wish-ton-wish," Whittier, and A. Ward. X was at first deemed impracticable; Xerxes, Xanthippe, and Xenophon having been given by the young people, there was a long pause; but Miss Dora suddenly remembered Cardinal Ximenes; Mrs. Durant could do no better than Ex-President Pierce; and Mr. Challis insisted that "Exeter Express" would do his share. Y was hardly better; Senators Yates and Yancey, Yulee, poor Yorick, Yellowplush, and Yellowley (in Scott's "Pirate"). Z was quickly finished with Zachary Taylor, Zacchæus (he), Zenobia, Zeno, General Zollicoffer, and Zoroaster.

All had been so eager and interested, the time had passed very swiftly, and the girls could hardly believe that more than an hour had gone by.

"It's a jolly good game," said Alfred. "Almost as good as 'Cleveland's Compendium,'" added Laura; and Emily looked happier than she had since the train stopped.

Many of the people in the car were now asleep, and it was past nine o'clock; but our friends had not yet even thought of yawning. Alfred went out to take an observation, and reported the snow still falling and drifting, and the night very cold. The brakemen kept the stoves well filled, however; and though the three flickering oil-lamps lent but a feeble light, and the windows were crusted with snow, and the wind wailed mournfully in the trees all around, yet within were comparative comfort and cheerfulness. Alfred was glad to return to his party and nestle down beside Laura again. "What did you say about Cento verses, Miss Dora?" he inquired; "let's try those next."

"I will repeat you one I heard made a few evenings since; you will see that it is made up of quotations from different authors, and yet has a sense and connection of its own: —

↳ "Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow,  
The frog he would a-wooing go,  
None but the brave deserve the fair,  
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair."

"What a comical mixture!" cried Mrs. Durant. "Goldsmith, Mother

Goose, and Collins, all chopped up together. Let us try if we cannot do as well." So Miss Challis began with Scott's —

*Laura.* "O young Lochinvar is come out of the West,"  
*Mrs. D.* "Whence all but him had fled";  
*Laura.* "Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,"  
 "Nobody asked you, sir, she said."

Mr. Challis and Alfred and Emily had been busy by themselves on another, which they now displayed: —

"At midnight in his guarded tent,  
 Across the sands of Dee,  
 The child of Elle to his garden went,  
 And a jolly old soul was he."

Then Laura and Miss Dora constructed another: —

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
 (For thirsty and hot was he),  
 With Lady Clare upon the hill,  
 Under the greenwood tree."

And now it was past ten o'clock, and even Alfred showed signs of drowsiness. Head-rests and foot-supports were improvised from shawls and handbags; and after much snuggling and sighing and trying of different positions, all dropped off at last into the blessed forgetfulness of sleep. Many were the wakings and turnings, the moans and cramps in the car that night; many the frightened starts of the younger ones, beautiful the patience of many, comical the crossness of a few. At last the morning came, and the awakened travellers began to sympathize about cold feet and aching shoulders, arms asleep, and a general sense of hunger and forlornness. The brave, sunny spirits shamed the grumblers; a few desperate jokes and hearty laughs made every one feel better. Then the ladies took turns in smoothing their hair at the little mirror in the end of the car, and freshening their faces with scanty washings in melted snow. Those who had no children helped those who had; and it was quite remarkable what a genius for cooking under difficulties the gentlemen present developed. Tea and toast were made, eggs boiled, and sausages fried, at the blessed, much-enduring stove; and though the drinking-cups were as one to every six persons, — though plates and spoons were *minus*, and pocket-knives were forks as well, — yet snowballs made very good napkins, and no one was so ungracious as to remark that the baker's bread was sour, or to call for butter or milk.

The snow had ceased falling, but the drifts were very formidable on all sides, and no one could say when aid from Boston would arrive. "At least we have light," said Laura, after breakfast; "and now we can try some of those paper and pencil games, — can't we, Miss Challis?"

A muster of stationery was now called, resulting in the display of two rubber pencils, two wooden ones, half a dozen fly-leaves, as many letter-backs, and ten pages from a pocket note-book. These materials being distributed, and the wooden pencils halved, all was ready.

"Let us try 'Oracles' first," said Miss Challis. "You must each write

some question, fold the paper, and drop it into this hat. Then take a smaller paper, and write on it any word you choose, and drop that in." This being done, she resumed, "Now each one must draw from the hat a question and a word, — that is, a large paper and a small one, — and you must answer that question in rhyme, and bring in the word."

A perfect chorus of remonstrances followed these directions. "O dear!" cried Laura. "We *never* can," said Emily, in despair; and all declared they never had written and never *could* write verses. Miss Dora only laughed, and passed the hat. As each one read the question drawn and the word to be used in the reply, the consternation increased, and every one insisted that his or hers was the most difficult of all.

Miss Challis settled herself quietly to her own share, and the question being, "O where and O where is your Highland laddie gone?" and the word "*moonlight*," she had quite enough to do in composing her reply without attending to the complaints of the others. At first her ideas refused to come; but finally these lines grew under her busy fingers: —

"He 's gone, ah, too soon, quite!  
To dance in the *moonlight*  
With fair elfin maidens more lovely than you.  
O, pray for thy lover,  
Lest he be won over,  
And never return to his sweetheart so true."

The others, meanwhile, having exhausted all the despairing adjectives and interjections, gradually settled to their tasks, and here are the results: —

Mrs. Durant's question was, "Where are the swallows flown?" The word drawn was *spice-box*. The answer was: —

"The swallows are flown where the spices grow,  
That are in my *spice-box* found;  
There 's allspice and mace, and nutmegs and cloves,  
And cassia (that 's cinnamon ground)."

Laura's, "Who will care for mother now?" Word, *celery*. Her verse read: —

"O, I 'm going far away,  
Far away from poor dear ma.  
O, who will trench her *celery*?  
I 'm going to be a tar.  
When I am on the ocean blue,  
She 'll be bluer, I dare say:  
O, who will care for mother dear,  
When I am far away?"

Alfred's, "Are men or women most constant?" Word, *word*: —

"O, don't say a *word*,  
They 'd make such a pother;  
'T is six of the one,  
Half a dozen of t' other."

Emily's, "Where, O where, are the Hebrew children?" Word, *owl*: —

"Where the *owl* doth flit and fly,  
There they live and there they die."



Mr. Challis's, "When shall we three meet again?" Word, *pea-soup*:—

"When the dinner-bell rings,  
And the *pea-soup* is hot,  
If *you* come, and *I* come,  
We 'll meet on the spot."

As Miss Dora read these effusions aloud, they were received with enthusiastic applause. All were astonished at their success, and were eager to try again. Fresh questions and words were soon written, and after fifteen minutes of silence came another reading, as follows:—

Alfred's, "Who killed Cock Robin?" *Grand*:—

"He was killed in a *grand* free fight;  
O, it was an awful sight!  
No one knew who dealt the blow  
That laid the poor young songster low."

Emily's, "Where do all the pins go to?" *Honest*:—

"Where do all the pins go to?  
That is more than I can swear to.  
But if the *honest* truth be known,  
To the four winds they must have flown."

Laura's, "What was the name of the Man in the Moon?" *Idiosyncrasy*:—

"The name of that unfortunate will never now be known;  
It was his *idiosyncrasy* that his card should not be shown."

Mrs. Durant's, "When shall we reach Boston?" *Dust*:—

"Ere summer's *dust* begins to blow,  
The sun must melt these banks of snow.  
Yet let us hope another night  
Will find us in our homes, all right."

Mr. Challis's, "O, why will you leave a dying man to perish in the snow?" *Ghost*:—

"As I don't see the *ghost* of a chance of saving him,  
I think that 's a good excuse for *leaving* him."

Miss Dora's, "Why do summer roses fade?" *Thunder*:—

"They sometimes fade in the scorching sun,  
And droop, his fierce beams under;  
Till the dark clouds gather overhead  
With the welcome sound of *thunder*."

At this point the laughter and exchange of compliments was interrupted by a loud and repeated whistling. Yes, the looked-for aid had arrived at last!—four engines and a snow-plough. Papers were thrown aside, and all was confusion and delight as the train began to move; but Miss Dora picked up the crumbs of the mental feast, and kept them for the benefit of other young folks who may sometime, in house or car, be similarly snow-bound.

*L. D. Nichols.*

## MARY'S FIRST SHOES.

HOW well do I remember  
The first shoes Mary wore,  
While yet with shy, uncertain step  
She toddled round the floor.

So small, you'd not believe they  
Were ever meant for use,  
Her fairy foot alone might wear  
Our Mary's first new shoes.

We lived up in the country,  
Mary, mamma, and I,  
And at the village shop no shoes  
To suit our pet could buy.

Her baby feet so tender  
Had, until now, been clad  
By gift of knit and needle work,  
With what poor skill we had.

But now mamma was going  
A journey to the town;  
And she would bring a real pair  
To fit our precious one.

Left thus alone, to charm her  
What carols did I sing,  
Of beautiful new slippers that  
Mamma from town would bring!

With rapture I imagined  
How, in the June day sun,  
Along the lawn and all around  
Those pretty feet would run.

I sang the theme to sweet tunes,  
To solemn and to gay;  
I soothed her unto sleep with it,  
I sang it all the day.

But when at last mamma came,  
And when, with eager hands,  
The small, brown package I received  
And, trembling, cut the bands,

O heavens! how lovely were they!  
The shoes I therein found,—  
The bronze morocco tiny ties,  
With silk cerulean bound!

The work but of a moment,  
I snatched her from the floor,  
And hid her dimpled feet in them,—  
The first shoes Mary wore!

I led her forth upon the lawn  
Her small hand in my own,  
'Till, softly sliding from the clasp,  
She bravely stepped alone.

I seem even now to see her,  
With doubtful, dainty tread,  
Holding her skirts aside to see,  
Bending her beauteous head.

Mary's first shoes! Their story,  
In simplest phrase rehearsed,  
Brings back as 't were but yesterday  
The day she wore them first.

I have them still, and love them  
For her dear sake who wore  
Their fragile beauty, but whose steps  
Shall need such aid no more.

She treads not now the greensward,  
Nor where the earth-flower springs;  
But upward, through eternal space,  
She soars on angel wings.

*Mrs. Anna M. Wells.*



## WILLIAM HENRY'S LETTERS TO HIS GRANDMOTHER.

### THIRD PACKET.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—

Lame Betsey gave me something to put on my wrist that cured it. I went there to ask how much money must be paid. I had sold my football, and my brass sword, and my pocket-book. They told me they should not take any money, but if I would saw some wood for them, and do an errand now and then, they should be very glad. When I told Dorry, he threw up

his hat, and called out, "Three cheers for the 'Two Betseys.'" And when his hat came down, he picked it up and passed it round; "for," says he, "we all owe them something." One great boy dropped fifty cents in. And it all came to about four dollars. And Bubby Short carried it to them. But I shall saw some wood for them all the same.

Last evening it was rainy. A good many boys came into our room, and we sat in a row, and every one said some verses, or told a riddle. These two verses I send for Aunt Phebe's little Tommy to learn. I guess he's done saying "Fishy, fishy in the brook" by this time. Dorry got them out of a German book, he said.

"When you are rich, You can ride with a span; But when you are poor, You must go as you can.	"Better honest and poor, And go as you can, Than rich and a rogue, And ride with a span."
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This riddle was too hard for me to guess. But Aunt Phebe's girls like to guess riddles, and I will send it to them. Mr. Augustus says that a soldier made it in a Rebel prison. Mr. Augustus is a tall boy, that knows a good deal, and wears spectacles, and that's why we call him Mr. Augustus.

#### RIDDLE.

"I'm one half a Bible command, That aye and forever shall stand; And, throughout our beautiful land, 'Tis needed now to foil the traitorous band.	"Although from my heart I am stirred, I can utter but one little word, And that very seldom is heard; My elder sister used to keep a bird.
"I'm always around, yet they say Too often I'm out of the way, Thereby leading astray; I'm decked in jewels fine and rich array.	"Reads the riddle clear to you? I am very near to you: Both very near and dear—to you, Yet kept in chains. Does that seem queer to you?"

That about being "stirred from the heart" is all true. So is that about being "*around*." The "Bible command," spoken of at the beginning, is only in three words, or two words joined by "and." This word is the first half. But I must n't tell you too much.

They are all *dear*. But some kinds are dearer than others.

I wish my father would send me one. It would be so handy when I am too far off to hear the school-bell.

That about the bird is first-rate, though I never saw one of that kind of—I won't say what I mean (Dorry says you must n't say what you mean when you tell riddles). But maybe you've seen one. They used to have them in old times.

I've launched my boat. She's the biggest one in school. Dorry broke a bottle upon her, and christened her the "General Grant." The boys gave three cheers when she touched water, and Benjie sent up his new kite. It's a ripper of a kite with a great gilt star on it that's got eight prongs.

My hat blew off, and I had to go in swimming after it. It is quite stiff. The master was walking by, and stopped to see the launching. When he smiles, he looks just as pleasant as anything.

He patted me on my cheek, and says he, "You ought to have called her the 'Flying Billy.'" And then he walked on.

“What does ‘Flying Billy’ mean?” says I.

“It means you,” said Dorry. “And it means that you run fast, and that he likes you. If a boy can run fast, and knows his multiplication-table, and won’t lie, he likes him.”

But how can such a great man like a small boy?

From your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. When the boys laugh at me, I laugh too. That’s a good way.

P. S. There’s a man here that’s got nine puppies. If I had some money I could buy one. The boys don’t plague me quite so much. I’m sorry you dropped off your spectacles down the well. I suppose they sunk. I’ve got a sneezing cold.

W. H.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I suppose if I should tell you I had had a whipping you would feel sorry. Well, don’t feel sorry. I will begin at the beginning.

We can’t go out evenings. But last Monday evening one of the teachers said I might go after my overjacket that I took off to play ball, and left hanging over a fence. It was a very light night. I had to go down a long lane to get where it was; and when I got there, it was n’t there. The moon was shining bright as day. Old Gapper Skyblue lives down that lane. He raises rabbits. He keeps them in a hen-house.

Now I will tell you what some of the great boys do sometimes. They steal eggs and roast them. There is a fireplace in Tom Cush’s room. Once they roasted a pullet. The owners have complained so that the master said he would flog the next boy that robbed a hen-house or an orchard, before the whole school.

Now I will go on about my overjacket. While I was looking for it, I heard a queer noise in the rabbit-house. So I jumped over. Then a boy popped out of the rabbit-house and ran. I knew him in a minute, for all he ran so fast, — Tom Cush.

Now when he started to run, something dropped out of his hand. I went up to it, and ’t was a rabbit, a dead one, just killed; for when I stooped down and felt of it, it was warm. And while I was stooping down, there came a great heavy hand down on my shoulder. It was a man’s great heavy hand.

Gapper had set a man there to watch. He hollered into my ears, “Now I’ve got you!” I hollered too, for he came sudden, without my hearing.

“You little thief!” says he.

“I did n’t kill it,” says I.



"You little liar!" says he.

"I'm not a liar," says I.

"I'll take you to the master," says he.

"Take me where you want to," says I.

Then he pulled me along, and kept saying, "Who did, if you did n't? If you did n't, who did?"

And he walked me straight up into the master's room, without so much as giving a knock at the door.

"I've brought you a thief and a liar," says he. Then he told where he found me, and what a bad boy I was. Then he went away, because the master wanted to talk with me all by myself.

Now I did n't want to tell tales of Tom, for it's mean to tell tales. So all I could say was that I did n't do it.

The master looked sorry. Said he was afraid I had begun to go with bad boys. "Did n't I see you walking in the lane with Tom Cush yesterday?" says he. I said I was helping him find his ball. And so I was.

"If you were with the boys who did this," said he, "or helped about it in any way, that's just as bad."

I said I did n't help them, or go with them.

"How came you there so late?" says he.

"I went after my overjacket," says I.

"And where is your overjacket?" says he.

I said I did n't know. It was n't there.

Then he said I might go to bed, and he would talk with me again in the morning.

When I got to our room, the boys were sound asleep. I crept into bed as still as a mouse. The moon shone in on me. I thought my eyes would never go to sleep again. I tried to think how much a flogging would hurt. Of course, I knew 't would n't be like one of your little whippings. I was n't so very much afraid of the hurt, though. But the name of being whipped, I was afraid of that, and the shame of it. Now I will tell you about the next morning, and how I was waked up.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I had to jump up and run to school without stopping to sign my name, for the bell rang. But, now school is done, I will write another letter to send with that, because you will want to know the end at the same time you do the beginning.

It was little pebbles that waked me up the next morning, — little pebbles dropping down on my face. I looked up to find where they came from, and saw Tom Cush standing in the door. He was throwing them. He made signs that he wanted to tell me something. So I got up. And while I was getting up, I saw my overjacket on the back of a chair. I found out afterwards that Benjie brought it in, and forgot to tell me.

Tom made signs for me to go down stairs with him. He would n't let me put my shoes on. He had his in his hand, and I carried mine so. So we

went through the long entries in our stocking-feet, and sat down on the doorstep to put our shoes on. Nobody else had got up. The sky was growing red. I never got up so early before, except one Fourth of July, when I did n't go to bed, but only slept some with my head leaned down on a window-seat, and jumped up when I heard a gun go off. Tom carried me to a place a good ways from the house. Our shoes got soaking wet with dew.

Now I will tell you what he said to me.

He asked me if I saw him anywhere the night before. I said I did.

He asked me where I saw him. I said I saw him coming out of the hen-house, where Gapper Skyblue kept his rabbits. He asked me if I was sure, and I said I was sure.

“And did you tell the master?” says he.

I said, “No.”

“Nor the boys?”

“No.”

Then he told me he had been turned away from one school on account of his bad actions, and he would n't have his father hear of this for anything; and said that, if I would n't tell, he would give me a four-bladed knife, and quite a large balloon, and show me how to send her up, and if I was flogged he would give me a good deal more, would give money, — would give two dollars.

“I don't believe he'll whip you,” says he, “for he likes you. And if he does, he would n't whip a small boy so hard as he would a big one.”

I said a little whipping would hurt a little boy as much as a great whipping would hurt a great boy. But I said I would n't be mean enough to tell or to take pay for not telling.

He did n't say much more. And we went towards home then. But before we came to the house, he turned off into another path.

A little while after, I heard somebody walking behind me. I looked round, and there was the master. He 'd been watching with a sick man all night.

He asked me where I had been so early. I said I had been taking a walk. He asked who the boy was that had just left me. I said 't was Tom Cush. He asked if I was willing to tell what we had been talking about. I said I would rather not tell.

Says he, “It has a bad look, your being out with that boy so early, after what happened last night.”

Then he asked me where I had found my overjacket. I said, “In my chamber, sir, on a chair-back.”

“And how came it there?” says he.

“I don't know, sir,” says I.

And, grandmother, I almost cried; for everything seemed going against me, to make me out a bad boy. I will tell the rest after supper.

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.



## CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

*Andante.*

JULIUS EICHBERG.

*dol. p*

*dim. rinf.*

*pp*



## MELODY FOR PIANO.

*Moderato.*

JULIUS EICHBERG.

*p*

*legato.*

*cres.*

*f*

1 2 3 4 5 1

3 5 4 3 1

3

1 ma volta. 2 da

*dim.* *p*

5 3 3

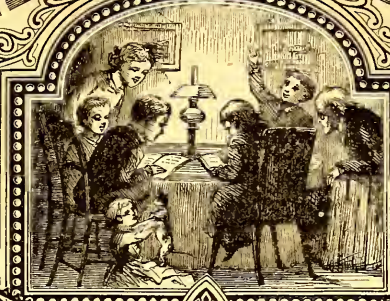
*cres.*

*f* *dim.*

*p* *pp*

*Ped.*

# ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



## A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS & Funny Things

### CHARADE.

No. 8.

THE east was gray and the stars were pale,  
The trumpet had given warning,  
There was saddling of horses and buck-  
ling of mail

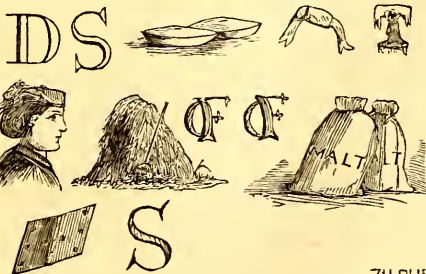
In the royal camp that morning,  
Sir Richard rose at the break of day  
And sang, as he armed for the coming  
fray : —

“ My *first* is ever as free as air,  
And will not be bound by a chain ;  
Both squire and knight must yield to its  
might,  
And swell the victor’s train.  
Then mount and ride, whate’er betide,  
My life for my king, my *first* to my bride.

“ As he pines away in his lonely cell,  
The captive curses my *last*,  
While the dull chimes toll, and the slow  
hours roll,  
And the weary days drag past.  
But mount and ride, though ruin betide,  
And my *last* should keep me away from  
my bride.

“ Under my helmet is gathered my *whole*,  
My steed begins to neigh,  
My comrades all for my presence call,  
No time for more delay.  
So mount and ride, if death betide,  
Then take my *whole* to my weeping bride.”  
CARL.

### ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 9.



ZILPHIN

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 10.



## DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

No. 11.

## FOUNDATION WORDS.

"PRAISE of him must walk the earth  
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth.  
This is the Happy Warrior; this is he  
That every man in arms would wish to be."

His country.

## CROSS WORDS.

WHAT lawyers love.  
The flame that lit his breast.  
A city of Japan.  
The germ of a tree.  
A monster of Eastern Story.  
Its opposite.

A. R.

## ENIGMA A.

No. 12.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 14, 14, 33, 22, ruled Rome under the Empire.

My 26, 35, 22, 8, 23, every baby ought to have.

My 17, 34, 38, you get from China.

My 11, 29, 3, 20, London is famous for.

My 19, 10, 37, 13, are what we see with.

My 12, 32, 29, 9, keeps us from starving.

My 30, 31, 31, 30, is a favorite vegetable.

My 39, 18, nobody ever was, or ever will be.

My 18, 5, 33, 27, 8, have three feet.

My 4, 5, 6, 7, is identical with my 24, 25, 26, 27, and is often seen at sea.

My 6, 33, 2, 11, 4, 2, 39, 2, 15, 21, are a part of the alphabet.

My 16, 36, is a girl's name.

My 28, 15, 31, 30, 1, 22, you must digest as well as you can.

My whole is a favorite sentiment with Irish politicians.

L. R. A.

## PUZZLE.

No. 13.

DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:—

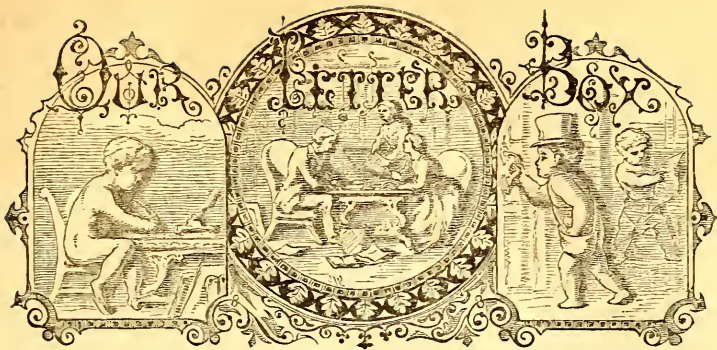
I claim that I belong to the canine species, though most dogs have four legs, while I have only three. I am often black all over; but sometimes my head, neck, and forelegs are yellow. I sleep standing, and live a great many years. I think naturalists might trace my ancestry to the iron age, when I chanced to originate. I am a beast of burden. I can bear a heavy load of wood and bark without opening my mouth. Strange temperature mine. In winter I am usually hot, and in summer cold. One bright boy looking at me says, now that he has guessed me, that he does not see anything very marvellous in me. Let me answer,

*Nor I.**D. N. A.*

WILLY WISP.

## ANSWERS.

- ConchoiD,  
HourI,  
ArseniC,  
RacK,  
LethE,  
EndymioN,  
SemiramisS.
- Miss-(h)our-i(eye).
- Concealing faults is but adding to them. [(C on seal in G) (fall) t s i s (butt adding) z t (he) m.]
- Speech is silvern, silence golden. [S (peachas) (sill) v (urns) (eye) (lens) (goal) (den).]
- William the Conqueror.
- Mother.
- Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice. [(Knot) (hinge) x (ten) (ewe) a (ten) (oars) e (tea) dow (naught in mal) (ice).]



*Contadina* sends us a letter all the way from Italy, and for a reward she shall have it all printed, especially as she gives us good help in it:—

“DEAR EDITORS:

“Last December I neglected to send for ‘Our Young Folks,’ forgetting how far from home we are; and when in January I wrote to a friend asking to have it sent to me, some misfortune must have happened to the letter, for I waited till May without any answer to it and then wrote to a cousin, and on returning from a pleasant journey in beautiful Switzerland, I found waiting for me all the numbers from last January down to this October. I cannot tell you how delighted I was to see their dear faces—or backs, rather—once more. They reminded me so much of the good old times at home when they were read aloud in the evenings. In the ‘*Letter Box*’ of the September number I notice that a ‘family of children’ wish to know ‘who can make the largest and most splendid soap-bubbles.’ I do not know how to make the largest, but I can make them last a very long time. Perhaps the information will be acceptable to my friends, so I send a receipt for the liquid from which to make them, which I take from Sir John F. W. Herschel’s ‘*Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects*.’ Speaking of soap-bubbles, he says: ‘M. Plateau gives the following recipe for such a liquid: 1st. Dissolve one part, *by weight*, of *Marseilles soap*, cut into thin slices, in forty parts of distilled water, and filter. Call the liquid A. 2d. Mix two parts, *by measure*, of pure glycerine with one part of the solution A, in a temperature of 66° Fahr., and, after shaking them together long and violently, leave them at rest for some days. A clear liquid will settle, with a turbid one above. The lower is to be sucked out from beneath with a siphon, taking the utmost care not to carry down any of the latter to mix with the clear fluid. A bubble blown with this will last several hours, even in the open air. Or the mixed liquid, after standing twenty-four hours, may be filtered.’ I hope our friends will be successful in their attempts at making these bubbles if they should try. The book speaks of making the colors more beautiful than they generally are—which seems to me almost

impossible—by the following process: ‘If a soap-bubble be blown in a clean, circular saucer, with a very smooth, even rim, well moistened with the soapy liquid, and care be taken in the blowing that it be single, quite free from any small, adhering bubbles, and somewhat more than hemispherical, so that, while it touches and springs from the rim all around, it shall somewhat overhang the saucer; and if in this state it be placed under a clear glass hemisphere, or other transparent cover, to defend it from gusts of air and prevent its dying too quickly, the colors, which in the act of blowing wander irregularly over its surface, will be observed to arrange themselves into regular circles, surrounding the highest point, or vertex, of the sphere. If the bubble be a *thick* one (i. e. not blown too near the bursting point), only faint, or perhaps no colors at all, will at first appear, but will gradually come on, growing more full and vivid, and that not by any particular color assuming a greater richness and depth of tint, but by the gradual *withdrawal* of the faint tints from the vertex, while fresh and more and more intense hues appear at that point, and open out into circular rings surrounding it, giving place, as they enlarge, to others still more brilliant, until at length a very bright white spot makes its appearance, quickly succeeded by a black one. Soon after the appearance of this the bubble bursts.’

“Now for a few questions: Would it be breaking trust for you to give us a clew as to the age of *Willy Wisp*,—whether he is fifteen or thirty? (We fear it would.) Will you tell me whether monkeys ever really do make bridges as described in ‘*Afloat in the Forest*’? (Yes, they do.) I must tell you how very much I like ‘*A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite’s Life*.’ It is one of the most charming stories I ever read. After lending it to a great many friends here, I sent it to Rome, where it had immense success. I hope you will pardon me for taking so much of your time, and believe me to be

“Always most truly your little friend.”

*Salome*. The language is well chosen and well put together. Is the idea of the sketch your own, or founded upon something German?

*Hezekiah H.*, *Fictitious*, *Forget-me-not*, *Willie* and *Sophie* and *Maggie*, *Parker M.*, *Alice* (of Stamford), *Blue Jay*, *Edwin H. Vinton* (your ambition is yet in advance of your ability), *Jack Spratt*, *May M.* (excuse us for not printing your request, — please to spell handsome with a *d*), *Juvenis*, *E. M.*, *T. B.*, *Ida B.*, *L. & G. C.*, *Alice S.*, *S. E. B.*, *Dot*, *Arthur*, *C. W. B.*, *Yankee Middy*, *Sprite*. Thanks, one and all, for your favors and your efforts.

*Kitty*. Puzzles and other "Evening Lamp" matters are not paid for. The other portions of the magazine are all bought.

*Gracie and Ellie*. Glue the leaves to stiff paper or pasteboard, and then coat them with fine varnish.

*Carrie Kent*. Thank you for your kind letter. We don't like to use puzzles about ourselves.

*Michigander*. The books you name are not on any of the premium lists.

*Dimples* wants to know whether animals of the higher class reason and think. It has always been held that the brute has in his instinct what supplies the place of man's reason; but Professor Agassiz and other philosophers of our day begin to claim reason for animals. Certainly beasts do many things which can hardly be explained if they cannot think, at least a little.

*One Interested* will find Pitman's books on Short-hand the best, we believe. They may be had in Boston of Otis Clapp, and in New York of Fowler and Wells.

*Drawer*. Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing" will probably suit you. Any bookseller can supply it. It costs about \$ 1.75 or \$ 2.00.

*Sydney Cuttlebell*. You didn't send your *work*.

*Seraphina*. You can make your picture of "Bo-Peep" flat and smooth by laying it face downward on a clean ironing-board, dampening it *very slightly* on the back, and pressing it gently with a warm flat-iron. If you are careful, there will not be a crease left in the sheet.

*Handboy*. Your long rebus is clever, and nicely sketched; we shall use it by and by. — Lyceum is derived from the Greek word *λύκειον*, which is based upon the neighborhood to an early lyceum (or place for philosophical and other instruction) of the temple of Apollo *λύκειος*, — that is, Apollo the wolf-slayer, wolf in Greek being *λύκος*. — Nucleus, which means the central point of any mass or collection, comes from the Latin *nux* (a nut), and meant originally a kernel.

*Albert Dare*. Your story is very well for a beginner, but of course it is not good enough to be published.

In the last scene of "Hamlet," *Hamlet*, asking pardon of his old friend *Laertes* for any wrong he may have done him, says:—

"Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,  
As that *I have shot my arrow o'er the house,*  
*And hurt my brother.*"

The words in Italics are the subject of last month's picture-puzzle. This month we give you another of Mr. Day's drawings, into which he has put the whole of a remark made about himself by silly old *Dogberry*, in the Second Scene of Shakespeare's "Much Ado about Nothing," Act IV.







THE PRINCESS ALICIA.

DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.]

[See *A Holiday Romance*, page 133.



# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1868.

No. III.

HOLIDAY ROMANCE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART II.

ROMANCE. FROM THE PEN OF MISS ALICE RAINBIRD.\*



HERE was once a King, and he had a Queen, and he was the manliest of his sex, and she was the loveliest of hers. The King was, in his private profession, Under Government. The Queen's father had been a medical man out of town.

They had nineteen children, and were always having more. Seventeen of these children took care of the baby, and Alicia, the eldest, took care of them all. Their ages varied from seven years to seven months.

Let us now resume our story.

One day the King was going to the Office, when he stopped at the fishmonger's to buy a pound and a half of salmon not too near the tail, which the Queen (who was a careful housekeeper) had requested him to send home. Mr. Pickles, the fishmonger, said, "Certainly, sir, is there any other article, good morning."

The King went on towards the Office in a melancholy mood, for Quarter Day was such a long way off, and several of the dear children

\* Aged Seven.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

were growing out of their clothes. He had not proceeded far, when Mr. Pickles's errand-boy came running after him, and said, "Sir, you did n't notice the old lady in our shop."

"What old lady?" inquired the King. "I saw none."

Now, the King had not seen any old lady, because this old lady had been invisible to him, though visible to Mr. Pickles's boy. Probably because he messed and splashed the water about to that degree, and flopped the pairs of soles down in that violent manner, that, if she had not been visible to him, he would have spoilt her clothes.

Just then the old lady came trotting up. She was dressed in shot-silk of the richest quality, smelling of dried lavender.

"King Watkins the First, I believe?" said the old lady.

"Watkins," replied the King, "is my name."

"Papa, if I am not mistaken, of the beautiful Princess Alicia?" said the old lady.

"And of eighteen other darlings," replied the King.

"Listen. You are going to the Office," said the old lady.

It instantly flashed upon the King that she must be a Fairy, or how could she know that?

"You are right," said the old lady, answering his thoughts, "I am the Good Fairy Grandmarina. Attend. When you return home to dinner, politely invite the Princess Alicia to have some of the salmon you bought just now."

"It may disagree with her," said the King.

The old lady became so very angry at this absurd idea, that the King was quite alarmed, and humbly begged her pardon.

"We hear a great deal too much about this thing disagreeing and that thing disagreeing," said the old lady, with the greatest contempt it was possible to express. "Don't be greedy. I think you want it all yourself."

The King hung his head under this reproof, and said he would n't talk about things disagreeing, any more.

"Be good then," said the Fairy Grandmarina, "and don't! When the beautiful Princess Alicia consents to partake of the salmon — as I think she will — you will find she will leave a fish-bone on her plate. Tell her to dry it, and to rub it, and to polish it till it shines like mother-of-pearl, and to take care of it as a present from me."

"Is that all?" asked the King.

"Don't be impatient, sir," returned the Fairy Grandmarina, scolding him severely. "Don't catch people short, before they have done speaking. Just the way with you grown-up persons. You are always doing it."

The King again hung his head, and said he would n't do so any more.

"Be good then," said the Fairy Grandmarina, "and don't! Tell the Princess Alicia, with my love, that the fish-bone is a magic present which can only be used once; but that it will bring her, that once, whatever she wishes for, PROVIDED SHE WISHES FOR IT AT THE RIGHT TIME. That is the message. Take care of it."

The King was beginning, "Might I ask the reason ——?" When the Fairy became absolutely furious.

"Will you be good, sir?" she exclaimed, stamping her foot on the ground. "The reason for this, and the reason for that, indeed! You are always wanting the reason. No reason. There! Hoity toity me! I am sick of your grown-up reasons."

The King was extremely frightened by the old lady's flying into such a passion, and said he was very sorry to have offended her, and he would n't ask for reasons any more.

"Be good then," said the old lady, "and don't!"

With those words, Grandmarina vanished, and the King went on and on and on, till he came to the Office. There he wrote and wrote and wrote, till it was time to go home again. Then he politely invited the Princess Alicia, as the Fairy had directed him, to partake of the salmon. And when she had enjoyed it very much, he saw the fish-bone on her plate, as the Fairy had told him he would, and he delivered the Fairy's message, and the Princess Alicia took care to dry the bone, and to rub it, and to polish it till it shone like mother-of-pearl.

And so when the Queen was going to get up in the morning, she said, "O dear me, dear me, my head, my head!" And then she fainted away.

The Princess Alicia, who happened to be looking in at the chamber door, asking about breakfast, was very much alarmed when she saw her Royal Mamma in this state, and she rang the bell for Peggy, — which was the name of the Lord Chamberlain. But remembering where the smelling-bottle was, she climbed on a chair and got it, and after that she climbed on another chair by the bedside and held the smelling-bottle to the Queen's nose, and after that she jumped down and got some water, and after that she jumped up again and wetted the Queen's forehead, and, in short, when the Lord Chamberlain came in, that dear old woman said to the little Princess, "What a Trot you are! I could n't have done it better myself!"

But that was not the worst of the good Queen's illness. O no! She was very ill indeed, for a long time. The Princess Alicia kept the seventeen young Princes and Princesses quiet, and dressed and undressed and danced the baby, and made the kettle boil, and heated the soup, and swept the hearth, and poured out the medicine, and nursed the Queen, and did all that ever she could, and was as busy busy busy, as busy could be. For there were not many servants at that Palace, for three reasons; because the King was short of money, because a rise in his office never seemed to come, and because quarter-day was so far off that it looked almost as far off and as little as one of the stars.

But on the morning when the Queen fainted away, where was the magic fish-bone? Why, there it was in the Princess Alicia's pocket. She had almost taken it out to bring the Queen to life again, when she put it back, and looked for the smelling-bottle.

After the Queen had come out of her swoon that morning, and was dozing, the Princess Alicia hurried up-stairs to tell a most particular secret to a

most particularly confidential friend of hers, who was a Duchess. People did suppose her to be a Doll, but she was really a Duchess, though nobody knew it except the Princess.

This most particular secret was the secret about the magic fish-bone, the history of which was well known to the Duchess, because the Princess told her everything. The Princess kneeled down by the bed on which the Duchess was lying, full dressed and wide-awake, and whispered the secret to her. The Duchess smiled and nodded. People might have supposed that she never smiled and nodded, but she often did, though nobody knew it except the Princess.

Then the Princess Alicia hurried down stairs again, to keep watch in the Queen's room. She often kept watch by herself in the Queen's room; but every evening, while the illness lasted, she sat there watching with the King. And every evening the King sat looking at her with a cross look, wondering why she never brought out the magic fish-bone. As often as she noticed this, she ran up stairs, whispered the secret to the Duchess over again, and said to the Duchess besides, "They think we children never have a reason or a meaning!" And the Duchess, though the most fashionable Duchess that ever was heard of, winked her eye.

"Alicia," said the King, one evening when she wished him Good Night.

"Yes, Papa."

"What is become of the magic fish-bone?"

"In my pocket, Papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"O no, Papa!"

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, Papa!"

And so another time the dreadful little snapping pug-dog next door made a rush at one of the young Princes as he stood on the steps coming home from school, and terrified him out of his wits, and he put his hand through a pane of glass, and bled bled bled. When the seventeen other young Princes and Princesses saw him bleed bleed bleed, they were terrified out of their wits too, and screamed themselves black in their seventeen faces all at once. But the Princess Alicia put her hands over all their seventeen mouths, one after another, and persuaded them to be quiet because of the sick Queen. And then she put the wounded Prince's hand in a basin of fresh cold water, while they stared with their twice seventeen are thirty-four put down four and carry three eyes, and then she looked in the hand for bits of glass, and there were fortunately no bits of glass there. And then she said to two chubby-legged Princes who were sturdy though small, "Bring me in the Royal rag-bag; I must snip and stitch and cut and contrive." So those two young Princes tugged at the Royal rag-bag and lugged it in, and the Princess Alicia sat down on the floor with a large pair of scissors and a needle and thread, and snipped and stitched and cut and contrived, and made a bandage and put it on, and it fitted beautifully, and so when it was all done she saw the King her Papa looking on by the door.

“Alicia.”

“Yes, Papa.”

“What have you been doing?”

“Snipping stitching cutting and contriving, Papa.”

“Where is the magic fish-bone?”

“In my pocket, Papa.”

“I thought you had lost it?”

“O no, Papa!”

“Or forgotten it?”

“No, indeed, Papa!”

After that, she ran up stairs to the Duchess and told her what had passed, and told her the secret over again, and the Duchess shook her flaxen curls and laughed with her rosy lips.

Well! and so another time the baby fell under the grate. The seventeen young Princes and Princesses were used to it, for they were almost always falling under the grate or down the stairs, but the baby was not used to it yet, and it gave him a swelled face and a black eye. The way the poor little darling came to tumble was, that he slid out of the Princess Alicia's lap just as she was sitting, in a great coarse apron that quite smothered her, in front of the kitchen fire, beginning to peel the turnips for the broth for dinner; and the way she came to be doing that was, that the King's cook had run away that morning with her own true love, who was a very tall but very tipsy soldier. Then, the seventeen young Princes and Princesses, who cried at everything that happened, cried and roared. But the Princess Alicia (who could n't help crying a little herself) quietly called to them to be still, on account of not throwing back the Queen up stairs, who was fast getting well, and said, “Hold your tongues you wicked little monkeys, every one of you, while I examine baby!” Then she examined baby, and found that he had n't broken anything, and she held cold iron to his poor dear eye, and smoothed his poor dear face, and he presently fell asleep in her arms. Then she said to the seventeen Princes and Princesses, “I am afraid to lay him down yet, lest he should wake and feel pain, be good and you shall all be cooks.” They jumped for joy when they heard that, and began making themselves cooks' caps out of old newspapers. So to one she gave the salt-box, and to one she gave the barley, and to one she gave the herbs, and to one she gave the turnips, and to one she gave the carrots, and to one she gave the onions, and to one she gave the spice-box, till they were all cooks, and all running about at work, she sitting in the middle, smothered in the great coarse apron, nursing baby. By and by the broth was done, and the baby woke up, smiling like an angel, and was trusted to the sedatest Princess to hold, while the other Princes and Princesses were squeezed into a far-off corner to look at the Princess Alicia turning out the saucepan-full of broth, for fear (as they were always getting into trouble) they should get splashed and scalded. When the broth came tumbling out, steaming beautifully, and smelling like a nosegay good to eat, they clapped their hands. That made the baby clap his hands; and that, and his looking as

if he had a comic toothache, made all the Princes and Princesses laugh. So the Princess Alicia said, "Laugh and be good, and after dinner we will make him a nest on the floor in a corner, and he shall sit in his nest and see a dance of eighteen cooks." That delighted the young Princes and Princesses, and they ate up all the broth, and washed up all the plates and dishes, and cleared away, and pushed the table into a corner, and then they in their cooks' caps, and the Princess Alicia in the smothering coarse apron that belonged to the cook that had run away with her own true love that was the very tall but very tipsy soldier, danced a dance of eighteen cooks before the angelic baby, who forgot his swelled face and his black eye, and crowed with joy.

And so then, once more the Princess Alicia saw King Watkins the First, her father, standing in the doorway looking on, and he said: "What have you been doing, Alicia?"

"Cooking and contriving, Papa."

"What else have you been doing, Alicia?"

"Keeping the children light-hearted, Papa."

"Where is the magic fish-bone, Alicia?"

"In my pocket, Papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"O no, Papa."

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, Papa."

The King then sighed so heavily, and seemed so low-spirited, and sat down so miserably, leaning his head upon his hand, and his elbow upon the kitchen table pushed away in the corner, that the seventeen Princes and Princesses crept softly out of the kitchen, and left him alone with the Princess Alicia and the angelic baby.

"What is the matter, Papa?"

"I am dreadfully poor, my child."

"Have you no money at all, Papa?"

"None, my child."

"Is there no way left of getting any, Papa?"

"No way," said the King. "I have tried very hard, and I have tried all ways."

When she heard those last words, the Princess Alicia began to put her hand into the pocket where she kept the magic fish-bone.

"Papa," said she, "when we have tried very hard, and tried all ways, we must have done our very very best?"

"No doubt, Alicia."

"When we have done our very very best, Papa, and that is not enough, then I think the right time must have come for asking help of others." This was the very secret connected with the magic fish-bone, which she had found out for herself from the good fairy Grandmarina's words, and which she had so often whispered to her beautiful and fashionable friend the Duchess.

So she took out of her pocket the magic fish-bone that had been dried and rubbed and polished till it shone like mother-of-pearl, and she gave it one little kiss and wished it was quarter-day. And immediately it *was* Quarter-Day, and the King's quarter's salary came rattling down the chimney, and bounced into the middle of the floor.

But this was not half of what happened, no not a quarter, for immediately afterwards the good fairy Grandmarina came riding in, in a carriage and four (Peacocks), with Mr. Pickles's boy up behind, dressed in silver and gold, with a cocked-hat, powdered hair, pink silk stockings, a jewelled cane, and a nosegay. Down jumped Mr. Pickles's boy with his cocked-hat in his hand and wonderfully polite (being entirely changed by enchantment), and handed Grandmarina out, and there she stood, in her rich shot-silk smelling of dried lavender, fanning herself with a sparkling fan.

"Alicia, my dear," said this charming old Fairy, "how do you do, I hope I see you pretty well, give me a kiss."

The Princess Alicia embraced her, and then Grandmarina turned to the King, and said rather sharply: "Are you good?"

The King said he hoped so.

"I suppose you know the reason, *now*, why my god-Daughter here," kissing the Princess again, "did not apply to the fish-bone sooner?" said the Fairy.

The King made her a shy bow.

"Ah! But you did n't *then*!" said the Fairy.

The King made her a shyer bow.

"Any more reasons to ask for?" said the Fairy.

The King said no, and he was very sorry.

"Be good then," said the Fairy, "and live happy ever afterwards."

Then, Grandmarina waved her fan, and the Queen came in most splendidly dressed, and the seventeen young Princes and Princesses, no longer grown out of their clothes, came in, newly fitted out from top to toe, with tucks in everything to admit of its being let out. After that, the Fairy tapped the Princess Alicia with her fan, and the smothering coarse apron flew away, and she appeared exquisitely dressed, like a little Bride, with a wreath of orange-flowers, and a silver veil. After that, the kitchen dresser changed of itself into a wardrobe, made of beautiful woods and gold and looking-glass, which was full of dresses of all sorts, all for her and all exactly fitting her. After that, the angelic baby came in, running alone, with his face and eye not a bit the worse but much the better. Then, Grandmarina begged to be introduced to the Duchess, and when the Duchess was brought down many compliments passed between them.

A little whispering took place between the Fairy and the Duchess, and then the Fairy said out loud, "Yes. I thought she would have told you." Grandmarina then turned to the King and Queen, and said, "We are going in search of Prince Certainpersonio. The pleasure of your company is requested at church in half an hour precisely." So she and the Princess Alicia got into the carriage, and Mr. Pickles's boy handed in the Duchess

who sat by herself on the opposite seat, and then Mr. Pickles's boy put up the steps and got up behind, and the Peacocks flew away with their tails spread.

Prince Certainpersonio was sitting by himself, eating barley-sugar and waiting to be ninety. When he saw the Peacocks followed by the carriage, coming in at the window, it immediately occurred to him that something uncommon was going to happen.

"Prince," said Grandmarina, "I bring you your Bride."

The moment the Fairy said those words, Prince Certainpersonio's face left off being sticky, and his jacket and corduroys changed to peach-bloom velvet, and his hair curled, and a cap and feather flew in like a bird and settled on his head. He got into the carriage by the Fairy's invitation, and there he renewed his acquaintance with the Duchess whom he had seen before.

In the church were the Prince's relations and friends, and the Princess Alicia's relations and friends, and the seventeen Princes and Princesses, and the baby, and a crowd of the neighbors. The marriage was beautiful beyond expression. The Duchess was bridesmaid, and beheld the ceremony from the pulpit where she was supported by the cushion of the desk.

Grandmarina gave a magnificent wedding feast afterwards, in which there was everything and more to eat, and everything and more to drink. The wedding cake was delicately ornamented with white satin ribbons, frosted silver and white lilies, and was forty-two yards round.

When Grandmarina had drunk her love to the young couple, and Prince Certainpersonio had made a speech, and everybody had cried Hip Hip Hip Hurrah! Grandmarina announced to the King and Queen that in future there would be eight Quarter-Days in every year, except in leap-year, when there would be ten. She then turned to Certainpersonio and Alicia, and said, "My dears, you will have thirty-five children, and they will all be good and beautiful. Seventeen of your children will be boys, and eighteen will be girls. The hair of the whole of your children will curl naturally. They will never have the measles, and will have recovered from the whooping-cough before being born."

On hearing such good news, everybody cried out "Hip Hip Hip Hurrah!" again.

"It only remains," said Grandmarina in conclusion, "to make an end of the fish-bone."

So she took it from the hand of the Princess Alicia, and it instantly flew down the throat of the dreadful little snapping pug-dog next door and choked him, and he expired in convulsions.

*Charles Dickens.*





## THE COLORED MAMMY AND HER WHITE FOSTER-CHILD.

A TRUE STORY.

I WILL tell you something about a little girl born in one of the Southern States, years ago. She was a wee thing, and her mother was too ill to nurse her. Her father had several slaves, and one of them had a healthy baby. He told her to wean her own little one, and give his sickly little child all her milk. The mulatto woman had a very kind heart, and she pitied her "missis," as she called her, because she could not nurse her own baby. She pitied the poor little infant, too, because it was so small and weak, with scarcely any flesh on its little bones. So she willingly put away her own dark baby, and nursed the little white one with the tenderest care. She watched its breathing all the time, to see if it breathed any stronger; but for many weeks she could not perceive that it grew at all. When neighbors peeped into the cradle, they would say, "What a sickly little thing! She 'll never live to run about." And the nurse would shake her head, and say, "Yes, she 's drefful weakly. She ain't nothin' but skin and bones. I 's most afeard to take her up, for fear she 'll fall all to pieces. The poor little thing *tries* to live, but it 's mighty onsartin."

The faithful nurse did all she could to help her to live. She kept her wrapped up in soft flannel, and gave her plenty of good, wholesome milk, and sung her to sleep with soothing lullabies, and folded her in warm arms all the night long. Before winter was over, the baby began to grow a little. She stretched out her thin hands, and opened her eyes to look at them. That seemed such a wonderful thing, that nurse had to tell all the neighbors about it.

She was only five months old when news came that her mother had died. The good nurse cried bitterly, as she sat rocking the baby. "You ain't got no mother to kiss you, and love you, poor little thing," said she; "but I 'll be your mammy. You sha' n't cry for anything. I 'll watch over you, and wait on you, and love you always." The baby waked up, and, seeing those kind eyes looking at her so fondly, she began to smile, as if she understood all that had been said to her. She grew stronger day by day, until she could crow almost as loud as a Bantam cockerel. And when nurse snapped her fingers at her, and chirruped, and talked baby-talk, it seemed to her so funny that she would crow, and laugh right out. They had happy playing-times together. It was a pretty picture to see that small fair face cuddled close to the brown neck, and the little white hands patting the dark cheeks.

Her colored Mammy thought she was a wonderful child. When the neighbors came in, she had ever so many stories to tell about her. She said she would lie in her cradle for hours, gazing at the far-off blue sky as if she saw something there. There was a very pleasant out-look from Mammy's little cabin, and two grand old trees stretched their boughs over it, as if they were good giants standing there to protect that humble home. When

the sun shone on them, the cabin floor was flecked all over with shadows and bright spots. Day after day, Baby Mary tried to pick up the sunshine that was dancing on the floor. When she was sure she had nipped it, she would look at her empty hands and wonder where it was gone. That made her Mammy laugh, and she would say, "Where *is* it, baby?" Then Mary would begin again, and try ever so long to pick up the spots of sunshine; but she never got her little hands full. She delighted in flowers, especially those that had very bright colors. Nothing she liked better than to have



her little fists full of red roses and prince's feather; and when she was ill, or fretful, Mammy said she could always comfort her by giving her a rose to smell of. Her father, seeing how much she liked gay colors, brought her red and green and yellow beads to play with. How she would crow and laugh, as she sat shaking them in the sunshine!

When she began to toddle about, she made friends of all the little animals she could see. She talked to the butterflies, and fed the chickens from her own little plate. She had a particular fancy for sharing her dinner with a small pig, which she and Mammy called a blue pig. I don't believe there ever was such a creature as a blue pig; but they called it blue.

She continued to be a slender, weakly child, but she had a very strong will of her own. She was very tetchy, if her dinner was not ready at the proper time; and if they tried to take her playthings away, to put her to bed before she was sleepy, she would use her hands and feet lustily. Mammy had a husband, who was a slave on another plantation, but he came to see

her every Saturday night. He was very fond of little Mary, who called him her Pappy, and showed him all her new playthings. When she was in one of her angry fits, he used to laugh, and say, "Little Missy's a game chicken. She don't mean to die, I knows."

But when she was two years old, she had a very violent illness, and the neighbors all said she could not live through it. For two days her nurse and her relatives watched her constantly, expecting that every breath would be her last. Finally she ceased to breathe. The good nurse, with many tears, put a clean white robe on the little cold form, and laid it away tenderly in the adjoining room. She moved very quietly about the cabin, and talked in very low tones with the neighbors who came in to inquire about the little one. They went on tiptoe to look at her; and some said, "I always knew she would n't live to grow up; she was so weakly." Others said, "How pretty she looks! just as if she was in a sweet sleep." An old gentleman, who came in, took hold of her little cold hand, and looked at her very earnestly. At last he turned to the Mammy and said, "I don't feel quite sure that this child is dead. Bring me a bathing-tub, and some very warm water." Mammy was shocked at the thought of having her little darling's body put into hot water; but she did not dare to refuse what the white gentleman ordered. She heated the water and carried it to him, but she ran away, because she could not bear to see him take up the dead child. She felt somehow afraid that he would hurt her darling. So she hid herself, and listened. Soon she heard a faint cry, and then she rushed into the room, all trembling with joy. The doctor was sent for immediately. He breathed his healthy breath into the nostrils of the reviving child, while Mammy rubbed her limbs with brandy. Color came back into the pale cheeks, she opened her brown eyes, and knew that it was her dear Mammy bending over her. They loved each other better than ever after that. And when Mammy stroked her brown curls, she often said, "This 'ere chile wa'n't brought back to life for nothin'. The Lord's got something for her to do."

For several years they were together most of the time; and wherever the colored nurse went, her little white foster-child was very apt to follow. When she was about six years old, her "black Pappy," as she called him, was seized for a debt that his master owed, and was shut up in jail till the day came for him to be taken out and sold by auction. Mammy was very wretched about it; for she loved her husband, and she did n't know who would buy him, or how far he would be carried away. She went to see him in prison, and Mary wanted to go too.

But when she saw his familiar face through the iron-barred window, and saw the tears rolling down her poor Mammy's cheeks, she clenched her hands tight, and stamped in anger and grief. She said it was a shame, and they should n't sell her Pappy, and carry him away. Her nurse, though she was in such great trouble on her own account, took the child in her arms, and tried to soothe her; but she laid her head on the shoulder of that faithful, loving friend, and sobbed as if her little heart would break. That painful scene made a great impression on her; and, young as she was, she be-

gan to say, from that day forward, that it was wrong to sell people, and that *she* never would have any slaves. When she saw colored children abused, she always took their part. When she was old enough to go to a school for young ladies, she heard somebody screaming one day, and found out that it was a slave girl being whipped; and she went to the teacher with her face all aglow, and told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, and that she would n't stay at a school where slaves were whipped. Some people scolded at her, and some laughed at her, for being such "a friend to the niggers," as they called them. But she replied indignantly, "My good old Mammy is what you call a nigger; and she has been the most faithful friend I ever had. She has a great warm heart, and I love her."

When Mary's father died, some of his slaves became her property, and among them was her Mammy. She still said, "I will never hold slaves. As soon as I am old enough to do as I choose, they shall all be free." She kept her word; and when she put free-papers into their hands, it was the happiest hour she ever enjoyed. The grateful old Mammy clasped the hands of her darling, and cried for joy, exclaiming: "I said, years ago, that 't was n't for nothin' the Lord brought you back from death to life; and no more it wa'n't; for he has raised you up to be a blessin' to me an' mine."

*Dolly Dixie.*



## INHOSPITALITY.

DOWN on the north wind sweeping  
 Comes the storm with roaring din;  
 Sadly, with dreary tumult,  
 The twilight gathers in.

The snow-covered little island  
 Is white as a frosted cake;  
 And round and round it the billows  
 Bellow and thunder and break.

Within doors the blazing driftwood  
 Is glowing, ruddy and warm;  
 And happiness sits at the fireside,  
 Watching the raging storm.

What fluttered past the window,  
 All weary and wet and weak,  
 With the heavily drooping pinions,  
 And the wicked, crooked beak?

Where the boats before the house door  
Are drawn up from the tide,  
On the tallest prow he settles,  
And furls his wings so wide.

Uprises the elder brother,  
Uprises the sister too:  
"Nay, brother, he comes for shelter!  
Spare him! What would you do?"

He laughs, and is gone for his rifle,  
And steadily takes his aim;  
But the wild wind seizes his yellow beard  
And blows it about like flame.

Into his eyes the snow sifts  
Till he cannot see aright, —  
Ah! the cruel gun is baffled,  
And the weary hawk takes flight.

And slowly up he circles,  
Higher and higher still;  
The fierce wind catches and bears him away  
O'er the bleak crest of the hill.

Cries the little sister, watching,  
"Whither now can he flee?  
Black through the whirling snow-flakes  
Glooms the awful face of the sea,

"And tossed and torn by the tempest,  
He must sink in the bitter brine!  
Why could n't we pity and save him  
Till the sun again should shine?"

They drew her back to the fireside,  
And laughed at her cloudy eyes, —  
"What! mourn for that robber-fellow,  
The cruellest bird that flies?"

"Your song-sparrow hardly would thank you,  
And which is the dearest, pray?"  
But she heard at the doors and windows  
The lashing of the spray;

And as ever the shock of the breakers  
The heart of their quiet stirred,  
She thought, "O, would we had sheltered him, —  
The poor, unhappy bird!"

*Celia Thaxter.*

## MOLLY GAIR'S NEW DRESS.

MOLLY GAIR came slowly down from her mother's room with "a bee in her bonnet," as the saying is; that is, to Molly there had come, in the few minutes' conversation with her mother, a knowledge which gave her new light upon an old subject. It was only a few words. Mrs. Gair had simply said, as she pinned Molly's collar for her:—

"This old merino looks very well, dear, does n't it? It will last through the winter quite nicely, and save buying a new dress; which is very fortunate just now, of all times, for your father told me last night that his business was unusually dull this season, and that he had met with a good deal of loss."

New light upon an old subject, I said. Ever since Molly could remember, she had heard occasional mention of the dulness of business at different seasons, and had gathered the knowledge that her father was not a particularly prosperous or successful man. This was the old story; the new light was this mention of recent loss. This was the bee that stung Molly as she went down to breakfast. For Molly had been making a brilliant little plan, which was dying now. She had said to herself more than a week ago, when the subject of the school-festival began to be agitated: "I must have a new dress for the festival; which will certainly not be extravagant, considering that I have had my old merino made over again in place of a new school-dress."

Yes, a new dress Molly had fully decided was necessary for the great occasion. She had planned it all out,—a lovely violet poplin trimmed with velvet of the same shade, with those prettiest of crystal buttons, and perhaps a dear little collar and frills of Cluny lace. Such a charming vision! And here it was all dispelled in a breath,—violet poplin, crystal buttons, and the possible Cluny!

"O dear!" and as Molly heaved this sigh, she took her seat opposite her father at the breakfast-table; for Mrs. Gair had been an invalid for a long time,—ever since Molly was ten years old, in fact. That was five years ago, as Molly was fifteen now; and so for five years Molly had presided at the table in her mother's absence.

Mr. Gair overheard this sigh. "What is it, Molly?" he asked, looking across his newspaper at her; "what's the matter?"

"Matter? O, nothing," Molly answered, with a little conscious blush.

Cousin Tom, who was preparing for college, made his home at his Uncle Gair's that winter, and at the same time made it very merry for them, as school-boys of his age usually are inclined to do.

He heard this sigh of Molly's, too, and saw her "long face," as he called it, and thereupon began what boys term "chaffing" her. And as people will, very often, he blundered upon the truth in this "chaffing"; and without meaning it, to use a boy-expression again, he "hit hard."

"I know what's the matter, Miss Molly," he said; "I know. It's some mighty matter of dress. Sue always gets on a long face, and heaves tre-

mendous sighs in that great contemplation. It 's of such awful consequence, you see, whether you get pink or blue or red, that—”

“How silly you are, Tom!” interrupted Molly. “Red! As if Sue or I ever wore red dresses, to begin with.”

“Red kid shoes and a green glass breastpin,  
She was quite a belle!”

sung out Tom, in solemn comedy.

“It 's so silly of you boys, too, to take on such airs about girls' dress. You go and read all the foolish stuff in the newspapers against fashion, and then you think it is fine and manly to talk that way,” finished Molly, in a little burst of girlish pique.

There was a good deal of truth in this burst, and Master Tom knew it; but catch that young gentleman “giving in,” in his own phraseology!

Not he. Instead of “giving in,” he gave out another of his teasing jests, and asked Molly if that scarlet balmoral she wore was n't a part of her dress. That was red enough certainly. But Molly treated Tom and his jests that morning with great dignity, for Molly's heart was sore.

She was neither a foolish nor an unreasonable girl, nor had she any great amount of vanity; but she was young, and she liked pretty things, as is natural for young persons, and, indeed, for older persons too.

Molly had an aunt of whom she was very fond, and from whom she often quoted this speech: “Beauty is beauty, Molly, whether it is in the flowers God makes, or the sunset, or the copies of them *man* makes. And so in all other things, — in beautiful fabrics, in soft colors, in graceful curves and lines and forms, there is beauty; and it is perfectly natural and right to love it, and seek it as far as we can without neglecting the work in life which everybody has to do some way or other. The wrong lies in overlooking this work, or duty, and grasping only the external beauty, and in making one's self uncomfortable in the pursuit of it. There is lost the greatest beauty of all, — that internal beauty which makes a fine character.”

With this speech Molly used to come off triumphant from many a conversation, where her taste for the artistic was called into question, and attacked as simple love of fashion, — a common blunder for people to make. She had quoted it on more than one occasion to Master Tom, who pretended to see, as usual, only the absurd in it. But, to her great delight, Molly overheard Master Tom quoting the spirit of this speech one day to his father, who rather criticised Tom's dandy neck-ties, and growing taste for elegant sleeve-buttons and fancy studs.

Yes, Molly had come off triumphant on this, as on many other occasions; but on this particular morning, when her heart was so sore over her disappointment, she did n't care to enter into any discussions to defend or assert herself. She just flashed out that one little quick answer, and then Master Tom's fire of raillery was received in silence.

That day from beginning to end was destined to be rather trying to poor Molly. It did seem as if everybody beset her with that subject of dress, which she was trying hard to forget just now.

No sooner had she entered the school-room, than her intimate friend, Katy Mears, came rushing up to her with : " O Molly, mother has bought me the loveliest white poplin for my festival-dress ! And it 's to be trimmed with blue velvet and Cluny, — the sweetest blue you ever saw ! Have you got your violet yet ? "

" No ; and, Katy, I don't believe I *shall* get it either. "

" Not get it ! why, pray ? " and Katy's brown eyes opened wide in amaze.

Molly told her why. Not the whole story, — that is, not what her mother had said about her father's losses, nor the particular dulness in his business ; for Molly had a keen sense of honor, and she knew that neither her father nor mother would approve of her talking about such private matters to anybody outside of the family ; but she told Katy just the simple fact that her mother thought she could n't afford her a new dress.

Katy was sympathetic, and " so sorry, " and all that sort of thing ; and Molly, though she reasoned with herself, and called herself a foolish girl to think so much of a new dress, was none the less very much disquieted, and wished more than once that Katy would n't say any more about it ; for Molly had that feeling which people often have in larger annoyances, that " the least said is the soonest mended. "

But there was a great deal said that day about this perplexing subject, not only by Katy Mears, but by half a dozen other school-girls. They all seemed to be possessed with that festival, and what they should wear to it. It was the first thing poor Molly had heard in the morning ; it was the last thing she heard as she went home that afternoon. She was glad to get away from all this talk, — glad to get back again, even to teasing Tom, for Tom would be sure to have a new topic by this time.

But there was somebody else there, — somebody besides Tom and her father. And Molly's face lighted as she saw who this " somebody " was. It was Mr. Mitchell, — one of her father's friends, and a great friend of Molly's too. " O Mr. Mitchell, I 'm so glad to see you ! " burst out Molly, as she went into the parlor.

" Are you ? Well, that 's nice to hear, Molly. And I 'm very glad to see *you*, " answered Mr. Mitchell, in his cordial, hearty voice, which seemed to lift Molly like a great wave out of her fret and worry.

There was nobody like Mr. Mitchell, Molly thought. Nobody like him, not only for kindness and encouragement, but for entertainment. Then, too, he did n't always talk to her about her school, as some of her father's visitors did, as if there was nothing else which she could be supposed to take an interest in. No ; many a nice chat she had had with Mr. Mitchell where he had seemed to think her words were of as much value as an older person's. So this day she presently got into a brisk discussion with him, and in it forgot all about that violet poplin, — forgot all about it, until Mr. Mitchell himself, or something Mr. Mitchell said, recalled it. They were talking of the handwriting of various persons, and the significance of it, etc., when Mr. Mitchell took from his pocket a roll of paper covered with a fair, open writ-



ing, and said, "There, Molly, there is what I call a fine 'hand.' This was copied for me by a lad about your age, who has just sailed for China. I'd give twenty dollars to find such another copyist."

Twenty dollars!

In a twinkling a great light dawned upon Molly, and another bee was buzzing in her bonnet. It did not sting this time, but sung the merriest, sweetest song in Molly's ears. The song was all about a violet poplin and crystal buttons, and Cluny lace.

Twenty dollars for such another copyist!

Don't you see what dawned upon Molly's mind? Perhaps if you had known what a clear, equal handwriting Molly had, and how she had often tested it to her father's satisfaction in copying for him, you would have seen without my help what at once suggested itself to her. Twenty dollars for such another copyist! Molly knew that she wrote quite as well, as openly and plainly, as this lad who had sailed for China. You see now what light it was by which she saw the violet poplin and crystal buttons shining. You see what plan arose in her mind. All through dinner-time this plan kept her thoughts busy, and after dinner she waited as patiently as she could for an opportunity to carry it out. But the opportunity would n't come that day. Mr. Mitchell and her father had a great deal to say to each other; and then Mr. Mitchell must go up to Mrs. Gair's room for a little chat; and then, before they thought of it, the evening was gone, and Mr. Mitchell had gone with it. But Molly was nothing daunted by this.

"I can see him all alone at his office to-morrow," she said to herself.

So when the to-morrow came she started earlier than common on her way to school, that she might be sure of her interview; for she knew that Mr. Mitchell was always in good season at his office. Yes, there he was, comfortably reading his newspaper, when she entered. He lifted his head with that cordial smile that never failed, as he saw who it was.

"Well, Rosy-posy!" he exclaimed. "Good morning."

Molly's cheeks grew brighter yet as she thought of her errand. It was a spring morning, but the air was sharp and nipping; and Mr. Mitchell put out his hand to Molly's, and drew her to the blazing fire of sea-coal.

"There, Miss Molly, now make yourself comfortable, and tell me all about it."

"How do you know I've got anything to tell, Mr. Mitchell?" laughed Molly.

"O, I know the signs, for I've known *you*, Miss Molly, for a long time. I remember you before you can remember yourself. We've had many a confidential chat together when you could n't speak plainly. So now what is it? for I see a prodigious secret shining away back in your eyes, and you might as well tell it at once."

Molly at this invitation laughed a little, and drew out from her pocket a letter she had just finished to her brother Dick, who was in college.

"Is that nice handwriting, Mr. Mitchell?" she inquired, as she held it out towards him.

He looked at it a moment. "Yes, very nice, Molly, — very nice indeed."

"Is it as good as the boy's who has gone to China?"

"Quite as good, — yes, quite," Mr. Mitchell repeated, examining it more closely.

"And you know you said yesterday, Mr. Mitchell, — that — that —"

"Yes, Molly, I said I would give twenty dollars to find such another, and I will; for such clear, open copying as this is invaluable to me. Now tell me where this fine fellow is."

Molly laughed outright. Then the color rose in her cheeks to a deeper scarlet as she said, "I'm the fine fellow, Mr. Mitchell, — that is *my* handwriting."

"What, my little Rosy-posy's, who used to make such crooked pothooks? Well done, Molly! You deserve twenty dollars!"

"O, but, Mr. Mitchell, what I want is just this, — that you will employ me as you did that boy who has gone to China; for, for —" and then Molly told him what for, — all about that new dress and the festival, and how her mother thought she could n't afford to buy her another dress.

Unconsciously she told him a great deal more than she had told Katy Mears. That is, all the disappointment and the determination to overcome it, and the tender pity for her father, and the desire to serve him, came out with her little confidence. And Mr. Mitchell understood the whole; the pain and the pity and the determination; and even all about that violet poplin with its crystal buttons and Cluny lace, — understood it just as Aunt Eleanor — that dear Aunt Eleanor whose words she so often quoted — would have understood it.

"And you want to earn this pretty dress yourself, eh, Miss Molly?" he said, smiling.

"Yes, if I can."

"Of course you can, with that handwriting."

"And you don't think I am vain or silly, Mr. Mitchell?" Molly had asked, with just a little fear and uncertainty in her mind.

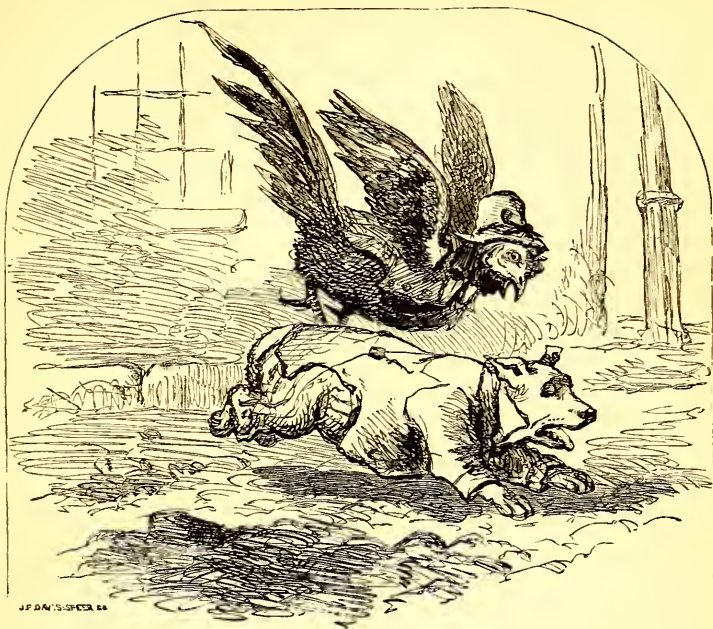
"Not a bit of it. I think you are a sensible little girl to want to help yourself and your father in this way. Why should n't you like a pretty dress as well as any other pretty thing? I bought myself these sleeve-buttons the other day, because they pleased my taste. But I don't think you and I, Molly, would make ourselves miserable if we could n't get these pretty things."

It was after these words that Molly knew how thoroughly Mr. Mitchell understood her in the matter, and how thoroughly kind he was.

So it was all settled that she should commence at once upon her work. That very afternoon, on her way home from school, she was to call for the packet Mr. Mitchell would prepare for her.

And you may be sure she did not delay in her task. With such incentives as Mr. Mitchell's approbation, and the desire to help her father, and the vision of that violet dress, she was not tempted to idleness.

*Nora Perry.*



## ROVER.

A STORY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

PATIENCE talks Greek ; but as I know the kind she talks I can understand her, though only a few people in the world are as learned in that respect as we two are. Yesterday she felt very cross ; she was sleepy, and her teeth ached, though you could n't see them, so she flung herself against my knee, and whimpered out, "Nanna ! dap ma !" That is Greek, and it means, "Aunty ! tell me a story about driving cows to pasture." You see this is a much shorter language to talk than English is. I was very tired of driving cows for the little maid. I had told her the story by day and night till I never wanted to hear about cows again ; but Patience is never tired of it, so I lifted her into my lap, and laid the golden head on my shoulder, and asked if I might n't tell her about a little dog instead. "Am ! dear, dear !" was her answer, — that is, "Yes, ma'am ! that is very nice." And this is the story : —

Once upon a time there was a little dog called Rover ; he had four legs and a tail, and he had two great brown eyes, two long brown and white ears, and his hair was all curly, mixed up in brown and white patches. One

day he went to take a walk, and round the first corner he met a cat,— a very cross cat, that set up his back, and frizzed out his tail, and began to spit and say, “meaou-aou-aou,” as soon as he saw the dog.

“What are you doing in my street?” sputtered the cat, in Categorical language, which is the same as Greek. “Get out of my street, or I’ll scratch your eyes out! Dogs are nuisances. I won’t have dogs; they ought to be blown up with gunpowder. Get aou-aou-aout!”

But Rover stood still, and said in the Dogmatic language (which is another way to speak Greek), “Dear Mr. Cat, I will go directly; I am sorry to trouble you, but I live in this street, and must go out of it to get into another one. I hope you will excuse me!”

“Hm! meaou,” said the cat, “you ain’t worth scratching, so get along”; and then he smoothed down his tail, and made his back straight, and sat down in the sunshine, where he began to wink and purr, and wash his face clean.

So Rover trotted along; and the next thing he met was a big white dog, white all over, with pink eyes and a square nose, and a broad chest, who stood on four legs that bowed out a little, and wore two of his biggest teeth outside of his mouth, so that they looked almost as fierce as mustaches. He had a tail so short it must have hurt him to wag it, so he hardly ever did; his hair was very short and stiff, and he strutted a great deal.

When he saw Rover, he stood stock-still in the middle of the walk; and when Rover came up to him, he said, “G-r-r-r-r,” with his teeth, and his upper lip got curly all at once.

“Sir,” said our little dog, very civilly, “Will you please to tell me where Chestnut Square is?”

The white dog said, “G-r-r-r-r,” again, not quite so loud, and then began to sniff at Rover,— for dogs always ask questions with their noses. But Rover did not snap or growl; he only stood as quietly as he could, and waited till the other one had found out all he wanted to know, and then he said again,—

“I should like to know the way, sir; will you tell me which corner to go round?”

“Bow-ou-ou,” said the gruff dog. “Square? Square? what do I know about Squares? Good mind to bite, good mind to,— ain’t worth it, ain’t worth it! Here, you small fellow, get along, get along! I’ve got business to do. I can’t be bothered. Follow your nose, follow your nose. Ho! ho! ho! Bow!”

“Yes, sir,” said Rover, very prettily; and the dog walked away, his lips all slobbering, and his tail giving little jerks of wag. I am sure it hurt him, for just then he gave a quick scurry and scuttle at the heels of a black man going by, and bit them till they bled, and the man jumped up and down; but perhaps it was because he was a white dog. So Rover went along, and round a corner again, and pretty soon he saw a beautiful dog coming. He was all gray and shining; he had ears like leaves, a very slender nose, and a thin tail that curled over elegantly at the end; his legs were very tall and

thin. Rover thought perhaps they might break off if he should jump, but then he did n't jump. He had a red collar with a silver plate on it round his neck, and if Rover could have read he would have seen "ELAN" cut on that plate, for that was his name. But he could not read; so he looked at the gray dog, and thought how shiny and tall he was, and when he came close up to him he said pleasantly, "Sir, will you be so kind as to tell me the way to Chestnut Square?"

The gray dog drew his nose in, and curled up one of his fore-legs, and looked down at Rover as if he was so small he could not see him.

"A-w," said he, "a curly dawg! Young person, why do you wear curls? so vevy vulgar!"

"Dear sir, that is the way my hair was made," said Rover, in a meek voice.

"Made! is it pawsible! but why do you let it curl? really it is dreadful! Could n't you pull it out or something? And you don't wear a collar!—belong to some nobody, I do believe!"

"No, sir, my master's name is Smith," replied Rover.

"But curls are so vevy much out of style, do try tar or beeswax! really now I must advise tar well mixed with gravel; deah, deah! such a misfortune, even for a common sort of dawg!"

"Thank you, sir," said pleasant little Rover. "I wish my hair was as nice as yours is, but it grew that way. Please, sir, do you know where Chestnut Square is?"

"Chestnut Square! candy and sponge cake!! to ask me where your vulgar holes are! Young person, do I look like a Chestnut Square dawg? No, no! poor little creechur, I know nothing about those low places."

"Good by, sir," said Rover, wagging his tail. "Good mawning," said the gray dog, as he set his foot down, curled his tail over farther, put his nose forward, and walked languidly away.

Rover thought he would ask somebody beside a dog next time, as they did n't seem to know the place he wanted to find. So as he came by an alley he saw a large rooster standing on a doorstep,—a red and yellow rooster, with a fiery red comb, and a sharp beak, and a pair of spurs an inch long. He was swelling and crowing, his little black eyes sharper than two needles, and very fierce; and he walked up and down, putting down his foot every time with a great deal of pride, as if he was almost too mighty to step on the earth.

"Mr. Rooster," said Rover, standing a little way off from him, "Will it trouble you very much to tell me how I can find Chestnut Square?"

The rooster straightened himself up and answered in the Coccleian language (which is Greek again), "Ker-rick, ker-rick, ker-rick, ker-koo-oo-oo. Ye ignorant spalpeen! hev n't yeez the manners iv a gintleman, at all, at all? Am n't I a walkin' me lane, a settlin' th' affairs iv the nashin, an' ye puts yer poor little fut into me poy all at wanst, with yer impidence?"

"O sir," said little Rover, "I did n't mean to disturb you. Do excuse me; I will go along and ask somebody else."

“Be jabbers, yer out av the fryin’-pan sthraight inty the fire, thin ! Ef ye wor a spoonky little cratur I ’d lave ye be ; but thim as is plisant-spoken gits plisant worrds ; Chisnut Square’s ferninst the big jail, an’ that ’s round the corner iv the Square, and wanst ye find the wan ye ’ll get the other dirict.”

“Sir ?” said Rover, rather puzzled.

“Have n’t ye ears in yer head, ye baste iv the worrld ?”

“O yes, sir ; but I did n’t understand you.”

“Not undherstand me ! ye owdacious young curr ! Shure an’ I spake the best iv Oirish ; and I belave ye are a murdherin Saxin toyrant, an’ I ’ll tear ye z to smidthereens where ye stand, thin !”

With that Rover took to his heels, and made his feet fly out behind him very fast, while the rooster, who had tried to jump on his head, alighted instead on a round paving-stone, and scratched and pecked at it furiously, till his spurs were worn all blunt, and his bill had no point, and his eyes were bruised all up, while Rover could hear him, as he ran off, crying loudly : “Is it undherstand me now ye does, ye bloody Saxin toyrant ? Is it yer-self ’ll be fur pokin’ yer fun anny more at a discindant av Finn McCoul, ye miser’ble thraitor ? I ’ll ate yer oyes, an’ dhrink yer heart’s blood ! Faix, an’ I think ye takes it mighty pashint !” And just there the rooster found out he had been belaboring a paving-stone.

Poor Rover ran till he was out of breath, and then sat down by a lamp-post to rest ; and pretty soon he saw coming along the pavement such a lovely little dog ! all white flossy curls, just as clean and bright as could be, with two black eyes peeping from under the curls, and a blue ribbon round her neck.

“Dear me,” thought Rover, “there comes a dog that is vulgar enough to have curls, — how pretty she is, too ! I think she will know where Chestnut Square is !” So he stepped forward and spoke : “Miss, can you be so good as to tell me where Chestnut Square is ?”

The little dog looked at him, and drew sidelong away from him. “O dear !” said she, “what a very unpleasant smell ! and how dirty ! Why don’t you wash yourself ? It makes me quite faint to come near you !”

“Dear miss,” answered Rover, “I beg your pardon, but I don’t like to get into the water much. I will try though, if I really am disagreeable.”

“If you don’t like water, can’t you use cologne ?” said the pretty dog, with some sharpness. “Of course you are unpleasant to persons of delicate nerves. Why, I am washed every day with sweet soap, and have my hair combed too ; but I suppose you are a poor dog, and poor people are really — well — not agreeable to stop with.”

“They do call me ‘poor doggy’ sometimes, miss,” said Rover, rather sorrowfully ; “but do you know which way is Chestnut Square ?”

“Chestnut Square ? O, the butcher lives there, — it is a dirty place. I advise you not to go there. You ought to get washed, dog, and have your hair combed and soaped, and then I might speak to you sometimes. Chestnut Square is round the corner. Now do get clean, for you have quite an idea of manners for a low sort of dog.” And with a gentle whine the poodle waddled off.

"Smell unpleasantly?" said Rover to himself, — "why, I wonder if she knows that she smells just like those big rats with queer tails that live in the river. I guess I should wash me if I smelt that way. And soap! why, it's stuff made of dirt and grease! I wonder if she is a vulgar dog!" But here Rover found himself in Chestnut Square, where his old mistress lived; and she was so glad to see him that she gave him three bones and a bit of stale pie-crust, with which he lay down in the sun and regaled himself, and thought no more about his travels.

In the mean time the cat caught a rat, and went home to his wife with it.

"My dear," said he, in such a voice that nobody would have known how he blustered at Rover, "I have brought you a fine fat beast for dinner."

"Hm!" said Mrs. Cat; "if you had n't, you'd have been well cuffed! and only a rat after all! Did n't I tell you to fetch me a mouse or a young sparrow? If ever a cat was plagued out of her life by a stupid, blundering owl of a fellow, I am the one!"

"O my dear!" said he, piteously, "I would have caught a sparrow, but a little dog came by just then, and they all flew away."

"Why did n't you tear his eyes out?"

"Well, I really did intend to, but he was so civil and pleasant-spoken I let him go along."

"You're an idiot, Tom, and a great chicken-hearted donkey! You have n't the spirit of a thin grasshopper. Do get out of my sight till you know enough to get your living. Fizz! Spt, spt, spt, meaou-aou-aou!" and the cat ran away like a lamplighter, while his wife sat down and ate the rat up, growling all the while as if she were a big bear.

And the great white dog went home too. He had a little house of his own in the back yard, and he had his dinner in a tin pan before it. "Bow, wow, wow," said he, very loud and gruff. "Fan, Fan, Fan; what's for dinner? what's for dinner?" His wife wagged her tail very much, for it was longer than his, and she knew he would like what was in the tin pan; so he looked at it and began to eat, while she sat by and looked at him.

"Did you get a good bite at anybody to-day, my dear?" said she, after a while.

"First-rate! first-rate! bit a nigger and a match-boy, two stray cows, and a pig. Came across a little dog, — good mind to bite him too, — did n't, did n't; so very civil I let him go."

"Dear me, how good of you!" said Mrs. Dog.

"Pretty good, pretty good! so jolly to hear 'em ki-eye, ki-eye, ki-eye. Ho, ho, ho! no use, though, when a little cur's so civil; like as not would n't ha' yelled a yelp; like as not! like as not!"

Here he got up and licked his lips, and his wife sat down and ate up what he left, so they said no more.

But the greyhound went home into a nice barn behind his master's house, where his three little puppies lay safe in a large box, on some hay with a piece of carpet on it; their mother had just stepped out.

“Where have you been, Dad?” they all squeaked and whined at once.

“My dears, my dears,” said the elegant dog, “what a word to use! I have been down the street, my loves, to take the air, and there I met a low-lived little dog, — indeed what some persons might call a cur, — but really he was a well-disposed creature; no manners at all, but very amiable and civil; you are not likely to meet him in our circle, of course, but still you might learn from him to be quiet and pleasant to strangers, and not to say Dad, like under-bred puppies. Dear me! my dears, what are you thinking of?” for all the little puppies began to yelp, “Dad! Dad! Dad!” like mad things, and to jump on their father, bite him, and snap at him, and try to knock him over; while he capered, and rolled over, and tumbled them about, and had as good a frolic with the little fellows as if he had been a low-bred yellow dog from Chestnut Square.

Then the rooster, all draggled and forlorn, picked his way to a stable in that dirty alley where the hens lived, and his wife stood at the door.

“Where have you been, thin, ye thafe o’ the worrld?” said she.

“Howld yer tongue, Biddy!” clattered he. “Hev n’t I been a fightin’ wid a cowld-blooded Saxin, till I toore me nose an’ me feet to smidthereens? Get me a bit o’ cowld mud alanna, and plashter me head.”

“Sorra bit o’ mud an the place, thin. What kind av a cratur ’s that fit ye so?”

“Sure an’ it was a brown an’ white baste av a little dog, an’ a plisant curr he was too, save an’ except he made as if he did n’t know English an’ me spakin’ the best iv Oirish! an’ I ’d ’a’ let him go by but for that; but whan a thraitor insoolts me counthry I ’ll not lave a bit skin on his bones! An’ may I niver! but whan I ’d knocked him into next week, an’ the hair flyin’ wan way an’ t’ other, ’t was n’t him at all only a big stone I had; an’ I ’m just where he wor if he wor n’t a stone.”

“Ye big gommeral —”

“Howld yer tongue, ye owld hin! or I ’ll giv yez a blue batin’ where ye stan’ there.”

“Shoo, shoo, shoo!” screamed out Mrs. Malony, coming along with a broomstick; and I don’t know how they got along then, for they went into the stable in a great hurry.

But the white poodle had nobody to go home to except her mistress, so she had to talk to herself; and when she was getting washed next morning, she held her head more on one side than usual, and said, “I wonder if that dirty little dog is washed. Poor wretch! what are such creatures good for? I ’m sure they only make refined persons ill. I suppose, perhaps, crows could eat them. Dear me! no cologne and no soap! how can they live?” Her mistress heard her whine, and thought she did not like her bath, so she wrapped her up quick in a hot towel, and carried her off.

Patience looked at me with her blue eyes, and asked for more; but that is all. My Patience! is n’t it enough?

*Rose Terry.*



## ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE.

## IX.

## HEAD-HUNTERS, PIRATES, AND CANNIBALS.



“ALKING of good-looking people,” said Joe [Charley had just been saying what a handsome old gentleman Captain Brace was], “the handsomest man I ever saw was a Dyak head-hunter.”

“Head-hunter of what?”

“Hunter of heads,” said Joe. “I made his acquaintance in Sarawak, and we used to go a-fishing together.”

“Heads of cabbages or sermons? How good-looking was he? Where’s Sarawak? What did he hunt ’em for? Catch any fish? Was he tattooed?

Bait with wor-r-ms? How did you like him?” [That’s Mr. Sharpe’s style of investigating a subject.]

“People’s heads,” said Joe. “Never saw a fellow get so many bites in my life — fish had n’t the heart to disappoint such a good-looking man — Sarawak’s in Borneo — hunted ’em for glory — caught a canoe-full — was n’t tattooed, but had black teeth, and brass rings on his legs — baited with shrimps and bobtailed polliwogs — real clever chap. Anything else you’d like to know?”

“Did he hunt *your* head?”

“Never once,” said Joe; “he only said it would look sweetly smoked. You see he had retired from that grim, exciting line of business, and gone quietly into the fishing line. Besides, you must not think that he was savage by nature, merely because he was a savage by accident. A man may follow the customs of his country, without being necessarily unamiable. It does not stand to reason that if he hunts heads he must eat them, or that because he is a cannibal he likes his missionary raw. I never met a softer-hearted heathen than my friend Jawi; he used to eat his fish with the scales on, because, he said, it must be so unpleasant to have your sides rasped that way with a knife; and once when he saw Barney Binnacle cutting my hair, he asked me if it hurt, and said he did n’t see how Christians could do such dreadful things. And there was Cuttash Nan, the bloody female chief of Chinese Pirates, — when she was hung, everybody said she had been a kind mistress and a tender mother. They say the king of Dahomey, who always, on the anniversary of his father’s death, has the throats of about half a thousand slaves and prisoners cut over a pond, so

that he can pull across the gore in a canoe, is such a careful, anxious soul, that he keeps a medicine-man on a regular salary to attend his sick monkeys. Then there are the Fiji cannibals, the politest people in the world; you might almost imagine that their grandfathers had caught Lord Chesterfield and boiled him down to a pint; and that, ever since, their children had been sucking his concentrated soup through a straw.

“One Fiji chief will kill another, and eat him too, for merely reaching across his calabash at dinner to help himself to a slice of the stuffed foreigner, — they are so *very* particular. A shipmate of mine once served on a man-of-war where they had a Fiji prince a prisoner. He had led a party of his cannibals in an attack upon an American merchantman, and they had killed the crew and eaten them, — his Royal Highness reserving the choice bits for himself. Now my shipmate declared that for pure affection and sweetness of temper his Royal Highness could n’t be beat; every time one of the officers gave him a lump of sugar or a pipeful of tobacco, he would rub noses with the gentleman and cry. So you see it’s a mere matter of taste and the customs of the country; and whenever I hear a head-hunter, or a pirate, or a cannibal slandered, and called hard names, I know it’s half prejudice, and I take their part; for, says I, how would the matter have struck you if you had happened to be born in Borneo, or the Ladrões, or Fiji-land?”

“I see,” said Charley; “it’s all a toss-up of luck and geography, whether you are providing entertainment *for* Young Folks, or providing an entertainment *of* them, — whether you are treating them or eating them. But what *do* they hunt heads for? — that’s the Useful Knowledge that Georgey and I are panting for; and what do they *do* with them when they find them?”

“Well, let’s begin at the right end of our yarn,” said Joe, “or we’ll get the whole hank in a snarl.”

“Of course you know something about Borneo, else what’s the use of going to school, and having a wise man after your brains with a sharp stick; of course you know that Borneo is the biggest island in the world except Australia, — a little larger than Texas, and seven times as large as Cuba; that diamonds are found there, and gold in grains and nuggets, and monstrous teak-trees, and orang-outangs, and porcupines, and bearded hogs, and crocodiles, and flowers that look like great butterflies, and butterflies that look like great flowers, — butterflies all black and green and crimson and gold, and nine inches from tip to tip of the wings; besides countless millions of curious insects in splendid colors, that fill the air with a peculiar odor.

“The population of Borneo is Mixed. About One Fourth are Malays, who are the Masters of the Country; Two Thirds are the Ab-original Dyaks; there are a Quarter of a Million of Chinese; and the rest — about thirty thousand — are Settlers from Celebes. The Malays claim their Origin from Ma-nang-ka-ban, the central, and once Dom-i-nant, state of Sumatra — *Hem!*”

“Now, Joe,” said I, “if you are talking for the Young Folks, you might

as well stop, for not another word of that goes down here. My name 's George Eager, and I 'm responsible for the capers you cut in print. If you insist upon appearing in that crazy style, you must pass over my dead body. Go on, Joe. Never mind the history. What do they hunt heads for? and What do they do with them when they find them? That 's the question before this Club."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Joe. "Before the Malays rushed in, the Dyaks were a free, wild people; but now many of the tribes, of which there are more than a hundred, are servants to those fierce sea-tigers, — tilling the ground, cultivating rice, sago, the sugar-palm, and a little cotton and tobacco, spinning, weaving, and making sword-blades, and even fishing and hunting, and occasionally pirating for them. They are generally darker than the Malays, and taller and stronger, but not nearly so active or so cunning, nor so wicked either. My friend Jawi dressed like a true Dyak; that is, he went naked, except for a breech-cloth and the brass rings on his legs and arms. He wore his hair cropped on the forehead, but streaming in a savage fashion down his back, and his reddish-black teeth were made so by constantly chewing a mixture of betel-leaf and areca-nut with lime. At times the expression of his countenance was fierce, as if his old untamed nature was ready to break out; but never sly and treacherous and cruel, like the eyes and the lips of the Malay.

"Since Jawi became a quiet fisherman, and dealt with Christian traders, and even with a gentle, careful missionary now and then, he had begun to have some notions of a God, single and awful, who mysteriously made him and mercifully kept him; and of a soul to be judged, and then — what? Before he was reclaimed from the savage state, he could have told you that there were many gods somewhere; but he neither knew them nor wished to know. He made no idols and said no prayers. But he was familiar with Demons of the earth, the water, and the air; he could show you their haunts in the woods and among the hills, and in seaside caves where the breakers romped and roared, and behind the secret gray curtains of cloud that hung low upon the mountains. His childish imagination, all bewildered with shapeless shadows, and distracted with senseless sounds, groped always in the fear and trouble of these, lest they should fall upon him suddenly, to do him some dreadful hurt. For no inducement would he go alone to the top of a strange mountain; and when he set out to hunt the leopard or the bear, he looked well to the point of his spear and the edge of his krees and his heavy, two-handed Lanun sword, and to the tough cover of his shield; nor ever failed to hang at his hip the grimmest of his heads, that the spirits of spite might look upon it and be pleased. But Jawi had no temple or priest or sacred book, like the Hindoo or the Birman or the Siamese or the Chinaman; and so much the better for Jawi, and so much the easier for the missionary.

"All except the head-hunting; it was as hard to cure him of that as to convince a pudding-headed pilgrim to Juggernaut of the frantic folly of flinging himself under the wheels of the monster's seven-storied car, or a devotee of the Goddess Doorga of the hideous humbug of swinging round a churruck

post by an iron hook through the small of his back, or to make it clear to a Japanese gentleman that to cut a big hole in his stomach, merely because another Japanese gentleman has kicked him, spoils nobody's digestion but his own, — or to show a Congo juggler that to stick pins in a clay fetish, and howl to Mumbo Jumbo, can never make his enemy wriggle and die, — or to prove to a Hottentot judge that to compel a prisoner to toss off a gourdful of griping red poison proves nothing, — or to persuade a disgusted Chinaman, who has lost a peck or two of sapecks on a hen-fight, that to jump down somebody's well, because he feels bad, can never make him square with the chicken that took his cash.

“You see Jawi believed — that is, he *had* believed, for the poor fellow had got as far as a trembling doubt and a feeling of shame on his way to his Saviour — that, somewhere on the other side of his dark, desperate Jordan, he should be *attended and served by those whose heads he had taken on this side*, — that they would constitute his retinue of slaves, and that he should be rich and noble in proportion to the number of them. That's What he hunted heads for. Besides, they reflected a sort of savage distinction upon him in this life, and he rose higher and higher in the respect and admiration of his tribe with every fresh face that dangled firmly from the brace-band of his breech-cloth, and bounced with a horrid grotesqueness on his hip, as he danced or leaped or ran.

“But never to have taken a head at all! O, that was to be poor and pitiful and vile, — a coward in this world and a slave in the next, — spurned by the men and mocked by the women, the little boys stealing his spear to drive pigs with, and the little girls screaming, ‘No Head! No Heart!’ at him as he slunk along. Without a head at his hip, no Dyak maiden in all Borneo would have been his wife; he might as well have courted her with no head upon his shoulders. So the rule was, ‘One Head at least, — an enemy's if you can, a friend's if you must, — a man's by all means, a woman's at a pinch, a child's better than none, — but One Head *anyhow!*’ And sometimes the ‘anyhow’ meant stealing down to the beach on a dark night, and forcing some lonely, unarmed fisherman to surrender that useful part of his person, without which he could not possibly earn a living in his humble but honest calling; or inviting a friend to take a nap in your hammock, and leaving him to wake up without anything to wake up with, — no eyes to open and no mouth to yawn, — a most helpless and embarrassing predicament.”

Charley declared that for downright meanness and bad manners it went ahead of anything he ever heard of. “But what then?”

“Why, then,” said Joe, “you give a torchlight *bawl*, to which you invite all your friends and relations, — ladies and gentlemen of the first circles of ferocity; and you make your appearance dressed in the height of fashion, — that is, with nothing on but a breech-cloth, your friend's head, and some brass rings; and you prance around among the torches, *so* graceful! and you grin and yell, *so* cheerful! and your friend's head swings and bounces, *so* exciting! and all the ladies and gentlemen bawl *toah, wah!* and wave their torches, — Perfectly Splendid! And then you all squat on the ground

together, and scoop out the brains, *such fun!* And then you smoke the head with the skin and hair on, over a pitch fire, *so interesting!* And then you hang it to the middle of the ridgepole of the roof, with a great many other heads around it, such an *imposing* display! And then you prance and grin and yell a little more; and all the ladies and gentlemen bawl a little more and wave their torches; and all the gentlemen are *So Agreeable*, and all the ladies are *Perfectly Lovely*, and all the children are *Real Sweet*; and when they take their leave they all wish-you-many-happy-returns-and-all-that-sort-



of-thing; and they 've all had such-a-real-good-time-perfectly-splendid-you-know.

“And after that, you make your bed exactly under your friend's head, so that if, disturbed by remorse or too much roast pig, you should not sleep well, you may be refreshed and cheered by the presence of that familiar, pleasant countenance; and in the daytime you take it down and play with it like a doll, making believe to feed it, holding the betel-leaf to its lips, and even kissing the horrid thing.

“Before the heart and mind of my friend Jawi underwent a change of views, as to the elevating tendency of this department of art, he had gloried

in a considerable collection of heads ; all of which he declared he had taken in fair fight with the enemies of his tribe ; except a few that had been left to him by the will of his uncle, who could not have been very particular. But when Jawi began to have his doubts and scruples on the subject, he swapped off his whole lot for canoes, and nets, and fishing-spears, — only reserving the heads of his own relations as family-portraits ; for, you see, a fellow *must* have some sort of a head about him.”

“Well,” said Charley, “that must be a neat style of picture for an Academy Exhibition ; sure to be well hung, you know, and to be printed in ‘caps’ in the catalogue, ‘PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN, DONE IN SMOKE, WITH THE HAIR ON, BY JAWI.’ And then, as soon as it became a feature in our Galleries, the fellows who are always showing people new wrinkles would be sure to improve upon it, and the next thing would be a Museum of Celebrated Personages, Stuffed ; and Barnum would offer a Hundred-Dollar Prize for the livest-looking dead-head.”

[I ’m getting tired of Charley Sharpe ; so I whispered to Joe not to notice the interruption ; and he did n’t.]

“Once upon a time there was an old Dyak who had so many heads hanging up in his parlor, — some that he had collected himself, and some that his father had left him, — that he considered himself one of the First Families. But an old woman had a great spite against him, because of a rotten duck-egg he had sold her ; so she set fire to his house, and everything that was n’t burnt up was burnt down. And while the flames were roaring, the old Dyak plunged frantically into the flames, again and again, till his hair and his breech-cloth were singed clean off him, and he was cooked on both sides to a turn, so that it was enough to make a Cannibal’s mouth water to look at him, — when the Andaman-Islanders ate his grandfather they did not do that respectable but tough old gentleman half so brown, — and all to save his heads, only his darling heads.”

“‘But,’ cried his folks, ‘there ’s the Wardrobe.’ ‘Scorch the wardrobe!’ said he. ‘And there ’s the Silver Plate.’ ‘Melt the silver plate!’ said he. ‘And the Library?’ ‘Consume the library!’ said he. ‘And the Wines, and the Jewels, and the Coach and Horses, and the Family Tree?’ ‘Abandon them all to the Devouring Element!’ he cried. ‘What ’s the use of fine clothes, or silver spoons and forks, or picture-books, or ear-rings, or sleeve-buttons, or 2.40 trotters, or Ancestors, if you have n’t any head?’ And when he found his precious heads were all gone with the rest, he fell down on his stomach, gave one prolonged melancholy howl, and died.”

“But, Joe,” said I, “what do their young folks think of all this? Are the boys trained to hunt heads, and the girls to play with them?”

“As for the boys,” said Joe, “they are taught just one thing from the time they cut their first teeth, — and that is, Heads. In the middle of every Dyak village there is a round house, built on posts, and the only entrance is by a ladder, and through a trap-door in the floor. This is the city Head-house, where all the *public* heads are kept, and here all the boys sleep by turns, some one night and some another ; and on certain days the little girls

— those that have been good — are let in, to play with the heads, and roll them about. There are small windows in the roof, and when the wind is high, it blows in and bumps the heads together, in a very lively and amusing manner. As this is always the best house in the place, any travellers who may ask for a night's lodging are hospitably invited to sleep in it, — which is a very kind thing to do, you know, because it combines entertainment with repose."

Joe says the Dyaks are naturally a simple, gentle, and docile race ; but the villanous Malays, who live along the coast and around the mouths of the rivers, have taught them to be pirates, and takers of slaves as well as heads. There are " Hill Dyaks," and " Sea, or Coast Dyaks " ; and by European voyagers who visit Borneo the former are usually termed " Mild," and the latter " Wild." At a place called Sakarran, about one hundred miles to the eastward of Sarawak, and on the banks of the Serebas River in the same region, there were, until late years, two tribes of Dyaks more notorious than any of the others for their murderous piracies, in which they were always associated with fiendish Malays and Lanuns. In large and small proas, with oars as well as sails, they undertook long voyages down the coast, and made bloody visits to defenceless villages. Sometimes they cruised near the entrances of the straits leading to Singapore, and attacked and plundered the native trading craft ; and then on their way back to their haunts in Borneo, they usually surprised more than one small town on the sea, and dragged into slavery the entire population. During the absence of these fleets the wives and children of the pirates remained at home to guard the booty already collected ; and as the women are almost as fierce and warlike as the men, they considered themselves strong enough to beat off other piratical Dyaks, who might attack them.

When those Malays who are unwarlike — in other words, cowardly, and such Malays are rare — wish to plunder a feeble Dyak tribe, and seize the women and children for slaves, without the risk of a fight, they generally employ the Serebas and Sakarran Dyaks to make the attack, according to a regular contract ; the Malays getting all the slaves and two thirds of the plunder, and the Dyaks the remaining third, and all the heads. Of twenty Dyak tribes under the government of Sarawak, in 1841, at least ten had been robbed of their wives and little ones in part ; and one tribe was wholly without women or children, more than two hundred having been captured and dragged into slavery by Sakarran pirates. Once the entire population of the town of Slaku was cut off in a night attack by a powerful tribe of Coast Dyaks, who came down after human heads. Not a man, woman, or child in all Slaku escaped to tell the tale.

These piratical monsters make no distinction in heads, but coolly chop off the first they find, no matter to whom it may belong, whether friend or foe. A Dyak on a *balla* — that is, a piratical expedition — will cheerfully take the head (the " top-works," Joe called it) even of his brother or his uncle. And perhaps the strongest motive for this is, that no Dyak lover can win the heart and hand of his ladye-love until he has presented her with a nice

fresh head, by way of a valentine. Many an amiable Dyak youth has declared that he would give up head-hunting if it were not for fear of the ridicule and scorn of his sweetheart; and many a romantic wife has threatened to put her *bedung*, or petticoat, on her young husband, if he did not make haste to compliment her with as nice and ghastly a head as any other lady of her acquaintance could wear to church.

As for the Malays, an intelligent Dutchman who lived among them, and knew them well, says it is as natural to a Malay to rove on the seas in his proa as it is for an Arab to wander with his horse on the desert; and it is as impossible to limit his love of adventure to innocent fishing and trading as it would be to confine a Bedouin to a market-place or a house. "As surely as spiders abound wherever there are nooks and corners, so surely have pirates sprung up (in the Indian Ocean) wherever there is a nest of islands, with creeks and shallows, headlands, rocks, and reefs, for hiding, for pouncing, for surprise, for escape; and it is as natural to the Malay or the Dyak to regard any well-freighted, poorly protected trading-proa as his own fair prey, as it is to the sea-eagle sailing over his head to swoop down upon the weaker but harder-working bird, and swallow what he has not had the trouble of catching." And every pirate of them is not only a desperado and a demon of ferocity, but a gambler, and a cock-fighter, and an opium-smoker, and a dandy, besides. "Beware of a Dyak with his ears, and his arms, and his legs full of rings: he is sure to be a pirate!" That's what you hear all along the coast.

When the famous English adventurer, Sir James Brooke, who made himself Rajah of Sarawak, and ruled over all that country with a hard but a kindly hand, — a stern but wise and triumphant missionary, converting head-hunters to honey-hunting and cannibals to cotton-spinning, and changing the kreeses of pirates into ploughshares, — when Sir James Brooke, with a fleet of friendly Malay proas and English gunboats, burned one hundred and twenty war-canoes and put to death two thousand bandits of the Serebas and Sakarran gangs, and broke up their bloody *ballas* forever, he captured among other prisoners a Dyak boy only nine years old, whose father and brother had both been killed in the fight with the pirates. His name was Ranjah, and he was a bright and a brave little fellow. When he was brought to the Rajah's proa he smoked a cigar, and chatted away as carelessly as if he had been at home with his mother among the dear old heads; and when the boats, on their return, approached that part of the country where his home was, he told the English officers he knew where some jars, full of valuables, had been buried; and, sure enough, they found them on the very spot he described. Then he thought he had fairly paid his ransom, and suddenly he began to cry, and begged them to put him ashore.

"But how," said the kind Rajah, "will you find your way home, — you're such a little chap? Besides, your people have all been gone from their houses these three days."

"Ah!" said the boy, "don't I know the jungle well? And my mother would never go far from home till she knew the last of me."



The Malays said that was very true, and that it would be safe to trust him to his own eyes and keen cunning.

So the Rajah set him at liberty, and gave him some clothes, a can of preserved meat, and a bottle of water, besides a wineglass that he asked for ; and then he was landed near the spot where his mother's house once stood, — for it had been burned with the rest of that pirate's nest, — and left to shift for himself.

Some time after that his brother came to Sarawak to see the good Rajah, and told that little Ranjah had wandered in the jungle paths for two days before he found any of his tribe. He had taken good care of his provisions, and proudly showed his mother the wineglass the *Tuan Besar* — the Great Sir — had given him.

Now who can believe that so bright and plucky and grateful a nine-year-old as that could ever be a Cannibal? And yet he may have belonged to some such tribe as the Kayan Dyaks, who run small iron spits into the fleshy parts of a dead enemy's legs and arms, and then slice off the meat and put it into baskets, and afterwards broil and eat it ; but they are "good people" for all that, and "very hospitable." Then there are the Jangkang Dyaks ; they are greedy cannibals, and they don't care who knows it. In time of war, broiled Malay or Dyak is a favorite dish with them ; and they even kill their own sick and eat them. And when they give their great yearly feast, — the *Makantaun*, — it is said a Jangkang will borrow a fat, tender child from a neighbor, and repay him with one of his own next *Makantaun* ; as if it were all a mere matter of spring chickens.

"Well, that's all right," said I, — "custom of the country, you know."

"But that would n't have kept you from squealing, Mr. Philosopher," said Charley, "if anybody had jangkanged you when you were a spring chicken."

*George Eager.*



## WILLIAM HENRY'S LETTERS TO HIS GRANDMOTHER.

## FOURTH PACKET.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—

Now I will tell you what happened that afternoon.

The school was about half done.

The master gave three loud raps with his ruler.

This made the room very still.

He asked the other teachers to come up to the platform. And they did.

Next, he waved his ruler, and said, "Fold."

And we all folded our arms.

It was so still that we could hear the clock tick.

He told Tom Cush to close the windows and shut the blinds.

Then he talked to us about stealing and telling lies. Said he did n't like to punish, but it must be done. He said he had reason to believe that the boy whose name he should call out was not honest, that he took other people's things and told lies.

Then he told the story, all that he knew about it, and said he hoped that all concerned in it would have honor enough to speak out and own it.

Nobody said anything.

Then the master said, "William Henry, you may come to the platform."

I went up.

Somebody way in the back part shouted out, "Don't believe it!"

"Silence!" said the master. And he thumped his ruler on the desk.

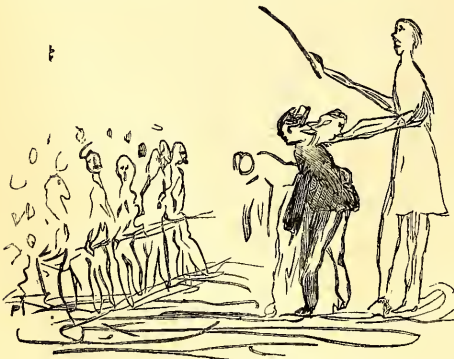
Then he told me to take off my jacket, and fold it up.

And I did.

He told me to hand my collar and ribbon to a teacher. And I did.

Then he laid down his ruler, and took his rod and bent it to see if it was limber. It was n't exactly a rod. It was the thing I told you about when I first came to this school.

He tried it twice on the desk first.



Then he took hold of my shoulder and turned my back round towards him. He said I had better bend down my head a little, and took hold of the neck of my shirt to keep me steady. I shut my teeth together tight.

At that very minute Bubby Short cried out, "Master! Master! Stop! Don't! He did n't do it! He did n't kill it! I know who! I'll

tell! I will! I will! I don't care what Tom Cush does! 'T was Tom Cush killed it!"

The master did n't say one word. But he handed me my jacket.

The boys all clapped and gave three cheers, and he let them.

Then he said to me, whispering, "Is this so, William?" And I said, low, "Yes, sir."

Then he took hold of my hand and led me to my seat. And when I sat down he put his hand on my shoulder just as softly, — it made me remember the way my mother used to before she died, and, says he, "My dear boy," then stopped and began again, "My dear boy," and stopped again. If he'd been a boy I should have thought he was going to cry himself. But of course a man would n't. And what should he cry for? It was n't he that almost had a whipping. At last he told me to come to his room after supper. Then Bubby Short was called up to the platform.

Now I will tell you how Bubby Short found out about it.

He sleeps in a little bed in a little bit of a room that lets out of Tom's. 'T is n't much bigger than a closet. But it is just right for him. That morning when Tom got up so early and threw pebbles at me, Bubby Short had been keeping awake with the toothache. And he heard Tom telling another boy about the rabbit.

He made believe sleep. But once, while Tom was dressing himself, he peeped out from under the bedquilt, with one eye, to see a black-and-blue spot, that Tom said he hit his head against a post and made, when he was running.

But they caught him peeping out, and were dreadful mad because he heard, and said if he told one single word they would flog him. But he says he would have told before, if he had known it had been laid to me.

Was n't he a nice little fellow to tell?

O, I was so glad when the boys all clapped! And when we were let out, they came and shook hands with Bubby Short and me. Great boys and all. Mr. Augustus, and Dorry, and all. And the master told me how glad he was that he could keep on thinking me to be an honest boy.

Now are n't you glad you did n't feel sorry?

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

*Dorry's Letter to his Sister.*

DEAR SIS, —

If mother's real clever, I want you to ask her something right away. But if it's baking-day, or washing-day, or company's coming off, or preserves going on, or anything's upset down below; or if she's got a headache or a dress-maker, or anything else that's bad, — then wait.

I want you to ask her if I may bring home a boy to spend Saturday. Not a very big boy, — do very well to "Philopene" with you; won't put her out a bit.

If you don't like him at first, you will afterwards. When he first came we

used to plague him on account of his looks. He 's got a furious head of hair, and freckles. But we don't think at all about his looks now. If anything, we like his looks.

He 's just as pleasant and gen'rous, and not a mean thing about him. I don't believe he would tell a lie to save his life. I know he would n't. He 's always willing to help everybody. And had just as lief give anything away as not. And when he plays, he plays fair. Some boys cheat to make their side beat. You don't catch William Henry at any such mean business. All the boys believe every word he says. Teachers too.

I will tell you how he made me ashamed of myself. Me and some other boys.

One day he had a box come from home. 'T was his birthday. It was full of good things. Says I to the boys, "Now, maybe, if we had n't plagued him so, he would give us some of his goodies."

That very afternoon, when we had done playing, and ran up to brush the mud off our trousers, we found a table all spread out with a table-cloth that he had borrowed, and in the middle was a frosted cake with "W. H." on top done in red sugar. And close to that were some oranges, and a dish full of nuts, and as much as a pound of candy, and more figs than that, and four great cakes of maple sugar, made on his father's land, as big as small johnny-cakes, and another kind of cake. And doughnuts.

"Come, boys," says he, "help yourselves."

But not a boy stirred.

I felt my face a-blushing like everything. O, we were all of us just as ashamed as we could be! We did n't dare go near the table. But he kept inviting us, and at last began to pass them round.

And I tell you the things were tip-top, and more too. Such cake! And doughnuts, that his cousins made! And tarts! You must learn how. But I don't believe you ever could. Of course we had manners enough not to take as much as we wanted. I want to tell you some more things about him. But wait till I come. He 's most as old as you are, and is always a laughing, the same as you are.

Ask mother what I told you. Take her at her cleverest, and don't eat up all the sweet apples.

From your brother,

DORRY.

P. S. Put some away in meal to mellow. Don't mellow 'em with your knuckles.

*Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*



## M I S C H I E F .

ONE bright day last summer, little Willie went with Judy, his nurse, to take a walk in the beautiful Central Park, in the city of New York. He was so full of fun and mischief that he wished he could fly up into the windows of the houses, and cry Boo! at the people sitting inside, and make them jump and squeal with fright; and he was perfectly crazy to jump over the moon as the cow did, only there was no moon in the daytime to jump over, which was a pity.

So, instead of this, when he got in the park, he cried Hullo! at every boy he met, and tried to knock his hat over his eyes. He twitched the little girls' curls; and once, when two dear little things were standing close together, telling secrets, he tied the long streamers of their hats together, so that, when they parted, off flew both hats, to their owners' great astonishment.

He snapped at all the dogs with the end of his pocket-handkerchief tied into a hard knot; and poked, and pricked, and scratched poor Judy between whiles. He even picked up a dead tumble-bug, and, pretending to be very loving and kind, said to his nurse, —

“Open your mouth and shut your eyes,  
And I'll give you something to make you wise.”

Judy, thinking it was liquorice, shut her eyes and opened her great honest mouth, and Willie popped in the tumble-bug, screaming with laughter, while Judy, howling and blind with fright, fell over on her nose, and upset a little carriage, in which were two nice pretty babies, sucking their thumbs and staring at each other, perfectly happy. They were picked up all in a bunch, with bumped heads, and crying bitterly, and it was a long time before the pain would let them suck their thumbs again in any comfort.

But Willie walked off with his hands in his pockets, a little ashamed, it is true, but not enough ashamed to be sorry.

Presently a young lady and gentleman came slowly along. They were gazing into each other's eyes with all their might and main, and each was thinking the other the very pink of perfection, whatever that may be.

“Hullo!” said Willie, “here is a lover and loveress”; and the moment they passed, he caught up a long dry branch, which had a sharp thorny end, and softly and slyly fastened it to the back of the lady's dress. He might have fastened a whole tree to her skirt, and she would never have been the wiser; for she sailed off with the dry branch rattling behind her, while Willie slapped his sides, and jumped up and down with delight.

Just please let me tell you something. There are two kinds of mischief; good, nice, funny mischief, and mean, bad, unkind mischief. I am afraid this was the bad sort, a kind of topsy-turvy, behind-before, inside-out mischief. All wrong, *I* think. What do *you* think?

But worse is coming; so don't think at all, until you read to the end of this tale. I wish I were near enough to you to get a sweet little kitteny kiss; then I could tell my story forty times better.

By and by Willie came to one of the lovely lakes. Five snow-white swans were sailing in it. One of them was eating cakes, which a little boy and girl were giving him.

"Hullo!" said Willie, pulling his nurse's gown. "Here, Judy, give me some cakes, quick, quick! I want to feed the swans too."

"I hain't got no cakes," said Judy. (I hope you perceive that she talked very bad grammar.)

"Well, buy some; buy some, I tell you, quick!" cried Willie.

"I never seed sich a bother," grumbled Judy; but she walked off to where an old bundle of a woman sat, with a basket of fly-specked cakes, and some dirty little brown squares, which she called "taffee." Willie followed close at his nurse's heels, and the next moment he had two stale old round hearts, for which a penny was paid, and went running quickly back to the lake.



A great beautiful swan was just sailing away from the edge, but I really think she must have had eyes in her tail, and kept a sharp lookout backwards as well as forwards; for the moment Willie held out his hand with a cake in it, the snow-white bird floated softly round to him.

Willie held the cake out until the bird with her bill wide open almost touched it; then the naughty boy suddenly snatched it away, making faces at the swan, and laughing with all his might. "Ba-a! Ah-a! No, you don't!" he cried, swinging his arm round high above his head. "Ki! what fun! never had such fun before!"

"Fun to you," thought the beautiful swan; "but mean as dry chips to me."

O, how he did torment that poor creature! His nurse never minded his

mischief, for she had just found out that one of the policemen was her first cousin Paddy, from Cork, and she was talking to him about "Mike," and "Barney," and the "ould red cow" at home, as if her tongue had been wound up like a watch, and would never stop going for twenty-four hours. So Master Willie, in great glee, trotted round to one of the landing-places, where the pretty pleasure-boats take in passengers. "Now," said he to himself, picking up a little stick, — "*now*, when the swan bends down to get the cake, I 'll give her a great crack on the head with my stick." Then he held out his hand once more, and called in a coaxing voice, "Swanie, swan-ie, come, come and get it."

The swan had followed him, and this time she was so quick that she got a bite at the cake. Willie, with a cry of surprise, drew his arm back, turning suddenly round at the same time. One foot caught in the other; he lost his balance, and before he could recover it, pop! he went head-first into the water, his legs kicking wildly up in the air as he disappeared.

The swan could have taken a good nip out of those little fat legs, just as well as not, but she was a tender-hearted, or rather tender-breasted old bird, and merely ate the rest of the cake which fell into the lake, close beside her, and laughed a little in her feathers.

But O, what shrieks and screams and screeches all the nurses and children and ladies and gentlemen set up! The dogs barked, the bumped-headed babies took their thumbs out of their mouths and squealed; and even the lover and loveress, with the dry branch still fast to her skirt, wondered for a moment what all the noise was about; but, as they never took their eyes from each other's face and never stopped thinking each other the pink of perfection, they never found out, and did n't care anyway.

And now Judy came rushing up to the lake, with her eyes as round as an owl's. She looked everywhere for Willie, up in the trees, under the bridge, on top of the bridge, and down the swans' throats, and all but went into flapping hysterics when they told her that the little boy was at the bottom of the lake. She instantly ordered her cousin, the Paddy from Cork, to go in after him, and never come out without him; and he, making a horrible face, as if he had got his mouth full of mustard, threw off his coat and shoes and jumped in, and the water closed over him.

For a moment there was an awful pause and silence; all the nurses glared, the babies with their thumbs in their mouths stared, and the lover and loveress did n't speak to each other for half a minute; the beautiful swans looked on, solemn and sad, though you would think they would have laughed and hurrahd at Willie's mishap, and told each other that it served him *just right*. The tip-end of the left-hand side of my heart tells *me* that it did serve him *just right*, though the rest of my heart is sorry for him. How does your heart feel about it?

The next moment up came Paddy from Cork through the water, blowing and spitting, with his face as red as his hair,—and that was red enough, I assure you. He held Willie fast by his waistband, so that the poor child's head and heels knocked together like a lobster's, though in a lobster's

case it is his claws and tail that hit each other when you hold it up. Gasping, sobbing, choking, the little boy was caught up into Judy's arms, who kissed him, and cried over him, and called him her "darlint," though he had done nothing but pinch and punch her all his days.

But the next moment, remembering all of a sudden what a naughty boy he was, she stood him down hard on his feet, and proceeded to scold him furiously. Then all the nurses and children, the bumped-headed babies and dogs, stopped crying and began laughing, for he did look *so* ridiculous. The water streamed from his hair and his eyelids and his nose and his ears and his elbows and his knees, — quite a waterfall. In another moment Judy caught him by the top of his arm, pinching it well in her fright, and hurried him off home in double-quick step; and when he got there, he was immediately put to bed, and dosed with castor-oil and emetics and brimstone, for aught I know; and his mamma would n't kiss him, which was a worse dose to swallow than all the medicine put together; and that 's what he got by his mean, naughty mischief.

And *now* what do you think? If you have n't found out by this time the difference between this kind of mischief and good-tempered pranks and capers, then I say you 've got a head and so has a tenpenny nail, and one is just as wise as the other.

But there 's one comfort. If you think hard and long, you will certainly get some ideas into *your* head, while you may pound the head of a tenpenny nail for six months without making it the least bit sensible; so when you read some other story, — all about nice, funny mischief, — I am sure you will discover that both stories have been written for examples, — the first to shun, and the second to — I was going to say — to imitate.

Well, never mind. When you and I get together, *we* will do some nice, funny mischief, and have a "real good time." Won't we, you dear little monkey bunkey?

*Aunt Fanny.*





## ANGEL CHILDREN.

ONCE I took a picture fair  
To my heart and kept it there.  
And I blessed the artist's thought  
Who that lovely picture wrought.  
Even as I saw it then  
Now it comes to me again.

Three small children on their knees,  
Under drooping willow-trees!  
Pleased and shy they bend to look  
In the mirror of the brook.  
Not a flower upon the brink,  
Bending gracefully to drink,  
Not a bird that skims the lake,  
Softer shadowing could make,  
Nor behold, reflected there,  
Form more innocent and fair.

What, beside those faces three,  
In that mirror do they see?  
All the blue depths of the sky  
In its waters they descry;  
And, not theirs alone, but near  
Other faces three appear, —  
Angel faces, dimly seen,  
Serious, tender, and serene;  
Bending meekly, bearing trace  
Of the Heavenly Father's face.  
This is why the children look  
Pleased, yet thoughtful, in the brook.

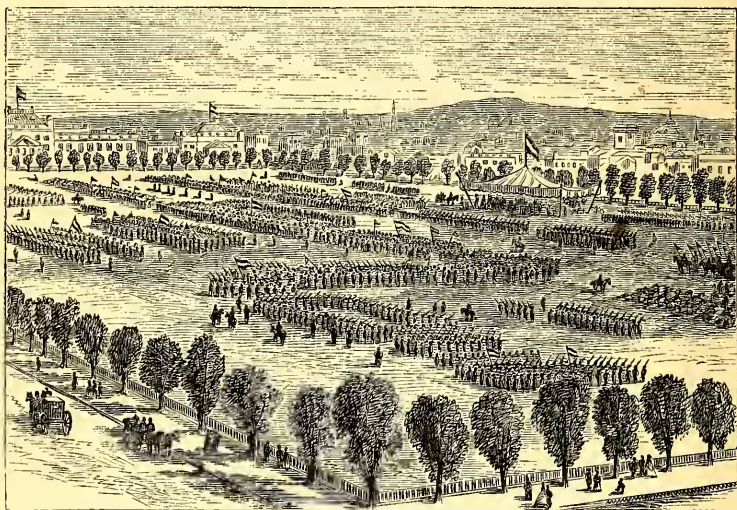
Unto little children here  
Seraph forms are always near.  
Messages of heavenly things  
Angel-child to earth-child brings;  
So I blessed the hand that wrought  
Into form the shadowy thought.

*Mrs. A. M. Wells.*



## THE FRENCH EXPOSITION FOR TWENTY CENTS.

PARIS, as many of my young readers, perhaps, already know, is the most beautiful city in the world. Its parks and public gardens are so numerous, and its avenues so pleasantly shaded with trees, that the country seems to have come on a visit to the city; and then the churches, and houses, and grand public buildings that one sees at every turn are so various and splendid as to remind one of the descriptions in a fairy tale. The very bridges over the river Seine, which flows through Paris, are a show in themselves, and it would take more space to describe them than I have at my command here.

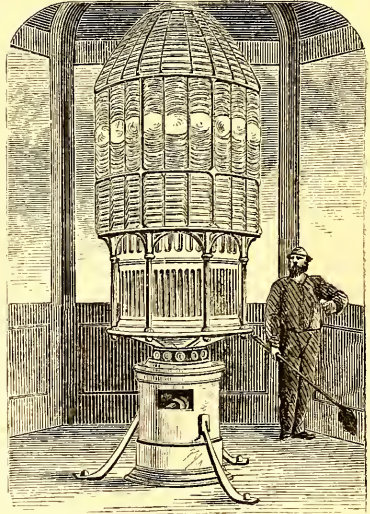


One large piece of open ground in Paris has long been known as the *Champ de Mars*, which, in English, means "Field of Mars." Among the ancient Romans Mars was supposed to be the God of War, and it was upon this field that reviews of soldiers and military displays of all kinds used to be held. Here, now, is a picture showing the *Champ de Mars* as it used to appear on such occasions. Near the background the Emperor's tent is seen, and there are large bodies of troops and artillery ranged over the plain; for Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of the French, is a man of war as well as a man of peace, and he loves to indulge himself and the people, now and then, with the pomp and glitter of military parades.

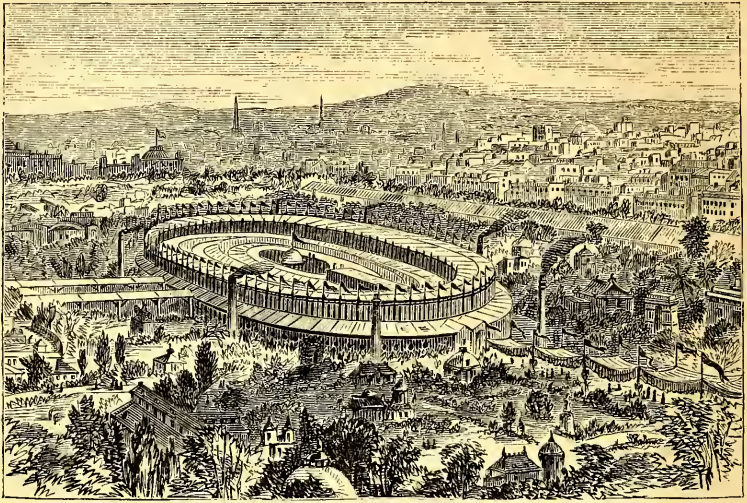
But the picture, as I have said, shows the *Champ de Mars* as it used to be, and not as it appears now. Some two or three years ago it occurred to the Emperor of the French that this field might be converted to some better purpose than that of a parade-ground for soldiers; and so he had it trans-

formed into a beautiful park, one part of which is occupied by an immense exhibition building, while the rest of it is laid out in lovely gardens and ornamental grounds. And all the civilized nations of the earth — yes, and some that are not so very civilized either — were invited to bring specimens of their manufactures, and of the products of their countries, to this great building, in which arrangements were made for showing them off to the best advantage. They were also allowed to build houses and palaces in the park, each nation after its own manner. Numbers of such buildings are to be seen in the park; so that you can fancy how instructive as well as interesting it is to ramble through it, observing the strange dresses and manners and customs of nations which but few of us have ever before had an opportunity of studying.

Imagine yourself now with me in Paris. We arrive at one of the grand entrances leading to the park of which I have just been speaking, and, on payment of one franc each, — a franc is just about twenty cents in American money, — we obtain admission to the grounds, through which we find ourselves at liberty to ramble at our will, as well as to enter the great exhibition building itself, in which so many curious and interesting objects are to be seen. Yon tall tower there, in the grounds, is a lighthouse, the lantern belonging to which has been removed, and is placed inside of the exhibition building, where it forms a great attraction from its wonderful brilliancy and curious workmanship. The light inside this lantern, of which here you have a picture, shines out with extraordinary brightness through panes composed of innumerable little pieces of glass, which sparkle like diamonds in the rays of light. Well, numbers of people are streaming toward the tall tower. We follow them, and, ascending to the platform at the top, see, what a grand view lies stretched away far below and far around us! First we look down on the park, with its beautiful buildings and gardens,

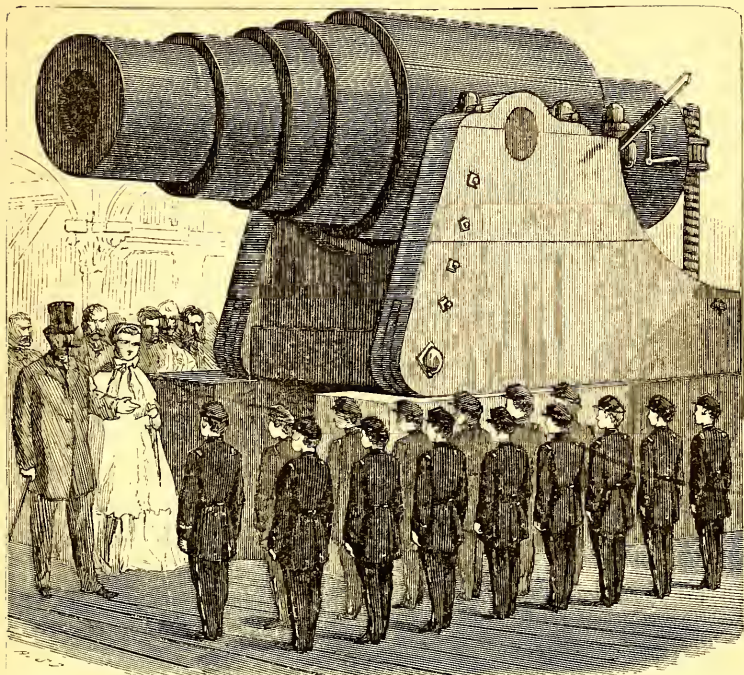


and the people swarming about them like busy ants. Paris is at our feet, with the gleaming river and the wooded slopes beyond. This picture shows the exhibition building as it appears from the top of the tower. It consists of seven oval galleries built one within another, the outer one being nearly a mile round. The galleries are walled and roofed with glass, and each of them is appropriated to the display of some particular kinds of arts and manufactures. Inside of the inner oval there is a promenade garden, of which we shall see more by and by.



So, having taken a good view of the scene that lies like a great colored map far down below us, now let us descend, and stroll through the park and buildings, observing, as we go, such things as may be chiefly interesting to young people of about your own age. Here we come upon a parade of young lads dressed in a sort of military uniform, and drawn up in rank. These are pupils of one of the government schools, and they are here for the inspection of the Emperor. Just beyond them is seen the great Prussian cannon, — the largest gun, I believe, ever yet made, — and right under the terrible, gaping muzzle of it we see a gentleman standing, with a lady leaning on his arm. The gentleman is short in stature, and somewhat inclined to be stout. He has a large nose. His eyes are small, and of a leaden hue, and his mustache is waxed out at either end into a spiral thread. The gentleman's name is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and he is the Emperor of the French. The lady is beautiful, graceful, and dressed with exquisite taste. Her name is Eugénie, and she is the wife of Louis Napoleon, and Empress of the French. It is strange to see them standing there under the muzzle of the great cannon sent by Prussia to the Universal Exhibition; for Louis Napoleon is very jealous of Prussia, which is one of the strongest nations of Europe, and particularly remarkable for the manufacture of curious and destructive fire-arms. And now the Emperor addresses the young students with a few words of encouragement, complimenting them on their orderly appearance, and then dismisses them to take their amusement in the grounds.

Now, if we were to ramble through the outer oval of the great building, we should see many wonderful things; for it is here that examples of all the great mechanical inventions of the world are exhibited. Huge monsters of engines are here, — monsters into which life can be breathed by

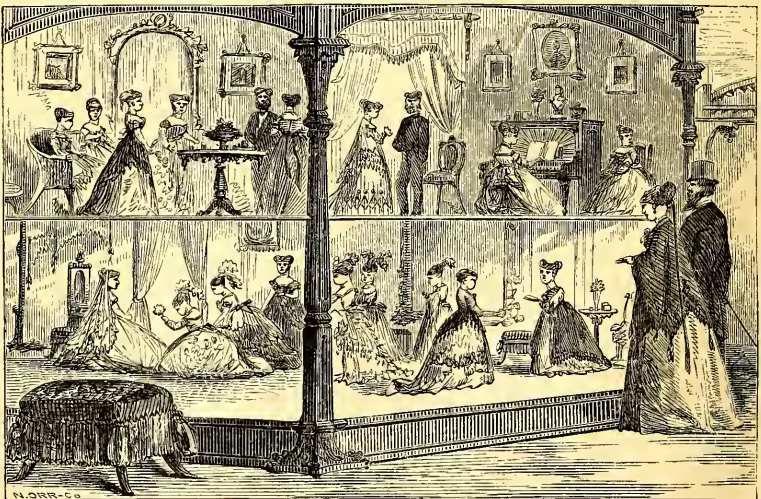


steam ; and one had better stand out of the way, I can tell you, when such great iron and brazen fellows as these begin to wind their legs and arms about. But there is no finer engine among them all than a splendid American locomotive made at the Paterson Works in New Jersey. This engine, for what reason I do not know, has not been placed in the outer oval, with the rest of the machinery, but occupies a building by itself, in the park outside, where it is an object of attraction to crowds of visitors. Let us pass by the machinery, though, and take a few turns among things that are likely to be more interesting to you.

We stroll through the inner ovals, then, and here we see people of many nations working industriously at the various arts and manufactures of the countries to which they belong. In one place we have an opportunity to learn everything connected with the silk-worm and the manufacture of silk. Here weavers are working at their looms — skilful artisans, who manufacture velvets and satins and brocades, and all sorts of rich stuffs. Workers in coral, and in all sorts of precious stones, are to be seen farther on. Cutlers are engaged in finishing weapons of shining steel, — weapons and instruments of all sorts and sizes, from a sabre to a pocket-knife having one blade or one hundred, whichever you please. Clock-makers from Switzerland are here, and they make all sorts of curious clocks, out of some of which little jewelled birds pop at stated times, clap their little enamelled wings, sing little

gems of song, and then pop in again. Farther on we see the manufacture of fans; and yonder a number of little girls are busily engaged in making small fancy articles of various kinds. One learns more by looking at these work-people for an hour or two than one could in many years of travel.

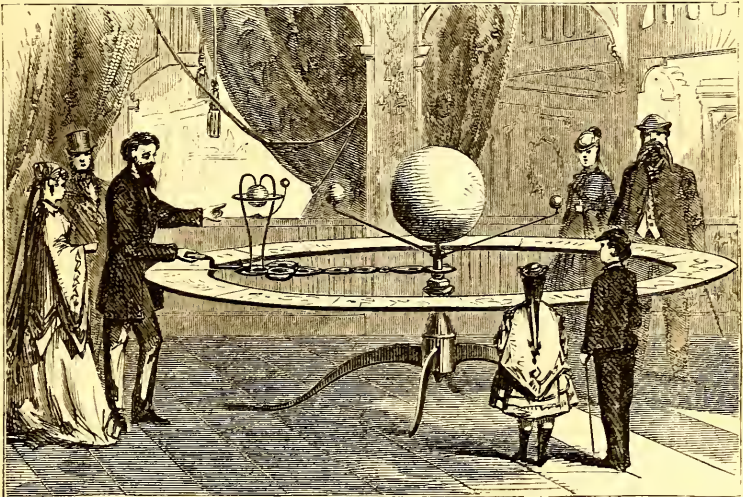
But of all the objects to be seen in these galleries, few are more attractive to young folks than the wonderful dolls. We stand before two large glass cases, which have floors in them like houses, and on these floors the dolls are arranged in groups. These dolls are about eighteen inches high. They are beautifully modelled in wax, their features being moulded and colored with such exquisite skill as to look quite natural. One of the apartments in the cases represents the drawing-room of a royal palace, in which a number of ladies and gentlemen are assembled round a queen clothed in magnificent robes of state, and wearing a golden crown upon her head. This royal lady is covered crisply with diamonds and precious jewels of all kinds, and so stately and dignified is her appearance, that one cannot help regarding her with a sort of awe, notwithstanding that she is made of wax, and only a foot and a half in height. The robes in which she is dressed are of the richest materials, and her train is as long and brilliant as that of a peacock. She is attended by ladies of honor, and by pages, all splendidly arrayed. The ladies of the court are very beautiful, although, of course, it would not be the proper thing for them to be quite so beautiful as their queen; and they have their hair arranged according to all the styles now so much in fashion, which makes a great variety, as you may easily suppose.



Another of these cases has an apartment in which there is assembled an evening party of dolls. There are a great many ladies and gentlemen of the doll kind present, — old people, and young people, and middle-aged people, and *very* young people. They are all dressed in evening costumes of the

most fashionable styles. The ladies have a great variety of rich stuffs in their dresses, and they wear the most lovely camellias and roses in their hair, — the flowers being made of wax, as you may suppose, to match the waxen faces of the charming wearers. And the gentlemen are just as stiff and starched as real live gentlemen are at evening parties, looking so natural, indeed, that one wonders why they never grew any bigger. Wonderfully real all these figures look, ranged about the room in groups; ladies and gentlemen sitting and walking, and standing together, just as people might look if seen through a reversed telescope, which diminishes objects, as you perhaps know. In one corner of the room there is a little piano, and a beautiful little lady has just sat down before it, to play a little tune, and, perhaps, to sing a little song. She has taken off one tiny kid glove, which, with her tiny lace pocket-handkerchief, lies loosely upon the lid of the piano. And these gay little puppets, indeed, are all so like real live people, that one almost feels disappointed because they neither move nor talk. They remind one of that fairy tale in which a number of people are turned into marble by a wicked sorcerer, and remain for a hundred years or so without moving or speaking, until a good enchanter, who happens to pass that way, sets them free with a wave of his wand.

And now we wander on and on through the galleries, observing many curious things as we go, until at last we find ourselves in the section where objects of interest from this country are displayed. One of the most ingenious inventions to be seen here is the planetarium, — an arrangement invented by Mr. Barlow, of Lexington, Kentucky, for assisting pupils in the study of astronomy. The accompanying picture will enable readers who



have not seen this apparatus to form some idea of it. By means of machinery, the globes representing the moon, the earth, and the planets called

Venus and Mercury, are made to revolve ; thus giving an attentive pupil an excellent idea of the movements of those heavenly bodies, which are continually moving and revolving in space, though to us on earth they seem to do nothing but twinkle, as we gaze up at them on a clear night. In time this invention will be brought into use in schools, and pupils will learn more about the sun and moon and stars from it, in a short time, than they could by much study of books. A teacher is enabled, by means of this planetarium, to explain clearly to pupils the reasons why we have changes of seasons, — spring at one time, summer at another, and autumn and winter in their regular turns. Also the causes of eclipses of the sun and moon are made clear by this useful invention, as well as a great many other things connected with the movements of the strange bodies that gleam nightly far up in the sky.

But among the most curious and beautiful objects of art that we see as we keep on our way through the galleries are the birds that fly about, and hop from twig to twig, by means of machinery. Here, in huge flower-pots, grow some rare blossomy shrubs, among the branches of which birds of splendid plumage are seen moving. They flit from one twig to another with a movement so natural as to deceive the observer until he examines them very closely. Then it is perceived that the skins of the birds are indeed real, like those of the specimens which, of course, you have often seen in museums and elsewhere. Inside each bird there is an ingenious arrangement of watch-work, which, when wound up, gives the natural movements, — enabling the bird to spread its wings for flight, to flirt up its tail after the manner of its kind, to bob its head here and there as if hunting for insects among the leaves, and to perform many of those little bird tricks that are so interesting to all who study these creatures in their natural state. Each bird is affixed to wires, upon which it slides along ; but as these wires are ingeniously concealed amid the foliage of the shrubs, the birds appear to be supported by their wings only, as they flutter from spray to spray.

Carriage-makers are at work in one place that we pass, and the clang of their hammers resounds through the gallery ; while a little farther on we hear the tinkle of smaller hammers and the grating of files, and we arrive at a place where makers of musical instruments are at work. Here we see huge silver horns, coiled like serpents about to strike ; and there are cornets and trumpets of so many curious shapes, that one longs to hear them played on by skilful musicians. Immense violoncellos are also to be seen here, some of them so tall and so portly that they might pass for the great-grandfathers of the smaller stringed instruments arranged near them. And the pianos and harps are so artfully finished, that it is almost as pleasant to look at them as it would be to hear music struck from them by practised fingers. Then there are flutes and clarionets of wood, silver, ivory, and various precious materials, all ranged in a manner very tempting to musicians, who are apt to linger long in this section of the building, examining the treasures of musical workmanship displayed in it. And so at last we reach the space enclosed by the inner oval, and this space is called the Promenade Garden.



Here it is that visitors who are fatigued by much walking through the galleries are glad to stay and rest themselves for a while. The garden is tastefully laid out with charming shrubs and flowers from all parts of the world. Statues are arranged throughout it, and cool, pleasant fountains throw out their feathery sparkles here and there. At one end of this garden there stands a temple, within which there is a large case containing specimens of the coins of all nations, which make a very brilliant and interesting display. In this case are also kept the splendid crowns and jewels worn by the Emperor and Empress on grand occasions; and these, as you may guess, are gazed at with great curiosity by visitors, not many of whom have previously had opportunities of seeing them so near. One of these jewels, a large and splendid opal, serving as a clasp for a mantle, is valued at eight thousand dollars; but that is nothing to the costliness of the diamonds, the value of some of which could only be told in figures that would be too much for you to count. The case is a very heavy and strong one, as a case containing such treasures ought to be; and when night is about to fall, the keeper of the jewels touches some machinery, and down, down into the ground sinks the case. Slowly down it goes, just as you may have seen a demon do in a pantomime; and then a great trap-door closes over it, and the coins and jewels are sent to bed safely for the night.

*Charles Dawson Shanly.*

*(To be concluded.)*



## CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

### VIII.

“YOU now see,” went on the Captain, when the story was again resumed, “that the Dean and myself had by this time fallen into a regular course of life. ‘What cannot be helped,’ said the Dean, ‘we must make the best of.’”

“Being thus obliged to make the best of it, we became resigned; and here let me say that even now I feel much surprised at the ease with which we dropped into ways suitable to our new life. You have seen already how one difficulty after another vanished before our patient and persevering efforts; and now that we had a fire to warm us, and a hut to shelter us, we felt as if we could overcome almost anything. So we gained great courage, and became, as the soldiers say, ‘masters of the situation.’ In truth, we were fast settling down to business, like any other people, feeling that we were at least in no present danger of our lives.

“The Dean and I had a conversation about this time, which I will try to repeat as nearly as I can. We were seated on the hillside overlooking the

sea to the west, attracted by what we at first took for a ship under full sail, steering right in towards the island ; but you can imagine how great was our disappointment when we found that what we had taken for a ship was nothing more than an iceberg looming up above the sea in a hazy atmosphere. This was the third time we had been deceived in that manner. Once the Dean had come rushing towards me, shouting at the top of his voice, 'The fleet! the fleet!' meaning the whale-ships ; but he might just as well have saved himself all that trouble, for 'the fleet' proved to be only a great group of icebergs ; but when I told him so he would hardly believe it, until he became at last convinced that they were not moving. You must know that these icebergs assume all sorts of shapes, and it was very natural, since we were always on the lookout for ships, that our imaginations should be excited and disturbed, and ready to see at any time what we most wanted to see ; nor were we at all peculiar in this, as many people might tell you who were never cast away in the cold. So it is not surprising that we should cry out very frequently, 'A sail, a sail!' when there was not a sail perhaps within many hundred miles of us, — not half so surprising, in fact, as that boys should see ghosts and hobgoblins sometimes on dark nights.

"Well, as I was going to say, the Dean and I sat upon the hillside overlooking the sea, thinking the icebergs were ships, or hoping so at least, until hope died away, and then it was that we fell to talking.

"'Do you think, Hardy,' said the Dean, 'that any other ship than ours ever did come this way or ever will?'

"'I'm afraid not,' said I ; and I must have looked very despondent about it, as in truth I was, — much more so than I would have liked to own.

"I had not considered what the Dean was about, for he was despondent enough himself, and no doubt wished very hard that I might say something to cheer him up a bit ; but instead of doing that, I only made him worse, whereupon he seemed to grow angry, and in a rather snappish way he inquired of me if I knew what I was.

"'No,' said I, quite taken aback. 'What do you mean?'

"'Mean!' exclaimed the Dean. 'Why, I mean to say,' — and he spoke in a positive way that was not usual with him, — 'I mean to say,' said he, 'that you are a regular Job's comforter, and no mistake.'

"I had not the least idea at that period of my life as to what kind of a thing a Job's comforter was. I had a vague notion that it was something to go round the neck, and I protested, most vehemently, that I was nothing of the sort.

"'Yes, you are, and you know you are,' went on the Dean, — 'regular Job's comforter, — croaking all the time, and never seeing any way out of our troubles at all.'

"'I should like to know,' said I, — and I thought I had him then, — 'how I can see any way out of our troubles when there is n't any!'

"'Well, you can think there is, if there is n't, — can't you?'

and the Dean was ten times more snappish than he was before ; and, having thus delivered himself, he snapped himself up and snapped himself off in a great hurry ;

but, as the little fellow turned to go away, I thought I saw great big tears stealing down his cheeks. I thought that his voice trembled over the last words; and when he went behind a rock and hid himself, I knew that he had gone away to cry, and that he had been ashamed to cry where I could see him.

“After a while I went to him. He was lying on his side, with his head upon his arm. His cap had fallen off, and the light wind was playing gently with his curly hair. The sun was shining brightly in his face, and, sunburnt and weather-beaten though it was, his rosy cheeks were the same as ever. But bitter, scalding tears had left their traces there, for the poor boy had cried himself to sleep.

“His sleep was troubled, for he was calling out, and his hands and feet were twitching now and then, and cruel dreams were weighing on his sleeping, even more heavily, perhaps, than they had been upon his waking thoughts. So I awoke him. He sprang up instantly, looking very wild, and sat upon the rock. ‘Where am I? What’s the matter? Is that you, Hardy?’ were the questions with which he greeted me so quickly that I could not answer one of them. Then he smiled in his natural way, and said, ‘After all, it was only a dream.’

“‘What was it?’ I asked. ‘Tell me, Dean, what it was.’

“‘O, it was not much, but you see it put me in a dreadful fright. I thought a ship was steering close in by the land; I thought I saw you spring upon the deck and sail away; and as you sailed away upon the silvery sea, I thought you turned and mocked me, and I cursed you as I stood upon the beach, until some foul fiend, in punishment for my wicked words, caught me by the neck and dragged me through the sea, and tied me fast to the vessel’s keel, and there I was with his last words ringing in my ears, with the gurgling waters, “Follow him to your doom,” when you awoke me. “Follow him to your doom!” I seem to hear the demon shrieking even now, though I ’m wide enough awake.’

“‘I don’t wonder at your fright, and I ’m glad I woke you!’ said I, not knowing what else to say.

“‘It all comes,’ went on the little fellow, ‘of my being angry with you, Hardy’; and so he asked me to forgive him, and not think badly of him, and said he would not be so ungrateful any more, and many such things, which it pained me very much to have him say; and so I made him stop, and then somehow or other we got our arms around each other’s neck, and we kissed each other’s cheeks, and great cataracts of tears came tearing from each other’s eyes; and the first and last unkindness that had come between us was passed and gone forever.

“‘But do you really think,’ said the Dean, when he got his voice again, — ‘do you really think that, if a ship don’t come along and take us off, we can live here on this wretched little island, — that is, when the summer goes, and all the birds have flown away, and the darkness and the cold are on us all the time?’

“‘To be sure we can,’ I answered; but, to tell the truth, I had very

great doubts about it, only I thought that this would strengthen up the Dean; and as I had, by this time, made for myself a better definition to Job's comforter than a something to go around the neck, I had no idea of being called by that name any more.

"'I'm glad to hear you say that!' exclaimed the Dean. 'Indeed I am!'

"There was no need to give me such very strong assurance that he was 'glad to hear it,' for his face showed as plain as could be that he was glad to hear me say anything that had the least encouragement in it.

"After this the Dean grew quite cheerful. Suddenly he asked, 'Do you know, Hardy, if this island has a name?'

"Of course I did not know, and told him so.

"'Then I'll give it one right off,' said he; 'I'll call it from this minute the Rock of Good Hope, and here we'll make our start in life. It's as good a place, perhaps, to make a start in life as any other; for nobody is likely to dispute our title to our lands, or molest us in our fortune-making, which is more than could be said if our lot were cast in any other place.'

"This vein of conversation brightened me up a little. Indeed, it was hard to be very long despondent in the presence of the Dean's hopeful disposition. There was much more said of the same nature, which it is not necessary to repeat. It is enough for me to tell you that the upshot of the whole matter was that we came in the end to regard ourselves as settled on the island, if not for the remainder of our lives, at least for an indefinite time, and we made up our minds that there was no use in being gloomy and cast down about it. So from that time forward we were mostly cheerful, and, though you may think it very strange, were generally contented. This was a great step gained, and when we now came to make an inventory of our possessions, we did it just as a farmer or merchant would do. Being the undisputed owners of this Rock of Good Hope, we considered ourselves none the less owners of all the foxes, ducks, eggs, eider-down, dead beasts, dry bones, and whatsoever else there might be upon it; and, besides this, we had a lien upon all the seals and walruses and whales of every kind that lived in the sea.

"We now worked with even a better grace than we had done before, for the idea of being settled on the island for life seemed to imply that we had need to look ahead farther than when our hopes of rescue had been strong.

"And first we finished the hut in which we were to live,—doing it not as if we were putting up a tent for temporary use, but as a man who has just come into possession of a large property puts up a fine house on it, that he may be comfortable for the rest of his days.

"I have told you our hut was about twelve feet square, and that we had, after much hard labor, succeeded in closing it up perfectly, and in making it tight. Along the peak of it, where the two rocks came together, there was a crack which gave us much trouble; but at length we succeeded in pounding down into it, with the but-end of our narwhal horn, a great quantity of moss or turf, and thus closed it tight.

“I must tell you here, while we are on the subject of moss, and since I have spoken about it so often, that the moss grew on our island, as it does in all arctic countries, with a richness that you never see here, — moss being, in truth, the characteristic vegetation of the arctic regions. In the valley fronting us there was a bed of it several feet thick. Its fibres were very long, — as much, in some places, as four inches, — all of a single year’s growth; and as it had gone on growing year after year, you will understand that there was layer after layer of it. In one place, at the side of the valley to the right as we went down towards the beach, it seemed to have died out after growing for many years; and when we discovered this, we were more rejoiced than we had been at any time since starting the fire; for the moss, being dead, had become dry and hard, and burned almost like peat, as we found when we came to try it in our fireplace; and when we added to it a little of our blubber, it made such a heat that we could not have desired anything better. Indeed, it made our hut so warm that we could leave the door-way and window both open until the weather became colder; so we did not trouble ourselves about making a door, but attended to other matters.

“One thing which gave us great satisfaction was the immense quantity of the dead moss which was in this bed, — so much, indeed, that, no matter how long we should live there, we could never burn up the hundredth part of it. At first there had not appeared to be much of it, but it developed more and more, like a coal mine, as we dug farther and farther into it.

“Our fireplace was therefore, as you see, a great success; but we were, after a few days, most unexpectedly troubled with it. Thus far the wind had been blowing only in one direction; but afterwards it shifted to the opposite quarter, driving the smoke all down into the hut, and smothering us out. Neither of us being a skilful mason, we could not imagine what was the matter; but finally it occurred to us, after much useless labor had been spent in tearing part of it down and building it up again, that it was too low, being just on a level with the top of the hut; so we ran it up as much higher as we could lift the stones, which was about four feet, and after that we had no more trouble with it.

“Having succeeded so well with our arrangements towards keeping up a fire, we next fitted up a bed, as the storms now began to trouble us, and we found, when we were driven away from the grass, and were obliged to sleep inside of the hut, that it was a very hard place to sleep, being nothing but rough stones, which made us very sore, and made our bones ache awfully.

“The first thing we did now was to build a wall about as high as our knees right across the middle of the hut, from side to side; then, across the space thus enclosed in the back part of the hut, we built up another wall about three feet high, — thus, you see, making two divisions of the back part of the hut. One of these divisions we used as a sort of store-room or closet, leveling the bottom of it with flat stone, of which we had no difficulty in getting all we wanted. We also covered the front part of the hut with stones of the same description, thus making quite a smooth floor. It was not large enough, as you will see, to give us much trouble in keeping it clean. Of the second

division, in the back part, we made our bed, by first filling it up with moss, then covering the moss over with dry grass.

“Having given up all hope of a ship coming after us, we now gave up watching for one; and we went to sleep together on our new bed, lying on the dry grass, and, as before, covering ourselves over with my large overcoat. We found it to be more comfortable than you would think, and altogether better than anything we had yet had to sleep on. But we came near losing our fire by it, as the last embers were just dying out when we awoke from our first sleep in the hut.

“But this bed did not exactly suit our fancy, and, seeing the necessity for some better kind of bedclothes, our wits were once more set to working in order to discover something with which to fasten together the duck-skins that we had been saving and drying, and of which we had now almost a hundred. We had spread them out upon the rocks, and dried them in the sun; for we had seen that, if we could only find something to sew them together with, we might make all the clothing that we wanted.

“The eider-duck skin is very warm, having, besides its thick coat of feathers, a heavy underlayer of soft warm down, which, as I told you before, the ducks pick off to line their nests with. The skins are also very strong, as well as warm; but the trouble was to find something to fasten them together with; for, until this could be done, they would continue to be to us like the grapes to the fox in the fable.

“Now, however, as at other times since we had been cast away, good fortune came to us; and we had scarcely begun seriously to feel the need of sewing materials before they were thrown in our way, as if providentially. It happened thus:—

“In cutting the blubber from the dead narwhal, we had quite exposed the strong sinews of the tail, without, however, for a moment imagining that we were preparing the way to a most important and useful discovery; for after a few days this sinew became partially dried in the sun, and one day, while busy with some one of our now quite numerous occupations, I was much surprised to see the Dean running towards me from the beach, and was still more surprised when I heard him crying out, ‘I have it, I have it!’ It seemed to me that the Dean was always having something, and I was more than ever curious to know what it was this time.

“He had been down to the beach, and, observing some of the dried sinew, had begun to pull it to pieces; and in this way he found out that he could make threads of it, and he immediately set off to communicate to me the intelligence. We at once went together down to the beach, and, cutting off all that we could get of this strong sinew, we spread it upon the rocks, that it might dry more thoroughly.

“In a few days the sun had completely dried and hardened enough of this stuff to last us for a great length of time; and we found that, when we came to pick it to pieces, we could make, if we chose, very fine threads of it,—as fine and as strong as ordinary silk. This was a great discovery truly, as it was the only thing now wanting, except some cooking utensils, to complete our

domestic furniture. As for the latter, it was some time before we invented anything ; but thus far we had been occupied with what seemed to be more important concerns. But on the opposite side of the island I had found some stones of very soft texture ; and, upon trying them with my knife, I discovered that they were precisely the same kind of stones that I had often found at home, and which we there called soapstone. Upon making further search there proved to be quite an extensive vein of it ; and since I knew that in civilized countries griddles are made out of soapstone, I concluded at once that other kinds of cooking utensils might be made as well. Accordingly I carried to our hut several pieces of it, and there they lay for a good while, just outside of the hut, until I could find leisure to carve some pots and other things out of them.

“Thus you see we were getting along very well, steadily collecting those things which were necessary as well for our comfort as our safety. If the island on which we had been cast away was barren and inhospitable, it was none the less capable, like almost every other land, in whatever region of the earth, of furnishing subsistence to men. Nor was there any great peculiarity in this island upon which we were ; for, as we afterwards found, there were many other islands in the region where we might have lived quite as easily ; and we found out, also, that there were natives living not a hundred miles from us, and living, too, in all respects about as we were.

“When we saw what we could do with the sinew of the narwhal, we set about immediately preparing some bedclothes for ourselves. This we did by squaring off the duck-skins with my knife, and then sewing them tightly together. Thus we obtained, not only a soft bed to lie upon, but a good warm quilt to cover us.

“This done, we went back to the cooking utensils, which you may be sure we were very much in need of. Out of a good large block of soapstone, by careful digging with the knife, we soon made a large-sized pot, which was found to answer perfectly. We could now change our diet a little,—at least, I should say, the manner of cooking it ; for while we could before only fry our ducks and eggs on flat stones, when we got the pot we could boil them. This gave us great pleasure, as we were getting very tired of having but one style of food ; still I cannot say that there was so very much occasion for being over-glad, as at best it was only ducks and eggs, and eggs and ducks, just like the boy you have heard of in the story, who had first mush and milk, and then, for variety, milk and mush.

“So one day the Dean said to me, ‘Hardy, can’t we catch some of these little birds,—auks you call them?’ ‘How?’ said I. ‘I don’t know,’ said he ; and we were just as well off as we had been before. But this set us to thinking again ; and the birds being very tame, and flying low, it occurred to us that we might make a net, and fasten it to the end of our narwhal horn, which we had thus far only used while making our hut. Luckily for us the Dean—who, I need hardly say, was a very clever boy in every sense—had learned from one of the sailors the art of net-making ; and out of some of the narwhal sinew he contrived, in two days, to construct quite a good-sized net. And

now the difficulty was to stretch it ; but by this time our invention had been pretty well sharpened, and we were not long in finding that we could make a perfect hoop by lashing together three seal ribs which we picked up on the beach, and, having fastened this hoop securely to the narwhal horn, we sallied forth to the north side of the island, where the auks were most abundant. Having hidden ourselves away among the rocks, we waited until a flock of the birds flew over us. They flew very low, — not more than five feet above our heads. When they were least expecting it, I threw up the net, and three of them flew bang into it. They were so much stunned by the blow, that only one of them could fly out before I had drawn in the net ; and



the Dean was quick enough to seize the remaining two before they could make their escape. This, being the first experiment, gave us great encouragement, as it was more successful than we had ventured to hope. We went on with the work, without pausing, for several hours, looking upon it as great sport, as indeed it was ; and since it was the first thing we had done that seemed like sport, the day was always remembered by us with delight.

“So now you see we had begun to mingle a little pleasure with our life ; and this was a very important matter, for you know the old saying, ‘All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.’”

*Isaac I. Hayes.*



## MOTHER'S KISSES.

“NO, no, no!” cried five-years Guy,  
 “Nurse, don't wash my face to-day.  
 “Why, my boy, pray tell me why;  
 Just because mamma 's away?”

“When she went away,” said Guy,  
 “Yesterday, she kissed it over,  
 Eyes and forehead, cheeks and chin,  
 And she said 't was sweet as clover;  
 But she cried hard by and by,  
 And her face was very sad;  
 So I 'll keep these kisses in,  
 For I know 't will make her glad.  
 Just before she let me go,  
 She put the biggest kisses here;  
 Then she cried and hugged me so,  
 And whispered softly in my ear,—  
 ‘Let these stay, my darling son,  
 Until this short journey's done.’  
 So mamma, of course, will come  
 Back to-morrow to our home,  
 And these, every one, shall stay;  
 Nurse, you sha'n't wash one away!”

Ah, I pity you, boy Guy!  
 Softer airs the mother sought,  
 Only far away to die.  
 You 'll wait longer than you thought!

For *your* journey, hapless Guy,  
 Did your mother kiss you so,  
 And her hundred-fold good-by  
 Into Heaven with you will go.

Not the stormy rains of life,  
 Tears, nor sweeping hand of care,  
 Lips of maiden nor of wife,  
 Can remove the kisses there.

Charlotte F. Bates.



## GYPSIES IN THE VILLAGE.

JULIUS EICHBERG.

*Allegretto.*

*poco rit.*

The first system of music features a treble and bass clef. The treble clef contains a melodic line with several 'X' marks above it, indicating natural harmonics. The bass clef contains a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *cres.* and *f.*. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1-5.

The second system continues the piece. The treble clef has a melodic line with a *p* dynamic marking. The bass clef has a piano accompaniment. The system concludes with a fermata over the final notes.

The third system begins with a key signature change to two sharps (D major). The treble clef has a melodic line with a *Ped. p* marking. The bass clef has a piano accompaniment. Fingerings 3, 4, 5, 2, 3 are shown above the treble staff.

The fourth system features a complex piano accompaniment in the bass clef with many sixteenth notes. The treble clef has a melodic line. Dynamics include *Ped.*, *cres.*, *f*, and *rit.*. Fingerings 3, 2, 4, 5, 2, 3, 2, 3, 5, 3, 1 are shown.

The fifth system continues the piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The treble clef has a melodic line. Dynamics include *p*. Fingerings 4, 2, 1, 5, 2 are shown above the treble staff.

The sixth system begins with a *poco rit.* marking. The treble clef has a melodic line with a *poco rit.* marking. The bass clef has a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *poco rit.*. Fingerings 4, 1, 2, 1, 5, 2, 3, 1, 5, 2, 5, 2 are shown.

The seventh system continues the piece. The treble clef has a melodic line with a *poco rit.* marking. The bass clef has a piano accompaniment. Fingerings 5, 3, 4, 2, 5, 3, 4, 2, 5, 3, 5, 2, 5 are shown.

*cres.* *f*

*p*



## MELODY.

*Andantino.*

JULIUS EICHBERG.

*dol.* *legato.*

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *p* R. H. *Fine.*

*piu vivo.*

*f* *p* D. C. al *Fine.*

# ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



## A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS & Humorous Things

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

No. 14.

#### FOUNDATION WORDS.

An eater.      What it eats.

#### CROSS WORDS.

- A bush.
- A fruit.
- A relation.
- A measure.
- Is of no use.
- Destruction.
- An Australian bird.
- A singing bird.

BUNNY.

No. 15.

#### FOUNDATION WORDS.

Great was the boon, and matchless, that  
he gave,  
That spirit, patient, full of zeal, and brave.

#### CROSS WORDS.

- A gentle biped, never known to bribe ;
- A learned doctor of the Jewish tribe ;
- A garden fair to see, in beauty lay ;
- He points to Heaven, and leads himself  
the way ;
- A queen of old, betrayed by royal guest ;
- A native of the luxuriant East ;
- A poet famed, and long since gone to rest.

M. A. P.

### ENIGMA.

No. 16.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL.

I am composed of 40 letters.

- My 19, 13, 6, 36, 26, 20, is a county in Texas.
- My 10, 39, 30, 28, 23, is a river in California.
- My 1, 16, 25, 34, 40, is a lake in Canada.
- My 5, 17, 34, 9, 24, 31, 39, is a town in New York.
- My 35, 19, 17, 25, 16, 13, is a mountain in New Hampshire.
- My 8, 39, 30, 14, 31, 28, 22, is an island in Lake Michigan.
- My 3, 11, 34, 40, 27, 32, is a city in Illinois.
- My 12, 37, 10, 36, 14, 38, 5, 30, is one of the United States.
- My 33, 5, 31, 19, 38, 39, 18, 28, 40, is a lake in Maine.
- My 32, 39, 21, 29, 37, is a river in Mexico.
- My 38, 13, 28, 15, 2, is a town in Georgia.
- My 21, 4, 34, 24, 28, is a city in South America.
- My 6, 36, 19, 7, 25, 5, 22, 3, 29, 39, is a lake in New York.
- My whole is the name and location of a river in the United States.

A READER.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 17.



## PUZZLE.

No. 18.

OF paint and plaster, and of varnish, too,  
Vermilion red, or deep cerulean blue,  
Black, white, and gray, — nay, brown, too,  
if you please, —

I'm made for you, my lord, and worn  
with ease.

Now short and thick as skin of Russian  
bear ;

Now advertised as "light" for summer  
wear.

Like proud Darius, or Thelestris' mate,  
I have been called, p'r'aps falsely, too,  
"the great."

The cause of strife was I in days long  
flown,

And "holy" I've been held abroad,  
you'll own.

I'm cut sometimes, I'm steamed, too,  
and I'm pressed,

And by the Pope ere now I have been  
blessed,

Arms I have carried, nay, I bear them  
still ;

Legs I ne'er had, but can be moved at  
will.

Now in succession three fresh heads sup-  
ply,

A vessel, then a quadruped you'll spy,  
And last a ditch an ancient fortress  
round,

A safeguard once, but now a grassy  
mound.

Behad me as a finish, I shall be

A common grain which in the fields you'll  
see.

KITTIE CARROLL.

## CHARADE.

No. 19.

A WORD of three syllables  
Waits to be guessed,  
After hinting at things  
Which can't be expressed.

To the time we devote  
To science or song,  
My *first* must apply,  
Or all will be wrong.

In my *second* we learn  
What happened of old  
To the first guilty pair  
Of which we are told.

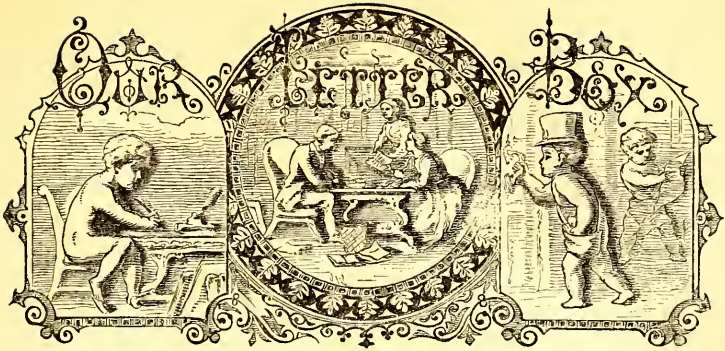
My *third* you avoid  
When companions you choose,  
And the offers they make  
You should strictly refuse.

But my *whole* you have guessed  
While I am so long  
In describing the gifted  
In story and song.

ANON.

## A N S W E R S .

8. Love-lock.
9. Despise not the day of small things. [D S (pies) (knot) T (head) (hay) *of's* (malt) (hinge) S.]
10. Fain would I climb but fear to fall. [(Fane) (wood) (eye) See (limb) (butt) F (ear) 2 f (awl).]
11. BrieF,  
ArdoR,  
YokahamA,  
AcorN,  
RoC,  
DovE.
12. England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity.
13. Andiron.



*This is from Ohio:—*

"DEAR 'YOUNG FOLKS,'—

"The 'Box' tells me you don't approve of Biblical conundrums. (1.) Please tell me why; some of the 'cutest' I ever heard were of that kind. And one more important question. (2.) Do you approve of slang expressions, such as "can't see it"? I have heard lady church members use that, but no one expressed any surprise. I have n't time for any more now, except that your dear book helps me to be a better girl than I was before I took it.

"COUSIN ALPHABET."

(1.) Because nothing is safe or good which brings down the Bible, or anything in it, to the level of an amusement. The Bible is indeed for every day in the year, and for every hour in a day; but it is a theme for good thoughts, a help to good acts, and for an inspirer and elevator of daily life,—not as material for jokes and sport. (2.) We do disapprove of slang,—decidedly. No matter who uses it, and no matter though it may not be morally wrong; it is inelegant and unnecessary, and its tendency is towards coarseness and vulgarity.

*Allie M. wishes to know:—*

(1.) How old is Queen Victoria?

(2.) Who invented daguerreotypes?

(3.) Who invented pianos? and when?

(4.) What kind of fruits and grain can be cultivated in our new possessions in Russian America?

(1.) She was born May 24, 1819. (2.) A process of taking sun-pictures was known to Leonardo da Vinci in the 15th century; but our present art is based upon the labors of Daguerre, a Frenchman, who brought out his system in 1838. (3.) The piano is claimed by Italy, France, and Germany, and these are their representatives: Bartolommeo Cristofori, of Padua, in 1714,—Marius, a harpsichord maker,—and C. A. Schröter, an organist, in 1717. (4.) It cannot yet be fully told, but it is certain that many vegetables and berries, and the hardier grains, will grow over a large part of this territory.

*A. C. S. Good, but too hard.*

*Lois and Mary write:—*

"We are in our teens and are very much perplexed as to what we shall do. We wish you would please tell us candidly what is proper under these circumstances.

"(1.) If a young lady meets a young gentleman, a stranger, at a party in a neighboring town, and a little while afterwards he writes her a letter, without asking her permission, saying that he is pleased with her, and wishes to correspond with her, is it proper or improper to answer and do as he says?

"(2.) If a young lady should meet a gentleman in the street, a perfect stranger to her, and he should bow to her, should she return it? He probably was acquainted with some one who looked very much like her, and if she did not bow it might cause trouble between him and his friend."

(1.) She should not answer his letter without her parents' leave. Her own "permission" is by no means sufficient in such a case, even if she had given it. A party introduction alone is a very insecure foundation for an acquaintance. (2.) She should take no notice of his bow. His mistake, and any possible "trouble between him and his friend," are not affairs of hers, and it is not her place to set up a "probably" in excuse for his blunder or (what is more likely) his forwardness.

*Sprite. Del-ta, not del-ter.*

*W. H. B.* The only school upon a military basis which now occurs to us is the "Highland" academy at Worcester, Mass.

*Sailors.* We cannot recommend you any other such establishment than the one you mention.

*Lora asks:—*

"(1.) Does the middle of anything mean the centre?

"(2.) Is centre or center the proper way to spell it?

"(3.) Are there more than two 'Romes' in the United States?"

(1.) The centre is the exact middle point. (2.) Centre. (3.) Yes, thirteen.

*F. A. G.* Read "A Business Letter," published in a previous number.

*E. & E.* "Cast Away in the Cold" is an actual picture of what life is in the frozen North; of course the *story* part is "made up," but the statements are all true. — "Round the World Joe" only tells the truth in his "yarns" about the Chinese. If you have any friends who have been in California recently they will tell you that the Chinese in that State do just such absurd things, and even insist that their bodies shall be carried back to China after they are dead, because they believe that they cannot get to heaven unless their poor, lifeless clay is put away in Chinese soil. — "Good Old Times" is real history, — just as it happened.

*Aleri.* Clocks, moved by weights and wheels, were invented — so nearly as can be determined — in the eleventh century. The invention of clocks with pendulums is claimed for three persons, — Richard Harris, 1641; Vincenzo Galilei, 1649; Huygens, 1657. — Engraving on steel is supposed to be first found on some plates by Albert Durer, dated 1515 and 1516. Steel did not come into general use until this century. Engraving on wood is said to have been practised by the Chinese so early as B. C. 1120. Its appearance in Europe as an art was in the fourteenth or fifteenth century. — The longest balloon passages have probably been made by Nadar, a French aeronaut of the present day.

*Mary A. P. Humphrey* sends from far Wisconsin these pretty verses, suggested to her by the colored supplement we gave away in December: —

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

- "Little Bo-Peep on the hillside stands,  
A shepherd's crook in her sun-browned hands;  
Little Bo-Peep in a gown of red,  
And a turban gay for her fair young head.
- "Up the breezy slope by a winding way  
She has led her sheep at the dawn of day,  
And with downcast glance serenely sweet  
She watches them gather about her feet.
- "The breeze with her thorn-rent apron plays,  
The laurel pelts her with rosy sprays;  
And yellow-eyed daisies and harebells blue  
Part the soft grasses and nod to her through.
- "Little Bo-Peep, in the vale below  
Your cottage is bright in the sunrise glow;  
There are pastures green, there are waters still,  
Why have you climbed this distant hill?
- "The mountain echoes her answer sing:  
'The clearest stream has the highest spring;  
The grass is sweetest beside the rock,  
And the toilsome path makes the strongest flock!'"

Our last month's puzzle symbolizes *Dogberry's* description of himself as

"A fellow that hath had losses."

Here follows another sentence from Shakespeare, also drawn by Mr. Day. This quotation is to be looked for in "Macbeth," Act V., Scene 3.









THE PIRATE COLONEL AND HIS CAPTIVE.

DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.]

[See *A Holiday Romance*, page 196.

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1868.

No. IV.

HOLIDAY ROMANCE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.

ROMANCE. FROM THE PEN OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBIN REDFORTH.\*



HE subject of our present narrative would appear to have devoted himself to the Pirate profession at a comparatively early age. We find him in command of a splendid schooner of one hundred guns loaded to the muzzle, ere yet he had had a party in honor of his tenth birthday.

It seems that our hero, considering himself spited by a Latin-Grammar-Master, demanded the satisfaction due from one man of honor to another. Not getting it, he privately withdrew his haughty spirit from such low company, bought a second-hand pocket-pistol, folded up some sandwiches in a paper bag, made a bottle of Spanish liquorice-water, and entered on a career of valor.

It were tedious to follow Boldheart (for such was his name) through the commencing stages of his history. Suffice it that we find him bearing the rank of Captain Boldheart, reclining in full uniform on a crimson hearth-rug spread out upon the quarter-deck of his schooner the *Beauty*, in the China Seas. It was a lovely

\* Aged Nine.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

evening, and as his crew lay grouped about him, he favored them with the following melody : —

O landsmen are folly,  
O Pirates are jolly,  
O Diddleum Dolly

Di!

(*Chorus.*) Heave yo.

The soothing effect of these animated sounds floating over the waters, as the common sailors united their rough voices to take up the rich tones of Boldheart, may be more easily conceived than described.

It was under these circumstances that the lookout at the mast-head gave the word, "Whales!"

All was now activity.

"Where away?" cried Captain Boldheart, starting up.

"On the larboard bow, sir," replied the fellow at the mast-head, touching his hat. For such was the height of discipline on board the Beauty, that even at that height he was obliged to mind it or be shot through the head.

"This adventure belongs to me," said Boldheart. "Boy, my harpoon. Let no man follow"; and, leaping alone into his boat, the Captain rowed with admirable dexterity in the direction of the monster.

All was now excitement.

"He nears him!" said an elderly seaman, following the Captain through his spy-glass.

"He strikes him!" said another seaman, a mere stripling, but also with a spy-glass.

"He tows him towards us!" said another seaman, a man in the full vigor of life, but also with a spy-glass.

In fact the Captain was seen approaching, with the huge bulk following. We will not dwell on the deafening cries of "Boldheart! Boldheart!" with which he was received, when, carelessly leaping on the quarter-deck, he presented his prize to his men. They afterwards made two thousand four hundred and seventeen pound ten and sixpence by it.

Ordering the sails to be braced up, the Captain now stood W.N.W. The Beauty flew rather than floated over the dark blue waters. Nothing particular occurred for a fortnight, except taking, with considerable slaughter, four Spanish galleons, and a Snow from South America, all richly laden. Inaction began to tell upon the spirits of the men. Captain Boldheart called all hands aft, and said: "My lads, I hear there are discontented ones among ye. Let any such stand forth."

After some murmuring, in which the expressions, "Ay, ay, sir," "Union Jack," "Avast," "Starboard," "Port," "Bowsprit," and similar indications of a mutinous undercurrent, though subdued were audible, Bill Boozey, captain of the foretop, came out from the rest. His form was that of a giant, but he quailed under the Captain's eye.

"What are your wrongs?" said the Captain.

"Why, d' ye see, Captain Boldheart," returned the towering mariner,

“I’ve sailed man and boy for many a year, but I never yet know’d the milk served out for the ship’s company’s teas to be so sour as ’t is aboard this craft.”

At this moment the thrilling cry, “Man overboard!” announced to the astonished crew that Boozey, in stepping back as the Captain (in mere thoughtfulness) laid his hand upon the faithful pocket-pistol which he wore in his belt, had lost his balance, and was struggling with the foaming tide.

All was now stupefaction.

But with Captain Boldheart, to throw off his uniform coat regardless of the various rich orders with which it was decorated, and to plunge into the sea after the drowning giant, was the work of a moment. Maddening was the excitement when boats were lowered; intense the joy when the Captain was seen holding up the drowning man with his teeth; deafening the cheering when both were restored to the main deck of the *Beauty*. And from the instant of his changing his wet clothes for dry ones, Captain Boldheart had no such devoted though humble friend as William Boozey.

Boldheart now pointed to the horizon, and called the attention of his crew to the taper spars of a ship lying snug in harbor under the guns of a fort.

“She shall be ours at sunrise,” said he. “Serve out a double allowance of grog, and prepare for action.”

All was now preparation.

When morning dawned after a sleepless night, it was seen that the stranger was crowding on all sail to come out of the harbor and offer battle. As the two ships came nearer to each other, the stranger fired a gun and hoisted Roman colors. Boldheart then perceived her to be the *Latin-Grammar-Master’s* bark. Such indeed she was, and had been tacking about the world in unavailing pursuit, from the time of his first taking to a roving life.

Boldheart now addressed his men, promising to blow them up, if he should feel convinced that their reputation required it, and giving orders that the *Latin-Grammar-Master* should be taken alive. He then dismissed them to their quarters, and the fight began with a broadside from the *Beauty*. She then veered round and poured in another. The *Scorpion* (so was the bark of the *Latin-Grammar-Master* appropriately called) was not slow to return her fire, and a terrific cannonading ensued, in which the guns of the *Beauty* did tremendous execution.

The *Latin-Grammar-Master* was seen upon the poop in the midst of the smoke and fire, encouraging his men. To do him justice, he was no Craven, though his white hat, his short gray trousers, and his long snuff-colored surtout reaching to his heels, — the self-same coat in which he had spited Boldheart, — contrasted most unfavorably with the brilliant uniform of the latter. At this moment Boldheart, seizing a pike and putting himself at the head of his men, gave the word to board.

A desperate conflict ensued in the hammock nettings, — or somewhere in about that direction, — until the *Latin-Grammar-Master*, having all his masts gone, his hull and rigging shot through and through, and seeing Boldheart

slashing a path towards him, hauled down his flag himself, gave up his sword to Boldheart, and asked for quarter. Scarce had he been put into the captain's boat, ere the Scorpion went down with all on board.

On Captain Boldheart's now assembling his men, a circumstance occurred. He found it necessary with one blow of his cutlass to kill the Cook, who, having lost his brother in the late action, was making at the Latin-Grammar-Master in an infuriated state, intent on his destruction with a carving-knife.

Captain Boldheart then turned to the Latin-Grammar-Master, severely reproaching him with his perfidy, and put it to his crew what they considered that a master who spited a boy deserved?

They answered with one voice, "Death."

"It may be so," said the Captain, "but it shall never be said that Boldheart stained his hour of triumph with the blood of his enemy. Prepare the cutter."

The cutter was immediately prepared.

"Without taking your life," said the Captain, "I must yet forever deprive you of the power of spiting other boys. I shall turn you adrift in this boat. You will find in her two oars, a compass, a bottle of rum, a small cask of water, a piece of pork, a bag of biscuit, and my Latin grammar. Go! And spite the Natives, if you can find any."

Deeply conscious of this bitter sarcasm, the unhappy wretch was put into the cutter and was soon left far behind. He made no effort to row, but was seen lying on his back with his legs up, when last made out by the ship's telescopes.

A stiff breeze now beginning to blow, Captain Boldheart gave orders to keep her S.S.W., easing her a little during the night by falling off a point or two W. by W., or even by W.S., if she complained much. He then retired for the night, having in truth much need of repose. In addition to the fatigues he had undergone, this brave officer had received sixteen wounds in the engagement, but had not mentioned it.

In the morning a white squall came on, and was succeeded by other squalls of various colors. It thundered and lightened heavily for six weeks. Hurricanes then set in for two months. Water-spouts and tornadoes followed. The oldest sailor on board — and he was a very old one — had never seen such weather. The Beauty lost all idea where she was, and the carpenter reported six feet two of water in the hold. Everybody fell senseless at the pumps every day.

Provisions now ran very low. Our hero put the crew on short allowance, and put himself on shorter allowance than any man in the ship. But his spirit kept him fat. In this extremity, the gratitude of Boozey, the captain of the foretop whom our readers may remember, was truly affecting. The loving though lowly William repeatedly requested to be killed, and preserved for the Captain's table.

We now approach a change in affairs.

One day during a gleam of sunshine and when the weather had moderated,

the man at the mast-head — too weak now to touch his hat, besides its having been blown away — called out,

“Savages !”

All was now expectation.

Presently fifteen hundred canoes, each paddled by twenty savages, were seen advancing in excellent order. They were of a light green color (the Savages were), and sang, with great energy, the following strain : —

Choo a choo a choo tooth.  
Muntch, muntch. Nycey !  
Choo a choo a choo tooth.  
Muntch, muntch. Nyce !

As the shades of night were by this time closing in, these expressions were supposed to embody this simple people's views of the Evening Hymn. But it too soon appeared that the song was a translation of “For what we are going to receive,” &c.

The chief, imposingly decorated with feathers of lively colors, and having the majestic appearance of a fighting Parrot, no sooner understood (he understood English perfectly) that the ship was the *Beauty*, Captain Boldheart, than he fell upon his face on the deck, and could not be persuaded to rise until the Captain had lifted him up, and told him he would n't hurt him. All the rest of the savages also fell on their faces with marks of terror, and had also to be lifted up one by one. Thus the fame of the great Boldheart had gone before him, even among these children of nature.

Turtles and oysters were now produced in astonishing numbers, and on these and yams the people made a hearty meal. After dinner the Chief told Captain Boldheart that there was better feeding up at the village, and that he would be glad to take him and his officers there. Apprehensive of treachery, Boldheart ordered his boat's crew to attend him completely armed. And well were it for other commanders if their precautions, but let us not anticipate.

When the canoes arrived at the beach, the darkness of the night was illumined by the light of an immense fire. Ordering his boat's crew (with the intrepid though illiterate William at their head) to keep close and be upon their guard, Boldheart bravely went on, arm in arm with the Chief.

But how to depict the Captain's surprise when he found a ring of savages singing in chorus that barbarous translation of “For what we are going to receive,” &c., which has been given above, and dancing hand in hand round the Latin-Grammar-Master, in a hamper with his head shaved, while two savages floured him, before putting him to the fire to be cooked !

Boldheart now took counsel with his officers on the course to be adopted. In the mean time the miserable captive never ceased begging pardon and imploring to be delivered. On the generous Boldheart's proposal, it was at length resolved that he should not be cooked, but should be allowed to remain raw, on two conditions. Namely,

1. That he should never under any circumstances presume to teach any boy anything any more.

2. That, if taken back to England, he should pass his life in travelling to find out boys who wanted their exercises done, and should do their exercises for those boys for nothing, and never say a word about it.

Drawing the sword from its sheath, Boldheart swore him to these conditions on its shining blade. The prisoner wept bitterly, and appeared acutely to feel the errors of his past career.

The Captain then ordered his boat's crew to make ready for a volley, and after firing to re-load quickly. "And expect a score or two on ye to go head over heels," murmured William Boozey, "for I'm a looking at ye." With those words the derisive though deadly William took a good aim.

"Fire!"

The ringing voice of Boldheart was lost in the report of the guns and the screeching of the savages. Volley after volley awakened the numerous echoes. Hundreds of savages were killed, hundreds wounded, and thousands ran howling into the woods. The Latin-Grammar Master had a spare nightcap lent him, and a long tail-coat which he wore hind side before. He presented a ludicrous though pitiable appearance, and serve him right.

We now find Captain Boldheart with this rescued wretch on board, standing off for other islands. At one of these, not a cannibal island but a pork and vegetable one, he married (only in fun on his part) the King's daughter. Here he rested some time, receiving from the natives great quantities of precious stones, gold dust, elephants' teeth, and sandal wood, and getting very rich. This, too, though he almost every day made presents of enormous value to his men.

The ship being at length as full as she could hold of all sorts of valuable things, Boldheart gave orders to weigh the anchor, and turn the Beauty's head towards England. These orders were obeyed with three cheers, and ere the sun went down full many a hornpipe had been danced on deck by the uncouth though agile William.

We next find Captain Boldheart about three leagues off Madeira, surveying through his spy-glass a stranger of suspicious appearance making sail towards him. On his firing a gun ahead of her to bring her to, she ran up a flag, which he instantly recognized as the flag from the mast in the back garden at home.

Inferring, from this, that his father had put to sea to seek his long-lost son, the Captain sent his own boat on board the stranger, to inquire if this was so, and, if so, whether his father's intentions were strictly honorable. The boat came back with a present of greens and fresh meat, and reported that the stranger was The Family, of twelve hundred tons, and had not only the Captain's father on board, but also his mother, with the majority of his aunts and uncles, and all his cousins. It was further reported to Boldheart that the whole of these relations had expressed themselves in a becoming manner, and were anxious to embrace him and thank him for the glorious credit he had done them. Boldheart at once invited them to breakfast next morning on board the Beauty, and gave orders for a brilliant ball that should last all day.



It was in the course of the night that the Captain discovered the hopelessness of reclaiming the Latin-Grammar-Master. That thankless traitor was found out as the two ships lay near each other, communicating with The Family by signals, and offering to give up Boldheart. He was hanged at the yard-arm the first thing in the morning, after having it impressively pointed out to him by Boldheart that this was what spitters came to.

The meeting between the Captain and his parents was attended with tears. His uncles and aunts would have attended their meeting with tears too, but he was n't going to stand that. His cousins were very much astonished by the size of his ship and the discipline of his men, and were greatly overcome by the splendor of his uniform. He kindly conducted them round the vessel, and pointed out everything worthy of notice. He also fired his hundred guns, and found it amusing to witness their alarm.

The entertainment surpassed everything ever seen on board ship, and lasted from ten in the morning until seven the next morning. Only one disagreeable incident occurred. Captain Boldheart found himself obliged to put his cousin Tom in irons, for being disrespectful. On the boy's promising amendment, however, he was humanely released, after a few hours' close confinement.

Boldheart now took his mother down into the great cabin, and asked after the young lady with whom, it was well known to the world, he was in love. His mother replied that the object of his affections was then at school at Margate, for the benefit of sea-bathing (it was the month of September), but that she feared the young lady's friends were still opposed to the union. Boldheart at once resolved, if necessary, to bombard the town.

Taking the command of his ship with this intention, and putting all but fighting men on board The Family, with orders to that vessel to keep in company, Boldheart soon anchored in Margate Roads. Here he went ashore well armed, and attended by his boat's crew (at their head the faithful though ferocious William), and demanded to see the Mayor, who came out of his office.

"Dost know the name of yon ship, Mayor?" asked Boldheart, fiercely.

"No," said the Mayor, rubbing his eyes, which he could scarce believe when he saw the goodly vessel riding at anchor.

"She is named the Beauty," said the Captain.

"Hah!" exclaimed the Mayor, with a start. "And you, then, are Captain Boldheart?"

"The same."

A pause ensued. The Mayor trembled.

"Now, Mayor," said the Captain, "choose. Help me to my Bride, or be bombarded."

The Mayor begged for two hours' grace, in which to make inquiries respecting the young lady. Boldheart accorded him but one, and during that one placed William Boozey sentry over him, with a drawn sword and instructions to accompany him wherever he went, and to run him through the body if he showed a sign of playing false.

At the end of the hour, the Mayor reappeared more dead than alive, closely waited on by Boozey more alive than dead.

"Captain," said the Mayor, "I have ascertained that the young lady is going to bathe. Even now she waits her turn for a machine. The tide is low, though rising. I, in one of our town-boats, shall not be suspected. When she comes forth in her bathing-dress into the shallow water from behind the hood of the machine, my boat shall intercept her and prevent her return. Do you the rest."

"Mayor," returned Captain Boldheart, "thou hast saved thy town."

The Captain then signalled his boat to take him off, and, steering her himself, ordered her crew to row towards the bathing-ground, and there to rest upon their oars. All happened as had been arranged. His lovely bride came forth, the Mayor glided in behind her, she became confused and had floated out of her depth, when, with one skilful touch of the rudder and one quivering stroke from the boat's crew, her adoring Boldheart held her in his strong arms. There her shrieks of terror were changed to cries of joy.

Before the Beauty could get under way, the hoisting of all the flags in the town and harbor, and the ringing of all the bells, announced to the brave Boldheart that he had nothing to fear. He therefore determined to be married on the spot, and signalled for a clergyman and clerk, who came off promptly in a sailing boat named the Skylark. Another great entertainment was then given on board the Beauty, in the midst of which the Mayor was called out by a messenger. He returned with the news that Government had sent down to know whether Captain Boldheart, in acknowledgment of the great services he had done his country by being a Pirate, would consent to be made a Lieutenant-Colonel. For himself he would have spurned the worthless boon, but his Bride wished it and he consented.

Only one thing further happened before the good ship Family was dismissed, with rich presents to all on board. It is painful to record (but such is human nature in some cousins) that Captain Boldheart's unmannerly cousin Tom was actually tied up to receive three dozen with a rope's end "for cheekiness and making game," when Captain Boldheart's Lady begged for him and he was spared. The Beauty then refitted, and the Captain and his Bride departed for the Indian Ocean to enjoy themselves forevermore.

*Charles Dickens.*



## THE FIRST CRUSADE.

WHO that has read the story of our Lord's life on earth but has wished to visit the land where he lived and died? What boy or girl that would not like to see the stable where the Saviour was born, and where the shepherds and the wise men of the East came to see and worship the wondrous infant; the humble village where he lived when a boy; the place where stood the temple in which the child Jesus argued with the grave and learned men; the spot where he sat when he blessed the children, and invited them to come to him; the mount on which he prayed, and taught the people; the rough way over which he dragged the heavy cross; the hill on which he was crucified; the tomb in which he was buried, and in front of which sat the angels, when the sorrowing women went to mourn the dead, and found the Lord restored to life; the place from which he ascended to heaven whilst his disciples stood looking up at him? Hardly a boy or girl who reads this but would like to see those places.

So, from the time when those things took place down to the present time, those who believe in Christ have loved that land. From that time until now, Palestine has been called the Holy Land, and Jerusalem, where the events in the history of our Lord mostly took place, has been the Holy City. Christians went to Jerusalem, and visited with reverence the Saviour's tomb, just as children visit the graves of their dead parents whom they loved, to think of the kindness of those whom they will never see again on earth. Every year they came,—first by hundreds, and then, as the Christian religion spread over the world, by thousands. A church was built over the Holy Sepulchre, as the cave in the rock was called where it was supposed the Lord was buried; and people from all nations where the Christian religion was believed brought presents to beautify and enrich this church. Nearly six hundred years after the crucifixion, the Holy City was captured by the fire-worshippers of Persia, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and all the other Christian temples were destroyed, and more than ninety thousand Christians murdered. A few years afterwards the fire-worshippers were themselves driven out by the Arabs, who held possession of the Holy City for nearly four hundred years. During that time the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was rebuilt, and Christian pilgrims came by thousands every year to visit it.

Then came the Turks, a fierce and cruel race, who drove out the Arabs and Christians, destroyed the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and attempted to destroy the sepulchre itself. The Christians would not leave a place so dear to them, and came, in spite of threats and torture, to worship at the tomb of the Lord. They were treated with great cruelty, their worship broken in upon with rude insults and blows, the ministers of religion dragged by the hair of the head to prison, and the most shocking barbarities committed upon them. Of the thousands of pilgrims who yearly went to Jeru-

salem, less than one third came back to their homes,—the remainder having fallen victims to Turkish cruelty.

More than a thousand years after the crucifixion, and when the sufferings of the Christians in Palestine were at their worst, a pilgrim named Peter came to Jerusalem. He was a small, thin man, who had led a life of prayer and fasting in the neighborhood of his native city of Amiens, in France, and from his solitary life and religious habits was known as Peter the Hermit. No sooner had he reached the Holy City, than he was seized by the brutal Turks, beaten and spit upon, kicked like a dog, and at last thrown into prison. There he saw his fellow-Christians dying of want and misery in gloomy dungeons, and weeping bitter tears for the home and friends they would never see again. Peter was at last allowed to go free, and he sought to kneel at the Holy Sepulchre, now a mass of ruins defiled by the infidel Turks. He was driven back with blows and curses, and it was only after repeated attempts that he succeeded in reaching the place he had journeyed so far and endured so much to see. Turning away in grief and anger, Peter the Hermit made a vow that he would rouse all Europe to the rescue of the Christians in Jerusalem, and the restoration of the holy places to Christian care.

He returned to Europe, and went to Rome, where, having first obtained the permission of the Pope, who was then acknowledged as the head of the Christian Church, he set out on his mission of summoning the Christian nations to the deliverance of the Holy City from the cruel rule of the infidels. Barefoot and bareheaded, his thin body wrapped in a long robe of coarse woollen, bound around his waist with a woollen rope, and mounted on a mule, he rode from city to city, from nation to nation. Storms could not stop him; hunger and thirst he welcomed as part of his mission; he turned aside neither for rough roads nor rougher men. Everywhere he lifted the cross before the people, and everywhere he told the sorrowful tale of the sufferings of those who visited the land where Christ died upon the cross. Through the plains of Italy, over lofty mountains and dangerous passes of the Alps, amid the cities and villages of France, he went, until everywhere the sad story of Jerusalem was known, and the eloquent hermit came to be looked on as a holy man, who had been inspired from heaven to rouse Christendom against the heathen. His coming was looked for with eagerness, his preaching was listened to by crowds, and, when he went, hundreds followed him on his way.

One day, mounted on his mule, he rode to the gate of a castle, and, dismounting, entered the great hall, where the prince and his guests were feasting. The long table was covered with meats and wines served by liveried retainers and pages. The prince and the more noble of his guests were seated at a table at the upper end, on a floor raised a little above that of the rest of the hall. When a page handed them meat or drink, he knelt on one knee, in reverence for the high rank of those he was serving. The floor was strewn with rushes instead of carpets. The wall at the end where sat the prince and his chief guests was hung with cloth, worked by the needle with pictures of hunting and battle scenes. Against the bare walls of the re-

mainder of the hall were hung swords, spears, and shields, with perches on which sat hawks wearing gay caps, and with jingling bells on their feet. On the rushes lay dogs, waiting for the remains of the feast to be thrown to them. A minstrel sat apart, playing a harp, and singing a love-song of gallant knights and fair ladies. The guests feasted, drank, and talked, paying but little attention to the singing. They disputed about their hawks and hounds, told of the battles they had fought, and of the countries they had visited.

At that moment Peter the Hermit entered, leaning on his staff. One of the servants, seeing that he was a pilgrim, hastened to get him a place at the lower end of the table, — for in those days the pilgrim was always welcome to food and shelter in the houses of great men. But Peter lifted up his hand, and exclaimed with a loud voice, fixing his eyes on the prince: “Arise, O prince! You feast, and your fellow-Christians perish of hunger. You drink the rich wine, and they die of thirst. You listen to harping and idle singing, whilst their groans fill their miserable dungeons. You dwell in strong castles and rich palaces, when the holy brethren in the city of the Saviour are without a covering for their heads, and the very tomb of the Lord is spoiled and defiled by the heathen. Shame on this idle revelry! Up, and draw your swords for the cause of Christ and the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre!”

Every man turned in his seat, and looked at the bold intruder. The prince arose in great wrath, and asked: “Who is the daring man that thus insults me in my own hall?”

Then Peter folded his hands humbly on his breast, and replied, “I am but a poor hermit, a returned pilgrim from the despoiled and desecrated Holy City; but I bear with me the prayers and imploring cries of thousands of suffering and dying brethren. I have stood by the tomb of Him who died for us; and I have a mission to summon you all, as you would merit the salvation won by that death, to take up the sword and the cross in defence of our faith.”

The song of the minstrel ceased, the feast was forgotten, as the Hermit told with burning words and passionate tears the story of Christian wrongs. When he had done, prince and warriors sprang to their feet, grasped their swords, and with one voice vowed to avenge the wrongs of their brethren.

On another day, in a large and richly decorated church in France, the people had crowded to hear a great preacher, who, it was said, was rousing the people as the like had not been since the days of the Apostles. The religious service was a grand ceremony. The altar blazed with lights, bloomed with flowers, and sparkled with jewels. A long line of priests, clothed in gorgeous vestments, repeated the prayers, bowed reverently to the altar, and swung censers of burning incense, the perfumed smoke of which rose in clouds. A hundred sweet voices chanted grand hymns, whilst the organ filled the church with its majestic strains. Then there was silence, as the great preacher slowly and painfully toiled up the steps of the pulpit. A small, thin man, feeble with much travel and fasting, but with eyes lit up

with enthusiasm; bareheaded and with naked feet, his only garment a coarse woollen robe, his only ornament a heavy cross bound to him by a woollen rope. It was Peter the Hermit.

Slowly turning his look over all the church; over the vaulted and carved roof above; over the sea of eager faces beneath; to the gilded organ, the pictured walls, and the altar with its blaze of lights and wealth of jewels and flowers; to the rich vestments of the officiating priests and then to his own poor robe, he at last fronted the people again, and sadly said: "Well it is that here there is a temple fit for the service of God, for in the land of the Saviour's birth the house of the Lord is made desolate. Well that here the altar glows with light, for there the shrine is in darkness. Well that here the Most High can be worshipped with all the pomp and ceremony of the church; for in the birthplace of that church its children are beaten with stripes, their blood poured out like water, and the holy offices of their religion exchanged for mockery and insult. Men of France! the wails of your dying brethren in Palestine rise above the chant of your choristers; I hear their shrieks in the loudest strains of your organ. You worship with joined palms and bent heads; worship now with clenched hands and sharp swords! And you, holy priests, lay aside your rich vestments, and put on the pilgrim's frock; put away the jewelled vessels of the altar, and, seizing the cross, lead the people to the succor of the Christians in Jerusalem, to the deliverance of the holy places! Let the old and feeble minister here at the altar, the young and able bear the altar towards Jerusalem. Let the women and children send up their prayers for the good cause, the men aid it with their good swords." The preacher ceased. The service was over. The procession of priests left the church, and the people crowded around the hermit, who now walked with slow steps to the door, where he mounted his mule, and, amid the tears and blessings of the throng, rode forth on his journey.

Night was closing in on a village of poor cottages at the foot of the hill on which stood the strong castle of a powerful baron. Those who lived in the cottages were the serfs, or bondsmen, of the baron, tilling his land, and living on part of the proceeds. Hard-worked all day, poorly clad, and living in miserable homes, their lot could scarcely be much worse. They were treated no better than the cattle, and were considered to be but little better by the proud noble that commanded and owned them. It was hardly probable that any tale of suffering could move them, seeing how wretched was their own condition.

Through the gloom came slowly riding the hermit on his mule. The poor villagers saw him coming, and went out to meet him. Poor as they were, he was poorer. Wretchedly clothed themselves, his one garment was even coarser and more wretched. Their scanty fare was gladly shared with the holy man, and sufficed for his wants. The frugal meal over, the peasants hurried to an open place beyond the village, a fire of brushwood was kindled, and in its light the hermit stood, whilst, in the homely language best understood by his hearers, he told them the oft-repeated story of the Holy

City. Never was that story told to more eager and sympathetic listeners. They forgot their own sorrows in the sorrows of the pilgrims. They thought nothing of their miserable homes, when they heard the desolate condition of the holy places described ; and when the hermit finished his speech, as the red flames died away into smouldering ashes, they raised tumultuous cries to be led, though they were armed with nothing but their pickaxes and spades, against the unbelievers.

And so, for more than a year, Peter the Hermit wandered from castle to church, from church to hamlet, from hamlet to city, everywhere repeating the same story, everywhere invoking vengeance on the infidel oppressor, and everywhere firing the hearts of the people with irrepressible military ardor.

In the month of November, 1095, an immense number of people gathered in the pretty town of Clermont, in Southern France. All ranks and conditions of men were represented in the motley assemblage, — solemn priests in long gowns, valiant knights cased in iron armor, soldiers carrying bows and axes, citizens with full purses, and peasants with no money and but poor garments. Pope Urban II. had called a general council to consider the sufferings of the Christians in Palestine, and to it the people flocked by thousands from all parts of France and Italy. So great was the crowd, that the town could hold but a small portion of them, and they camped out in the fields and on the hillsides around. Hundreds of tents, each with a flag fluttering from its peak, or from a staff near by, showed where the knights and nobles lay. The poorer folk gathered at night around the fires kindled in the open air, and slept with no other covering than the sky. Every day meetings were held in the fields and in the squares, where the priests preached about the sufferings of the Christians in the Holy Land, and where the people wept over those sufferings, and vowed to succor and revenge them.

On the tenth day of the council, the people began to gather, early in the morning, towards the great square of Clermont. From the hills at the base of the Puy de Dôme they poured down in a torrent, and from the plain of the Limagne they swept up in a flood. Great nobles in silken robes heavy with golden ornaments rode at the head of their vassals, their silken banners and flowing plumes waving, and their ornaments of bright gold flashing in the sunlight. Knights who had fought many a battle rode, their strong armor rattling and their long swords clanking, at the head of troops of half-armed warriors, who sang rough songs and uttered rude jests as they went. Cardinals and bishops in vestments of rich material, bright with gold and jewels, rode slowly along on their mules, attended by trains of priests, chanting hymns. Then came the rabble of people, men and women, and not a few children, running, pushing, and crowding each other to get first at the place of meeting. On they came, until the square was wedged with people, — all struggling to get closer to the great platform in the centre, which was hung with cloth of bright colors, and from the corners of which fluttered gay pennons. Heralds, with their tunics embroidered with devices, marshalled the crowd in order as they pressed into the square, and from time to time made proclamation by sound of trumpet as they were directed by the great nobles present. Messengers

on swift horses pushed through the throng, and galloped from noble to noble. At last the great multitude filled the square and the streets leading to it, until there was no more room. The bishops and priests, bearing crosses of silver and gold, swinging censers of burning incense, and singing anthems and Latin hymns, passed around to the side of the platform. The nobles sat on their horses directly in front, with their men-at-arms at their back, the spear-heads of the warriors gleaming like a constellation of stars. The people of lower rank and the peasants filled up the space beyond, and pushed to get nearer the front, until driven back by the spears of the soldiers.

On the platform in the middle of the square stood a throne, and on this



sat Pope Urban, the cardinals being seated on stools and benches by his side. When the time for opening the meeting arrived, the heralds blew their trumpets, and commanded silence.

Then, from behind the Pope dressed in robes of silk and velvet, sparkling with gold and jewels, and from behind the cardinals with their furred gowns and broad red hats with hanging tassels, came a small, spare man, wearing a coarse woollen robe, tied around the waist with a woollen rope, from which hung a heavy cross. His head was bare and his feet naked. Slowly he



walked to the front of the platform, for he was thin from long fastings and feeble from weary journeyings ; but his eyes were keen, and lit with enthusiasm. At sight of that well-known figure a whisper ran through the crowd : “ It is Peter of Amiens, — Peter the Hermit.”

Slowly and solemnly he lifted the heavy cross he wore, until it was stretched at the full length of his arms above his head. All those before him, rich and poor, bent their heads. Then his voice rang out, strong and clear : “ Behold the cross of Christ, the emblem of our religion ! Who here is ashamed of that holy sign ? Who would not defend it with his life ? ” He paused, and lowered the cross. Slowly and with tremulous voice he commenced the sad story of Christian sufferings in the Holy Land. Every head was stretched forward to listen, and every breath was hushed to catch his words. Then his tones became louder. He pictured the pilgrims, wearied with their journey, by land and sea, of hundreds or thousands of miles, seeking the places where the Saviour had walked, the hill on which he had suffered, the cave where he was buried ; and the listening thousands felt as if they too had come, footsore and weary, to seek the tomb of the Lord. In sorrowful words he described the desolation of the holy places, the destruction of the temples, the desecration of the Holy Sepulchre ; and every head was bowed in shame. With burning indignation he told of the barbarous indignities inflicted on priest and pilgrim, — the cruel stripes, the gloomy dungeons, the shocking deaths, that awaited the Christian in the land which gave birth to his religion. The knights drew their swords, the soldiers grasped their spears, and the peasants clutched their stout sticks with a firmer gripe.

He suddenly ceased, and turned back to his seat. The cardinals rose to make way for him, and bowed in reverence as the eloquent pilgrim passed. The immense crowd in front of the platform was greatly agitated.

Pope Urban descended from his throne, and came to the front of the platform. His commanding presence, and the splendid robes of his office, formed a striking contrast to the thin and poorly clad hermit who had just spoken. With eager attention the excited multitude awaited his decree and exhortation. They had not long to wait. With fiery eloquence he referred to the story of Christian wrongs repeated by the hermit, and then exhorted them to remedy those wrongs. He told the kings and princes to summon their armies ; the knights to grasp their lances and draw their swords ; the common people to string their bows and shoulder their pikes ; the feeble, the women, and the children to send up their prayers, and all unite for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. He concluded with the solemn declaration of Christ, “ He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me. Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name’s sake, shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.”

He had scarcely spoken the last word, when from every part of the crowd arose one tremendous shout, “ It is the will of God ! It is the will of God ! ”

“ It is the will of God,” exclaimed Pope Urban, “ and, with that as your rallying cry, you shall march to victory.”

The people became wildly excited. They clamored to be led at once against the infidels. The Pope raised his hands in blessing, and the crowd knelt humbly to receive the blessing. Adhemar, Bishop of Le Puy, who sat on the platform, knelt before the Pope, and asked leave to join the army on its march to Palestine. The Pope gave permission, and, as a mark of the service to which he had devoted himself, fastened on the Bishop's shoulder two strips of red cloth in the form of a cross. The powerful Count of Toulouse followed the example of the Bishop of Le Puy, and also received the cross. The idea was eagerly adopted by the multitude. Priests and monks went everywhere through the crowd, fastening crosses to the shoulders and breasts of the people, blessing them, and receiving their vows to join the *Crusade*, or expedition in defence of the cross. Then the meeting broke up in haste, every one eager to go home and prepare for his journey to the Holy Land.

Thus originated the First Crusade.

Its history can only be briefly given here. The knights and warriors set about their preparations for the expedition; but it was a long journey to take, and the organization of so large an army as was necessary for the service was a work of much time. It was not until the summer following that the grand army was ready to march. In the mean time the common people became so excited by the preaching of the monks, that they would not wait for the soldiers. Seizing such weapons as they could procure, — some being armed with swords and spears, others with bows and arrows, still others with scythes and axes, and thousands with nothing but clubs, — over a hundred thousand men set out from France under the command of Peter the Hermit, a priest named Gottschalk, and a knight known as Walter the Penniless. They were a disorderly crowd, without discipline or proper leaders. Passing through Germany, Hungary, and Bulgaria, quarrelling among themselves and with the people along the way, they at last arrived at Constantinople, and passed over the straits into Asia Minor. There they attacked the Turks; a desperate fight took place, and only three thousand out of the hundred thousand were left alive. Peter the Hermit was among those who escaped.

Late in the summer, the grand army of the Crusaders set out from France and Italy, numbering over one hundred thousand horsemen and six hundred thousand people on foot, of whom many were women. They reached the neighborhood of Constantinople in the spring of 1097, and were there joined by Peter the Hermit and the remnant of his army. Their march through Asia Minor was a succession of battles; and it was not until June, 1099, that they arrived before Jerusalem, only sixty thousand armed men remaining of the immense multitude that set out on the Crusade. For more than a month the crusaders surrounded Jerusalem, unable to effect an entrance through or over its strong walls. At last one desperate attack was made, the crusaders climbed the walls, sword in hand, shouting, *Dieu le veut!* or "God wills it"; the Turks were slaughtered on the walls and in the streets, and thus the first crusade ended with the capture of the Holy City.

J. H. A. Bone.

## CORPORAL GILES.

THERE was once a boy named Giles, who lived with an old aunt in an out-of-the-way place by the side of a mountain, his father and mother being dead. Every one who knew him used to make a dupe of him because he was artless and credulous, and never had an opinion of his own. Still he was always good-natured and jolly, and, being possessed of quite a jaunty manner, he was nicknamed by his companions *Corporal Giles*.

One morning a mischievous comrade made him believe that, if the wool was shorn from his sheep, and set to float in the mill-pond near by, the rays of the sun would cause it to rise into the air and form clouds; and that myriads of fleeces could frequently be seen suspended under the blue sky, which would descend in due time to the owners, changed into precious pearls. So pleased was Giles with the idea of having the wool of his flock all converted into pearls, that he immediately commenced to cut off the crispy material and cast it into the pond. It happened that the miller was unusually busy grinding that forenoon, so that a large portion of a year's growth of the fleece of the good dame's flock, her chief support, was drawn down under the wheel and lost before the young speculator was detected in his thriftless enterprise.

The next day Giles was called up early by his aunt, and thus addressed: "I give you liberty to go into the world, and seek your fortune. You are no longer of any service to me. My crumbling bones are getting tired of being knocked about with hard work, and I shall soon lie down to rest in the grave. Our kind neighbors will make my dying bed comfortable. Go; God bless you! But take this silver thimble with you, and when you are in trouble put it on the middle finger of your left hand, and rub it in the palm of your right hand, and it will always bring the good fairy Cheer-up to assist you. But do not forget any of the directions, or it will be of no avail." So saying, she gave him the silver thimble, and, kissing him good by, retired to her bedroom, and prayed that her nephew might meet with good success, and return to her again improved by the experience that Providence might have in store for him.

Taking with him some bread and cheese, and a bottle of beer, our young hero started off to seek his fortune in the great world. Pretty soon he heard a hen clucking to her chickens; but he supposed she said to him, "Talk, talk, talk!"

"Very well," said Giles, "I am willing to talk, if any one will tell me what to say."

Then he skipped along till he came to a group of alder-trees, and, espying one which was slender and straight, he cut it down with his jack-knife to make a cane; but in doing this he startled a mocking-bird in the vicinity, who sang, as Giles thought, "What a row! What a row!"

"Perhaps this is what I ought to say," mused the little traveller, and he began to repeat the language of the mocking-bird.

To the fences, walls, and pastures he passed, this speech seemed to afford perfect satisfaction; for none of them found any fault, and once, when he spoke with rather a forcible emphasis, the words were laughingly echoed back by a distant cliff, which so encouraged Giles that he went on, more than ever pleased with his success. In the course of half an hour he came to a brook, which — being out of humor on account of a recent rain giving it more water to carry than it liked — murmured and spoke ill of him when it heard him talking; but he took no notice of its complaint, and continued his journey, jocosely remarking that brooks were apt to *run on* people if they got in their way.

By and by he entered a village, and saw a stout porter at an inn door, who called out, as a coach drove up, "I'll carry your trunk for a dime! I'll carry your trunk for a dime!"

"What a row! What a row!" said Giles, in hearing of the porter, whereby the latter was so enraged, that he caught the little fellow and whipped him, making him promise he would never say so again as long as he lived.

"What shall I say?" asked Giles, as he started off.

"Say, 'I'll carry your trunk for a dime!'" replied the porter.

Then Giles went on, repeating these words with every step, but enjoying the prospect as it richly opened to his wondering eyes in his progress. What a wide world it seemed to him! Never before had he left his flock by the mountain-side to visit a neighboring place, never had he been more than a mile or two from his cottage home; and he now found his playmates had greatly deceived him in respect to the geography of the land he was travelling through. He saw no "jumping-off place" corresponding to what had been described to him. The azure above his head was the same azure which rounded over his own fields, and reflected itself at a fearful depth in the mill-pond on whose margin he had so often angled; the clouds were the same in shape and color; the trees did not vary in stature; the flowers had tints of yellow, blue, red, and pink, precisely like those he had gathered for his aunt's earthen vases; the new-mown grass imparted to the breeze its accustomed odor; the sparrows twittered, the quails whistled, the horses whinnied, the roads forked off as crookedly, — and yet all this contrary to the account of others, who had filled his head with marvellous stories of giants, fairies, and witches; of whole towns of men and women of Lilliputian size; of flowers as large as California trees; of roads running over high houses; of Brobdingnagian ants riding on terrible avalanches; of cities as large as New York located under gigantic cabbage-leaves; of fierce snow-storms in midsummer, and of things in general as topsy-turvily turned as possible. Indeed, the fear these fabrications had nursed in his bosom began to give place to confidence; and happy was the beat of his pulse as he bounded along, and now and then lashed with his cane the thick foliage which dangled above him, to illustrate the freedom and buoyancy of his feelings.

Looking ahead, he saw in the distance a circus-train approaching, and a large elephant in the front. "What a tremendous sheep is this!" thought Giles, who had never seen one of these pachyderms before. Still, undaunted

at the apparition, he kept up a vigorous pace, calling loudly, "I'll carry your trunk for a dime! I'll carry your trunk for a dime!" But the elephant, who happened to have a sensitive disposition, regarded this as an insult, and, taking hold of the youth with his proboscis, shook him until he promised never again to utter in his hearing such insolent language.

"Now tell me what I shall say," said Giles, after he had promised the elephant.

"Say," replied he who carried the proboscis, and who at that moment chanced to see a goose and gander coming out of a barnyard, — "say, 'I see one goose and one gander! I see one goose and one gander!'"

"O, that I can say like an actor," said Giles; and on he went, repeating the words, and every now and then switching the high thistles or grasses or the drooping branches that happened to come within the easy sweep of his cane. By and by the road forked off in equal angles to the right and left, and he was in a quandary which he ought to take. There stood a guide-post at the corner, but Giles had never seen one before, and, having heard so much about the strange beings he should encounter in the great world, it is no wonder that he imagined the post to be a spare animal stationed there as a sort of sentinel. "He has two square ears," said Giles to himself, "open to each road, so that he can hear what is said by travellers coming either way."

Then he examined the ears, and noticed that they were adorned with large black letters. "Frogopolis,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles," he soon made one to read, and "Hobolinkum, 4 miles," the other. "These," thought our hero, "are evidently the names of two places to which these two roads lead, but which will do best by a stranger I am unable to decide. I wish that some one would offer his opinion on the subject."

Just at that moment a flock of blackbirds flew up from a meadow, and commenced to chatter in a very sociable manner. Giles was not long in interpreting their language; for, as plainly as any one could articulate it, they cried out, so that the very welkin rung with their accents, "Go to Hobolinkum! Hobolinkum, Hobolinkum, go to Hobolinkum! quick as you can, quick as you can! Giles, Giles, Giles, go to Hobolinkum!" But, as he was about to start in that direction, a party of frogs across the way interposed, "Better go to Frogopolis! better go to Frogopolis! Kutter a chunk! kutter a chunk! go to Frogopolis!" and he retraced his steps, and started on the other road. But the blackbirds, seeing this, sang with increasing force, "Go to Hobolinkum! Hobolink-link-link-Hobolinkum-linkum-linkum. Go to — go to — go to — Hobolinkum-inkum-inkum-inkum!"

What it was his duty to do where his advisers were equally divided in urging their advice, Giles did not pretend to know. Many wiser heads in such a case might consult some doctor's Moral Philosophy; but our young traveller simply sat down on a flat stone, and consulted his luncheon and beer bottle. Then, being somewhat refreshed and enlivened, he determined to get up, and abide by the counsel of whichever party spoke first.

As down went the last drop of beer, up jumped the corporal, and up flew

the blackbirds, who proved their right to "the floor" by loudly recommending progress in the direction of Hobolinkum.

"They have both their say and their way," said Giles, as he skipped along, gayly mimicking the frogs, who were now remonstrating against his choice; assuring them that, though they were doubtless very good frogs in their way, they were a second or two too late, and that it would be for their interest to select a chorister that arose a little earlier in the morning.

He had not proceeded far when a crow alighted on a rock by the wayside; and bowed to him as he passed. But Giles took no notice of the bird, and walked on, repeating the words which the elephant gave him, and flourishing his alder cane as jauntily as ever.

"Whoa! whoa!" cried the crow.

"What do you want me to stop for?" asked Giles.

Whereupon the crow informed him that he only wished him to have the benefit of some good counsel, which was that he should *keep his eyes open* wherever he might be.

"I am an aged person," said he, "having seen nearly a hundred years; being the oldest inhabitant in the neighborhood, except a veteran toad that was blasted out of a granite ledge in Quincy, who claims an antiquity paralleled only by the Chinese nation, and avers that the hard chair he sat in for five hundred centuries constitutes a part of a letter of a distinguished firm in Boston, standing out in bold relief over the store door. By learning the art of bilateral vision perfectly, I have come to be promoted to the office of generalissimo of cornfields, which gives me complete command of all the growing maize in the country. I find there is a great difference among farmers. Some of them are up with us in the use of their eyes; but others are green enough to imagine that, if they stuff an old pair of breeches with salt hay, and run a couple of broom-hulks through the arms of a coat inherited by a colony of spiders for a dozen of years, and tie somebody's grandfather's tall hat to the collar, and hang the uncouth effigy against a bean-pole in the middle of the cornfield, it will keep all the corvine family at a respectful distance. But we know better than to be afraid of such a stand-still curiosity, or of the small windmill and knocker that are sometimes added to give a lifelike appearance to it; and, if men looked as sharply as we crows do, they would detect many a smile on our faces as we stole away from the scare-nobody, pretending we were eager to escape to our nests, where we trembled, not through fear, but from the exhilarating thought of returning to the corn and having a good feast as soon as the farmer left. Afraid of an effigy? Caw! caw! caw! All we dread is a farmer's eye when we notice under it a *round, black hole*; for then, if there is any virtue in wings, we are sure to get the benefit of it speedily. Many a young crow has paid dear for his rashness in venturing too near a farmer with a black stick on his shoulder; for it is well understood, among our tribe, that the black hole is observed under the eye of those only who carry the black stick. But whether you see black sticks, black snakes, or black-legs, be sure and remember the counsel of an old experienced friend, — *Keep your eyes open.*"

So saying, the crow flew away, and Giles proceeded onward, turning over in his mind the words of the crow, and not forgetting what the elephant had told him to repeat. For two or three hours nothing occurred worthy of record; but presently he found himself in a busy village, where the people dressed vainly, and seemed to have a remarkably favorable opinion of themselves. The gentlemen and ladies who were promenading the streets, and enjoying the pleasant weather, were much amused at what Giles said, one of them observing that it reminded him of a song, very easily learned, of one hundred and sixty-nine verses, the first verse being, "Reviled, evil Ottoman, a motto live deliver!" and all the others differing from this only by inflection; but this song had an advantage over Giles's, because, when the one hundred and sixty-nine verses were sung, the singers could begin at the end of the last word, and sing the whole song backwards to the beginning, and it would be exactly the same song as before.

No one on the streets seemed to take offence at what Giles was repeating; but as he was passing a tailor's shop that stood in his way, which was very large and nice, and had its doors invitingly open, he thought he would step upon the threshold, and take a good peep at the summer cloths which were profusely piled upon the counter. Now it happened that the tailor was a foppish man, who plumed himself upon the twirl of his mustache and the stylish cut of his dress, and that he was smoothing a garment with his goose when Giles poked his harmless head in, and called out, "I see one goose and one gander! I see one goose and one gander!"



Now, there being no second person in the room, the tailor flew into a stormy passion at the supposed indignity of the intruder.

"I will teach you better than to call me a gander!" said he, snatching up

his heavy shears with the intention of cutting off a portion of the boy's tongue. Taking to his heels in fright, and pale as a ghost, Giles believed that his last hour had come; nor was he inclined to change his mind on that point when his fashionable foe followed him, and sprung his shears at him, accompanying the grating music with guttural threats which the poor youth too well understood. "If this was only one of the four-and-twenty tailors that went to kill a snail," thought he, "I should n't have to run; but, O dear! there is no use in wishing."

Then it suddenly occurred to him that his aunt had given him a magic thimble for protection in danger; and he lost no time in taking it from his pocket, putting it on the middle finger of his left hand, and rubbing it in the palm of his right. Then the good fairy Cheer-up appeared, and told him to fear nothing, bidding him turn around and confront the tailor. Taking courage, Giles obeyed the fairy; but when his pursuer came up, and caught hold of him, his shears melted like tallow, and sank into the sand. Surprised at the strangeness of this phenomenon, he feared to do anything to injure the boy, and promised to release him on the condition that he would never utter such language again within hearing of a first-floor tailor.

Giles consented to do this, if the tailor would supply him with something to say instead. The tailor then looked around, and espying a heavily laden cart, drawn by three yoke of oxen, having its tongue loosened by the severe strain, told him he might say, "What a loose tongue! What a loose tongue!"

"O, I can say that like an actor," returned Giles; and again he was pursuing his way as merrily as ever, never getting tired of repeating his words, and keeping hold of his thimble with one hand, so as to be ready to call up the good fairy when he should happen to fall into danger. Occasionally he met somebody on the way, and instead of staring at him mutely or with a smile when he passed, as had been the case before, he was surprised at the remark which nearly every one now made, "I should think so!" wondering if they had all agreed to utter the same thing to him. Presently he came to a place where an auctioneer was volubly announcing his wares. Giles stepped up to the block, and called out, "What a loose tongue! What a loose tongue!" But before you could *think* "Jack Robinson," the agile auctioneer jumped down from his rostrum, and, seizing the poor fellow, gave him three or four sound boxes on the ears before he succeeded in bringing Cheer-up to his aid and preventing further violence.

"What am I offered, gentlemen," asked the auctioneer, "for a scrubby little animal of the genus *monkeyo-homo*, bright eyes, round cheeks, and a voice as melodious as a hand-organ? Going — going — he is sure to be knocked off at some bid, if he don't promise never again to make use of such language to a well-behaved gentleman like me."

"I promise I will not," said Giles; "but what shall I say?"

At this moment the auctioneer, seeing a couple of eagles dart off from the roof of a church, answered, "Say, 'Eagles have wings and fly away! Eagles have wings and fly away!'"

"Indeed, I can say that like an actor," said Giles; and once more he was on his way rejoicing.



But a few paces beyond there was a notorious gambling-saloon, and, hearing an altercation within, Giles stopped at the door, and, opening it, took a peep at the inmates. The gamblers, on hearing the door open, ceased their dispute, and looked around to see who was entering; and one of the number, who was out of sorts, having just lost a large bag of eagles at *vingt-et-un*, as soon as he heard the young traveller pronounce the words, "Eagles have wings and fly away!" dashed at him with his cane, asking him what he meant by taunting a man of his stature with such nonsense. And again poor Giles had to submit to a whipping, for in his fright he put the thimble on the wrong finger, and the fairy did not come to his succor.

"Will you promise now to forget these words, young busybody?" asked the gambler, when he thought he had brought the offender to repentance.

"Indeed, indeed I will!" replied innocent Giles; "but pray tell me what to say."

"Say," replied the other, "'They 'll all come back again! They 'll all come back again!'"

"O, I can say that like an actor," said Giles; and he did bestow upon its utterance quite a dramatic inflection, as he went on his way, punishing the low-hanging branches over his head as though they were the bodies of criminals exposed at the gibbet, and bruising the tall herbs and grasses without mercy.

The afternoon was now fast spending, and he began to think of a supper and lodging for the night. "There is certainly no harm," said he to himself, "in asking if I can be accommodated at the next farm-house." But it turned out that the man of the house had gone away to market with some early pease, and the housewife, fearing from his strange appearance that he might be demented, would not let him stay.

It was a long distance to the next house, and when Giles arrived at it, behold it was untenanted! So, catching up the words which the gambler had put into his mouth, he went along, relieving the monotony of his speech with an occasional whistle, and now and then making an agreeable bow at a tree, or post, or bird which happened to be perched near.

A hundred rods brought him to a thrifty-looking cottage under a hill, surrounded by a large apple-orchard, whose trees had been almost entirely stripped of their leaves by caterpillars. The owner stood leaning against a fence, conversing with his wife, lamenting the waste which had been caused by these voracious worms, and thanking his stars that they had at last disappeared.

"They are hanging in their wee hammocks, father," said the farmer's little daughter.

"I don't care where they hang," replied the farmer, "if they will hang till the doctors give them up for dead, and never come to my orchard again."

"They 'll all come back again! They 'll all come back again!" cried Giles, in a laughing, jaunty tone.

"They *will*,—will they?" replied the farmer, sarcastically; and he caught hold of the boy, and shook him so that he could no more steady his hand to

manage the magic thimble than an aspen leaf could hold a dew-drop in a gust of wind.

“They *will*, — will they?” and with this he gave him another shaking.

“Don’t whip him!” interposed the little girl; “he did n’t mean the caterpillars.”

But to no purpose was this remonstrance. The farmer was too much exasperated to give up until his theory of retribution was carried out, when he made Giles take back the offensive speech, and promise never to utter a word of it in his hearing again.

“What shall I say now?” asked the young traveller, as he was starting off.

“Say,” replied the farmer, looking at his corn, from which he expected a large crop, “‘How the ears stick out! How the ears stick out!’”

“O,” said Giles, “I can say that like an actor”; and on he went, repeating the words, his heart beating as happily as ever. Presently he came to a green where some boys were playing ball, two of whom were engaged in a warm dispute about their game.

“You caught it on the second hop,” said one.

“I did n’t,” said the other, “it was on the first hop.”

“You are a donkey,” said the first.

“How the ears stick out! How the ears stick out!” cried Giles at this moment, as he came up to the scene of strife.

The words were no sooner spoken than the boy who was called a donkey caught hold of Giles, and whipped him soundly until the latter succeeded in getting hold of the magic thimble, and bringing Cheer-up to his aid, who caused the arms of the enraged boy to fall powerless, so that he let his captive go, making him promise, however, that he would never address such saucy language to a young gentleman who had read Virgil without a *pons asinorum*, and who “could show how the three angles of a triangle were equal to two right angles right smartly,” and was able to “blow an ace of hearts through a pack of cards, and put to bed the king, queen, knave, and constable in a manner to astonish the natives!”

“And now tell me what I shall say,” said our hero, as he was about to resume his travelling.

The boy, hearing one of his comrades remark that he should like to see him blow an ace of *spades* through the pack, answered, “Let Patrick have the spades! Let Patrick have the spades!”

“O, I can say that like an actor,” said Giles.

By and by he came to a barn where a maiden was milking a cow. Giles asked her for a drink of milk, and she filled up a pint measure and gave it to him. She also filled his beer bottle to take with him. Draining the measure, he said, “This is quite enough for my supper; for one who is travelling to see the world and find his fortune must not think too much of what he has to eat.” Then, thanking the maid for her kindness, he went onward.

Presently he found himself near a shop where there were groceries, farming-utensils, and all the et-ceteras that are usually kept for sale in a country

store. But a few minutes previous the shopkeeper had detected and overhauled a man who was carrying away a couple of spades which he had stolen from the store. He had recovered the stolen property, and was giving the offender a lecture on the immorality of theft, when Giles stepped into the store, saying, "Let Patrick have the spades! Let Patrick have the spades!" whereupon both men took hold of him in a fury, — the shopkeeper asking whether he made it a business to defend petty larceny; the thief inquiring if he meant to call him Patrick, when he had as good a Yankee name as could be found in any family-Bible in Yankeedom.

By protesting his innocence in that naïve manner which rarely, if ever, can be counterfeited to perfection by the guilty, Giles avoided the climax of the whipping, and, chucking to his cane to go on (indulging in the fancy that it was a pony he was driving), made his exit, at heart as gay as ever.

"Hold, hold!" called out the shopkeeper, "not so fast. Promise, before you leave, you will never utter those words again, my lad!"

"What, then, shall I say?" asked Giles.

"Say," replied the shopkeeper, looking around at his stock of farming-utensils, of which he had made large sales that day, — "say, 'One rifle and one rake left! One rifle and one rake left!'"

"That I can say like an actor," said Giles, accompanying the assertion with an inflection of the language to be repeated that would do credit to a teacher of elocution.

It was now so dark that our traveller determined to stop in the next barn he came to, and rest for the night; for he had already asked in vain for a lodging from two or three women in whose minds suspicions were awakened by his strange appearance, and he thought it would be less trouble to make a snug little hollow in the sweet hay to cuddle in, than to procure a lodging in a bed which, after all, might not be clean, at the expense of so much asking. So, as soon as he came to a barn, he opened the door, and, thrusting in his head, listened. A horse was nibbling oats in one corner; that was certain; but that was the only noise he heard. "This," thought Giles, "is a crack place (unconscious of his pun) to sleep in, and I know by the sound of the horse's chewing that he wants me to share the inn with him." And the animal undoubtedly was well pleased when Giles entered and lay down on the hay; for he plainly made more ado over his oats than before, and even struck his right fore-hoof on the floor as if to affirm beyond a question that mine quadruped host was gratified and honored by his company.

Being weary, Giles soon fell asleep, and dreamed. He thought he was lying on a meal-chest in his aunt's kitchen, watching her frying flapjacks at the fire. She kept dipping out the fluid dough with the same iron spoon that was bought when Giles was a baby, and deposited it on the griddle; then turned over the simmering cakes; then took them off, they being nicely browned; then rubbed the griddle with a pork rind, and dropped bits of batter over the surface, put on more of the light dough, and browned another panful, O, how lusciously! But she seemed doing this for a long time, and presently she looked around at him, when he saw with astonishment that

her eyes were green ! Then he shouted out, and awakened ; and as true as he was alive he beheld before him his aunt's eyes, on the hay, gleaming with a weird green hue, and flashing like two Koh-i-noors !— or, rather, he thought they were his aunt's, — so he put his thimble on his finger, and summoned Cheer-up to disenchant the premises. But Cheer-up, when she came, laughed at him for being scared at a cat, and vanished again. Then Giles, ascertaining that it was a real cat, and not his aunt's spirit, that was the cause of the alarm, coaxed the stealthy visitor, who began to purr very softly, to come and take a lodging in his hollow ; and the landlord in the stall, rejoicing that he now had two guests in his house, gave the floor as many thumps with his hoof to express his gratification, and all three went to sleep, — one to dream again of the dear home he had left ; the second, of the fabled grain-land where there are thousands of mills haunted by tens of thousands of well-fed mice ; and the third, of endless verdant pastures, where the bee never comes to suck the honey from the clover, and the letting down of the lane-bars to call to harness never grates upon the ear all the day long.

The dawn had driven its chariot of fire nearly up to the eastern horizon, the birds had ventilated their warbling throats with many an ante-breakfast roundelay, the drowsy cows in the yard had arisen from their nocturnal lair and lazily stretched themselves, and the maid was drawing the pattering milk into the pail, when Giles opened his eyes, and, bidding his room-mates good by, begged from the maid a draught of milk for his morning meal, and a fresh supply for his bottle, and, thus simply equipped, commenced another day's travel.

For a long time he met with no adventure that was of sufficient import to claim a record here ; and he was actually beginning to think that travelling might after all turn out to be dull business when the first day's adventures were past, and that perhaps it would be better to stop with some honest farmer, and ask to be hired to work, when he arrived at a little wood where a gay young spendthrift had camped overnight, being out on a hunting excursion, and had, while asleep, been robbed of everything he had with him except his fowling-piece, on which he had been lying. It was just as the unfortunate huntsman was fully realizing his loss that jolly Giles passed by, crying out, " One rifle and one rake left ! One rifle and one rake left ! "

" You insignificant chatterbox ! " exclaimed the huntsman, " you don't call *me* a rake with impunity " ; and upon this he proceeded to administer to the young traveller a pommelling such as he honestly thought was deserved for the impudence ; but being a man vain of his speech, and interspersing the castigation with several long-spun witticisms, Giles had ample time to rub his thimble and secure the assistance of Cheer-up before he was made to smart very extensively for his ill-starred language ; though the plaintiff openly declared his intention of exterminating the defendant, unless he would promise not to address " such peppery phraseology to an unlucky larker again. "

" O, I promise, — indeed I promise, " said Giles ; " but please tell me what I shall say. "

The huntsman's attention was at that moment attracted towards a swallow's nest in a hole dug in a sandy jut above him, where the domestic tranquillity of the inmates was interrupted by a dashing beau swallow, who was insisting upon the abdication of the established husband to make room for his consequential self; therefore he replied, "Say, 'One swallow too many! One swallow too many!'"

"O, I can say that like an actor," said Giles; and quite like an actor he walked away, taking short steps (which are always genteel), and quite like an actor he talked away, though it was the same lingo said over and over, — a fault, by the way, that many other folks are guilty of, and therefore we must consider it at least very excusable in Giles, whose educational advantages were very limited.

He went on for some time without meeting with men, women, or children, there being a large wood to pass through, uninhabited save by birds and animals. But with some of these he stopped and chatted, and not by any means unprofitable were these conversations; for much information he gained therefrom that he was thankful for and resolved to put in practice. A squirrel, for instance, informed him of a low dram-shop at the further end of the woods, where they sold all kinds of dangerous liquors, and advised him not to stop there to drink. "For," said the squirrel, "there is nothing but evil in the vile stuff."

"Why do they drink it, if it is vile?" asked the innocent youth.

"That is what we sedate squirrels would like to know," replied the other.

Giles could not help feeling ashamed that he belonged to the same race with those who besotted themselves with maddening drinks, and, bidding the squirrel good by, continued on his way. As he drew near the dram-shop, he walked a little faster than usual, and fastened his eyes on a cloud that stood like a mountain in the horizon. "To look at temptation is to partially yield to it," said Giles. "The best way is to avoid it entirely, if one can, and fix one's attention on something beyond and above us that is pure." The cloud Giles was gazing at was one of that kind called by persons of science the *cumulus* cloud, but popularly known as a thunder-head; and he thought he discovered in it a great deal of beauty.

"I wish I had a ladder to lead up to its summit!" said he to himself; and thus were his thoughts engaged when he at last looked down, and saw before him a man leisurely walking along in a zigzag fashion. Giles laughed outright at this queer spectacle. "I wonder," thought he, "if he imagines he is engineering for a Virginia fence!" But Giles had never before seen an intoxicated wretch, and he did not know that this was one; but up he stepped to him, and sang out, "One swallow too many! One swallow too many!"

"War 's 'at you zay?" interrogatingly growled the angered man; and with a sudden spasmodic gesture he clutched hold of Giles's coat, and bestowed upon him two or three awkward blows by way of preparation. Then, raising his fist to a maximum height, he gave notice in the maudlin vernacular. "Thunder-bo-o-o-olts strike, — poo-oo-orly paid zhoe-oo-oo-ma-

kers strike, — an' now take care, all nations, 'nd Rooshy 'n partiklr, for the modern Napo-o-o-leon 's go'n' to strike!" And very much as we sometimes in a dream fall from an eminence, and yet touch the ground as lightly as a bit of down from an eider-duck, dropped the formidable fist of the pugilist not however upon Giles, but down harmlessly by his own loins. Then, thinking that he had completely subjugated the enemy by this vigorous punishment, he made him promise never again to make use of the offensive language to a respectable man.

"But what shall I say, Mr. Engineer?" asked Giles.

The man told him to say, "I beg your pardon! I beg your pardon!"

"O," said Giles, "I can say that like an actor"; and off he started again as blithely as a bird on the wing.

This time he met a great many people, and they all appeared pleased with what he repeated, as Giles inferred from their good-natured looks and pleasant remarks, when he passed them. "Why, there is nothing I have said," said he to himself, "that has gratified folks more than these words"; and he uttered them with increasing distinctness.

In the course of an hour or so he happened to pass by a bakery having lights in the front windows, of very large size. Now, just as he passed, a roguish truant threw a stone at one of the lights, and broke it, but darted off around a corner without being seen by either the baker or Giles. When the stone struck the window, the baker looked up, and saw Giles walking along, and heard him say, "I beg your pardon! I beg your pardon!" whereupon he rushed out, seized him, and inquired whether begging a man's pardon for breaking a ten-dollar light would mend the window, adding a few cuffs to awaken the supposed offender to a realizing sense of the enormity of his misdemeanor. In vain did Giles declare his innocence, for he had virtually confessed his guilt to the baker by asking his pardon; and as he had no money to pay for the broken glass, he was informed by the baker that the latter would "take it out of him in jailing." Then poor Giles began to cry, and lament the hour he left his safe home to fall into the snares of the wicked world, where, as he found, the wise cheated the foolish, and the innocent suffered in innumerable ways for the knowing ones. "Do let me go," said he, piteously; "let me go back to my dear, dear aunt, and tend her flock, and do her errands. I will never throw any more wool into the mill-pond, — never, never!"

But our little hero, guiltless though he was of wrong, could not make the baker believe in his innocence, and he was put in jail on complaint of breaking the window-light. It was a wonder, the reader will say, that Giles did not think of his magic thimble all this while, but somehow or other he forgot it, surely; but no sooner was he locked into the dark cell than it came to mind, and in a twinkling of an eye, as he rubbed the rough head in his hand, helpful Cheer-up appeared before him, the prison lock flew open, and Giles ran out, wiping away his bitter tears. The jailer, astonished at this, asked how it happened. Giles told him it was done by a fairy; and the jailer, fearing him when he said this, permitted him to depart, advising him to try to behave himself, and avoid all further scrapes.

"I was n't shut up for breaking a window," explained Giles, "or for doing anything wrong, but because I said, 'I ask your pardon!' But I will never say so again, if you will please tell me what to say."

The jailer, chancing then to see two or three bugs, having green wings, crawling on Giles's feet (he was barefoot), replied humorously, "Say, 'See to the green-backs! See to the green-backs!'"

"O, I can say that like an actor," said Giles, and on he went, none the less jolly for having been to jail; for he knew the jail was no disgrace further than it served as a true index to guilt, and that he had not suffered for wrongdoing, but from adverse circumstances.

And now our hero, who was surprised to find the world so large, — for he had expected to come to its end after travelling a few miles, — was destined to meet with an adventure of more importance to him than any or all he had met with before. He had passed through two or three small villages, never forgetting to repeat the words the jailer gave him, as he went on; but nothing especial had occurred, and night was closing over hill and dale, when he entered quite a large town and sat down on the steps of a church to rest. But, being more fatigued than he supposed, he fell asleep, and did not awake till the church clock announced the hour of twelve. Then up he jumped, and went through the streets, calling out clearly, "See to the green-backs! See to the green-backs!"

Now it fell out that a man returning home from a caucus overheard him, and, supposing he meant the money in the bank, informed some policemen of the fact; and they all hastened to the bank, and, sure enough, found two robbers in the act of carrying off all the money from the safe. It was as much as the robbers could do to escape, and glad enough were they to do this, though they had to leave behind them the money, which was saved, every dollar of it.

There was, of course, great excitement in the town from this event, and in the morning everybody was inquiring to what accident the detection of the theft and the security of the money were due. The caucus-man described the little barefooted boy with a straight stick, and explained how he had given him the warning that led to the timely discovery; and this news was soon so well circulated that a great number of people, including even women and children, were on the search for Giles at an early hour, in all sections of the village. But Giles had gone through the more thickly settled portion of the village, and had stopped in a barn to sleep, about half a mile from the bank; and here he was finally found by the officers of the bank, who were eager to reward him for the seasonable alarm he had given, by which a large amount of money was saved to that institution.

"I was sent to jail for no crime of my own," soliloquized Giles, "and now I am going to be rewarded for no merit of my own; and so it is that Providence makes recompense."

The president of the bank then asked those present how much they thought the boy ought to receive as a reward for what he had done. Upon this, one named one hundred, another two hundred, another three hundred, and still another four hundred dollars.

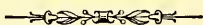
You may be certain that Giles's eyes were never larger than when he heard these immense sums mentioned as presents to him ; but when the president decided to add the one, two, three, and four hundred together, and give him a *thousand* dollars, and also a splendid carriage with four white horses, he was fairly overcome with his good fortune.

"And now let me hasten back to the home I left," said he, "and never leave it again." So when the thousand dollars were placed in his possession, and the carriage came up, he hired a driver, who drove him speedily to his cottage home by the side of the mountain, reaching it just as his aunt was going out to give her pigs their dinner. The old dame was as much beside herself with joy, when informed of the good luck of her nephew, as she had been with fear when she first saw the grand carriage and four drive up to her front door.

And now would you like to know how Giles took care of his horses and money ?

As to the horses, he turned them all to pasture, and, after he had learned to manage them well, he took out his old aunt to ride in the grand carriage every week, and showed her many things that she had never seen before ; and the money he rolled up and put into a box, and concealed the box among some rubbish in the garret, and every rainy day he would go up there, take it out, and count it over ; but whether he still counts it over there, or has invested it in petroleum, I cannot tell ; nor am I sure that the horses are not changed, by this time, into several acres of good tillage land, or, like Baucis and Philemon, into respectable trees ; but if the latter transformation be true, we will indulge the hope that, when the trees are cut down and corded, the matter may be fully *recorded* in history.

*Willy Wisp.*



## ANNA MARIA'S VISIT TO THE MINISTER.

MR. AND MRS. LITTLEFIELD live in a large white house with a garden in front of it, where peonies, marigolds, and phlox grow in great abundance. There are two barns, and horses, cows, pigs, hens, chickens, ducks, geese, and all sorts of delightful things ; but the nicest thing about the house, inside or out, is Anna Maria. There used to be a number of children at the Littlefields', but now there are five little graves in the churchyard, and only one little girl at home. The neighbors think Mrs. Littlefield spoils her, but I am not sure about it ; at any rate, she can't help it. You see, when Anna Maria cuts up one of her mother's embroidered collars to make a cape for her doll, or when she goes down in the swampy meadow, and, leaving her new shoes sticking there, comes walking into the kitchen in her stocking-feet, making little muddy marks on the nice clean



floor, and looking all the time as tranquil as a May morning, her mother thinks of her children in the churchyard, how good *they* always are, how *their* feet never stray into forbidden places, and their hands never touch what does n't belong to them ; and so, instead of telling Anna Maria that little girls who do *so* are always put in a dark closet for half an hour, she says : " Well, there, it 's no matter. Dolly 's got a pretty cape, and mother can buy plenty of collars " ; or, — " Bless the dear child ! Just look at her now ! Here, Lizzie, run get her a clean pair o' stockings."

One day the parish " called " a new minister. The first time he preached all the people went to church to see how they liked him. The Littlefields went, of course, and they took Anna Maria. She was about five years old then, and had never been to church before ; but, to the great delight of her parents, she behaved as well as if she were fifty.

At dinner that day, Mr. and Mrs. Littlefield said to each other that they liked the new minister very much.

" And I like him too," said Anna Maria.

" Do hear her now ! " said her mother. " She never took her eyes off his face all the time he was preaching. Did you understand what he said, dearie ? "

But dearie was n't going to commit herself, so she only shook her head in a wise manner, and repeated that she liked him.

A few days afterward the minister came to see Mrs. Littlefield. Anna Maria went into the parlor with her mother, and, stationing herself directly in front of him, watched every word that came out of his mouth. Mrs. Littlefield and he had a great deal to say about the " warm spell " they had been having, and a number of other things ; but, as soon as she got an opportunity, Anna Maria inquired, " Why don't you talk as you did Sunday ? " at the same time gesticulating wildly with both arms in the air.

" Dear, dear ! " exclaimed Mrs. Littlefield, and her face was about the color of the peonies in the garden ; but before she could say anything more the minister burst into a fit of laughter, and she was only too glad to join him. After that, he talked a great deal to Anna Maria, and when he went away, he said, " Will you come and see me sometime, my little friend ? "

" O yes, sir," said she, " I 'll come to-morrow." So, the next morning, mindful of her promise, she asked, " Will you take me to see the minister to-day, mother ? "

" Why, my blessing, mother 's got the cheeses to 'tend to, and half a hundred other things to do ; but we 'll go *some* day."

Now, if she *were* only five years old, Anna Maria had lived long enough to discover that the time specified by her mother meant just the same thing as *never*. So when her father came home that night, with the men and oxen and two great loads of hay, she ran out to the barn, and said : " Father, will you take me to see the minister to-morrow ? "

" Well, well, that is a pretty good one ! Ask me to go galivanting about the country in haying-time ! Come, let 's go and get some supper," lifting her on his shoulder as he spoke.

"Run, father, run!" said she, drumming on his head; and poor Mr. Littlefield, who had thought himself almost too tired to walk home beside the oxen, pranced clumsily across the yard and into the house.

Now Anna Maria did n't intend to give up the visit to her clerical friend for all the cheeses that ever were made, or all the hay that ever was cut; and the next day, when her mother was taking her afternoon nap, she went up to the room that contained the Littlefield best clothes, and there, after much rummaging of drawers and closets, she brought to light her hat trimmed with blue ribbon, and her little blue parasol. The silk sack which she wore on great occasions did not come to hand, but Mrs. Littlefield's Sunday mantilla *did*; so she arrayed herself therein, feeling that her mother would willingly lend it to her, as she was going to *make calls*. If you had seen the mantilla on Mrs. Littlefield, you would have called it a small one, for it reached just to her waist; but on Anna Maria it looked very large indeed, — the fringe almost touched the ground. Much pleased with her appearance, she set out on her way down the long, dusty, sunny road. She had not the least idea where the minister lived, but, reasoning after a natural fashion, she thought it must be near the church, and accordingly in that direction she bent her steps, trudging bravely along until she came within sight of the steeple; and then, rightly judging that he would be as likely to live on one side of the church as the other, she opened the gate of a little brown cottage, went up the gravel walk, and inquired of a lady who sat reading on the piazza if the minister lived there.

"No, dear," said she; then, looking at her attentively, "Why, where did you come from? What is your name?"

"Anna Maria Littlefield," — backing towards the gate as she spoke.

"Well, but what are you doing, child? Your mother does n't know you are wandering about *so*, I am sure."

"I'm *galivanting*," said Anna Maria, "and I guess I must be going. Good afternoon, ma'am," and she slipped through the gate, shutting it, and setting off again at a quick pace for fear the lady should follow her.

The church stood back from the road, and had a green slope of grass in front, with two little paths on each side, made by the feet of the good people who came there every Sunday. Up the road there were apple-trees leaning over the stone fences, and an old white horse stumbling slowly along, and cropping the short, dusty grass, but not a house in sight! Then, for the first time, the little pilgrim cast a look behind, though not a long one; she was a trifle discouraged, but not in despair, so she went up and sat on the lowest step of the church to rest herself and wait till some one should come along who could tell her how to find the minister. Ten minutes passed, seeming to Anna Maria like so many hours, and nobody went by but the old horse, who looked up at her, shook his head, and then suddenly trotted off, as if he felt it his duty to go and inform some one, at once, that a little girl was sitting on the church-steps, and something must be done about it. At last she heard the sound of approaching wheels. Yes, there was a chaise coming, and it might be the minister going home, or her father com-

ing to look for her. It *must* be either one or the other ; so, with hope in her heart, she ran down to the road. The chaise drew up just as she had expected, but, alas ! the gentleman who leaned out was no one she had ever seen before.

“What is it, little girl ?” said he.

“I want the minister,” — and there was a tremble in her voice.

“What ?” said the gentleman, in surprise. “Did your mother send you, dear ?”

“No, but he asked me to come and see him, and I don't know where he lives” ; and she looked up in his face piteously :

Then, of course, he asked her name, and on hearing it exclaimed, “Why, Littlefield's house is a mile and a half away ! You must be pretty well tired, poor child” ; and he jumped out of the chaise, put her in, got in again himself, and drove off in less time than it takes to tell of it.

“We shall pass right by the minister's, and I'll leave you there. I'm going to the cars, or I would take you home,” said he.

“O, thank you, sir, I'd rather you would n't,” said Anna Maria.

They rode along very quickly for a little while, then the chaise stopped before the minister's house. The gentleman lifted her out, holding her a minute in his arms to give her a kiss and say good by, opened the gate, and then drove off faster than ever.

Anna Maria went up the steps and knocked by the side of the door, which stood wide open, — such a very little knock that she had to repeat it two or three times, and still nobody came. Then she thought it was time to go in. She looked into the nearest room ; there was no one there. She went along a little farther to a door that stood half open, stepped in, and there was the minister. He was writing just as hard as he could, and took no notice of his little visitor, who stood half concealed by the door, and overcome by an unusual fit of shyness. Suddenly he caught sight of her as he was dipping his pen in the ink, ready for a fresh start.

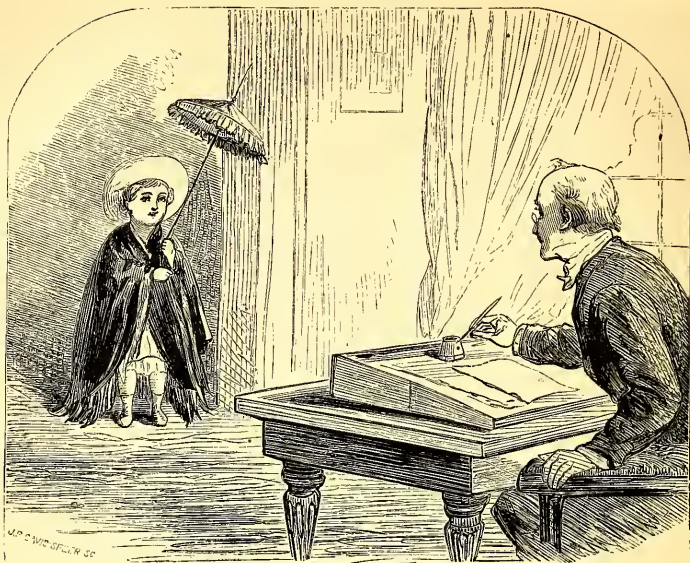
“Why, who is this ?” said he ; then, as he stepped forward a little, “Ah, my little friend ! Is your mother with you, dear ?” — coming to meet her with a pleasant smile.

“No sir, I came alone,” said Anna Maria, quite reassured by his voice, and ready to sit on his knee, tell him all her adventures, and answer as many questions as he had to ask.

Then he called Mrs. Green, and told her that she must make him something particularly nice for tea, because he had company. Mrs. Green kept house for the minister, and cooked his dinners for him.

“Well, I never !” she said, coming in to look at Anna Maria. “She certainly *dooz* beat all !”

When tea was ready, instead of *something* very nice, they found a great many nice things. Mrs. Green put a chair for Anna Maria close to the minister's, and after he had got two great books to put in it, so that her head might be a little above the table, they sat down, and had a delightfully social time.



“Perhaps she ought not to eat this,” said the minister, stopping in the act of passing the plum-cake to Anna Maria, and looking up at Mrs. Green, who was standing behind her.

“O, she has pretty much what she likes at home, I guess,” said Mrs. Green. “Seems as if Mrs. Littlefield could n’t make enough of her; she’s lost five children, you know, sir.”

Anna Maria was well aware that she did n’t have plum-cake every time she asked for it, but thought it best to let the first part of the remark go without comment. As Mrs. Green finished speaking, however, she looked up in surprise, saying, “Why, no, they’re not lost. *Mother* knows where they are, and so do I. They’ve got little white stones at the head of their beds, — and they’re very happy *down there*,” she added, after a minute’s pause.

The minister felt that, if she were somewhat wrong as to locality, the *idea* was quite correct; so he smiled kindly at her, patting the little hand that lay on the table, and making no attempt at corrections. As soon as tea was over, the chaise came to the door, because the minister said, “Mother may be anxious”; and Mrs. Green helped Anna Maria to dress, laughing heartily to see how funny she looked in Mrs. Littlefield’s mantilla. Anna Maria did not exactly understand the cause of her mirth, and, fixing her dark eyes upon her in disapproval, said at last, soberly, “Mother wears it to church Sundays.”

“Why, bless you!” said Mrs. Green, “’t ain’t the mantilla I’m a laughing at, — it’s *you*, you funny little toad!”

Then they got into the chaise, and set out in fine spirits. The minister’s

horse seemed to feel that there was no need to be in a hurry such a fine summer night, so the stars were shining in the quiet sky before they arrived at home. Mrs. Littlefield was at the gate, of course, looking anxiously up and down the road; but Mr. Littlefield and the other inmates of the house had dispersed in various directions, to look for Anna Maria in all sorts of improbable places, as people are apt to do on such occasions. Mrs. Littlefield's exclamations of joy and thankfulness were too many to be repeated here; but she found time in the midst of them to hope that "the child" had n't given the minister much trouble.

"I don't know when I've been so much pleased, Mrs. Littlefield," said he, — which was perfectly true; and when the young folks who read this story are as old as the minister, they will understand why the visit of a little child gave him more pleasure than that of the wisest person in his parish could possibly have done.

• *G. Howard.*



## DRIVING THE COW.

THE grass is green on Billy's grave,  
 The snow is on my brow,  
 But I remember still the night  
 When we two drove the cow!  
 The buttercups and tangled weeds,  
 The goldfinch pecking thistle-seeds,  
 The small green snake amid the brake,  
 The white flowers on the bough,  
 And Billy with his keen, gray eyes, —  
 I seem to see them now!

O, Billy was my first of friends;  
 Our hearts were warm and light;  
 The darkest of November rains  
 Had, shared with him, seemed bright;  
 And far too brief for boyish play  
 Had been the summer's longest day.  
 But powerless fell Love's magic spell, —  
 Its charm was lost that night;  
 It needed but one word, and we  
 Were both in for a fight!  
 One word! 't was Billy spoke that word;  
 But, sore at heart, I know  
 It was another hand than his

That dealt the earliest blow.  
 He touched my forehead's longest curl,  
 And said, "Ha! John! my pretty girl!"  
 A jest or not, my blood was hot,  
 My cheek was all aglow;  
 "Take that! Take that! Say, could a girl,  
 A girl, have struck you so?"

But Billy was as stout as I;  
 The scar upon my brow  
 The memory of his prowess keeps  
 Before me even now!  
 His furious blows fell thick and fast;  
 But just as I had thought, at last,  
 That yield I must, a skilful thrust  
 I gave, I know not how,  
 And, a triumphant conqueror,  
 I went on for my cow!

We never were firm friends again.  
 Before the spring-time air  
 Again the graveyard flowers made sweet,  
 Poor Billy rested there!  
 And I since then have wandered wide,  
 And seen the world on every side  
 By land and sea, and learned — ah me! —  
 That warm, true hearts are rare;  
 And he who is best loved on earth  
 Has not one friend to spare!

The grass is green on Billy's grave,  
 My brow is white with snow;  
 I never can win back again  
 The love I used to know!  
 The past *is* past; but, though for me  
 Its joys are sweet in memory,  
 'T is only pain to call again  
 The feuds of long ago,  
 And worse to feel that in a fight  
 I dealt the earliest blow!

*Marian Douglas.*

## LESSONS IN MAGIC.

## X.

THE tricks described in my former lessons depended for their effect more on the apparatus used than on any skill on the part of the performer. In stage tricks, this must always be the case, as sleight of hand shows to but little advantage in a large room; there the most brilliant tricks, or at least those that are most applauded, are such as can be seen as well at a distance as near by; and, as conjurers are but human after all, they naturally choose what will bring them most praise. Even those who profess to accomplish everything by sleight of hand practise, in fact, but little of it, — the only difference between their performance and that of others being that they bring their apparatus on the stage only at the moment they want to use it, instead of displaying it all at once, as has been the usual custom.

For a parlor, however, a proficiency in sleight-of-hand is absolutely necessary. My readers are, I presume, by this time, adepts at *palming*, in which I instructed them so long ago; therefore on that subject I need say nothing further, but will pass at once to

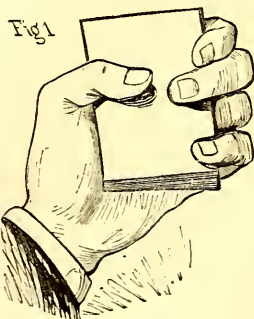
## CARD MANIPULATIONS.

The first thing necessary for the proper performance of card tricks is a facility in making what is known as the *Pass*; that is, the pack being divided into two parts, which are merely separated by placing one finger of either hand between them, to cause the lower pack to pass over the upper so that the top one becomes in turn the bottom; this, of course, any one could do, but to do it in such a way that it will not be perceived is altogether a different matter.

The easiest way of learning this is to get some one who knows how to teach you the movement, and then practise it; but as it is sometimes difficult to find such a person, or, having found, to persuade him to teach you, I will try to explain it. There are several ways of "making the pass," and as some prefer one, and some another, I will content myself with describing the several methods, and leave my readers to choose that which they find the easiest to execute.

*To make the Pass with Two Hands.*

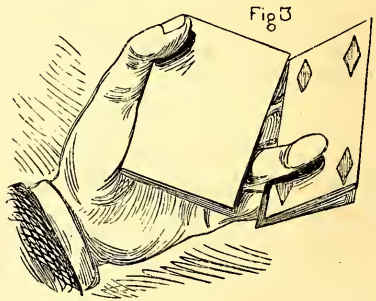
Having the pack, I will suppose, in the left hand, divide it into two parts by raising about one half of it with the right hand, and then place the third finger of the left hand between the parts; the first, second, and little fingers of that hand will then be on the top of the upper pack, which is held by these three fingers on top and the one at the bottom as if in a vise (as in Fig. 1).



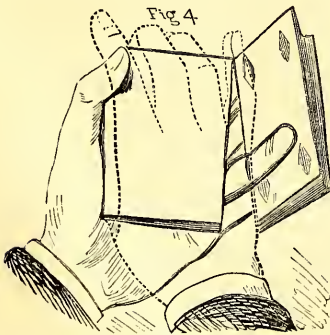


Then with the thumb and the second and third fingers of the right hand seize the two ends of the lower packet (as in Fig. 2). The forefinger and little finger of this hand have nothing at all to do. The pack having been arranged as I have described, everything is in readiness to make the pass, which is done in this way. The right hand presses the lower pack into the fork formed by the junction of the thumb and forefinger of the left hand; at the same time the upper packet is raised by

the fingers of the left hand, until it assumes an upright position, as shown in Fig. 3. In this position it is held whilst the right hand lifts the under packet, until it stands horizontally. The two packs are now facing each other as shown in Fig. 4 (the right hand is still over the pack, but, in order to better show the position of the cards, it is drawn with dotted lines).



That which was the upper pack is now dropped on the palm of the left hand, by simply closing the hand and withdrawing the fingers; the lower packet (or that which was the lower) is then placed on the pack which is in the palm. The position of the cards is now completely reversed.



Having practised this method of making the pass until able to make it at least six times in a minute, you may then essay

#### *Making the Pass with One Hand.*

Place the pack in whichever hand is the more convenient, holding it in such a way that the thumb lies over the back of the pack. Place the forefinger and little finger under the pack, and with the second and third fingers divide the pack into two parts.

The lower packet is now held by the four fingers, whilst the thumb goes over the back of the upper pack. Now raise the four fingers, and with them



the under packet, pushing the upper pack, which you must prevent slipping by holding it at the root of the thumb.

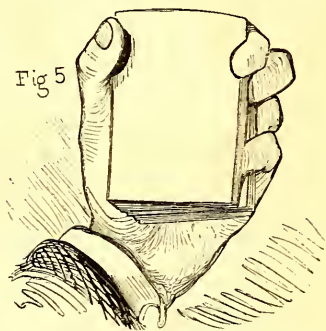
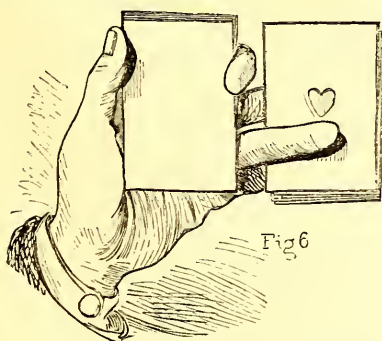
When you have raised the lower packet quite clear of the upper one, you let that which was on top fall on the hand, and bring down the one that was the lower on top of it, at the same time disengaging your fingers.

This is one of the most difficult manipulations conceivable, and requires an immense deal of practice to acquire it.

The simplest, and, to my mind, the best way of making the pass with one hand is the method I will now describe.

Hold the pack in the hand (either right or left, it matters not which) in such a way that the ends of the forefinger and thumb rest on the *top edges* of the pack. Separate the pack into two parts by placing the little and largest fingers between the pack. Next place the third finger under the pack. The pack is now in the position shown in Fig. 5, the upper packet being held at the end by the tips of the forefinger and thumb, and the under one by the other three fingers.

To reverse the position of the pack, lift the upper packet, and then, by extending the fingers that hold the under one, it will be in the position of Fig. 6; all then that remains to be done is to let the packet held by the thumb and forefinger fall on the palm of the hand, and bring the other pack on top of it by closing the fingers that hold it.



The movement is now accomplished, and the fingers may be withdrawn. These manipulations, when once you become familiar with them, will be found to be quite simple, and by no means difficult of execution.

There are several other methods of making the pass, but I think those I have given will suffice.

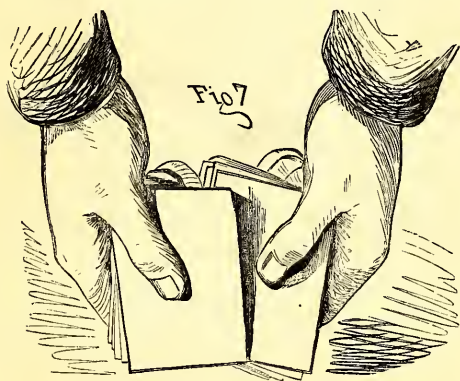
When performing card tricks, it is sometimes convenient not merely to know what card has been drawn, but also to know in advance what will be drawn. At first glance this may appear very wonderful to my readers, and be suggestive of those curious advertisements we so often see in the daily papers, which relate to "the likeness of the future husband or wife shown, lucky numbers foretold," &c., &c.; but there is no "occult-science" business about the conjurer's foreknowledge; the only science he knows and uses is the science of humbug; and when perchance he wants to know be-

forehand what cards Messrs. Smith, Brown, and Jones will draw, he makes up his mind what they *shall* draw, and arranges it so that they *do* draw them; in fact he *forces* them to take just what he pleases, and when you, my young friends, have obliged some amiable conjurer, the pink of politeness, by drawing "any card you choose," you have, in doing this, drawn just what he chose and prearranged. Although it may seem rather difficult thus

### To Force a Card,

yet it is not a very hard matter, as I will now try to explain.

The cards which are to be forced are placed at the bottom of the pack, which is then shuffled in such a way as not to disturb those cards. Having by thus shuffling the pack persuaded the audience that there is no prearrangement of the cards, you make the pass, and by this move bring the chosen cards into the centre of the pack. These cards, remember, are now



at the bottom of the upper packet, which overlaps the under one, as seen in Fig. 7. As we approach the person who is to draw the card, we slide along the cards of the upper packet by means of the thumb of the left hand, spreading it out like a fan, and contriving it in such a way that the card you want to force presents itself to the person about to draw, just at the moment his hand is extended to take one.

I am afraid I have not made this very clear, but it is the best I can do, and my readers will have to be satisfied with the explanation.

Supposing them to have practised until they are perfect in making the pass and forcing cards, they may now essay a trick; and, to make up for the dry details of this article, I will explain one of the prettiest, most surprising, and by all odds the most popular card-trick known. It has a variety of titles, but, as one will answer as well as another, I will call it

### The Obedient Cards.

Four or five cards having been drawn by the audience, they are put back in the pack, which is then placed in a small metal card-case, fitted with a cork, that just goes into the neck of a decanter.

The decanter is made of clear white glass, and filled with water; and the audience are allowed to examine both it and the card-case before they are called into use.

The cards being in the case, and the case fixed on the decanter, the performer asks the first person who drew a card to tell him the name of it.

“Seven of hearts,” I will suppose the answer is.

“Will you be kind enough to ask the seven of hearts to come up?”

“Seven of hearts, come up.”

And, to the astonishment of all, that card comes up out of the pack, and is immediately handed to the audience, that they may see there is no string attached to it.

“The next card that was drawn, — yours, sir? Will you please call it by name, and tell it to come up?”

“Three of spades, come up.”

The card, like its predecessor, obeys, and comes out of the pack, and so with the two following. The fifth card yet remains.

“What was your card, sir?”

“The Queen of diamonds.”

“Please tell it to come up.”

“Queen of diamonds, come up.”

“There, sir, you see how it obeys. — Why, that is very strange, the card does not obey, something must be wrong! Oh! I beg pardon, sir, what did you say your card was?”

“Queen of diamonds,” answers the one who drew it, pleased at last to have puzzled a conjurer.

“Ah, my dear sir, with a Queen you must use a little ceremony. Let me see what the effect of my addressing her will be. Will your Majesty condescend to honor this company with your august presence?”

“Ah, now she makes her appearance.”

Now, how do my readers imagine these cards are made to appear? By some very complicated apparatus? by an ingenious arrangement of springs? Nothing of the sort; by a piece of plain black sewing-silk, which passes along the stage to the hands of an assistant, who pulls it at the moment the audience order the cards to “come up.”

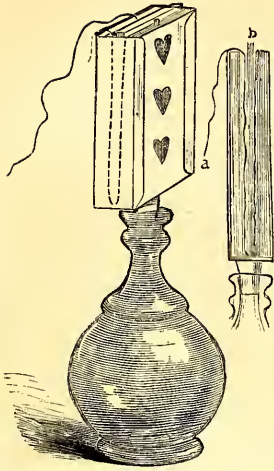
“By a piece?” exclaims one of my readers; “by several pieces, I should say, as there are five cards.”

“By a piece,” I still insist; and now I will explain how the string is fixed.

Take a piece of fine black sewing-silk, three or four yards long, and make a knot in one end of it. Next thread a needle with this silk, and lastly run the needle and silk through the top of a card, at about the centre of it: the knot will prevent the silk going through, or, to still better secure it, you may sew it on to the top of the card.

Now take twelve or fifteen cards, and place the one to which the silk is attached on top of them, letting the silk lie over the top edges. If now you take a *duplicate* of the last card you are to force, and press it down on top of the silk into this pack of twelve, the silk will be carried with it, as shown in Fig. 8 in which the *dotted* lines show the course of the thread; and if, when it is fairly down, the end of the silk marked *A* is pulled, the card will naturally come up.

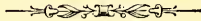
Fig. 8.



When you are about to show this trick, you arrange previously a pack of twelve, with a silk attached in the manner described, and then place on top of the silk duplicates of the cards you are to "force," putting the last first, next to the last second, and so on. This packet, with the cards and silk, all ready to be pulled, you lay on your table. When you commence the trick, begin by "forcing" the cards you want drawn. This being done, place the pack on the table alongside the prepared pack, and take your decanter and card-case, about which there is no preparation, out to the audience for examination. When they have satisfied themselves that there is no deception about these, return to your table, pick up the *prepared* packet, place it on the back of the other pack, and put both into the case.

Your part of the business is now over ; the rest of the trick depends on your assistant.

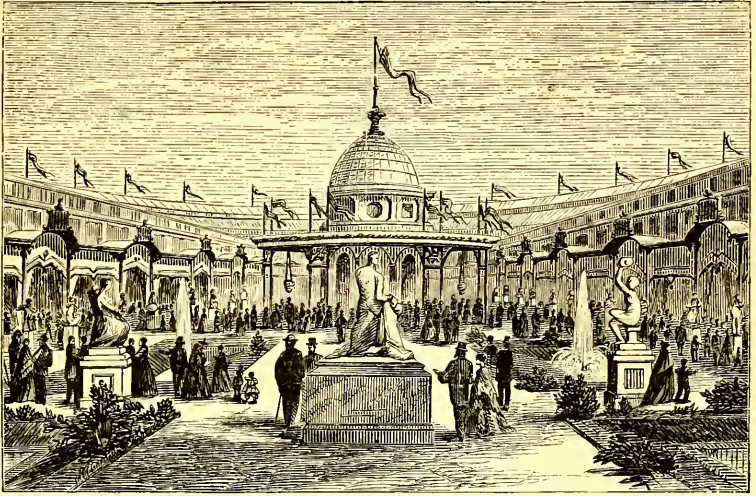
P. H. C.



## THE FRENCH EXPOSITION FOR TWENTY CENTS.

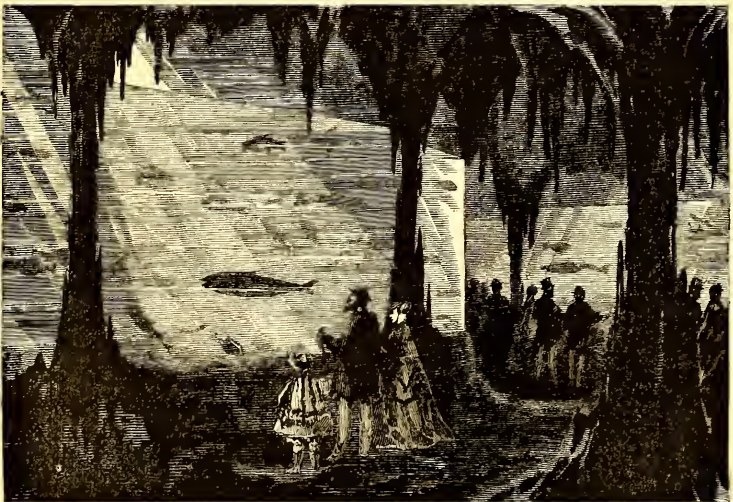
(Concluded.)

AND when we have explored the promenade garden, and rested for a while on one of the seats with which it is furnished, out into the park we go once more, to examine some of the curious things that are to be seen there. We pass by a beautiful palace, which, as we are informed by one of the polite and intelligent policemen by whom the grounds are guarded, is the palace of the Bey of Tunis, a great African prince. About it we see sentries in strange uniforms, wearing turbans on their heads, and armed with weapons curiously carved and inlaid. Here is a little village of tents pitched by Bedouins from the deserts of Arabia ; and these wild Arabs, in their picturesque costumes, make a brilliant contrast with the green foliage and turf. Leaving these, our attention is directed to a building in which ice is made by a patent freezing process. One might naturally expect that the ice turned out by this apparatus would be in a mashed and half-fluid condition, like that which remains in an ice-cream freezer when the mould is removed ; but, on the contrary, it is moulded in bars four or five feet long and a foot square, and these bars are as transparent and pure as the great blocks with which our American ice-houses are supplied from the clear inland lakes. Wonders



follow upon wonders in this park of fairy-land ; and not the least among them is this process of obtaining ice by means of steam.

From ice to diamonds it is easy to go in a breath ; for have you not often observed on some frosty morning of winter, after a thaw, how the branches of the trees are laden down with great chains of diamonds, hung upon them by King Frost during the night ? And so it is that, not far from the building in which ice is manufactured by steam, there is a workshop in which the most beautiful diamond jewelry is made. Here all the processes of cutting



and setting diamonds are carried on ; and it is to this place that ladies appear to be attracted more than to any other, perhaps, in the grounds.

By and by we come to a large mound, which has rooms hollowed out within it ; and here are aquaria in which curious fishes are kept, as well as an aquarium for frogs. On entering the mound we see some large glass grottos, the frames of which are very ingeniously contrived in imitation of rough rock-work. These are the aquaria, and in them swim a great variety of curious and beautiful fishes, brought from countries both far and near. But still more interesting than these is the aquarium in which the frogs are kept. Before this numbers of young people may generally be seen, — and a good many older people too, — watching the gambols of the frogs, which, with their queer pranks, bear a very singular resemblance to human beings engaged in a bathing-frolic. Sometimes they will chase one another through the water like boys. They play at “leap-frog” over one another’s heads from the rocks of the aquarium, diving here and there with wonderful speed and ease ; and then they will come up again, and, climbing upon the ledges of the rock, will sit there as gravely as stout old aldermen, sometimes crossing one leg over the other, and holding their heads on one side with a meditative air. The gambols of these creatures are really so curious and interesting that we remain looking at them for a long while. In a state of nature frogs



are animals whose habits it is not easy to observe, on account of their usual haunts being among reeds and in muddy pools of water ; but in this beautiful clear aquarium they appear to great advantage, — seeming, indeed, to take pride in displaying their feats of wonderful activity and adroitness to the visitors who daily come to see them.

Well, I think you will agree with me that by this hour we have seen a good deal for our twenty cents, and that it is time for us to seek some refreshment

and rest. Let us look in at the restaurants, then, which are arranged under the veranda by which the outer oval is surrounded, and which offer, in themselves, not the least curious of the sights to be seen in this very curious place. Here the people of all the nations that have come to take part in the exhibition have their own cook-shops, in which they cook their own peculiar viands, each after the fashion of his own country. What would you say now to visiting the Chinese restaurant, and calling for some roast dog, or rat pie, both of which are considered luxuries in their own country, — at least by that singular people? Better not try the experiment, I think; rat pie can hardly be a tempting dish, even when served up on a sumptuous China plate. Perhaps these Egyptians who are squatting around here could treat us to some crocodile's eggs, or to a steak of hippopotamus from the Nile. That would be rather heavy feeding, you say, and so it would; and as the very same objection applies to pork-and-beans, not to mention pumpkin pie, we will only just look in at the American restaurant, the steam arising from which seems to waft one back home across the sea. Spain and Italy have delicious fruits in their restaurants, and they are curious in salads and famous for their olive oil. But, so far as cookery goes, I believe the French have the advantage over all; and so to the French restaurant we go, where we get all manner of nice things for a moderate price, and thus we finish our day.

And now the evening is well advanced. The great exhibition building is closed for the night, but the park is all aglow with lights, making an illumination which is really grand to see. Look back upon it now, as our carriage rattles us across one of the bridges over the Seine, and I think you will say that we have had full value, to-day, for our twenty cents.

*Charles Dawson Shanly.*





## THE LITTLE JEW.

A TRUE STORY.

WE were at school together,  
 The little Jew and I.  
 He had black eyes, the biggest nose,  
 The very smallest fist for blows,  
 Yet nothing made him cry.

We mocked him often and often,  
 Called him all names we knew, —  
 “Young Lazarus,” “Father Abraham,”  
 “Moses,” — for he was meek as lamb,  
 The gentle little Jew.

But not a word he answered, —  
 Sat in his corner still,  
 And worked his sums, and conned his task, —  
 Would never any favor ask,  
 Did us nor good nor ill, —

Though sometimes he would lift up  
 Those great dark Eastern eyes, —  
 Appealing, when we wronged him much,  
 For pity? No! but full of such  
 A questioning surprise.



Just like a beast of the forest  
 Caught in the garden's bound, —  
 Hemmed in by cruel creatures tame  
 That seem akin, almost the same,  
 Yet how unlike are found !

He never lied, nor cheated,  
 Although he was a Jew ;  
 He might be rich, he might be poor,  
 Of David's seed, or line obscure,  
 For anything we knew.

He did his boyish duty  
 In play-ground as in school ;  
 A little put upon, and meek,  
 Though no one ever called him "sneak"  
 Or "coward," still less "fool."

But yet I never knew him, —  
 Not rightly, I may say, —  
 Till one day, sauntering round our square,  
 I saw the little Jew boy there,  
 Slow lingering after play.

He looked so tired and hungry,  
 So dull and weary both,  
 "Hollo!" cried I, "you ate no lunch ;  
 Come, here 's an apple, have a munch !  
 Hey, take it ! don't be loath."

He gazed upon the apple,  
 So large and round and red,  
 Then glanced up towards the western sky, —  
 The sun was setting gloriously, —  
 But not a word he said.

He gazed upon the apple,  
 Eager as Mother Eve, —  
 Half held his hand out, — drew it back ;  
 Dim grew his eyes, so big and black, —  
 His breast began to heave.

"I am so very hungry !  
 And yet — No, thank you. No.  
 Good by." "You little dolt," said I,  
 "Just take your apple. There, don't cry ;  
 Home with you ! Off you go !"

But still the poor lad lingered,  
 And pointed to the sky :

“The sunset is not very late ;  
 I ’m not so hungry, — I can wait.  
 Thank you. Good by, — good by !”

And then I caught and held him  
 Against the palisade ;  
 Pinched him and pommelled him right well,  
 And forced him all the truth to tell,  
 Exactly as I bade.

It was their solemn fast-day,  
 When every honest Jew  
 From sunset unto sunset kept  
 The fast. I mocked ; he only wept :  
 “ What father does, I do.”



I taunted him and jeered him, —  
 The more brute I, I feel.  
 I held the apple to his nose ;  
 He gave me neither words nor blows, —  
 Firm, silent, true as steel.

I threw the apple at him ;  
 He stood one minute there,  
 Then, swift as hunted deer at bay,  
 He left the apple where it lay,  
 And vanished round the square.

\* \* \* \* \*

I went and told my father, —  
 A minister, you see ;  
 I thought that he would laugh outright  
 At the poor silly Israelite ;  
 But very grave looked he.

Then said : “ My bold young Christian,  
 Of Christian parents born,  
 Would God that you may ever be  
 As faithful unto Him — and me —  
 As he you hold in scorn ! ”

I felt my face burn hotly,  
 My stupid laughter ceased ;  
 For father is a right good man,  
 And still I please him all I can,  
 As parent and as priest.

Next day, when school was over,  
 I put my nonsense by ;  
 Begged the lad's pardon, stopped all strife,  
 And — well, we have been friends for life,  
 The little Jew and I.

*The Author of “ John Halifax, Gentleman. ”*



## EMILY AT HOME AGAIN.

“WELL now, Dr. Hardhack, does n't our Emily look beautiful?” said Emily's mother and grandmother and aunt, all in one breath.

Emily had come home from her long abode in the country, and had brought her friend Pussy Willow with her; and they were sitting together now, a pair of about as rosy young females as one should wish to see of a summer day.

Dr. Hardhack turned round, and glared through his spectacles at Emily.

“Pretty fair,” he said; “pretty fair! A tolerable summer's work, that!” — and he gave a pinch to Emily's rosy cheek. “Firm fibre, that! real hard flesh, made of clover and morning dew, — none of your flabby, sidewalk, skinny construction.”

“Well now, Doctor, we want you to tell us just what she may do, — just how much. I suppose you know, now she 's got into a city, she can't dress exactly as she did up in the country.”

“I see, I see,” said Doctor Hardhack; “I *take* at once.”

“You see,” said Aunt Zarviah, “there is n't a thing of all her clothes that she can wear, having been all summer in those loose sacks, you know. She 's sort o' *spread out*, you see.”

“I should think so,” said Doctor Hardhack. “Well, my advice is, that you begin gradually screwing her up; get her corsets ready, with plenty of whalebone and a good tough lace; but don't begin too hard, — just tighten a little every day, and by and by she 'll get back to where all her things will fit her exactly.”

“But, Doctor, won't that injure her health?” said the mamma.

“Of course it will, but I fancy she 'll stand it for one winter; it won't quite kill her, and that 's all we doctors want. If it suits you all, it does me, I'm sure. What should I do for my bread and butter, if all the girls of good families kept on living as these two have been living this summer? I really could n't afford it, in a professional point of view.”

“Well, I have something on this point to say,” said Emily. “I would n't lose my health again for anything that can be named.”

“O pooh, pooh! I've heard a deal of talk of this sort before now. When patients are first up from a sickness, how prudent they mean to be!

‘When the Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be, —  
When the Devil got well, the devil a monk was he.’”

“Thank you, Doctor,” said Miss Emily; “but I think *that* poetry does n't apply to *me*, if you please. I hope I'm not of that family.”

“Well, — but seriously, Doctor, you must tell us just how much it will do for Emily to do,” said the mamma. “One does n't want to give up the world entirely, and yet one does n't want to lose one's health.”

“I see,” said the Doctor; “I appreciate the case entirely. Well, let her

begin with the opera twice a week, and one German, kept up till daylight. In one week she will feel stronger than ever she did, and declare that nothing hurts her; then she can take two Germans, and then three, and so on. Fact is," said the Doctor, "of all the devices of modern society, none is so good for the medical practice as these Germans; my best cases are made out of 'em; they unite all the requisites for forming first-rate patients that keep on our hands for months and years, and are as good as an annuity to us. I'm not a fool, madam. I must look ahead for my bread and butter next spring, you see."

"But, Doctor, I'm not going to Germans at all," said Emily, stoutly. "I know now what life is, and what health is worth, and I'm not going to waste it in that way. Besides, I'm going to try to live for something better."

"Live for something better!" said the Doctor. "What sort of talk is that for a young lady in the first New York society? What is there to live for better? I thought of it the other night when I was at a confirmation at Grace Church, and saw a whole bevy of pretty creatures, who all were engaging to 'fight manfully under Christ's banner,' and thought where they would be before spring. Whirling round all night in a low-necked dress is the kind of fighting they do; and then I'm called in as hospital surgeon to the dear disciples when they are carried off the field exhausted. I know all about it. You *can't*, of course, live for anything better. You could n't, for the world, be called singular, and be thought to have odd notions,—could you? That would be too horrible.

"Now I knew a rich New York girl once who took to bad courses. She would go round visiting the poor, she would sit up with sick people, and there was no end to the remarks made about her. People clearly saw how wicked it was of her to risk her health in that way,—how late hours and bad air and fatigue would certainly undermine her health,—and she was quite cast out of the 'synagogue. You must n't breathe bad air or over-exert yourself, unless you do so from a purely selfish motive; then it's all right and proper,—this is our New York gospel."

Pussy Willow's blue eyes were open very wide on the Doctor as he spoke, and there was a laugh in them, though she did not laugh otherwise. The Doctor caught the expression, and shook his cane at her.

"O, you need n't sit there looking mischievous, miss. What do you know of life? You're nothing but a country girl, and you know no more of it than the bobolinks and chip-squirrels do. You'll soon learn to be ashamed of your roses, and to think it's pretty to have bad health. I'll bet a copper that you'll begin a course of corsets in a fortnight, and by spring we shall send you back to your milk-pails as white and withered as Miss Emily there. It's astonishing how fast we can run a girl down, taking one thing with another,—the corsets, and the hot rooms with plenty of gas escaping into them from leaky tubes, and then operas and Germans for every night in the week. Of course it's a charity to give you a good stiff dose of it; it's hospitality, you see."

“Now, Doctor Hardhack, you dreadful man,” said Emily, “you must just stop this talk. I brought Pussy down here on purpose to have somebody to help me to live better than I have lived. We shall just take a peep or two at New York sights, but we are not going into the gay world.”

“Ta, ta, ta ! don’t tell me,” said the Doctor, shaking his cane playfully at her ; “you won’t be so unfair as to cut me in that way. I shall hear of you yet, — you ’ll see ” ; and so the Doctor departed.

“What a droll man he is !” said Pussy.

“It ’s just his way,” said Emily’s mother ; “he ’s always running on in this strange way about everything. For my part, I never know half what he means.”

“It is tolerably plain what he means,” said Emily. “You must do exactly contrary to what he tells you, — as I shall ; so, aunty, don’t trouble yourself to try to alter my things, unless it be to let them all out, for I ’m going to keep all the breathing-room I ’ve got, whether I have a pretty waist or not. I ’d rather have color in my cheeks, and a cheerful heart, than the smallest waist that ever was squeezed together.”

“Such a pity one could n’t have both !” said Aunt Zarviah. “Your cousin Jane was in here last week with her new bismarck silk, and it fits her so beautifully ! Somebody said she looked as if she ’d been melted and poured into it ; there was n’t a crease or a wrinkle ! It did look lovely !”

“Well, Aunt Zarviah, I must try some other way of looking lovely. Maybe, if I am always gay and happy, and in good spirits, and have a fresh bright face, it may make up for not looking as if I had been melted and poured into my clothes.”

To do Emily justice, she showed a good deal of spirit in her New York life. She and Pussy agreed to continue together their course of reading and study for at least two hours a day ; then they both took classes in a mission Sunday-school, which was held in the Church of the Good Shepherd, and they took up their work in real good earnest.

“Now,” said Emily, “I am not going to give my class just the odds and ends and parings of strength which I have left after I have spent almost all in amusing myself ; but I mean to do just the other way, and spend the strength left from really useful things in amusing myself.”

The girls kept a list of their classes, and used regularly every week to visit the families from which the children came. In the course of these visits they found much else to do. They saw much of the life of the poor ; they saw paths daily opening before them in which the outlay of a little time and a little money enabled them to help some poor struggling family to keep up a respectable standing ; they learned the real worth of both time and money ; and the long walks they took in all weathers in the open air kept up their strength and vigor. They went occasionally of an evening to some of the best sights in New York, and they saw what was really worth seeing ; but they did not make a winter’s work of rushing from one amusement to another.

On the whole, the two girls, in spite of Doctor Hardhack, proved that a

temperate, sober, healthy, useful life might be led even in the higher circles of New York.

Doctor Hardhack used to pretend to fly into a passion when he saw them, — shook his stick at them wrathfully, exclaiming, “What is to become of me if you go on so?” and threatening to denounce them. “It ’s a conspiracy against our bread and butter, the way these girls go on,” he said. “I sha’ n’t have a shadow of a case in Miss Emily, and I ’m an abused man.”

So passed a pleasant winter, when one morning all New York waked up in arms. Emily’s father brought home the newspaper, — there was a war; Emily’s brother came rushing in all out of breath, — “The New York Seventh has got to be off in a twinkling. Girls, good by.” But I must leave more about this until next month.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*



## THE LADY WHO PUT SALT IN HER COFFEE.

THIS was Mrs. Peterkin. It was a mistake. She had poured out a delicious cup of coffee, and, just as she was helping herself to cream, she found she had put in salt instead of sugar! It tasted bad. What should she do? Of course she could n’t drink the coffee; so she called in the family, for she was sitting at a late breakfast all alone. The family came in; they all tasted, and looked, and wondered what should be done, and all sat down to think.

At last Agamemnon, who had been to college, said, “Why don’t we go over and ask the advice of the chemist?” (For the chemist lived over the way, and was a very wise man.)

Mrs. Peterkin said, “Yes,” and Mr. Peterkin said, “Very well,” and all the children said they would go too. So the little boys put on their india-rubber boots, and over they went.

Now the chemist was just trying to find out something which should turn everything it touched into gold; and he had a large glass bottle into which he put all kinds of gold and silver, and many other valuable things, and melted them all up over the fire, till he had almost found what he wanted. He could turn things into almost gold. But just now he had used up all the gold that he had round the house, and gold was high. He had used up his wife’s gold thimble and his great-grandfather’s gold-bowed spectacles; and he had melted up the gold head of his great-great-grandfather’s cane; and, just as the Peterkin family came in, he was down on his knees before his wife, asking her to let him have her wedding-ring to melt up with all the rest, because this time he knew he should succeed, and should be able to turn everything into gold; and then she could have a new wedding-ring of dia-

monds, all set in emeralds and rubies and topazes, and all the furniture could be turned into the finest of gold.

Now his wife was just consenting when the Peterkin family burst in. You can imagine how mad the chemist was! He came near throwing his crucible — that was the name of his melting-pot — at all their heads. But he did n't. He listened as calmly as he could to the story of how Mrs. Peterkin had put salt in her coffee.

At first he said he could n't do anything about it; but when Agamemnon said they would pay in gold if he would only go, he packed up his bottles in a leather case, and went back with them all.

First, he looked at the coffee, and then stirred it. Then he put in a little chlorate of potassium, and the family tried it all round; but it tasted no better. Then he stirred in a little bichlorate of magnesia. But Mrs. Peterkin did n't like that. Then he added some tartaric acid and some hypersulphate of lime. But no; it was no better. "I have it!" exclaimed the chemist, — "a little ammonia is just the thing!" No, it was n't the thing at all.

Then he tried each in turn some oxalic, cyanic, acetic, phosphoric, chloric, hyperchloric, sulphuric, boracic, silicic, nitric, phosphoric, nitrous nitric, and carbonic acids. Mrs. Peterkin tasted each, and said the flavor was pleasant, but not precisely that of coffee. So then he tried a little calcium, aluminum, barium, and strontium, a little clear bitumen, and a half of a third of a sixteenth of a grain of arsenic. This gave rather a pretty color; but still Mrs. Peterkin ungratefully said it tasted of anything but coffee. The chemist was not discouraged. He put in a little belladonna and atropine, some granulated hydrogen, some potash, and a very little antimony, finishing off with a little pure carbon. But still Mrs. Peterkin was not satisfied.

The chemist said that all he had done ought to have taken out the salt. The theory remained the same, although the experiment had failed. Perhaps a little starch would have some effect. If not, that was all the time he could give. He should like to be paid and go. They were all much obliged to him, and willing to give him \$1.37½ in gold. Gold was now 2.69¾, so Mr. Peterkin found in the newspaper. This gave Agamemnon a pretty little sum. He sat himself down to do it. But there was the coffee! All sat and thought awhile, till Elizabeth Eliza said, "Why don't we go to the herb-woman?" Elizabeth Eliza was the oldest daughter. She was named after her two aunts, — Elizabeth from the sister of her father, Eliza from her mother's sister. Now the herb-woman was an old woman who came round to sell herbs, and knew a great deal. They all shouted with joy at the idea of asking her, and Solomon John and the younger children agreed to go and find her too. The herb-woman lived down at the very end of the street; so the boys put on their india-rubber boots again, and they set off. It was a long walk through the village, but they came at last to the herb-woman's house at the foot of a high hill. They went through her little garden. Here she had marigolds and hollyhocks, and old maids, and tall sunflowers, and all kinds of sweet-smelling herbs, so that the air was full of tansy-tea and elder-blow. Over the porch grew a hop-vine, and a brandy-



cherry tree shaded the door, and a luxuriant cranberry-vine flung its delicious fruit across the window. They went into a small parlor which smelt very spicy. All around hung little bags full of catnip, and peppermint, and all kinds of herbs ; and dried stalks hung from the ceiling ; and on the shelves were jars of rhubarb, senna, manna, and the like.

But there was no little old woman. She had gone up into the woods to get some more wild herbs, so they all thought they would follow her,— Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John, and the little boys. They had to climb up over high rocks, and in among huckleberry-bushes and blackberry-vines. But the little boys had their india-rubber boots. At last they found the little old woman. They knew her by her hat. It was steeple-crowned, without any vane. They saw her digging with her trowel round a sassafras-bush. They told her their story, — how their mother had put salt in her coffee, and how the chemist had made it worse instead of better, and how their mother could n't drink it, and would n't she come and see what she could do ? And she said she would, and took up her little old apron with pockets all around all filled with everlasting and pennyroyal, and went back to her house.

There she stopped, and stuffed her huge pockets with some of all the kinds of herbs. She took some tansy and peppermint, and carraway-seed and dill, spearmint and cloves, pennyroyal and sweet marjoram, basil and rosemary, wild thyme and some of the other time, — such as you have in clocks, — sappermint and oppermint, catnip, valerian, and hop ; indeed, there



is n't a kind of herb you can think of that the little old woman did n't have done up in her little paper bags, that had all been dried in her little Dutch-

oven. She packed these all up, and then went back with the children, taking her stick.

Meanwhile Mrs. Peterkin was getting quite impatient for her coffee.

As soon as the little old woman came, she had it set over the fire, and began to stir in the different herbs. First she put in a little hop for the bitter. Mrs. Peterkin said it tasted like hop-tea, and not at all like coffee. Then she tried a little flagroot and snakeroot, then some spruce gum and some carraway and some dill, some rue and rosemary, some sweet marjoram and sour, some oppermint and sappermint, a little spearmint and peppermint, some wild thyme, and some of the other tame time, some tansy and basil and catnip and valerian, and sassafras, ginger, and pennyroyal. The children tasted after each mixture, but made up dreadful faces. Mrs. Peterkin tasted, and did the same. The more the old woman stirred, and the more she put in, the worse it all seemed to taste.

So the old woman shook her head, and muttered a few words, and said she must go. She believed the coffee was bewitched. She bundled up her packets of herbs, and took her trowel, and her basket, and her stick, and went back to her root of sassafras, that she had left half in the air and half out. And all she would take for pay was five cents in currency.

Then the family were in despair, and all sat and thought a great while. It was growing late in the day, and Mrs. Peterkin had n't had her cup of coffee. At last Elizabeth Eliza said, "They say that the lady from Philadelphia who is staying in town is very wise. Suppose I go and ask her what is best to be done." To this they all agreed it was a great thought, and off Elizabeth Eliza went.

She told the lady from Philadelphia the whole story, — how her mother had put salt in her coffee, how the chemist had been called in, how he tried everything, but could make it no better, and how they went for the little old herb-woman, and how she had tried in vain, but her mother could n't drink the coffee. The lady from Philadelphia listened very attentively, and then said, "Why does n't your mother make a fresh cup of coffee?" Elizabeth Eliza started with surprise. Solomon John shouted with joy; so did Agamemnon, who had just finished his sum; so did the little boys, who had followed on. "Why did n't we think of that?" said Elizabeth Eliza; and they all went back to their mother, and she had her cup of coffee.

*Lucretia P. Hale.*





ROBERT SCHUMANN.

*Allegretto scherzando.*

PIANO. *f*

5 3 2 1 5 3 2 1 2 1 1

5 5 4 3

The first system of music consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The first system shows a melodic line in the treble staff with chords in the bass. The second system includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the bass staff. The third system concludes with a double bar line.



## ANDANTE CANTABILE.

MOZART.

Arranged by JULIUS EICHBERG.

The second system of music consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is marked *p dolce* (piano dolce) and features a 3/4 time signature. The second system continues the piece with similar melodic and harmonic structures.

First system of the musical score. The right hand features a melodic line with a trill (tr) and a sixteenth-note figure. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

Second system of the musical score. The right hand continues with a trill (tr) and melodic phrases. The left hand has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *sf f* (sforzando fortissimo).

Third system of the musical score. The right hand has a melodic line with a trill (tr). The left hand features a complex accompaniment with dynamic markings *f ff sf* and a *riten.* (ritardando) section. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

Fourth system of the musical score. The right hand has a melodic line with a trill (tr). The left hand has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *p dolce* (piano dolce), *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *cres.* (crescendo). First and second endings are marked with 1 and 2.

Fifth system of the musical score. The right hand has a melodic line with a trill (tr). The left hand has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), and *f* (forte).

Sixth system of the musical score. The right hand has a melodic line with a trill (tr). The left hand has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *dim.* (diminuendo), *pp* (pianissimo), and *rallent.* (rallentando).

# ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS  
& *Funny* Things

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

No. 20.

### FOUNDATION WORDS.

ALTHOUGH I am without an eye,  
My sight is always good ;  
And kings employ me when they wish  
To be felt and understood.  
I have a character of weight,  
Yet still I 'm fond of balls ;  
And making breaches is my trade  
Whenever duty calls.

We 're found on every battle-field,  
We follow every battle,  
Where swords and bayonets find no shield,  
Wherever bullets rattle.

### CROSS WORDS.

Useful in many ways to man,  
No better friend he has ;  
Yet what return have I for this ?  
He bids me " Go to grass."

Hair of snow and pinkish eyes,  
Bright in color, small in size,

Africa my native home,  
Ere I did to Barnum's come.

From this isle unknown to fame,  
Ships with aid to rebels came ;  
Now consumptives to it tend,  
Hoping thus their health to mend.

Syria's waters worthless were,  
Jordan's worked the miracle,  
Perfect cleansing found I there ;  
Greater wonder who can tell ?

In my mountain home I dwell,  
Grecian poets knew me well ;  
Of the race of nymphs am I,  
Merriest beings 'neath the sky.

Flower of white with yellow centre,  
Fragrant, named from him who died  
Looking at his watery image,  
Of god and nymph the son and pride.

W. & L. C.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 21.



OUR BOY.

## CHARADES.

No. 22.

'T IS pity that the bright romance  
That whiled away our summer leisure,  
Gave meaning to each idle glance,  
And keener zest to every pleasure,  
Should fade so soon ; but by and by  
When you are cooler, you 'll remember  
That things were different in July  
From what they are in bleak December.

Pleasures are sweet, but quickly pall,  
And towards my *whole* I have a leaning ;  
And moonlight walks and talks, and all  
That sort of thing, have little meaning.  
Unless you are my *first*, you know  
The signs that show a lover's passion,  
His doubts, his fears, and hope's warm  
glow,  
Are getting sadly out of fashion.

My love and summer both are past,  
They took their rapid flight together.  
You need not wish my love my *last*,  
'T was only meant for summer weather.  
Don't cut your throat or tear your hair,  
But vent your feelings in a sonnet ;  
A certain cure for dull despair,  
And speedy too, my word upon it.

CARL.

No. 23.

I'M a useful little body,  
And if you would know my name,  
You must listen to my story ;  
Then I think you 'll guess the same.

I am seen in church quite often,  
And in preaching take a part ;  
I am never heard in sighing,  
Though I 'm always down in heart.

I am never heard in laughing,  
Yet I 'm never seen in tears ;  
But wherever you find friendship,  
There my form in full appears.

I 'm a busy little body,  
First in here and then in there ;  
And now you 've heard my story,  
You may look in anywhere.

M. R. B.

## ENIGMA.

No. 24.

## GEOGRAPHICAL.

I am composed of 55 letters.  
My 49, 39, 20, 55, 33, 16, 21, is a strait in  
the Mediterranean Sea.  
My 23, 32, 15, 22, 41, is a river in Russia.  
My 1, 9, 29, 30, 50, is a town in France.  
My 45, 37, 42, 44, 51, is a group of small  
islands north of Scotland.  
My 20, 4, 33, 16, 26, is a river of France.  
My 20, 46, 28, 7, is a small lake in Sweden.  
My 22, 8, 32, 5, 2, 31, 18, 52, 48, is a town in  
the northern part of England.  
My 11, 40, 12, 6, 23, is a small lake in  
Africa.  
My 3, 41, 20, 38, 41, 31, 3, 15, 2, is a river  
in Illinois.  
My 40, 35, 19, 53, 43, 52, 6, 17, 23, is a  
city in Ohio.  
My 34, 54, 13, 5, 25, is a small lake in  
Minnesota.  
My 10, 37, 52, 14, 9, 29, 24, 47, is a city in  
the northern part of Kentucky.  
My 32, 6, 40, 27, 17, 50, 39, 36, 11, is a  
mountain in Massachusetts.  
My whole is an old saying.

HELEN W.

## PUZZLE.

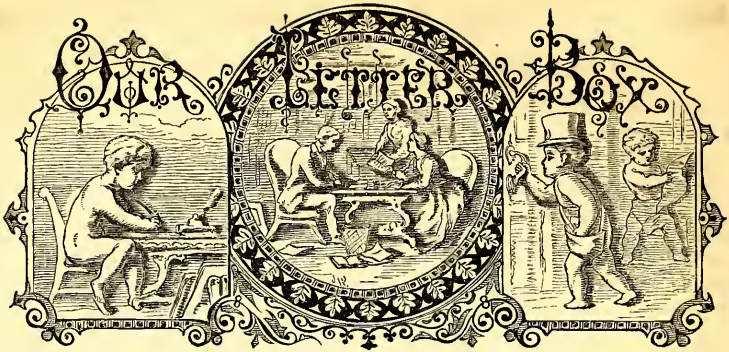
No. 25.

IN a minute a lady will double me  
To pack in a trunk or a bureau ;  
But a sailor takes hours to double me  
On the way from New York to West  
Truro.

WILLY WISP.

## ANSWERS.

- |            |               |
|------------|---------------|
| 14. ShruB, | 15. FowL,     |
| QuincE,    | RabbI,        |
| UnclE,     | EdeN,         |
| IambiC,    | EcclesiastiC, |
| RubbisH,   | DidO,         |
| RuiN,      | Oriental,     |
| EmU,       | MiltoN.       |
| LinneT.    |               |
16. Mequacumecum River, Marquette County,  
Michigan.  
17. " Call you that backing of your friends? A  
plague on such backing ! " [C (awl) (youth)  
(hat) (bee) a (sea-king) of (*ever* friends) (*ape-*  
*leg* on such *backing*).]  
18. Coat — boat — goat — moat — oat.  
19. Long-fel(l)-low.



OUR Letter Box receives a great many epistles which would be met with more than a passing acknowledgment, if editors were not the busiest persons in the world. But it makes us feel that we are on thoroughly good terms with our great circle of little readers, when they write to us so familiarly of the pleasant things they have been doing, and are still about.

One little girl tells us of a happy day she spent at Niagara; here a sister gives a copy of a letter from her brother, a boy-soldier, who fell in the terrible war which after all was so gloriously ended; there is a little Kentucky girl's story of her letter to the soldiers, sent in a box containing "turkeys and socks, and ever so many nice things," and which found its way to her own father, ill in the hospital; several send us specimens of their school compositions; one or two "a piece of poetry which was not intended to be published, at first,"—(dear little folks, your magazine would not be the treasure to you that it is, if we published anything but the best efforts of those who have been studying and practising for years the art of writing well,)—and occasionally come a letter the least bit in the world fault-finding, to which we do not object at all, as neither magazines nor people are supposed to be absolutely perfect.

It is somewhat amusing to read the various judgments which are expressed about the puzzles. A "middling smart boy" in Buffalo says they are almost all too hard for him, and too hard to be guessed by any but "very ingenious boys and girls,"—of whom we judge there is a large majority among our readers, as most of the puzzles are sent in by the "young folks" themselves,—while others write that they are too easy, and that there are not enough of them.

Meanwhile, as our young public are proving their satisfaction with their magazine by swelling its subscription list, we shall continue to do in their behalf the best we can, welcoming always any suggestion they may make, whether it can be acted upon or not.

*Florence A. McK.* You are right in thinking that the first syllable of the name which we write Goethe, is printed Gö or Gō in German, but you are not right in thinking it is pronounced Ga. The sound heard in that syllable is not an English sound, and so it can only be conveyed to the eye by a reference to the nearest sound with which we are acquainted; and, if you consult any good German grammar or dictionary, you will find that the pronunciation we gave—much like the *u* in "hurt"—is the best that can be given in letters. *Ga-the* is certainly wrong.

A *Correspondent* wishes the boys and girls to know about a game called *Blowing the Feather*, which he thinks very interesting.

"You are to take a small downy feather that will float lightly in the air, hold it in the midst of a group of three or more people, and give it a puff. It will fly to the ceiling like a rocket, and come floating down softly within provoking reach of somebody's nose, when it should be immediately blown up again.

"To play it with forfeits, a number, 1, 2, 3, etc., is given to each player, and all form a ring, with closed eyes, around the feather-holder, who gives it a puff that sets it going, and calls out for "No. 1," "No. 4," or "No. 10," to keep it up. Whoever, through lack of breath, or through laughter or laziness, lets it fall to the floor, pays a forfeit.

"The most frantic efforts are often made to keep it from falling. The feather itself seems to enjoy the sport. Sometimes a hearty pair of lungs will give it such an impetus that it goes up like a balloon; then the delightful uncertainty which prevails as to where it will fall, or who will be obliged to rush out and blow it, keeps little nerves in a twitter. Older people like to join the fun. . . . This simple pastime will be found most enjoyable."

"*Gathering May Apples*," is not quite up to the mark, but we thank the author for much kindly expressed interest.

*David Copperfield.* You will never know who built the first boat, we fancy.—Let us see the dia-



*This poem* should be read and remembered at this season of snowy sports, and, as it came too late for a more prominent place, we have put it here, where we hope all our readers will see it and profit by it:—

“THE WATCHER.

“When coasters are merry on the hill,  
Going and coming with laugh and shout,  
There is always some one standing still,  
From behind the old tree looking out.

“You see no rope in his bare, red hands,  
No sled awaits the impatient knee,  
Uncared for and silent there he stands,  
With the wistful eye of poverty.

“Boys, do you never see such a one?  
Look for one moment into his eyes, —  
Be sure that the choicest kind of fun  
Would be to light them with glad surprise.

“Just bid him change places now and then,  
Nor wait to do so until you puff!  
Grow into noble and blessed men,  
Who give before *self* has had enough.

“CHARLOTTE F. BATES.”

“PARIS, France, July 9, 1866.

“DEAR EDITORS, —

“I think you will be glad to hear that, though I am so far away from home, some kind friend has sent me those delightful books, ‘Our Young Folks,’ which used to make me so happy when I was in my own country. Now I want to tell you a little something about what American children are obliged to hear when they are sent away to a strange country for their education, as I am. We are very much laughed at by our young companions, especially the English, because we use free and easy every-day expressions, and they say we don’t know how to speak good English. Their great delight is to laugh at us about the use we make of *guess, real, fix, mad*, and a great many other words which they say we don’t know how or where to use. They also say a great many disagreeable things about us, and, worst of all, that we are not dutiful and affectionate to our parents, nor respectful to other older persons. Now, dear Editors, I don’t believe one half of this is true, and even if it is, I could tell them of just as many faults of their own if they are not just the same, but I am afraid there is some truth in it, and I do wish you would persuade some of your good contributors, who know all about it, to write an article for one number of ‘Our Young Folks,’ telling us just what the real faults in our language and manners are. There is another thing, dear Editors, I want to speak to you about, though I am almost afraid it is hardly respectful to do so. I was so very happy when the numbers of ‘Our Young Folks’ came, because I wanted to show them to my schoolmates, — and what do you think they say? They say that *their* fathers

and mothers never let *them* read books that have so much bad English in them, — that it would n’t be so much amiss if all the bad grammar was put in the mouths of servants and other ignorant persons, but that in these books even what seem to be the children of nice families talk as if they had never been told how to speak correctly. I would tell you which of the stories they find most fault with, only I am afraid it would seem ungrateful to the writers who have taken so much trouble for us. Now, dear Editors, I hope I have n’t done wrong to tell you all this, and that, if there is any truth in what my companions say, you will be good enough to ask your contributors to be more careful; for I assure you it is very hard, when one is far away from one’s own country, to hear it criticised in this way without being quite sure there is no ground for it.

“Your little exile,

“MILDRED.

“(I have n’t given you my real name.)”

*Agatha H.* We are limited to no set of writers; we take the *best* that is offered only.

*Starlight.* “Pray for them which despitely use you.”

*A. Strit—r.* Your verses and rhymes are good, but you have not written a poem.

*Belle Langley.* You may try, certainly; but do not expect much.

*Hautboy.* The new one is a little too involved, we think. It is neatly done.

*L. V. H.* Not quite.

*Mrs. Isaac A. P.* Thanks for your letter, as well as for the specimen of verse.

*Herbert F. R.* has written “A Child’s Wish,” which is so pleasant in its way, that we print it here:—

“O, if I were a butterfly,  
I know what I would do;  
No tiresome lessons would I have  
All the long summer through.

“I’d fly about among the flowers,  
Without a thought of ill,  
Through the long summer day; and when,  
Behind the western hill,

“The great round sun had sunk at last,  
And stars began to peep,  
Into the cup of some sweet flower  
I’d fly, and go to sleep.

“The cool light winds would rock my flower,  
There ’neath the apple-tree,  
And the brave fire-flies would keep watch  
That no harm came to me.

“I would I were a butterfly  
Amid the sweet wild-flowers;  
No doubt or danger should I know  
Through all the summer hours.”

Mary A. H. writes :—

"I am now 'sweet sixteen,' and of course desirous to make as good an appearance in company as possible. In order to do this, it seems to me necessary to have at least some general knowledge of the subjects that are commonly talked of in common society.

"I have seen how very kind you were to answer the questions of your correspondents, and have taken the liberty to write to you and ask you a few questions which I hope you will be kind enough to answer.

"(1.) When was Jean Ingelow born? and when did she first appear before the public as a poetess?

"(2.) What is her most important poem?

"(3.) Who is the artist illustrating the papers entitled 'William Henry's Letters to his Grandmother'?

"(4.) Is it dishonorable to be a flirt?

"(5.) Is it not better to have a quiet marriage than a fashionable wedding, especially if one marries a poor man?

"(6.) Will 'Willy Wisp' tell us his true name?

"I have taken the Magazine since it was first published, and of course agree with every one in thinking it unrivalled; and certainly 'Our Letter Box' is one of its pleasantest features.

"(7.) Won't you give a set of Geometrical, Algebraical, Arithmetical, Astronomical, Grammatical, or some other *ical* questions?

"Your true friend.

"P. S. (said to be the most important part of a letter, and it probably is in this case at least).

"In the 'Letter Box' in the September number of last year there is an inquiry from a large family of children: 'Who can tell us how to make the largest and most splendid soap-bubbles?'

"Glycerine in the water used to make the bubbles will make the bubbles stronger, and when stronger they can be blown larger and they will last longer.

"I do not know the proportion of glycerine used, but I think it is a few drops of the liquid glycerine to a common bowl of soapsuds.

"Probably one of the chemical soaps referred to is 'glycerine' soap.

"Glycerine does not make the hues of the bubble more brilliant, for *that* hardly seems possible."

(1.) We do not know; she is probably from thirty-five to forty years of age. (2.) Her best poem is probably to be considered "The High Tide"; of her philosophical poems "Divided" is the finest, we think, while her best lyrical writing is in the "Songs of Seven." (3.) We cannot tell you. (4.) We have already printed a good deal on this subject, of which some of our readers think altogether too much. (5.) Decidedly. (6.) No. (7.) If we can get first-rate problems.

C. A. B. (Philadelphia.) Please to try a long rebus. Your geographical ones are excellently sketched, but rather short. — It is *Gibraltar*, not *ter*.

If you have all guessed that last month's puzzle was "Throw physic to the dogs," you are quite ready to try your skill at another one. And here it is, drawn by Mr. Day, directly from the First Scene in the Fifth Act of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."







THE OBSTINATE BOYS.

DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.]

[See *A Holiday Romance*, page 261.]

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. V.

MAY, 1868.

No. V.

HOLIDAY ROMANCE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART IV.

ROMANCE. FROM THE PEN OF MISS NETTIE ASHFORD.\*



HERE is a country, which I will show you when I get into Maps, where the children have everything their own way. It is a most delightful country to live in. The grown-up people are obliged to obey the children, and are never allowed to sit up to supper, except on their birthdays. The children order them to make jam and jelly and marmalade, and tarts and pies and puddings and all manner of pastry. If they say they won't, they are put in the corner till they do. They are sometimes allowed to have some, but when they have some, they generally have powders given them afterwards.

One of the inhabitants of this country, a truly sweet young creature of the name of Mrs. Orange, had the misfortune to be sadly plagued by her numerous family. Her parents required a great deal of looking after, and they had connections and companions who were scarcely ever out of mischief. So Mrs. Orange said to herself, "I really cannot be troubled with these Torments any longer, I must put them all to school."

\* Aged half past six.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Mrs. Orange took off her pinafore, and dressed herself very nicely, and took up her baby, and went out to call upon another lady of the name of Mrs. Lemon, who kept a Preparatory Establishment. Mrs. Orange stood upon the scraper to pull at the bell, and gave a Ring-ting-ting.

Mrs. Lemon's neat little housemaid, pulling up her socks as she came along the passage, answered the Ring-ting-ting.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Orange. "Fine day. How do you do? Mrs. Lemon at home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you say Mrs. Orange and baby?"

"Yes, ma'am. Walk in."

Mrs. Orange's baby was a very fine one, and real wax all over. Mrs. Lemon's baby was leather and bran. However, when Mrs. Lemon came into the drawing-room with her baby in her arms, Mrs. Orange said politely, "Good morning. Fine day. How do you do? And how is little Tootleum-Boots?"

"Well, she is but poorly. Cutting her teeth, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon.

"O, indeed, ma'am!" said Mrs. Orange. "No fits, I hope?"

"No, ma'am."

"How many teeth has she, ma'am?"

"Five, ma'am."

"My Emilia, ma'am, has eight," said Mrs. Orange. "Shall we lay them on the mantel-piece side by side, while we converse?"

"By all means, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon. "Hem!"

"The first question is, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange, — "I don't bore you?"

"Not in the least, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon. "Far from it, I assure you."

"Then pray *have* you," said Mrs. Orange, "*have* you any vacancies?"

"Yes, ma'am. How many might you require?"

"Why, the truth is, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange, "I have come to the conclusion that my children," — O, I forgot to say that they call the grown-up people children in that country, — "that my children are getting positively too much for me. Let me see. Two parents, two intimate friends of theirs, one godfather, two godmothers, and an aunt. *Have* you as many as eight vacancies?"

"I have just eight, ma'am," said Mrs. Lemon.

"Most fortunate! Terms moderate, I think?"

"Very moderate, ma'am."

"Diet good, I believe?"

"Excellent, ma'am."

"Unlimited?"

"Unlimited."

"Most satisfactory! Corporal punishment dispensed with?"

"Why, we do occasionally shake," said Mrs. Lemon, "and we have slapped. But only in extreme cases."

"*Could* I, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange, "*could* I see the establishment?"

“With the greatest of pleasure, ma’am,” said Mrs. Lemon.

Mrs. Lemon took Mrs. Orange into the school-room, where there were a number of pupils. “Stand up, children!” said Mrs. Lemon, and they all stood up.

Mrs. Orange whispered to Mrs. Lemon, “There is a pale bald child with red whiskers, in disgrace. Might I ask what he has done?”

“Come here, White,” said Mrs. Lemon, “and tell this lady what you have been doing.”

“Betting on horses,” said White, sulkily.

“Are you sorry for it, you naughty child?” said Mrs. Lemon.

“No,” said White. “Sorry to lose, but should n’t be sorry to win.”

“There ’s a vicious boy for you, ma’am,” said Mrs. Lemon. “Go along with you, sir. This is Brown, Mrs. Orange. O, a sad case, Brown’s! Never knows when he has had enough. Greedy. How is your gout, sir?”

“Bad,” said Brown.

“What else can you expect?” said Mrs. Lemon. “Your stomach is the size of two. Go and take exercise directly. Mrs. Black, come here to me. Now here is a child, Mrs. Orange, ma’am, who is always at play. She can’t be kept at home a single day together; always gadding about and spoiling her clothes. Play, play, play, play, from morning to night, and to morning again. How can she expect to improve!”

“Don’t expect to improve,” sulked Mrs. Black. “Don’t want to.”

“There is a specimen of her temper, ma’am,” said Mrs. Lemon. “To see her when she is tearing about, neglecting everything else, you would suppose her to be at least good-humored. But bless you, ma’am, she is as pert and as flouncing a minx as ever you met with in all your days!”

“You must have a great deal of trouble with them, ma’am,” said Mrs. Orange.

“Ah! I have indeed, ma’am,” said Mrs. Lemon. “What with their tempers, what with their quarrels, what with their never knowing what ’s good for them, and what with their always wanting to domineer, deliver me from these unreasonable children!”

“Well, I wish you good morning, ma’am,” said Mrs. Orange.

“Well, I wish you good morning, ma’am,” said Mrs. Lemon.

So Mrs. Orange took up her baby and went home, and told the family that plagued her so that they were all going to be sent to school. They said they did n’t want to go to school, but she packed up their boxes and packed them off.

“O dear me, dear me! Rest and be thankful!” said Mrs. Orange, throwing herself back in her little arm-chair. “Those troublesome troubles are got rid of, please the Pigs!”

Just then another lady, named Mrs. Alicumpaine, came calling at the street door with a Ring-ting-ting.

“My dear Mrs. Alicumpaine,” said Mrs. Orange, “how do you do? Pray stay to dinner. We have but a simple joint of sweet-stuff, followed by a

plain dish of bread and treacle, but if you will take us as you find us it will be *so* kind!"

"Don't mention it," said Mrs. Alicumpaine. "I shall be too glad. But what do you think I have come for, ma'am? Guess, ma'am."

"I really cannot guess, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange.

"Why, I am going to have a small juvenile party to-night," said Mrs. Alicumpaine, "and if you and Mr. Orange and baby would but join us, we should be complete."

"More than charmed, I am sure!" said Mrs. Orange.

"So kind of you!" said Mrs. Alicumpaine. "But I hope the children won't bore you?"

"Dear things! Not at all," said Mrs. Orange. "I dote upon them."

Mr. Orange here came home from the city, and he came too with a Ring-ting.

"James, love," said Mrs. Orange, "you look tired. What has been doing in the city to-day?"

"Trap bat and ball, my dear," said Mr. Orange, "and it knocks a man up."

"That dreadfully anxious city, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange to Mrs. Alicumpaine; "so wearing, is it not?"

"O, so trying!" said Mrs. Alicumpaine. "John has lately been speculating in the peg-top ring, and I often say to him at night, 'John, *is* the result worth the wear and tear?'"

Dinner was ready by this time, so they sat down to dinner; and while Mr. Orange carved the joint of sweet-stuff, he said, "It's a poor heart that never rejoices. Jane, go down to the cellar and fetch a bottle of the Upest Ginger-beer."

At tea-time Mr. and Mrs. Orange, and baby, and Mrs. Alicumpaine, went off to Mrs. Alicumpaine's house. The children had not come yet, but the ball-room was ready for them, decorated with paper flowers.

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Orange. "The dear things! How pleased they will be!"

"I don't care for children myself," said Mr. Orange, gaping.

"Not for girls?" said Mrs. Alicumpaine. "Come! You care for girls?"

Mr. Orange shook his head and gaped again. "Frivolous and vain, ma'am."

"My dear James," cried Mrs. Orange, who had been peeping about, "do look here. Here's the supper for the darlings, ready laid in the room behind the folding-doors. Here's their little pickled salmon, I do declare! And here's their little salad, and their little roast beef and fowls, and their little pastry, and their wee, wee, wee, champagne!"

"Yes, I thought it best, ma'am," said Mrs. Alicumpaine, "that they should have their supper by themselves. Our table is in the corner here, where the gentlemen can have their wineglass of negus and their egg-sandwich, and their quiet game at beggar-my-neighbor, and look on. As for us, ma'am, we shall have quite enough to do to manage the company."



"O, indeed you may say so. Quite enough, ma'am!" said Mrs. Orange.

The company began to come. The first of them was a stout boy, with a white top-knot and spectacles. The housemaid brought him in and said, "Compliments, and at what time was he to be fetched?" Mrs. Alicumpaine said, "Not a moment later than ten. How do you do, sir? Go and sit down." Then a number of other children came; boys by themselves, and girls by themselves, and boys and girls together. They did n't behave at all well. Some of them looked through quizzing-glasses at others, and said, "Who are those? Don't know them." Some of them looked through quizzing-glasses at others, and said, "How do?" Some of them had cups of tea or coffee handed to them by others, and said, "Thanks! Much!" A good many boys stood about, and felt their shirt-collars. Four tiresome fat boys *would* stand in the door-way and talk about the newspapers, till Mrs. Alicumpaine went to them and said, "My dears, I really cannot allow you to prevent people from coming in. I shall be truly sorry to do it, but, if you put yourselves in everybody's way, I must positively send you home." One boy, with a beard and a large white waistcoat, who stood straddling on the hearth-rug warming his coat-tails, *was* sent home. "Highly incorrect, my dear," said Mrs. Alicumpaine, handing him out of the room, "and I cannot permit it."

There was a children's band, — harp, cornet, and piano, — and Mrs. Alicumpaine and Mrs. Orange bustled among the children to persuade them to take partners and dance. But they were so obstinate! For quite a long time they would not be persuaded to take partners and dance. Most of the boys said, "Thanks. Much. But not at present." And most of the rest of the boys said, "Thanks. Much. But never do."

"Oh! These children are very wearing," said Mrs. Alicumpaine to Mrs. Orange.

"Dear things! I dote upon them, but they ARE wearing," said Mrs. Orange to Mrs. Alicumpaine.

At last they did begin in a slow and melancholy way to slide about to the music, though even then they would n't mind what they were told, but would have this partner, and would n't have that partner, and showed temper about it. And they would n't smile, no, not on any account they would n't; but when the music stopped, went round and round the room in dismal twos, as if everybody else was dead.

"Oh! It's very hard indeed to get these vexing children to be entertained," said Mrs. Alicumpaine to Mrs. Orange.

"I dote upon the darlings, but it IS hard," said Mrs. Orange to Mrs. Alicumpaine.

They were trying children, that's the truth. First, they would n't sing when they were asked, and then, when everybody fully believed they would n't, they would. "If you serve us so any more, my love," said Mrs. Alicumpaine to a tall child, with a good deal of white back, in mauve silk trimmed with lace, "it will be my painful privilege to offer you a bed, and to send you to it immediately."

The girls were so ridiculously dressed, too, that they were in rags before supper. How could the boys help treading on their trains? And yet when their trains were trodden on, they often showed temper again, and looked as black, they did! However, they all seemed to be pleased when Mrs. Alicumpaine said, "Supper is ready, children!" And they went crowding and pushing in, as if they had had dry bread for dinner.

"How are the children getting on?" said Mr. Orange to Mrs. Orange, when Mrs. Orange came to look after baby. Mrs. Orange had left baby on a shelf near Mr. Orange while he played at beggar-my-neighbor, and had asked him to keep his eye upon her now and then.

"Most charmingly, my dear!" said Mrs. Orange. "So droll to see their little flirtations and jealousies! Do come and look!"

"Much obliged to you, my dear," said Mr. Orange, "but I don't care about children myself."

So Mrs. Orange, having seen that baby was safe, went back without Mr. Orange to the room where the children were having supper.

"What are they doing now?" said Mrs. Orange to Mrs. Alicumpaine.

"They are making speeches and playing at Parliament," said Mrs. Alicumpaine to Mrs. Orange.

On hearing this, Mrs. Orange set off once more back again to Mr. Orange, and said "James dear, do come. The children are playing at Parliament."

"Thank you, my dear," said Mr. Orange, "but I don't care about Parliament myself."

So Mrs. Orange went once again without Mr. Orange to the room where the children were having supper, to see them playing at Parliament. And she found some of the boys crying, "Hear, hear, hear!" while other boys cried "No, no!" and others "Question!" "Spoke!" and all sorts of nonsense that ever you heard. Then one of those tiresome fat boys who had stopped the door-way told them he was on his legs (as if they could n't see that he was n't on his head, or on his anything else) to explain, and that with the permission of his honorable friend, if he would allow him to call him so (another tiresome boy bowed), he would proceed to explain. Then he went on for a long time in a sing-song (whatever he meant!), did this troublesome fat boy, about that he held in his hand a glass, and about that he had come down to that house that night to discharge what he would call a public duty, and about that on the present occasion he would lay his hand (his other hand) upon his heart, and would tell honorable gentlemen that he was about to open the door to general approval. Then he opened the door by saying "To our hostess!" and everybody else said "To our hostess!" and then there were cheers. Then another tiresome boy started up in sing-song, and then half a dozen noisy and nonsensical boys at once. But at last Mrs. Alicumpaine said, "I cannot have this din. Now, children, you have played at Parliament very nicely, but Parliament gets tiresome after a little while, and it's time you left off, for you will soon be fetched."

After another dance (with more tearing to rags than before supper) they began to be fetched, and you will be very glad to be told that the tiresome

fat boy who had been on his legs was walked off first without any ceremony. When they were all gone, poor Mrs. Alicumpaine dropped upon a sofa and said to Mrs. Orange, "These children will be the death of me at last, ma'am, they will indeed!"

"I quite adore them, ma'am," said Mrs. Orange, "but they DO want variety."

Mr. Orange got his hat, and Mrs. Orange got her bonnet and her baby, and they set out to walk home. They had to pass Mrs. Lemon's Preparatory Establishment on their way.

"I wonder, James dear," said Mrs. Orange, looking up at the window, "whether the precious children are asleep!"

"I don't much care whether they are or not, myself," said Mr. Orange.

"James dear!"

"You dote upon them, you know," said Mr. Orange. "That 's another thing."

"I do!" said Mrs. Orange, rapturously. "O, I DO!"

"I don't," said Mr. Orange.

"But I was thinking, James love," said Mrs. Orange, pressing his arm, "whether our dear good kind Mrs. Lemon would like them to stay the holidays with her."

"If she was paid for it, I dare say she would," said Mr. Orange.

"I adore them, James," said Mrs. Orange; "but SUPPOSE we pay her then!"

This was what brought that country to such perfection, and made it such a delightful place to live in; the grown-up people (that would be in other countries) soon left off being allowed any holidays after Mr. and Mrs. Orange tried the experiment; and the children (that would be in other countries) kept them at school as long as ever they lived, and made them do whatever they were told.

*Charles Dickens.*



## ONE SATURDAY.

I NEVER had a happier time,  
 And I am forty-three,  
 Than one midsummer afternoon,  
 When it was May with me;  
 Life's fragrant May,  
 And Saturday,  
 And you came up with me to play;  
 And up and down the garden walks,  
 Amid the flowering beans,  
 We proudly walked, and tossed our heads,  
 And played that we were queens!

Thrice prudent sovereigns, we *made*  
 The diadems we wore,  
 And fashioned with our royal hands  
 The sceptres which they bore.  
 But good Queen Bess  
 Had surely less  
 Than we of proud self-consciousness,  
 While wreaths of honeysuckle hung  
 Around your rosy neck,  
 And tufts of marigolds looped up  
 My gown, — a “gingham check.”

Our chosen land was parcelled out,  
 Like Israel's, by lot.  
 My kingdom from the garden wall  
 Reached to the strawberry plot ;  
 The onion bed,  
 The beet-tops red,  
 The corn which waved above my head,  
 The gooseberry-bushes hung with fruit,  
 The spreading melon-vine,  
 The carrots and the cabbages, —  
 All, all of them were mine !

Beneath the cherry-tree was placed  
 Your throne, — a broken chair ;  
 Your realm was narrower than mine,  
 But it was twice as fair.  
 Tall hollyhocks  
 And purple phlox,  
 And time-observing “four-o'clocks,”  
 Blue lavender and candy-tuft,  
 And pink and white sweet-peas,  
 Your loyal subjects, waved their heads  
 In every passing breeze.

O, gayly, prosperously we reigned  
 Till we were called to tea !  
 But years, since then, have come and gone,  
 And I am forty-three !  
 Yet journeying,  
 On restless wing,  
 Time has not brought, and cannot bring,  
 To you or me a happier hour  
 Than when amid the beans  
 We proudly walked, and tossed our heads,  
 And played that we were queens !

*Marian Douglas.*

## DOTTY DIMPLE MAKING A CALL.

ONE day Aunt Louise proposed that Dotty Dimple and Jennie Vance should call upon a little girl who was visiting at Dr. Gray's.

"O yes," said Dotty, "we truly must go to see Dovey Sparrow; she has such frizzy curls, and she can play five tunes on the piano. But, auntie, how do they make calls?"

"O, all sorts of ways," replied Miss Louise, with a twinkle in her eye. "Sometimes we take our cards, but I should hardly think it necessary for very young people to do so. Then we just touch the lady's hand, and talk about the weather, and in three minutes we go away."

"I've seen calls a great many times," said Dotty, thoughtfully, "and I know we could make one, — Jennie and I; Prudy need n't go a step."

She did not feel quite sure that her auntie was not making sport of her, for Miss Louise had sometimes a very sober way of saying funny things. But Dotty took Jennie Vance into the green chamber that afternoon, and repeated what she had heard regarding the making of calls.

"Dovey came from Boston, and we never saw her only in church, so I s'pose we must carry cards, Jennie. I know my auntie would be glad to lend me her silver card-case, she wishes me to be so polite; but I don't dare ask her, — so I guess I'll borrow it 'thout saying anything."

"Has n't anybody else got a gold one that I could borrow?" said Jennie, looking rather unhappy as the beautiful toy dropped into Dotty's pocket.

"O, it's no matter about you," returned Miss Dimple, with a peep at the mirror; "you'll be with ME, and I'll take care of you. Do tell me, Jennie, does my hat look polite? I mean is it style enough?"

"It's as style as mine," replied Jennie, gazing into the glass with Dotty. "Why, we look just like each other, — only you're so pretty, and your sack is silk and mine's cotton-wool!"

"Well, *you* don't care," said Dotty, graciously; "you're just as good as I am, if you only behave well. You must n't run out your tongue, Jennie, — it looks as if you were catching flies. And you should n't sneeze before people, — it's rude."

"I heard *you* once, Dotty Dimple, and it was at a party too!"

"O, then, 't was an accident; you must 'scuse me if I did. And now," added Dotty, giving a final touch to the red tassels in her gaiters, — "now I want you to notice how I act, and do just the same, for my mother has seen the governor, and yours has n't."

"Well, my mother went to New York once," exclaimed Jennie, determined not to be crushed; "and she has two silk dresses and a smelling-bottle!"

"Poh! Susy's *always* had some nightly-blue-sirreup, and Prudy's been out West. Just as if I'd tell about that! There now, do you know how to behave when anybody induces you to strangers?"

"What do you s'pose?" replied Jennie, tartly; "I speak up and say, 'Yes, sir!'"

Dotty laughed. She seemed to look down, down on her young friend from a great height.

"And shake hands too," added Jennie, quickly.

"No, you give three fingers, that's all, — just as if you were touching a toad; and you raise your eyebrows up this way, and quirk your mouth, and nod your head. 'How do you do, Miss Dovey Sparrow? I'm delighted to meet you, miss! It's a charming day. Are they all well at Boston?' You'll see how *I* do it. Then I shall take out my handkerjiff, and shake it so the sniff of the nightly-blue-sirreup will spread all over the room. Then I shall wipe my nose this way, and sit down. I've seen great ladies do it a great many times."

"So've I too!" nodded Jennie, overawed.

"And," continued Dotty, "if the people have plants in the window, the ladies say, '*How* flagrant!' and if the people have children, they say, 'What *lovely* little dears!' and pat their hair. 'Do you go to school, darling?' says they."

"They've asked *me* that over and over," remarked Jennie.

"And they keep calling everything char-rming, and bee-you-tiful! With such tight gloves on, I know their fingers feel choked."

"Come," said Jennie, "we must go; and I guess I shall behave just as well as you, for you never made any calls before, your *own* self!"

The little girls tripped along the green roadside with an air of importance. Dotty felt like a princess-royal till they reached Dr. Gray's, and then her brave heart fluttered so fast that she had a secret longing to run home and get Prudy to help her. But the next minute she tossed her head as loftily as if there were a crown on it, and pulled the bell-wire so hard that Betsey Duffy thought the Doctor was wanted, and ran to the door with her sleeves rolled up to the elbows.

"La me! If it is n't Mrs. Vance's little dite of a Jinny! And who's this one? Edward Parlin's child, I should know by the eyes. Folks all well?"

"Is Miss Dovey Sparrow at home?" asked Dotty, with dignity, at the same time opening her card-case with a click.

"La me! yes, she is, fur's *I* know; walk in, children," replied Betsey, who had never had time in her hard life to learn grammar.

"Then, if she is, you may give her these," pursued Dotty, placing in Betsey's hands two cards, one bearing the name "Louise Preston"; the other, the words of a memorandum, "Kerosene oil, vanilla, bar-soap."

Betsey looked at the cards, then at the exquisite Miss Dimple, and suddenly put her checked apron up to her face.

"Will you wait?" said she, in a stifled voice, — "will you wait, young ladies, till I give her the tickets? Or will you please be so good as to walk in now, if you like?"

Dotty condescended to walk in; and Jennie, her shadow, quietly followed.



About a minute after they had seated themselves in two great chairs, in tripped Miss Dovey Sparrow, blushing and looking as frightened as a wood-pigeon. The roguish Betsey had just told her that these little visitors were the "top of the town," and she must "talk to them as if she was reading it out of a book."

Meantime Betsey was hiding in the back parlor, with her checked apron over her mouth, forgetting her potato-yeast in her curiosity to watch these little fine ladies.

Dotty rose, stumbled over a stool, shook hands, but forgot to speak. Jennie did the same, with the addition of putting her little finger in her mouth.

"Ahem!" said Dotty, snapping her card-case.

"Yes'm!" responded Dovey, trembling.

Jennie was on the point of running out her tongue, but stopped herself, and coughed till she choked. It was becoming rather awkward. Dotty wiped her nose nervously, and so did Jennie. Then Dotty folded her arms; Jennie clasped her hands, and both looked out of the window.

Poor Miss Dovey tried with all her might to think of a speech grand enough to make to these wise little guests; but, alas! she could not remember anything but her geography lessons.

Dotty was also laboring in vain; the only thing that came into her head was a wild desire to sneeze. At last, her eye happening to rest on the crimson trimming of Dovey's dress, she was suddenly reminded of turkeys, and their dislike to the color of red. So she cried out in despair, "Do you keep a turkey at your house?"

"Does your papa keep a sheep?" chimed in Jennie, one octave lower.

"We don't keep anything," replied Dovey, in great surprise at these strange queries from such intellectual damsels, — "we don't keep anything at all, — nor a dog either."

Then Jennie came out brilliantly with a question of her own devising: "Have you got any trundle-beds in Boston?"

This was too much. The ice began to crack.

"Why, *Jennie* Vance!" said Dotty, and then she laughed. "Look at that monneument on the mantel! Why, what you laughing at, girls?"

"O, I shall give up!" said Jennie, holding her sides; "this is the funniest house and folks I ever did see!"

"Do stop making me laugh so!" cried Miss Dovey, dropping to the floor and rocking back and forth. "O, ho, now!" screamed Dotty, dancing across the rug, "you don't look the least bit like a bird, Dovey Sparrow!"

They were all set in a very high gale by this time.

"Be still!" said Miss Dimple, holding up both hands. "There now, I had a sneeze, but O dear, I can't sneeze it!"

"You're just like anybody else, after all," tittered the Sparrow. "Would n't you like to go out and jump on the hay? O, do!"

"Well, there," replied Miss Dimple, with a fresh burst of merriment, "you never asked us to take off our things, — you never!"

"I did n't want you to," said Dovey; "you frightened me almost to death."

"Did we, though?" cried Dotty, in delight. "Well, I never was so 'fraid my *own* self! I don't want to feel so again. You ought to have heard my heart beat!"

"And mine too," said Jennie; "my hair stood right out straight."

"We did n't s'pose you were such a darling," exclaimed Dotty, kissing her new friend fervently. "O, I love you, and I'm so glad you don't know how to behave!"

"I'm glad you don't know how either," said Dovey, tilting herself on a rocker like a bird on a bough. "I thought you were going to be polite, — O, just as polite! — for you set poor Betsey all of a tremble. Come, let's go out and play!"

Of course Dotty lost her "borrowed" card-case in the new-mown hay. She confessed the truth with bitter tears, and Aunt Louise was so kind as to forgive her. Weeks afterwards the case was found in the horse's crib in Dr. Gray's stable, bearing the prints of Don Carlos's teeth.

Dotty has never made a fashionable call since.

*Sophie May.*





## THE PETERKINS AT HOME.

## AT DINNER.

ANOTHER little incident occurred in the Peterkin family. This was at dinner-time.

They sat down to a dish of boiled ham. Now it was a peculiarity of the children of the family, that half of them liked fat, and half liked lean. Mr. Peterkin sat down to cut the ham. But the ham turned out to be a very remarkable one. The fat and the lean came in separate slices, — first one of lean, then one of fat, then two slices of lean, and so on. Mr. Peterkin began as usual by helping the children first, according to their age. Now Agamemnon, who liked lean, got a fat slice; and Elizabeth Eliza, who preferred fat, had a lean slice. Solomon John, who could eat nothing but lean, was helped to fat, and so on. Nobody had what he could eat.

It was a rule of the Peterkin family, that no one should eat any of the vegetables without some of the meat; so now, although the children saw upon their plates apple-sauce and squash and tomato and sweet potato and sour potato, not one of them could eat a mouthful, because not one was satisfied with the meat. Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, however, liked both fat and lean, and were making a very good meal, when they looked up and saw the children all sitting eating nothing, and looking dissatisfied into their plates.

“What is the matter now?” said Mr. Peterkin.

But the children were taught not to speak at table. Agamemnon, however, made a sign of disgust at his fat, and Elizabeth Eliza at her lean, and so on, and they presently discovered what was the difficulty.

“What shall be done now?” said Mrs. Peterkin. They all sat and thought for a little while.

At last said Mrs. Peterkin, rather uncertainly, “Suppose we ask the lady from Philadelphia what is best to be done.”

But Mr. Peterkin said he did n't like to go to her for everything; let the children try and eat their dinner as it was.

And they all tried, but they could n't. “Very well, then,” said Mr. Peterkin, “let them go and ask the lady from Philadelphia.”

“All of us?” cried one of the little boys, in the excitement of the moment.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Peterkin, “only put on your india-rubber boots.” And they hurried out of the house.

The lady from Philadelphia was just going in to her dinner; but she kindly stopped in the entry to hear what the trouble was. Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza told her all the difficulty, and the lady from Philadelphia said, “But why don't you give the slices of fat to those who like the fat, and the slices of lean to those who like the lean?”

They all looked at one another. Agamemnon looked at Elizabeth Eliza, and Solomon John looked at the little boys. "Why did n't we think of that?" said they, and ran home to tell their mother.

#### THE PETERKINS TRY TO BECOME WISE.

THEY were sitting round the breakfast-table, and wondering what they should do because the lady from Philadelphia had gone away. "If," said Mrs. Peterkin, "we could only be more wise as a family!" How could they manage it? Agamemnon had been to college, and the children all went to school; but still as a family they were not wise. "It comes from books," said one of the family. "People who have a great many books are very wise." Then they counted up that there were very few books in the house, — a few school-books and Mrs. Peterkin's cook-book were all.

"That 's the thing!" said Agamemnon. "We want a library!"

"We want a library!" said Solomon John. And all of them exclaimed, "We want a library!"

"Let us think how we shall get one," said Mrs. Peterkin. "I have observed that other people think a great deal of thinking."

So they all sat and thought a great while.

Then said Agamemnon, "I will make a library. There are some boards in the wood-shed, and I have a hammer and some nails, and perhaps we can borrow some hinges, and there we have our library!"

They were all very much pleased at the idea.

"That 's the bookcase part," said Elizabeth Eliza; "but where are the books?"

So they sat and thought a little while, when Solomon John exclaimed, "I will make a book!"

They all looked at him in wonder.

"Yes," said Solomon John, "books will make us wise, but first I must make a book."

So they went into the parlor, and sat down to make a book. But there was no ink. What should he do for ink? Elizabeth Eliza said she had heard that nutgalls and vinegar made very good ink. So they decided to make some. The little boys said they could find some nutgalls up in the woods. So they all agreed to set out and pick some. Mrs. Peterkin put on her cape bonnet, and the little boys got into their india-rubber boots, and off they went.

The nutgalls were hard to find. There was almost everything else in the woods, — chestnuts, and walnuts, and small hazel-nuts, and a great many squirrels; and they had to walk a great way before they found any nutgalls. At last they came home with a large basket and two nutgalls in it. Then came the question of the vinegar. Mrs. Peterkin had used her very last on some beets they had the day before. "Suppose we go and ask the minister's wife," said Elizabeth Eliza. So they all went to the minister's wife.

She said if they wanted some good vinegar they had better set a barrel of cider down in the cellar, and in a year or two it would make very nice vinegar. But they said they wanted it that very afternoon. When the minister's wife heard this, she said she should be very glad to let them have some vinegar, and gave them a cupful to carry home.

So they stirred in the nutgalls, and by the time evening came they had very good ink.

Then Solomon John wanted a pen. Agamemnon had a steel one, but Solomon John said, "Poets always used quills." Elizabeth Eliza suggested that they should go out to the poultry-yard and get a quill. But it was already dark. They had, however, two lanterns, and the little boys borrowed the neighbors'. They set out in procession for the poultry-yard. When they got there, the fowls were all at roost, so they could look at them quietly. But there were no geese! There were Shanghais and Cochin Chinas, and Guinea hens, and Barbary hens, and speckled hens, and Poland roosters, and bantams, and ducks, and turkeys, but not one goose! "No geese but ourselves," said Mrs. Peterkin, wittily, as they returned to the house. The sight of this procession roused up the village. "A torchlight procession!" cried all the boys of the town; and they gathered round the house, shouting for the flag; and Mr. Peterkin had to invite them in, and give them cider and gingerbread, before he could explain to them that it was only his family visiting his hens.

After the crowd had dispersed, Solomon John sat down to think of his writing again. Agamemnon agreed to go over to the bookstore to get a quill. They all went over with him. The bookseller was just shutting up his shop. However, he agreed to go in and get a quill, which he did, and they hurried home.

So Solomon John sat down again, but there was no paper. And now the bookstore was shut up. Mr. Peterkin suggested that the mail was about in, and perhaps he should have a letter, and then they could use the envelope to write upon. So they all went to the post-office, and the little boys had their india-rubber boots on, and they all shouted when they found Mr. Peterkin had a letter. The postmaster inquired what they were shouting about; and when they told him, he said he would give Solomon John a whole sheet of paper for his book. And they all went back rejoicing.

So Solomon John sat down, and the family all sat round the table looking at him. He had his pen, his ink, and his paper. He dipped his pen into the ink and held it over the paper, and thought a minute, and then said, "But I have n't got anything to say!"

*Lucretia P. Hale.*



## HOW JUNE FOUND MASSA LINKUM.

JUNE laid down her knives upon the scrubbing-board, and stole softly out into the yard. Madame Joilet was taking a nap up stairs, and, for a few minutes at least, the coast seemed to be quite clear.

Who was June? and who was Madame Joilet?

June was a little girl who had lived in Richmond ever since she could remember, who had never been outside of the city boundaries, and who had a vague idea that the North lay just above the Chickahominy, and the Gulf of Mexico about a mile below the James. She could not tell A from Z, nor the figure 1 from 40; and whenever Madame Joilet made those funny little curves and dots and blots with pen and ink, in drawing up her bills to send in to the lodgers up stairs, June considered that she was moved thereto by witches. Her authority for this theory lay in a charming old woman across the way, who had one tooth, and wore a yellow cap, and used to tell her ghost stories sometimes in the evening.

Somebody asked June once how old she was.

"'Spect I's a hundred, — dunno," she said gravely. Exactly how old she was nobody knew. She was not tall enough to be more than seven, but her face was like the face of a little old woman. It was a queer little face, with thick lips and low forehead, and great mournful eyes. There was something strange about these eyes. Whenever they looked at one, they seemed to cry right out, as if they had a voice. But no one in Richmond cared about that. Nobody cared about June at all. When she was unhappy, no one asked what was the matter; when she was hungry, or cold, or frightened, Madame Joilet laughed at her, and when she was sick, she beat her. If she broke a teacup, or spilled a mug of coffee, she had her ears boxed, or was shut up in a terrible dark cellar, where the rats were as large as kittens. If she tried to sing a little in her sorrowful, smothered way, over her work, Madame Joilet shook her for making so much noise. When she stopped, she scolded her for being sulky. Nothing that she could do ever happened to be right; everything was sure to be wrong. She had not half enough to eat, nor half enough to wear. What was worse than that, she had nobody to kiss, and nobody to kiss her; nobody to love her and pet her; nobody in all the wide world to care whether she lived or died, except a half-starved kitten that lived in the wood-shed. For June was black, and a slave; and this Frenchwoman, Madame Joilet, was her mistress.

Exactly what was the use of living under such circumstances June never could clearly see. She cherished a secret notion that, if she could find a little grave all dug out somewhere in a clover-field, she would creep in and hide there. Madame Joilet could not find her then. People who lived in graves were not supposed to be hungry; and, if it were ever so cold, they never shivered. That they could not be beaten was a natural consequence, because there was so much earth between, that you would n't feel the

stick. The only objection would be leaving Hungry. Hungry was the kitten. June had named it so because it was black. She had an idea that everything black was hungry, in the nature of things.

That there had been a war, June had gathered from old Creline, who told her the ghost stories. What it was all about she did not know. Madame Joilet said some terrible giants, called Yankees, were coming down to eat up all the little black girls in Richmond. Creline said that the Yankees were the Messiah's people, and were coming to set the negroes free. Who the Messiah was June did not know ; but she had heard vague legends from Creline of old-time African princes, who lived in great free forests, and sailed on sparkling rivers in boats of painted bark, and she thought that he must be one of them.

Now, this morning, Creline had whispered mysteriously to June, as she went up the street to sell some eggs for Madame Joilet, that Massa Linkum was coming that very day. June knew nothing about Massa Linkum, and nothing about those grand, immortal words of his which had made every slave in Richmond free ; it had never entered Madame Joilet's plan that she should know. No one can tell, reasoned Madame, what notions the little nigger will get if she finds it out. She might even ask for wages, or take a notion to learn to read, or run away, or something. June saw no one ; she kept her prudently in the house. Tell her? *Non, non, impossible!*

But June had heard the beautiful news this morning, like all the rest ; and June was glad, though she had not the slightest idea why. So, while her mistress was safely asleep up stairs, she had stolen out to watch for the wonderful sight, — the mysterious sight that every one was waiting to see.

She was standing there on tiptoe on the fence, in her little ragged dress, with the black kitten in her arms, when a great crowd turned a corner, and tossed up a cloud of dust, and swept up the street. There were armed soldiers with glittering uniforms, and there were flags flying, and merry voices shouting, and huzzas and blessings distinct upon the air. There were long lines of dusky faces upturned, and wet with happy tears. There were angry faces, too, scowling from windows, and lurking in dark corners.

It swept on, and it swept up, and June stood still, and held her breath to look, and saw, in the midst of it all, a tall man dressed in black. He had a thin, white face, sad-eyed and kindly and quiet, and he was bowing and smiling to the people on either side.

"God bress yer, Massa Linkum, God bress yer!" shouted the happy voices ; and then there was a chorus of wild hurrahs, and June laughed outright for glee, and lifted up her little thin voice and cried, "Bress yer, Massa Linkum!" with the rest, and knew no more than the kitty what she did it for.

The great man turned, and saw June standing alone in the sunlight, the fresh wind blowing her ragged dress, her little black shoulders just reaching to the top of the fence, her wide-open, mournful eyes, and the kitten squeezed in her arms. And he looked right at her, O, so kindly! and



gave her a smile all to herself,—one of his rare smiles, with a bit of a quiver in it,—and bowed, and was gone.

“Take me ’long wid yer, Massa Linkum, Massa Linkum!” called poor June, faintly. But no one heard her; and the crowd swept on, and June’s voice broke into a cry, and the hot tears came, and she laid her face down on Hungry to hide them. You see, in all her life, no one had ever looked so at poor June before.

“June, June, come here!” called a sharp voice from the house. But June was sobbing so hard that she did not hear.

“*Venez ici, — vite, vite!* June! *Voilà!* The little nigger will be the death of me. She tears my heart. June, *vite*, I say!”

June started, and jumped down from the fence, and ran into the house with great frightened eyes.

“I just did n’t mean to, noways, missus. I want to see Massa Linkum, an’ he look at me, an’ I done forgot eberyting. O missus, don’ beat me dis yere time, an’ I ’ll neber—”

But Madame Joilet interrupted her with a box on the ear, and dragged her up stairs. There was a terrible look on Madame’s face. Just what happened up stairs, I have not the heart to tell you.

That night, June was crouched, sobbing and bruised and bleeding, behind the kitchen stove, when Creline came in on an errand for her mistress. Madame Joilet was obliged to leave the room for a few moments, and the two were alone together. June crawled out from behind the stove

“I see him, — I see Massa Linkum, Creline.”

“De Lord bress him foreber ’n’ eber. Amen!” exclaimed Creline fervently, throwing up her old thin hands.

June crept a little nearer, and looked all around the room to see if the doors were shut.

“Creline, what ’s he done gone come down here fur? Am he de Messiah?”

“Bress yer soul, chile! don’ ye know better ’n *dat* ar?”

“Don’ know nuffin,” said June, sullenly. “Nebber knows nuffin; ’spects I neber ’s gwine to. Can’ go out in de road to fine out, — she beat me. Can’ ask nuffin, — she jest gib me a push down cellar. O Creline, der ’s *sech* rats down dar now, — dar is!”

“Yer poor critter!” said Creline, with great contempt for her ignorance. “Why, Massa Linkum, eberybody knows ’bout he! He ’s done gone made we free, — whole heap on we.”

“Free!” echoed June, with puzzled eyes.

“Laws, yes, chile; ’pears like yer ’s drefful stupid. Yer don’ b’long —” Creline lowered her voice to a mysterious whisper, and looked carefully at the closed door, — “yer don’ b’long to Missus Jolly no more dan she b’long to you, an’ dat ’s de trufe now, ’case Massa Linkum say so, — God bress him!”

Just then Madame Joilet came back.

“What ’s that you ’re talking about?” she said sharply.

“June was jes’ sayin’ what a heap she tink ob you, missus,” said Creline, with a grave face.

June lay awake a long time that night, thinking about Massa Linkum, and the wonderful news Creline had brought, and wondering when Madame Joilet would tell her that she was free.

But many days passed, and Madame said nothing about it. Creline’s son had left his master and gone North. Creline herself had asked and obtained scanty wages for her work. A little black boy across the street had been sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes for some trifling fault, and they had just begun to beat him in the yard, when a Union officer stepped up and stopped them. A little girl, not a quarter of a mile away, whose name June had often heard, had just found her father, who had been sold away from her years ago, and had come into Richmond with the Yankee soldiers. But nothing had happened to June. Everything went on as in the old days before Massa Linkum came. She washed dishes, and scrubbed knives, and carried baskets of wood, so heavy that she tottered under their weight, and was scolded if she dropped so much as a shaving on the floor; she swept the rooms with a broom three times as tall as she was, and had her ears boxed because she could not get the dust up with such tiny hands. She worked and scrubbed

and ran on errands from morning to night, till her feet ached so that she cried out with the pain. She was whipped and scolded and threatened and frightened and shaken, just as she had been ever since she could remember. She was kept shut up like a prisoner in the house, with Madame Joilet's cold gray eyes forever on her, and her sharp voice forever in her ear. And still not a word was said about Massa Linkum and the beautiful freedom he had given to all such as little June, and not a word did June dare to say.

But June *thought*. Madame Joilet could not help that. If Madame had known just what June was thinking, she would have tried hard to help it.

Well, so the days passed, and the weeks, and still Madame said not a word; and still she whipped and scolded and shook, and June worked and cried, and nothing happened. But June had not done all her thinking for nothing.

One night Creline was going by the house, when June called to her softly through the fence.

"Creline!"

"What's de matter?" said Creline, who was in a great hurry.

"I's gwine to fine Massa Linkum,—don' yer tell nobody."

"Laws a massy, what a young un dat ar chile is!" said Creline, thinking that June had just waked up from a dream, and forthwith forgetting all about her.

Madame Joilet always locked June into her room, which was nothing but a closet with a window in it, and a heap of rags for a bed. On this particular night she turned the key as usual, and then went to her own room at the other end of the house, where she was soon soundly asleep.

About eleven o'clock, when all the house was still, the window of June's closet softly opened. There was a roofed door-way just underneath it, with an old grape-vine trellis running up one side of it. A little dark figure stepped out timidly on the narrow, steep roof, clinging with its hands to keep its balance, and then down upon the trellis, which it began to crawl slowly down. The old wood creaked and groaned and trembled, and the little figure trembled and stood still. If it should give way, and fall crashing to the ground!

She stood a minute looking down; then she took a slow, careful step; then another, and another, hand under hand upon the bars. The trellis creaked and shook and cracked, but it held on, and June held on, and dropped softly down, gasping and terrified at what she had done, all in a little heap on the grass below.

She lay there a moment perfectly still. She could not catch her breath at first, and she trembled so that she could not move.

Then she crept along on tiptoe to the wood-shed. She ran a great risk in opening the wood-shed door, for the hinges were rusty, and it creaked with a terrible noise. But Hungry was in there. She could not go without Hungry. She went in, and called in a faint whisper. The kitten knew her, dark as it was, and ran out from the wood-pile with a joyful mew, to rub itself against her dress.



"We 's gwine to fine Massa Linkum, you an' me, bof two togeder," said June.

"Pur! pur-r-r!" said Hungry, as if she were quite content; and June took her up in her arms, and laughed softly. How happy they would be, she and Hungry! and how Massa Linkum would smile and wonder when he saw them coming in! and how Madame Joilet would hunt and scold!

She went out of the wood-shed and out of the yard, hushing the soft laugh on her lips, and holding her breath as she passed under her mistress's window. She had heard Creline say that Massa Linkum had gone back to the North; so she walked up the street a little way, and then she turned aside into the vacant squares and unpaved roads, and so out into the fields, where no one could see her.

It was very still and very dark. The great trees stood up like giants against the sky, and the wind howled hoarsely through them. It made June think of the blood-hounds that she had seen rushing with horrible yells to the swamps, where hunted slaves were hiding.

"I reckon 't ain't on'y little ways, Hungry," she said with a shiver; "we 'll git dar 'fore long. Don' be 'fraid."

"Pur! pur-r-r!" said Hungry, nestling her head in warmly under June's arm.

"'Spect *you* lub me, Hungry, — 'spect you does!"

And then June laughed out softly once more. What would Massa Linkum say to the kitty? Had he ever seen such a kitty as that in all his life?

So she folded her arms tightly over Hungry's soft fur, and trudged away into the woods. She began to sing a little as she walked, in that sorrowful, smothered way that made Madame Joilet angry. Ah, that was all over now! There would be no more scolding and beating, no more tired days, no more terrible nights spent in the dark and lonely cellar, no more going to bed without her supper, and crying herself to sleep. Massa Linkum would never treat her so. She never once doubted, in that foolish little trusting heart of hers, that he would be glad to see her, and Hungry too. Why should she? Was there any one in all the world who had looked so at poor little June?

So on and away, deep into the woods and swamps, she trudged cheerily; and she sang low to Hungry, and Hungry purred to her. The night passed on and the stars grew pale, the woods deepened and thickened, the swamps were cold and wet, the brambles scratched her hands and feet.

"It 's jes' ober here little ways, Hungry," — trying to laugh. "We 'll fine him purty soon. I 's terrible tired an' — sleepy, Hungry."

She sat down then on a heap of leaves to rest, and laid her head down upon her arm, and Hungry mewed a little, and curled up in her neck. The next she knew, the sun was shining. She jumped up frightened and puzzled, and then she remembered where she was, and began to think of breakfast. But there were no berries but the poisonous dog-wood, and nothing else to be seen but leaves and grass and bushes. Hungry snapped up a few grass-

hoppers, and looked longingly at an unattainable squirrel, who was flying from tree-top to tree-top; then they went slowly on.

About noon they came to a bit of a brook. June scooped up the water in her hands, and Hungry lapped it with her pink tongue. But there was no dinner to be found, and no sign of Massa Linkum; the sun was like a great ball of fire above the tree-tops, and the child grew faint and weak.

"I did n't 'spect it was so fur," groaned poor June. "But don' yer be 'feard now, Hungry. 'Pears like we 'll fine him bery soon."

The sun went down, and the twilight came. No supper, and no sign of Massa Linkum yet. Nothing but the great forest and the swamps and the darkening shadows and the long, hungry night. June lay down once more on the damp ground where the poisonous snakes hid in the bushes, and hugged Hungry with her weak little arms, and tried to speak out bravely: "We 'll fine him, Hungry, sure, to-morrer. He 'll jes' open de door an' let us right in, he will; an' he 'll hab breakfas' all ready an' waitin', 'pears like he 'll hab a dish ob milk up in de corner for you now,—tink o' dat ar, Hungry!" and then the poor little voice that tried to be so brave broke down into a great sob. "Ef I on'y jes' had one little mouthful now, Hungry!—on'y one!"

So another night passed, and another morning came. A faint noise woke June from her uneasy sleep, when the sun was hardly up. It was Hungry, purring loudly at her ear. A plump young robin lay quivering between her paws. She was tossing it to and fro with curves and springs of delight. She laid the poor creature down by June's face, looking proudly from June to it, saying as plainly as words could say, "Here 's a fine breakfast. I got it on purpose for you. Why don't you eat, for pity's sake? There are plenty more where this came from!"

But June turned away her eyes and moaned; and Hungry, in great perplexity, made way with the robin herself.

Presently June crawled feebly to her feet, and pushed on through the brambles. The kitten, purring in her arms, looked so happy and contented with her breakfast that the child cried out at the sight as if in sudden pain.

"O, I tought we 'd git dar 'fore now, an' I tought he 'd jes' be so glad to see us!"—and then presently, "He jes' look so kinder smilin' right out ob his eyes, Hungry!"

A bitter wind blew from the east that day, and before noon the rain was falling, dreary and chilly and sharp. It soaked June's feet and ragged dress, and pelted in her face. The wind blew against her, and whirled about her, and tossed her to and fro,—she was such a little thing, and so weak now and faint.

Just as the early twilight fell from the leaden sky, and the shadows began to skulk under the bushes, and the birds gathered to their nests with sleepy twitter, she tripped over a little stone, fell weakly to the ground, and lay still. She had not the strength to get to her feet again.

But somehow June felt neither troubled nor afraid. She lay there with her face upturned to the pelting rain, watching it patter from leaf to leaf,

listening to the chirp of the birds in the nests, listening to the crying of the wind. She liked the sound. She had a dim notion that it was like an old camp-meeting hymn that she had heard Creline sing sometimes. She never understood the words, but the music came back like a dream. She wondered if Massa Linkum ever heard it. She thought *he looked like it*. She should like to lie there all night and listen to it; and then in the morning they would go on and find him, — in the morning; it would come very soon.

The twilight deepened, and the night came on. The rain fell faster, and the sharp wind cried aloud.

"It's — bery cold," said June, sleepily, and turned her face over to hide it on the kitten's warm, soft fur. "Goo' night, Hungry. We 'll git dar to-morrer. We 's mos' dar, Hungry."

Hungry curled up close to her cold, wet cheek — Hungry did not care how black it was — with a happy answering mew; but June said nothing more.

The rain fell faster, and the sharp wind cried aloud. The kitten woke from a nap, and purred for her to stir and speak; but June said nothing more.

Still the rain fell, and the wind cried; and the long night and the storm and the darkness passed, and the morning came.

Hungry stirred under June's arm, and licked her face, and mewed pitously at her ear. But June's arm lay still, and June said no word.

Somewhere, in a land where there was never slave and never mistress, where there were no more hungry days and frightened nights, little June was laughing softly, and had found some one to love her at last.

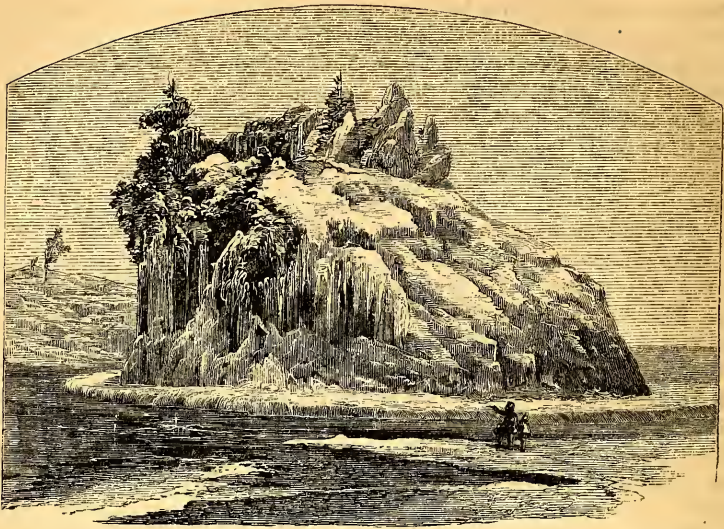
And so she did not find Massa Linkum after all?

Ah! — who would have guessed it? To that place where June had gone, where there are no masters and no slaves, he had gone before her.

And don't I suppose his was the first face she saw, as she passed through the storm and the night to that waiting, beautiful place? And don't I suppose he smiled as he had smiled before, and led her gently to that other Face, that thorn-crowned Face, of which poor little June had known nothing in all her life. Of course I do.

*E. Stuart Phelps.*





### ABOUT ME AND THE BIG-SEA-WATER.

" By the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
 Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.  
 Dark behind it rose the forest,  
 Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,  
 Rose the firs with cones upon them;  
 Bright before it beat the water,  
 Beat the clear and sunny water,  
 Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water."

**Y**ES! that's all very true. I have been there, and I know; and I could n't have described it any better myself. But, between you and me, if Mr. Longfellow had had to make his way out there as I did, he never could have written this beautiful poem of *Hiawatha*. So, on the whole, I am quite glad Mr. Longfellow had the wings instead of myself. As for me, I was jerked and twitched all the way from Long Island Sound to the Big-Sea-Water.

My easiest position was being tied by the legs to the handle of the lunch-basket, — head downward to be sure, but then it steadied me a little. Most of the day I was being sat upon by grandmamma, or dropped here and there on the car floor by mamma, to be pranced over by crazy men, women, and children, or jammed into "Hoppergrass's" pocket (did n't I tell you before that Queenie had — nobody knew why — given that odd name to her auntie?) and all the time being hunted for and snatched at by Queenie, while the terrible giant who was flying away with us snorted and roared, and tossed us about at his will, without rest day or night.

At night I was supposed to be sweetly asleep in Queenie's arms, but I

was just smothered. One horrid night I remember particularly, because a great boot came crashing down upon me from the berth above, and then I had to lie under it all night. And when, after a long search by grandmamma and "Hoppergrass" and mamma and the steward and several interested strangers, the big boot and I were discovered tightly squeezed together in the sleeping Queenie's arms, O, that was considered a great joke, although I was crushed to that degree that, if I had been made of such poor stuff as those that laughed at us were, I should have been nothing but jelly, — and Queenie did n't like their laughing any better than I.

Among the Buckeyes we took breath a moment, and there I found one of my own species, and also a new name for myself. My brother (whose name was Jimmy) and I were as like as "two peas," they said. Perhaps so; all I can say is that the other "pea" was n't a beauty. But then he was loved dearly by two dear little curlyheads, and they and Queenie weighed and measured and compared us together, till I hardly knew which was which, and not at all which end my tassel was on. But, trying as this was, it was greatly better than the horrible roaring monster who came back after us, and caught us away again toward the sunset.

Now, what do you suppose I had brought away with me from the curlyheads' house? Why, the name of that man and brother I saw there, — "Jimmy." Queenie was n't going to be outdone by a pair of bright-eyed westerners, so, if their Jack was Jimmy, her Jack must be JIMMY-JACK. And JIMMY-JACK has been my name ever since, except when she loves me never so dearly, and then it's "MY Jimmy-Jack," and that "my" weighs more than you could ever lift.

But there comes an end to all things, even to a trip across the United States of America. And so we awoke one morning in good old Nokomis's wigwam, from which we looked down upon Gitche Gumee for many months.

Of course Queenie and I felt as much at home here as anywhere, for had n't we each other?

Old Nokomis had a beautiful new red pocket-handkerchief (Queenie knew better than to call it "ponhanfuss," as her mother did before her, — O yes, she always said, and says to this day, "pockyhanfuss," as distinctly as you could!) which Queenie borrowed at once for a blanket for me, as also a little rocking-chair, in which she soon sung me fast asleep. She was just twenty months old now, and getting very fond of Mr. Tennyson's poetry; so the people need n't have laughed so much when she unrolled the "pockyhanfuss" and kissed me awake, and then with her red lips folded into the tiniest of rosebuds, and her eyes expanded into the biggest of violets, gazed lovingly at me, and cooed out, "Good mornin', darlin'! Pitty well?"

'What does little Birdie say  
In he nest at dawn o' day?'

As if big thumbs, and crooked noses, and being "queer in the legs," kept one from being a "darlin'" and a "birdie" to a loving heart! That comes, again, of not having the sense well knit into you in the beginning, but "growing up just as it happens." I am so sorry for people!

What lovely days those were! November, the "Moon of Snow-shoes," had come, and yet the skies were bright and warm, and as yet underfoot there was only shining snow-white sand, — sand so deep and clinging that it would take all the spirit out of Flora Temple, and makes one long for seven-league boots. Ugh! how we used to go plodding wearily through the sand-drifts, whether we walked or drove! But every day Queenie and I were taken out in her little carriage to spend the long mornings in that wonderful air; and when once we had fought our way through the sand to the old pine forests, or the shore of the Big-Sea-Water, our troubles were over. On the beach there was, to be sure, the same white shining sand; but the busy waves had moulded it into beautiful marble, inlaid with an ever-changing mosaic of many-colored pebbles. Here we loved to sit and watch the solemn march of the waves, and the idle little ripples climbing playfully over their shoulders as they came and went. Two or three times each day the ocean (whose water is as pure and sweet as any mountain-brook) was disturbed by the "Canoes of Thunder" hastening to and fro before winter should seal up the harbors, leaving with us cargoes of green-groceries, and carrying away nothing but stones. For we were now in a land where little beside iron and copper can grow, — where the children read of our common fruit and shade trees with as little idea of how they really look as you have of the fig-trees of the Garden of Eden! Isn't that sad? Why, Miskodeed (she takes "Our Young Folks," so I dare not say half that I long to say about her own sweet self, or give her own sweet name) has a dear little brother whom Queenie called "Peckett," who, when he was five years old, went sailing down Gitche Gumee in one of these great "Canoes of Thunder" which I and Mr. Longfellow have already told you about. When they passed into the *Sault Sainte Marie*, the shores came near to greet them, waving boughs of green with red and golden fruit.

"Look! look!" cried Peckett's mamma, pointing to the beautiful orchards; "see what you never saw before, — apples growing." The little fellow's eyes grew very big as he stared at the wonderful sight.

"Ap-apples?" he stammered out at last, "do apples grow on trees? I thought they always grew in barrels!"

But we who lived upon Gitche Gumee had *our* laugh when we saw tourists from the great apple-country below rushing off the canoes, as soon as they touched our shore, to scramble up armfuls of common stones or bits of coal which happened to be lying around, and steaming off again with their "specimens."

But although nothing green was to be seen from our windows but pines and spruces and firs, yet the "shining Big-Sea-Water," always changing, and always beautiful, swept away all regrets for the "leeks and onions" (you see I was from Connecticut) we had left behind us.

Queenie and I liked, better than even our rides to the beach, to go into the great pine forests, particularly as the winter came nearer. A camp was chosen in some snug nook, sheltered from the wind, and carpeted with the soft brown leaves of the pine. Papa made a fire as quickly as he could with

mamma and Queenie to hinder him, — sure to bring gnarled branches that would n't fit, and green moss that would n't burn! — and there we sat and toasted ourselves (and apples, when we could get them), or wandered about in search of curious mosses and fungi. O, how still the great forest was, and how alone were we! Here and there on a leafless old pine high above us hung great fungus bells, silver white or golden brown, perfect in form, but never rung in our hearing; Queenie was the only bird whose voice we heard; not even a squirrel peeped at us; everybody who loved us was more than a thousand miles away, and yet we were so happy, so happy!

All this was Queenie's play-time, and when bedtime came I am sure there was never a better baby. She had been used to having half a dozen people to tend and pet her, but now she was far away in the ends of the earth, with only mamma to serve her, whose hands were pretty busy otherwise. So, as if she understood it all, and wanted to help mamma, she almost made it easy to put her away by herself in her snug nest in the cold, dark room every night at half past five o'clock. She was as sweet and merry over it as if the room had been bright with angel playfellows; and perhaps it was, and it was with them she talked so gayly. It seemed, indeed, as if the little tongue could not keep still; and often in the middle of the night we would hear queer twitterings, and rollicking little laughs, and altogether more Dr. Watts, and Mother Goose, and Mr. Tennyson than was seasonable. Only one thing vexed her. You must know that all the country inland from Gitche Gumee belongs to the Gnomes, — very powerful and very rich, but man is tearing away their treasures from them more and more every year. Crossbill (I shall tell you about him by and by) told me that, being of a retiring disposition, he had more than once been driven to a change of residence by the coming of man into these solitudes to fight awful battles with the spirits of the earth over their heaps of ugly stones. And when man has conquered, he makes off with the spoil to the shores of Gitche Gumee, and delivers it over to his slaves (just such monsters as that which dragged us thither), who fume and writhe and grind day and night for their taskmasters, making the rough, dingy stones into flaming bars of iron and glowing masses of copper. Now at midnight these monsters began to shriek and growl for their breakfast; and when Queenie was waked by this din, I could not blame her for crying out piteously, "Don't! Don't! Makin' me trouble! Get away, ole sing, makin' me cough cry!" She was always undressed in papa's study, and looked very lovely when made into a little boy by her rose-colored flannel "jackaloons" (that was her funny little uncle Charlie's name for his first jacket and trousers, — he went to Heaven before they were outgrown!) which were her night-clothes in that cold country; and then, wrapped in "Aunt Myla's callidge-blanket," the little one would nestle in mamma's arms (as I in hers), who crooned as best she could old songs for a few precious minutes. One of her favorites was, "O, do not be discouraged, for Jesus is your friend," but we found out that she had been a little mistaken about the chorus ("He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer"); for she said one night, "Don't want

mamma sing ‘*Gie gace to Uncle Willy*’ any longer, — want mamma sing, ‘*Gie gace Auntie Fanny,*’ now!”

It was on Thanksgiving day that she first said her little prayer all by herself; and this is the way she said it, ending it with a funny flourish, as you will see: —

“ ‘Now I lay me down aseep,  
I pay de Lor my soul to keep.  
If I die me floor I wake,  
I pay de Lor my soul to take.’ Amen *I faid de boys!*”

She was a very polite little girl, and said, “‘Cusey me, papa, goin’ in!” when she wished to pass between him and the fire, and always “Kahken!” when anything was given her. One night, as she lay down in her crib, she said, “Kahken Gogon” (Thank God) “gie mamma Essel!” And now I have let the tip of a “cat out of the bag.” Queenie’s real name was Ethel, but she and her mamma had so many names that they hardly knew what to call themselves, only the baby had a choice. “Don’t ye call me ‘Punbabes,’ papa!” “What shall I call you?” “Essel.” “What else must n’t I call you?” “‘Mutunsbabes’ and ‘Nebbernezer’ and ‘Ole Splen’id.’” But, dearie me! she was shorn of part of her splendor one day. She had been allowed to stray away toward Old Nokomis’s quarters (I call our dear good old Indian cook Nokomis for fun), which were full of fascinating things, — partridge and grouse wings stretched on the walls, which Nokomis afterward made into pretty fans; beaver-tails, which she dried for tobacco-pouches; snow-shoes (which mamma supposed were fish-nets, until they appeared to her, as she sat at her window one day, strapped to the feet of a rash young man, who, not being used to such wide-spreading skates, found himself suddenly standing on his head in a snow-drift); and, strangest of all, hung from the rafters was a “pappoose,” — the dear little sick baby, securely strapped into a blanket or basket, as was convenient, which anybody who came by was expected to set swinging. The patient little creature! Her bright eyes and pale, thin face might be seen peering over the edge of her hammock in that busy kitchen at almost all hours of day and night.

But I must go back to Queenie. She had been out of our sight about five minutes, when the kind lady who took care of us came leading her in, saying, “What will you do, when you see what my little girl has been doing to your baby?”

What had she done? Why, she had waylaid her on her way to see the baby in the basket, and coaxed her to sit down in her little chair, and have a towel tied round her neck; and then, with Nokomis’s big shears, nearly as long as she (for she was herself a little roly-poly only three years old), she had clipped Queenie’s hair as if it had been so much lamb’s wool! But little roly-poly did n’t know any better, and we were all too thankful that the big baby had n’t snipped off the little baby’s ears, or cut off her head, with the great, sharp shears, to mind much about the rags and tatters into which her soft golden locks had been nibbled. Besides, it did n’t make so much dif-



ference as it might, because Queenie was given to wearing over her head any "pockyhanfuss," or towel, or duster, which happened to be within her reach, and introducing herself as "I Wohman-girl, mamma!" (she was very fond of the pictures papa and mamma had brought her from Rome of pretty girls with the white *panno* on their heads) or "I Keen" (Queen) "in the May!"

Where was French Minnie all this time? O, she was smiling as sweetly as ever, but wasting away, day by day, in sad decay. Is n't that poetry? If anything could make me a poet, Minnie could; for — I might as well confess it — I loved her. Yet I never could be comfortable with her. Queenie never guessed this, and liked to stretch my lank arms around Minnie's white neck, and lay her beautiful *crèped* hair against my tough old whiskers. O, how big my thumbs felt then!

The Paris beauty was never made for frontier life, and it just killed her. If Miss Alice had only knit her!

Christmas eve (a year ago, I mean) Queenie woke and sung the Angels' Cradle-Song. "'Goly be to God!' Why, I singin'! No, — can't sing, — got bone — in — back!"

She had hung her little stocking against the chimney, in sweet faith that something good would come of it, before she said good night. Can you guess what a precious sight that same waiting little stocking was to papa and mamma, as they thought of the last Christmas eve, when they had been listening to the "Shepherd's Song" in St. Peter's, far away from their darling, and of the year to come, when — that should have befallen which God willed?

But that was no sad Christmas; I doubt if there were many happier places in all the world than that homely chimney-corner at the North Pole. It was now no longer true that all who loved us were more than a thousand miles away. Ah, no! "The wilderness had budded and blossomed like the rose" for us. Loving eyes, helpful hands, and friendly voices all about us

"Cried aloud, and spake in this wise: —  
 'Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
 When you come so far to see us!  
 All our town in peace awaits you,  
 All our doors stand open for you;  
 You shall enter all our wigwams,  
 For the heart's right-hand we give you!'"

Lest my Indian quotations should lead you into the same blunder into which some of your big brothers and sisters have already fallen without my help, I would state in black and white, that, instead of finding wampum and war-paint and whooping savages, as I am afraid I had expected, I found dear, blessed New England in miniature on that far-away shore.

Among these welcoming friends were two who had come on the same quest with ourselves, and who dwelt under the same roof. They made a great pet of our Queenie, and she loved them dearly, and was very particular to call one "Missiehomes" and the other "*Missiehomes*," which I have no doubt sounded like two different names to her.

These friends were also much interested in the little stocking that Christmas eve; and it was found necessary, by Santa Claus and his council, to

piece on one of papa's extra-length stockings, in order to make room for the gifts. I was seated on one side of the chimney, with my arms folded, and the big stocking, with the little one inside, holding on to my tassel for support (by means of a crooked pin); and Mademoiselle Minnie on the other, with her lap full of bonbons, thinking how gay the *Palais Royale* must be to-night, but smiling sweetly all the while; and there we kept guard all night. Long before he reached you, children of the sunrise, — for you know he comes from the North, — I saw Santa Claus; but I 'm not going to tell! I also saw "*Missiehomes*" creep in and out, after the house was still, — to say nothing of a whole family of pretty brown mice, who came pattering shyly up to us, one by one, in hope we were something good to eat. When Queenie waked in the morning, she heard the little Hair-cutter and the sweet Pale-face who lived in the basket playing with an india-rubber doll, which set up to cry, but only squeaked, and so Queenie called out, "Dere, Jimmy-Jack! oo 're playin' my ball Uncle Willy gave me!" — which I never did at all, but was at my post; and all I have to say is, that I hope that Atlas, who holds up the world on his head, has a stiff neck, and a bone in his back, which I have n't. But there Queenie found me when she came in, with shining eyes, to see if "Santa Caws put somepin in de chimney forler." Of course he had! I remember distinctly that there was a new doll, so stiff, poky, and prim that she stared Minnie out of countenance, and finally frightened her into a fever-and-ague, which shook her beautiful head fairly off her shoulders, and rolled it across the floor, to our baby's great distress, who would n't touch her again for days, although mamma and Dr. Spaldings-glue soon cured her. Then, beside a great many other things, there was a set of china, which seemed to have no end of pieces. Nobody could take down a book from the library (all our books had been sent out to us to make us feel more at home) without rattling out a dish; papa always found a teapot or so deposited in his boots whenever he tried to put them on; and all the chairs had their old-fashioned posts capped with teacups, and their seats cushioned with plates, ready to receive our guests.

On Christmas morning we took our sleigh-ride as usual, for long before this the snow had overtopped the sand-drifts. You would have laughed to see us as we set forth on these daily drives. Thanks to Miss Alice, I was all ready to go at a moment's notice (I often wore Queenie's "dessin' sack" or a "pockyhanfuss," but this was only ornamental); but such an ado as the unknit bipeds had to make with fur caps and gloves and robes and beaver coats and Mackinaw blankets, and German socks and "shoe-packs" and moccasins, before they could pile into the awkward old sleigh, and go plodding over the dreary roads. Fortunately for us, the usual quantity of snow did not fall that winter; so we were not obliged to alight whenever we met another vehicle, to avoid being upset in the narrow paths, which is the frequent fate of sleigh-riders in that country. We were never at a loss to know in what direction to drive; for there were only two ways possible, and the way we did n't go yesterday we went to-day.

Queenie liked to drive toward the Gnome-country, because we had to pass

through a snarl of huts, huddling together in that awful solitude, and out of each of these huts there always rushed at us a squealing pig, a hissing, whizzing flock of water-fowl, three or four snarling curs, and an elfish child or two, — all making the most indescribable racket, which greatly refreshed the little girl, and helped her on to the next station, — a strange city whose silent streets were lined with gigantic hives, within which swarms of fierce fires toiled day and night making charcoal instead of honey; or to that other mysterious enclosure, from which no horns and hoofs that went in ever came out to tell tales of what was done, and over which there was always sitting in council a great assembly, in dull black, quarrelling and gossiping as we went by; but we were no wiser for the secrets betrayed, because we did n't understand the Crow language. But I liked the other drive better. It followed the shore of Gitche Gumee, along which the pines marched in ghostly procession, wearing "ermine too dear for an earl," where grotesque roots and rocks made odd faces at us from under their white caps, and where sometimes we saw such mighty waves come crashing over the "icebergs" (that is what they call the heavy hoar fringe which festoons the coast in winter) as are rarely seen on the sea-coast. A little off shore was a beautiful fairy-vision, which we could also see from our study windows. Jack Frost had taken a fancy to be an artist, and had seized a beautiful little island just dripping from its bath, and frozen it into a glorious piece of statuary, which three weird figures, veiled in purest white, guarded all winter long. You cannot imagine what a beautiful picture this made in the sunlight, with its framework of dazzling blue.

But on Christmas day we drove toward the Beehives. Papa, mamma, Queenie, and I on one seat, and "*Missiehomes*" and "*Missiehomes*" opposite us. Ah, "*Missiehomes*"! (alas! he is the only witness left, and he is far away in old Dublin), don't you remember how bright Queenie's cheeks and lips and eyes were that frosty day, when the mercury dropped below zero only to send her spirits the higher? Many a time during this Arctic winter the little frail flower was exposed to a temperature far lower than that even, only to grow the rosier and sweeter. But really, in that wonderful climate, after one gets down to zero one might as well go fifty degrees lower! Let me tell you a story which I believe, and you may, if you can. There was a good old lady in Massachusetts, whose children went to live far up on the shore of Gitche Gumee. She sat (wrapped in the horrible wet blanket of an east wind) shivering and weeping over the terrible cold to which her children must be exposed, until she could bear it no longer, but made up her mind to go and freeze with them. So she went; and one day in midwinter, after she had been out in the yard feeding the chickens, with only a light summer shawl over her shoulders, she asked her son-in-law, as she came in, "John, when *does* your cold weather begin here?"

"Why, mother," said John, as he led the astonished old lady out to his thermometer, which stood at  $-45^{\circ}$ , "that would do pretty well for a 'cold snap' in Boston, — would n't it?"

But to our Christmas drive. As two of our party were forbidden to use

their voices in the keen air, it soon grew very still, and Queenie's head began to droop on mamma's shoulder as she begged, "Sing tula! sing tula!" (to her). And when mamma had piped a little song or two, she heard the darling whisper dreamily, "Now I lay me down asep"; and, sure enough, she was fast asleep! After a while we stopped at a little German inn, all alone out in the snows. No living thing was to be seen about the premises, but "*Missiehomes*" discovered through the window such a pretty sight that we all tumbled out to see it. The blinds were all up, and there on the homely table was a box in which stood a beautiful Christmas-tree. Beneath it was an empty cradle, and its boughs were hung with pretty toys and sweet-cakes and candies in all manner of odd shapes; so, doubtless, bright eyes and merry feet had danced about it very recently; but not a sign of life appeared, and mamma said it made her feel as she did when she walked among the deserted homes in Pompeii.

On our way home, Queenie must needs have a "Kissmas-tee" too; so "*Missiehomes*" plunged through the deep snows, and brought her a beautiful bough, on which there was a real, true bird's-nest. If you can think of anything which did n't sooner or later find its way into that nest, after it was set up in our study, I'd like you to mention it! It was a real magpie's nest for "pickings and stealings." As for me, I had to sit in it many a long hour, with a general order to "lay eggs"!

Queenie closed this, her second Christmas, by opening a copy of the "*Pickwick Papers*" on the sofa, and, making me kneel down before it with her, she said, "Now Essel's goin' to say pears. O Lor, O Lor, pay my soul to take. Amen. O Lor, O Lor, bess my soul!" I did n't succeed in kneeling much better than I did in laying eggs; but Minnie's joints had grown so loose that it was very easy for her. Queenie just seated her against the wall, and then twisted her face around behind. She was kept in that posture most of the time, poor soul! for Queenie did n't enjoy her so much now that her dimpled toes and fingers were so sadly bruised, and her dainty head apt to roll off like a foot-ball, to say nothing of missing her pretty white curls, which I was made to wear very often. How sad it made me to be rigged out like an English barrister in Minnie's wig, I cannot tell you; for, besides the pain of the pin which fastened it on my head, I only loved her the more as her beauty faded, and longed to give her some of the hardy endurance of my homely old frame, and could not bear to be made fine at her expense.

On New Year's morning, Queenie wished Minnie and me and her dancing "Jim Crow" a "Happy New Year"; and then, fluttering before her grand-papa's picture, she cried coaxingly, "I gie oo happy New Year, Ganpa Tild! Tome down, show me Goosey Ganner pitcher-book!" But he could n't come, though he ached to.

She had an odd tea-party on this day. She had made a great bugbear for some time of two little Parian busts, which she called "*Missershakespull*" and "*Missieluser*" ("*Missie*" because of his sleek hair, perhaps). She would n't even venture into that part of the study in which they stood, so it became quite troublesome. So while sweet Miskodeed (we could not ask

that Queenie should be any lovelier in body and soul when she grows to be twelve years old than is this northern blossom) was devoting part of her holiday to giving Queenie a ride in her own little sleigh, mamma arranged a little entertainment. A thick book served for a table, which she spread with as many of Queenie's dishes as could be collected at short notice, considering the little girl's loose notions about a china-closet. For guests at this feast, mamma set down "Missershakespull," "Missieluser," Minnie, and me. The bugbears looked anything but awful when their noses were brought on a level with ginger-snaps and pop-corn; and around "Missieluser's" neck was tied a bright scarf of Minnie's, which gave him quite a smart air, more like one of the family. So Queenie, when she came in, was only taken aback for a moment, and soon ate up all "Missershakespull's" pop-corn from under his very nose in the most friendly manner, and, to wind up, was carried up stairs to bid dear "Missiehomes" good night, with both bugbears hugged tight in her arms.

Queenie was trying very hard to learn to turn out her toes properly. She would take hold of one foot with both hands, and set it down on one side of the room, and then lift the other in the same way, as far off as it would go toward the other side. This cost her a good many tumbles. She always had a model before her, for good old Nokomis made "jumbles" every week, and out of the oven was sure to come for the little girl (who never tasted a bit of cake in her life) a prim little brown damsel, done to a turn, who turned out her toes in the most pointed manner. Queenie became very particular about the toes of everybody else. "Turn out oore toes, Moolie-Cow!" she often said, when she met a cow in her walks or drives. We had a wise, kind medicine-man, whose great experience had taught him that "air, diet, and exercise" are the best medicines, — with a little "peppermint and rhubarb" by way of change (it was even said that he once, from force of habit, made this same prescription for a broken leg, and cured his patient). We all loved him, and watched for his cheering visits. One day, during his call, Queenie sat in mamma's lap watching him. "Take some newbarb, Minnie!" she cried out, suddenly. "Jimmy-Jack! oo need some newbarb!" which made us all feel very funny. As soon as he rose to go, she said, "Put on oore hat, — that 's right! Take some newbarb! Turn out oore toes!" The next day she was a little fretful herself, and mamma drew on a long face, and said, in a crying tone, "O, do be pleasant, Ethel, or mamma will lose all heart, so she can't take care of you all." "Does oo need some *pettermint* and *newbarb*, mamma?" was all the sympathy she got from the little wag.

But she usually took nice care of mamma. One day something happened at which mamma exclaimed, "O mercy!" "Don't say 'O mercy,' mamma; I would nit." (She always said would, did, and could "nit" for not.) "Say *Goly be to God!*" The hours when mamma read aloud to papa seemed very long to her; but the darling will be glad to hear some day how patient and sweet she was when she was too young to understand the need.

But she could only be reconciled to mamma's writing-desk by a seat in the writer's lap, from which post she made very critical remarks. "Sall me

vip oo coz oo writin' naughty?" "O naughty mamma! oo must n't make poosey-cats' tails." (The printer will see the point of *that!*) "Papa sall vip oo. There 's a nice tails!" But she soon learned to use a pencil herself, and wrote charming letters to the dear ones far away. Here is one which mamma copied at the time, it sounded so nice when the darling read it: —

"DEAR OVERTHEBROOKTOGANYMA: —

"Se buttons her own seeses. Se don't like a monkey. Se don't like a sojer. I 'tonished!"

One of her favorite songs was

"Over the brook to grandmamma's,  
Over the brook, little boy!"

and so she thought it would make a very pretty name for her darling grandmamma. When she is old enough to know the story of her country, and of her own father's life, she won't say she does n't like a soldier any more.

And now she was going to be two years old! Her uncle "Nolly" had come to be with us, and his birthday present was a large Noah's ark. Dear me, what a procession there was over papa's big study-table! There were Noah and his three sons and all their wives, and a stiff old gentleman in the Prussian uniform, who made himself very much at home, although he was n't expected; and all manner of beasts and birds and bugs, from a stout pair of elephants with their trunks fastened on genteelly with red sealing-wax, down to four pert little tadpoles, — a hundred and one animals all told, — and two or three cats on the roof as natural as you please. But such a "dispersion" followed, the like of which was never seen before. The elephants had to trot off at once to the top of a bookcase, in most undignified haste, because Queenie considered them more awful than ever "Misser-shakespull" had been. As for the rest, they scattered in all directions on Queenie's errands. The bird's-nest was always full of lions and peccaries and weasels, and the teapots and sugar-bowl overflowed with smaller fry; and everybody who came in was made miserable by crunching under his feet heads and wings and tails without number. But still they seemed to increase and multiply faster than they were destroyed, and I should think there were as many as one hundred and *two* lying on the nursery floor at this present moment. But one day there was a great disappearance. Noah and all his family were missing, except the old Prussian, who had n't a word to say for himself or anybody else. In the afternoon, mamma happened to pick up poor dear Minnie, and it was as if she had sprung a watchman's rattle. Such a rumbling and clattering! And when her head was taken off, out tumbled, helter-skelter, head over heels, the lost tribe, — "Misser" Noah and "Missie" Noah, and all the little Noahs, and half their live-stock. After this, poor Minnie seemed to be used as a sort of town residence by the family when they were tired of the water; but she smiled just as sweetly.

About this time "*Missiehomes*" brought home to Queenie three little birds in a cage. They were from the depths of the forest, and had never

seen even the outside of a house before, probably. A friendly Indian had snared them for him, and brought them in when he came flying over the untrodden country on snow-shoes, with his load of furs and partridges and what-not strapped across his forehead, and a fierce wolf's head in his hand, for which he was sure of twenty dollars bounty.

Only one of these birds could bear the confinement, and that was my friend the crossbill. He told me many a story of beaver-dams, and sugar-camps, and deer-hunts, which I have n't time to repeat. One anecdote of his own family connection I must tell you. His sister had married late in the season, and built a house in the top of a tall old pine. She had four as promising little crossbills as ever peeped, born in February, — think of that, with the thermometer  $-30^{\circ}$  and lower! They were just beginning to be covered with soft down, when a woodman came, and, never suspecting what mischief he was doing, cut away at the trunk of the old pine till it fell with a great crash; but her house was built so thoroughly that not a timber was jostled, and the nestlings were all unharmed. The woodman took them home with him, and, when their uncle left the region, they were all doing nicely. It was wonderful how soon this wild creature made himself at home among us. After two days he became so tame that he hopped about the library, and made himself very free with Minnie's toes and my tassel. The trouble soon was to keep away from him. He used to perch on Queenie's head, but she was too restless to let him stay long, and he liked best to ride about from room to room on mamma's shoulder. His little toes felt very queer, but we all loved the little creature. It was very curious to see him tear out the seeds of the pine-cones. His beak was made on purpose for this, — its two parts twisting over each other, so he could wrench out the sweet heart from the stiff husk. But he was also very fond of canary and hemp seed. Such luxury was too much for his simple nature; and so one day he just rolled over on the carpet and died, to the great grief of the household, except Queenie's "Uncle Doctor Nolly," who wanted his bones for a "specimen." He had only one enemy (the crossbill had), and to him he never would be reconciled. This was his own image in the glass. Whenever he caught sight of this, his wings would flutter, and his body swell, and his feathers ruffle, till he was twice his natural size; and a fierce battle would follow, which he had, of course, all his own way, but from which he never seemed to get any satisfaction. And what do you think our baby named her little crossbill? — why, "Santa Claws," out of her own funny head!

"Missiehomes" soon found another pet for Queenie. "Tail-in-air the children call him," — so Mr. Longfellow says. He was the very smallest red squirrel that could be made and hold life. He was mostly tail and eyes. But he was no tamer the last day of his stay with us than the first. He would quiver, and shrink into the least bit of a fur ball, when any one came near him. Uncle "Nolly" thought "Santa Claws's" cage would make a nice house for him, as the wires were very near together; but no sooner was the cage door shut upon him than "Tail-in-air" was flourishing on the top of a bookcase! and that was the last we saw of him for many a day; only

the nuts which were left about the corners of the room for him disappeared, so we knew he must be hiding behind the books.

There was now rare sport on the ice, and graceful skaters in bright costume flitted between the shore and the Fairy Island. Queenie could look down upon the gay scene from "Missiehomes's" parlor, where she loved dearly to stay; and sometimes we varied our regular drives by an excursion over the ice. But this we did not enjoy very much, for the ice had a way of vanishing out of the harbor without giving fair notice, so one might skate till midnight by the light of the moon (which nowhere shines more brilliantly), and wake next morning to see only blue water.

And now there came a moment when the great hope which had brought the little family to Gitche Gumee went out at noonday in darkness; and Queenie was only waiting for the ice to vanish, with no danger of return, to go back whence she came. But although we heard that the time of birds had come about our old home, yet no sign of spring appeared, except as the roads grew more impassable, so that the mails had to be brought on the backs of men for a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. Until the year before, all winter communication between the little colony and the great world had been by means of dog-teams.

Day after day we watched and waited, somewhat as they did who sent out the raven over the world of water in the Bible story. At last, one morning, as Queenie was gazing out of the window, she suddenly exclaimed, "AND THE BEAUTEOUS LAND!" She was fond of the song, —

" Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the beauteous land";

and, sure enough, our little dove had discovered a sign of promise, — the head of an old sand-bank struggling through the snow. But still we watched and waited, until Uncle "Nolly" and "Missiehomes" began to bring in from their walks "Darlings of the Forest," — the beautiful trailing arbutus, more perfect in leaf and blossom than mamma had ever seen it before, but it came too late.

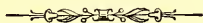
Still we watched and waited; but by this time all the books had been packed away ready for the first "Canoe of Thunder" that should venture into our harbor; and this brought his shy highness "Tail-in-air" to terms. The empty bookcases were still standing, and Uncle "Nolly" with a cane could easily dislodge the little wild creature; but it was not so easy to catch him. After he had slipped through "Missiehomes's" fingers half a dozen times, one of Queenie's crib-blankets was used as a trap. Then such a hurry-scurrying as there was about the room! and when "Missiehomes" was very sure he had caught him, and very carefully unrolled the blanket (while the squirrel's box was held ready to receive him), suddenly the whisk of a tail would be seen on the other side of the room, and the chase would recommence. At last, however, he was fairly caught, and a bit of jeweller's cotton given him for a blanket. His house was roofed with glass, so that he could



not hide from us ; but the next morning after he had taken possession, that little piece of cotton almost filled the box. The squirrel had carded and hetchelled (is n't that what your great-grandmamas called it ?) it, until it was like a soft fleecy cloud all about him, keeping him warm, and hiding him from the gaze of the dreadful world without. But, though we feasted and coaxed him, he never would trust us ; and one day when his house had been set out in the sunlight, and a little opening made in the roof to admit more air, we found only a heap of cotton and nut-shells when night came. Nokomis reported next day that a little bushy tail had been seen dodging in and out of her wood-pile, — and that 's all we know. Still we watched and waited until May-day came, and then for the first time for several months we heard the roar of the monster who had dragged us to this strange land, now so familiar and dear to us. The next day (leaving poor Minnie, wig and all, in the care of the little paleface in the basket) we said good by to Gitche Gumee, — not glad to go, O no ! Queenie will know some day how near to heaven that blessed country lay last winter, and how like angels of love its people were to her and hers ; and will repeat with all her heart the benediction, —

“ Peace be with you and your people,  
Peace of prayer and peace of pardon,  
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary.”

*Mrs. Edward A. Walker.*



## P R I N C E K I N .

THE shoës marched Princekin out of the hall, the birch rods coming behind, to a room where were a pair of hands hanging from the ceiling, that instantly boxed his ears, and told him to be a good boy, a net made of breeze, a loom of air, and four rules, written in large letters on the wall ; but perhaps you would like to know how Princekin came there. Princekin was a curly-headed little boy, who loved his mother very much, and his sister tolerably, but was apt to be selfish and fly into a rage with everything about him, from his tool-box up ; and, unluckily, on one of these occasions came along the giant that gets all the bad boys, and, in spite of what his mother and nurse could say, tucked Princekin in his watch-pocket, and carried him off.

Now this giant was two hundred and fifty feet high, and he wore a monstrous coat that flapped about his heels and that was full of pockets, and these pockets were stuffed full of naughty little boys like Princekin ; so there was great crying, and rubbing of eyes and noses. The giant cared nothing about that, however, but strode along, smoking a monstrous pipe, till he came to the gate of a great castle, where he brought out a bell from his trousers-pocket, like the bells that hang in church steeples, and began to swing it to and fro, shouting, “ Here are your bad boys for sale ! Here are

your fine bad boys ! Thin and fat, large and little, here are your nice bad boys for sale !”

At the sound of all this ringing and hallooing, came out from the castle a giant as large as the first, and stumped heavily down the steps and out to the gate, with his hands in his pockets. This was the person that had the contract for supplying fairy-land with clouds, getting so many tons of honey-comb and dozens of fat cattle for every hundred clouds ; and, being too lazy and clumsy to make them himself, he obliged all the poor little boys that he could catch to make them for him. Having, however, a fair number of boys on hand this morning, he was inclined to be critical, and pulled their curls, tweaked their ears, cracked their fingers, turned them about on the palm of his great hand, and held them up by their heels, without finding any to suit him.

“Fingers all thumbs !” he growled in a great gruff voice ; “fingers all thumbs ! mix everything up, rain-clouds and snow-clouds ; never do in the world ! I want a hand for fine work, — feathery clouds, and clouds with red and gold edges, and purple bars, and warranted to break up in hills and palaces, and crack off in islands and profiles. They like that sort of stuff in fairy-land ; and my best hand ran away last week, and here am I with the lovely weather coming on, and hardly a sunrise or a sunset to my name ! It is of no use, my friend,” — tossing up the boys in the air like pennies, and catching them again, half frightened out of their wits, — “there is not a single boy here that can do anything better than a raw fog, thick enough to cut with your knife.”

Then giant number one brought out Princekin, more dead than alive, and, holding him carefully between his thumb and finger, lest he should smash him, “What do you think of this ?” he said, with a chuckle. “He is not used to work, and has never been made to mind ; but he has brains and fingers, sir, that can do your work, or else call me a dwarf !”

“I ’ll train him, then,” growled giant number two, sticking Princekin into one of his pockets, his little fat legs kicking frantically in the air, for he had fallen into the giant’s tobacco-box, and was wellnigh smothered. “I ’ll make him mind. Come in and dine. I was just sitting down to a little stew of half a dozen calves or so, but I will have the cook throw on a few sheep for a quick broil, and I think we shall make out.”

So giant number one hung up his overcoat, boys and all, and went in to dinner ; and giant number two, pulling out his tobacco-box, pulled out Princekin also.

“O ho !” quoth the giant, “are you there ? It is time you were sent about your business. Shoes and rods !”

Up started from the corner a pair of little red shoes with golden heels, and a couple of birch rods, and came along the hall to the giant, clump, clump ! swish, swish !

“Good,” said the giant. “Now, attention ! Here is a new hand. Take him to room A No. 1, and look sharp after him. Here, you Princekin, put on those shoes ; and be quick, sir, or it will be the worse for you.”

So Princekin, in a terrible fright, put on the shoes ; and they marched him up, as we have said, to the top of the castle, where he stood staring, in a miserable way, at the rules on the walls ; and this is what they said : —

“ RULE 1.

“ At four in the morning, Princekin’s bed will tumble him out on the floor. The birch-rods will whip him while he is dressing, lest he should waste any time, and he will then commence work.

“ RULE 2.

“ Princekin will find the cloud-films labelled, and lying in a corner. He will match them properly, and weave them in the loom, after the patterns on the walls. For any mistake or impatience the hands will box his ears.

“ RULE 3.

“ The cloud-films on hand are made of dew and sunshine, and are collected simply to encourage Princekin as a beginner. In future, Princekin is expected to do his own sunbeam and dew catching in a net made of breeze and shadow, which he will find in the corner, and make the films according to receipt, — Three sunbeams to a pint of dew.

“ RULE 4.

“ At eight in the morning, and six in the evening, the shoes will bring Princekin his bread and water. Eight minutes will be allowed him to eat it.”

Poor Princekin ! To be tumbled out of his bed sound asleep, the next morning, on the hard stone floor, and be whipped all the time that he was trying to lace his shoes and button his trousers ; and to weave on a loom of air, through which he was continually poking his clumsy little fingers, — it was very hard ! The cloud-films were like so much thistle-down. If he made the least stir among them, away they all floated in the air, and he must follow, and watch till they settled again. At home, when he failed to build his blocks to suit him, or found his sister’s doll too big to sit in his go-cart, or was told to go back and shut the door, he was apt to say very crossly, “ O dear ! ” “ Of course ! ” “ I don’t want to ! ” and so now he was apt to say, when he had woven a great cloud wrong side out, or made one too stiff, so that it would not break off into islands, “ O dear ! how tiresome ! ” and to begin to cry ; when he was quite sure to have reason to cry in earnest ; for the hands had a way of seizing him by the shoulders and marching him up and down the room very fast, shaking him vigorously, and boxing his ears, while the birch rods darted from their corner and swished about his head, bawling, “ Now, will you try that again ? now, will you try that again ? ” till he tingled with pain ; and as he had a *habit* of being impatient, he was shaken out of breath, and tingling, and crying, about once an hour.

Then you know, according to Rule 3, he was to do his own sunbeam-catching ; and, not knowing how to manage a net made of breeze and

shadow, he used to stand at the window for hours, angling for sunbeams, while the merry little golden-jacketed fellows played at hide-and-seek in his curls, and turned somersaults under his very fingers, saying, "Don't you wish you may get us? and don't you think you could stand still now, and not fret to have your hair combed, if you could have your mother, instead of the birch rods, to dress you? and don't you think you could keep your temper with your toys and your sister, if you had them, instead of cloud-films and a loom of air? and don't you think you could try to be good if you had mamma to teach and kiss you, instead of hands that are boxing your ears all day long? and don't you think you could stop your play now to wait on papa or mamma without grumbling, if you were not obliged to work all day at cloud-making, and never allowed to play at all?"

"Yes," said Princekin, "but why don't you talk to the giant who keeps us here, and is a great, ugly, selfish brute, and ever so much worse than I am?"



"How dare you?" bellowed the rods; and "You'll catch it!" squeaked the hands; and in a twinkling Princekin was hustled, and shaken, and boxed, and beaten, till he lay on the floor red and smarting, and without breath enough even to cry. Meantime the pines outside had heard every word, and,

being great gossips, they presently began to sigh, and rustle, and talk it over among themselves.

“Once on a time,” they said, “there was a Princekin six years old, and he had a sister three years old, so he was older and stronger than she; and once on a time, there was a giant three hundred years old, and two hundred and fifty feet high, so he was older and stronger than Princekin. And Princekin thought the nicest thing in the world was to have all the blocks, and the prettiest books, and make just as much noise as he liked, never mind about mamma’s head or the baby, — which was quite natural for a little boy; and the giant thought that tons of honey-comb and hundreds of fat cattle, plenty to eat and nothing to do, never mind about little boys’ aching backs and tired fingers, were the nicest things in the world, — which was quite natural in a great, greedy, hulking giant, two hundred and fifty feet high. And Princekin, being older and stronger than his sister, took her toys, and made her do what he liked; and the giant, being older and stronger than Princekin, took him and made him do what he liked. And Princekin, because mamma could not continually reprove and punish, often made her very uncomfortable; and the giant, because he could smash Princekin between his thumb and finger, made him all the time uncomfortable. Was there ever such a selfish Princekin? For the giant is only selfish with little boys, for whom he cares no more than for little mice; but Princekin is selfish with those he loves best!”

“Hullo!” said Princekin, opening his eyes wide; “why, that is just what mamma says. How do the trees know all about me? I wonder if I *am* as bad as the giant. I wish I was home anyhow; I am sure I would be good all the rest of my life.”

Just as he said that, came along the Shadow Elf. He is the pleasant old person that shuts up the flowers at night, tucks up the birds in their nests, chases the sunbeams up the hills to fairy-land, hangs out the stars, and keeps a sharp lookout for all good children that are lost or in trouble. He knows where these last are by the buzzing in his ears; and so he stopped short before the castle where Princekin was, and said to the giant, who sat on the steps, smoking, “You have a good boy in there. Bring him out.”

“No such thing!” answered the giant, gruffly; “I never have any good boys.”

“That is the boy,” said the Shadow Elf, pointing up at the window where Princekin, who had heard the talk, was peeping out. “Send him down, and don’t keep me waiting.”

“He is the worst boy in the whole lot,” growled the giant; “but, if you want him, you are welcome to him. Shoes, bring Princekin down”; for the giant knew that he must be civil to the Shadow Elf, or he would lose his fairy-land custom. So the Shadow Elf tucked Princekin in a corner of his mantle, and carried him home to his mother, who was very glad to get him; and they do say that he has improved so much, that he is down on Santa Claus’s list as a model boy.

## R A I N .

“O P E N the window and let me in,”  
Sputters the petulant rain ;

“I want to splash down on the carpet, dear,  
And I can't get through the pane.

“Here I 've been tapping outside to you ;—  
Why don't you come if you 're there ?  
The scuttles are shut, or I 'd dash right in  
And stream down the attic stair.

“I 've washed the windows, I 've spattered the blinds,  
And that is not half I have done ;—  
I bounced on the steps and sidewalks too,  
Till I made the good people run.

“I 've sprinkled your plant on the window-sill,  
So drooping and wan that looks ;  
And dusty gutters, I 've filled them up  
Till they flow like running brooks.

“I have been out in the country too,  
For there in glory am I ;  
The meadows I 've swelled, and watered the corn,  
And floated the fields of rye.

“Out from the earth sweet odors I bring ;  
I fill up the tubs at the spout ;  
While, eager to dance in the puddles I make,  
The bareheaded child runs out.

“The puddles are sweet to his naked feet  
When the ground is heated through ;  
If only you 'll open the window, dear,  
I 'll make such a puddle for you.”

*Mrs. Anna M. Wells.*





## CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

### IX.

A LIVELY breeze was blowing over the little village of Rockdale, and in a lively way the tall trees were bending down their heads, and swinging to and fro as if they liked it; for the leaves were beating time and were singing joyously, and appeared to be saying all the while how glad they would be to keep beating time and singing on forever, if the wind would only please to be so good as to help them on in the merry business; and the tall grass and grain were shining in the sun, and rolling round in a very reckless manner, as if they meant to show off their great billows of green and gold, and make the staid and sober little waves that were ruffling up the surface of the bright blue waters of the bay quite ashamed.

“Ha, ha!” laughed our ancient friend, the Captain, when he saw what a day it was. “Ha, ha! what a day indeed!” and right away he began to

call loudly for his boy, Main Brace,—“Main Brace, Main Brace, come here! Come bear a hand, and be lively there, you plum-duff, chuckle-headed young land-lubber, and waddle along aft here on your sausage legs.”

A feeble voice is heard to answer, “Ay, ay, sir,” from the galley,—“ay, ay, sir; comin’, sir, comin’”; and the plum-duff head and the sausage legs follow feebly in after the voice, looking surprised.

“Main Brace,”—begins the Captain.

“Ay, ay, sir,” responds Main Brace; and the plum-duff head lets fall its lower jaw, and looks amazed, the Captain is so much in earnest.

“Some bait, Main Brace! Do you hear, my lad? some bait! Be lively, boy, and get some bait; and then overhaul the Little Alice, and stand by to be ready when I come down. We ’ll go a-fishing to-day,—do you hear, my boy? And we ’ll have a jolly time,—do you hear that? So be lively now, and be off with your plum-duff head and your sausage legs. I tell you, away, away! for we ’ll go a-fishin’. Away, away! for we ’ll go a-sailin’, a-sailin’, a-sailin’. Away, away! for we ’ll go a-sailin’,—a-sailin’ on the sea.”

And without another word the sausage legs made off with the plum-duff head, which had no sooner got outside the door than it began to let out in dislocated fragments, from a mouth that gradually expanded until it reached from ear to ear, “Away, away! we ’ll go a-fishin’, a-fishin’, a-fishin’; away, away! we ’ll go a-fishin’; away, away! we ’ll all be jolly, jolly, jolly,—we ’ll all be jolly”; and so on until the sausage legs had carried the plum-duff head and the refrain together so far down among the trees, towards the water, that all the other “jollys” and the “fishin’s,” and the rest of it, were blown clean away by the wind.

And off went the Captain, too, hurrying up to the top of the hill behind the cottage, as if the cosey little thing was all afire, and the dear old soul was running up for help; and when he reached the top of the hill, he began swinging round his old tarpaulin hat, making the long blue ribbons fairly whistle and speak, as if they would say, “Old man, old man, stop a bit, and take breath!—can’t you now? and say, what’s this all about, for goodness’ sake!”

But the old man knew well enough himself what it was all about; for he was signalling his little friends; and every circle of his big arm, and every shake of his long gray beard, and every swing of his old tarpaulin hat, seemed to sing out, “Hurrah, hurrah, for a jolly day! hurrah, hurrah, my children gay! hurrah, hurrah, let ’s up and away upon the bright blue waters!”

By and by the children caught sight of the old tarpaulin hat and the blue ribbons and the Captain himself, all in this state of violent excitement; and down they bore at once upon the Ancient Mariner, as if he were a regular bluff-bowed old East Indiaman, full of golden ingots, and they were clipper-built, copper-fastened, rakish fore-and-afters of the piratical pattern.

“Heyday!”—the old man never thought he had begun until he had thrown off a heyday or so,—“heyday, my hearties!” said the Ancient Mariner, as the children overhauled him,—“heyday, my dears! keep on that same course before the wind, and you ’ll fetch up in the right port”; and so,



without further ado, he hurried "my hearties" down to the beach, and aboard the yacht; and then very soon Main Brace (whose mouth had never left off expanding at the prospect of "a fishin'" and "a jolly day" generally) had the anchor away; and then the Captain spread the bright sails to the bright breeze; and there never was, since the world began, a merrier little party, in a merrier little craft, afloat upon blue water on a merrier day. Indeed, the day was so merry, and the craft was so merry, and the waves were so merry as they came leaping round the yacht, and the wind was so merry as it went whistling through the rigging, and the little party in the yacht were so merry, and everything and everybody was so merry, that it would be strange indeed if the fish were not merry too; and the finny creatures played round the pretty hooks, too merry by half to touch them; and then they came merrily up, and poked their heads out close to the top of the water, and stared at the merry-makers in the yacht, and they seemed to be whispering to one another, "O, what a jolly lot of coves they are, to be sure! O, don't they wish they may catch us? — don't they though?" and then they dropped down again to look at the pretty hooks; but only the sober-sided ones that had no idea of being merry went near enough to bite, and these got bitten in return; for, if the hook once got into their red gills, they found themselves jerked up before they could say *Lobster*, and then they found themselves bleeding and floundering in a basket, and heard merry voices shouting round them, to their great astonishment.

And of these sober-sided fishes who were so unfortunate as to have no idea of being merry, the Captain and his little friends caught as many as they wanted; and then the Captain called to Main Brace to "let the anchor go," and then he said to his little friends, "Put away your fishing-tackle now, and come down below into the little cabin, and I'll surprise you." And, sure enough, he did surprise them, — quite as much, perhaps, as if some fairy queen had come, and called them to a fairy banquet; as much indeed, perhaps, as if they had themselves suddenly been turned to fairies, and were doing something that was never even dreamed of by mortal child before; for while they had been fishing, Main Brace had, by direction of the Captain, been building up a fire in the little stove, and in the very centre of the cabin he had set out a little table, and upon the little table there was spread the whitest little cloth, and on the cloth were set all round the daintiest little plates and knives and forks, and the neatest little napkins, and the cunningest little cups, that were ever seen. "And now," spoke up the Captain, laughing all the while to see his little friends so much surprised, "fall to, fall to! for we're going to have a jolly feast, or my name is n't *Ancient Mariner*, nor *John Hardy* either." And the Captain poured out some fresh foaming milk into the cunning little cups, from a big stone jug; and he brought some fresh white rolls and some golden butter from a little locker; and soon afterward he drew from the little stove some dainty little fish, and dropped one, all crisp and hissing hot, upon each dainty little plate; and now for half an hour there was busy work enough for the dainty little knives and forks. The Captain's little stove

proved to be everything that one could wish for in that line; and the Captain's style of cooking showed plainly enough, as William said, that "the Captain had not travelled round the world, and been an Ancient Mariner, for nothing."

When the meal was over, and everything was cleared away, and the little cabin was once more in ship-shape order, William proposed the Captain's health, — tossing back his head, and drinking a great quantity of imaginary wine from an imaginary glass. "Here 's to the health of Captain Hardy, Ancient Mariner, and other things too numerous to mention, — the jolliest Jack Tar that ever reefed a sail, or walked on the windward side of a quarter-deck! May Davy Jones be a long while waiting for him; and when he does go into Davy's locker, may he go an Admiral!" And then the children all together "Hip, hip, hurrahed" the Captain, until the old man had nearly split himself with laughing at their childish merriment.

"And now for the story," said the Captain, when the laugh was over. "What do you say to that?"

"The story, — yes, yes, the story," shouted all the children, merrier than ever.

"Down here, or up on deck?"

"Down here, just where we are; it 's such a splendid place!"

"Then down here it shall be," went on the Captain, right well pleased. "Down here it shall be, my dears, if I can only pick up the yarn again where I broke it off. Let me see"; and the old man put a finger to his nose, as he always did when he was thoughtful.

"Aha!" cried he, at length, "I 've got my bearings now, as neat as a light-house in a fog. You know, my dears, when we left off last time, we had gone so far along with the story as that you could see that the Dean and I had got in soundings, as it were. We had seen the light-ship off the harbor, and were steering for it, so to speak. We had, by working very hard, and by persevering very much, and by using our wits as best we could, gathered about us everything that was needed to insure our present safety, and some things to make us comfortable. We had a hut to shelter us, and clothes to keep us warm, and fire to cook our food.

"But the winter was now coming on very fast, and we knew well enough what that was likely to be. The grass and moss and flowers were dead or dying; the ice was forming on the little pools, and here and there upon the sea; little spurts of snow were coming now and then; the winds were getting to be more fierce and angry, and every day was growing colder and more dark. We knew that the long winter was close upon us, and that the shadow of the night would soon be resting on us all the time. The birds had hatched their young, and quitted their nests, and were flying off to the sunny south, where we so longed to go, and so longed to send a message by them to the loved ones far away. It made us sad — O, how very, very sad! — to see the ducks so happy on the wing, and sailing off and leaving us upon the island all alone. Alone, — all, all alone! Alone upon a desert island in the Arctic Sea! Alone in cold and darkness! All, all alone!

“We made ourselves warm coats and stockings out of the skins of the birds that we had caught ; and we made caps, too, out of them, — plucking off the feathers, and leaving only the soft, warm, mouse-colored down upon the skin. And out of the seal’s skin we made mittens and nice soft boots, or rather, as I might call them, moccasins.

“The ducks began to go away about the middle of August, as nearly as we could tell, but it was more than a month after that before they had all left the island. Meanwhile we had caught a great number of them, — two hundred and sixty-six in all ; and we had collected, besides, ninety dozen of their eggs. These birds and eggs were all carefully stowed away in our storehouses of ice and rocks near the glacier.

“In the matter of food, we had, therefore, done very well ; but we felt the need of some more blubber for our fire, and some warmer clothing than the birds’ skins. To supply this latter want, we tried very hard to catch some foxes ; but it was a long time before we were successful, — not until all the ducks had gone away ; for the foxes would not trouble themselves to go inside our traps so long as there were any young ducks to be caught, or eggs to eat. These traps were made of stones, and in building them I had derived the only benefit which had ever resulted to me from my indolent life on the farm. I was always fond of shirking away from my duties, and going into the woods to set rabbit-traps ; and, remembering how I made them of wood, I easily contrived a stone one of the same pattern, and it was found afterwards to answer perfectly. When there were no longer eggs for them to eat, or ducks for them to catch, the foxes went into our traps, which we baited for them with flesh from the dead narwhal. The pelts of these foxes were thick and warm ; and, by the time the weather got very cold, we had obtained a good number, and of them made suits of clothes at our leisure. There were two kinds of foxes, — one sort of blue gray, and the other quite white.

“As the weather grew colder, the little streams, which had thus far supplied us with water, all froze up ; and we had now nothing to depend upon but the freshly fallen snow, which we had, of course, to melt. Thus you see how important it was that I should have found the soapstone in season, and made a pot of it, else we should not only have been obliged to go without boiled food, but likewise without water. As for the blubber for fuel, which we felt that we should badly need before the winter was over, we had great confidence that we should be able to catch some seals, though neither of us could imagine exactly how it was to be done. Happily for the present we were relieved from all anxiety by a dead walrus and a small white whale drifting in upon the beach during a westerly gale. The waves being very strong, they were landed so high up on the beach that there was little fear of their being washed away again.

“It was no easy matter to cut these animals up with our one jack-knife, since, before we could get it done, they had frozen quite hard. The temperature had gone down until it was already below freezing all the time ; and very soon the snow fell quite deep, and was drifted into great heaps by the wind. The

sea, soon after this, became frozen over quite solid all about the island, although we could still see plenty of clear, open water in the distance. There was one satisfaction, at least, in this freezing up of the sea, as we could walk out upon it, and go all around the island without having to clamber over the rough rocks.

"Now you have seen pretty much what our life was on the island, and how we were prepared for the winter. Well, the winter came by and by in good earnest, I can tell you. The sunlight all went away, and then, soon afterward, the autumn twilight went away; and then came the darkness that I told you is constant, in the winter, up towards the North Pole. The winter there is but one long night."

Here William, who was, as we have seen, of an inquiring turn of mind, interrupted the Captain to ask how dark it was in this polar winter.

"Dark as midnight," replied the Captain, promptly.

"Dark all the time, did you say, Captain Hardy?"

"Yes, dark all the time, my lad, — dark in the morning, dark in the evening, dark at midnight, dark at noon, dark, all the time, as any night you ever saw; only, everything being white with snow, of course that makes it look lighter than it does here, where the trees and the houses, and other dark objects, help along the blackness of the night, and make it more gloomy."

"But what," asked William, "did you do for light in this dark time, since you did not have a lamp?"

"Easy there, my lad," replied the Captain; "I'm just coming to that, you see. Of course the darkness set our wits to working, and through our wits we got over this trouble as we had over many others. First we made an open dish of soapstone, and put some oil in it; and then we made a wick out of the dry moss, and set fire to it; but this was found to make so much smoke that it drove us out of the hut, and it was given up. But we did not throw away the dish, and after a while it occurred to us to powder the dry moss by rubbing it between the hands, and with this powdered moss we lined our soapstone dish all over on the inside with a layer a quarter of an inch thick. After smoothing this down all around the edge (this dish, which we called a lamp, was much like a saucer, only rougher and much larger), we filled it half full of oil, and again set fire to it all around the edge; and this time it worked beautifully, — smoking very little, and giving us plenty of light."

"How cunning!" exclaimed the children, all at once.

"Rather so," replied the Captain, "but hardly more so than the two little drinking-cups we carved out of the same kind of soapstone that we made the lamp and pot of."

"It must have felt very queer, Captain Hardy," said Fred, inquiringly, "to be in darkness all the time. I can't imagine such a thing as the winter being all the time dark, — can you, Will?"

"No, I can't," replied William, — "can you, sister Alice?"

"Yes, I think I can," said Alice, quickly.

"Why, how's that, my little dear?" asked the Captain, greatly interested.





THE AURORA BOREALIS.

DRAWN BY H. FENN, FROM THE PAINTING BY F. E. CHURCH.]

[See *Cast Away in the Cold*, page 306.

“O,” said Alice, in her gentle way, “I’ve only to think of poor blind Joe going round with his little dog, begging from door to door, and never seeing anything in all the world, — no sun, no moon, no stars, nor any light to him at all. Poor Joe’s bright summer went out long, long ago; and both light and warmth were gone, never to come back, when Martha died! and all ’s night to Joe, — and that ’s how I know what it is to be in darkness all the time”; and as little Alice made this little speech about poor blind Joe, the beggar-man, her lovely face looked thoughtful beyond its years, and, as she finished, the Captain saw a tear stealing from her soft blue eye for poor Joe’s sake; and he caught her in his arms right off, without stopping to think at all what he was doing, and he kissed away the tear; and, as he did it, a much bigger one came tearing out of his own great hazel eye, and hurried down into his shaggy beard to hide, as if it were quite frightened at what it had been doing.

“Spoken like the little lady that you are, my dear,” broke out the Captain; “always thinking of the unfortunate. And you are very right, my child. Poor blind Joe’s darkness is much worse than ours ever was, up in the Arctic Sea, upon the lonely island, — far worse indeed, poor man! for you must know that the stars were shining brightly there upon us all the time; and then the moon came every month; and when it came, it came for good and all, and never set for several days; and then sometimes the aurora borealis would flash across the heavens, and clear away the darkness for a little while, as if it were a huge broom sweeping cobwebs from the skies, and letting in the light of day beneath the stars. O, what a splendid sight it was!”

“O, tell us all about it, Captain Hardy, won’t you?” asked all the children with one voice.

“Of course, I will,” replied the Captain, “only I can do no sort of justice to that species of natural scenery, don’t you see? That ’s a touch beyond John Hardy’s powers of description, as I can well assure you.”

The children all declared that they never could think anything beyond John Hardy’s powers, and they believed it, too.

“Well, well! Now let me see, my dears, what I can do for you. First, you know the scientific chaps, especially my friend the Doctor, down in Boston, say that the aurora borealis is electricity broke loose, and tearing through the air, from pole to pole, for some purpose of its own. It can’t be caught, nor bottled up, as Franklin bottled up the lightning, nor analyzed, — and, in short, nothing can be done with it; and so it goes tearing through the skies, as I said before, from pole to pole, just where it likes. And when you go up beyond the Arctic Circle, you see it starting up from a fiery arch that stretches right across the sky before you; and from this fiery arch great streams of light shoot out, and then fall back again, and continue to come and go for hours and hours, — sometimes lasting for a little while, and waving to and fro like a silken curtain of many colors fluttering in the wind, and then again seeming to be phantom things playing hide and seek among the stars; sometimes like wicked spirits of the night, bent on mis-

chief; and then again like tongues of flame from some great fire in some great world beyond the earth, making one almost afraid that the heavens will break out presently in a roaring blaze, and rain a shower of living coals and ashes on his head.

“And O, how bright the colors are sometimes! The great arch of light that spans the sky is often bright with all the colors of the rainbow, changing every instant. And from these flickering belts of light, great sheets and streams fly up with lightning speed,—green, and orange, and blue, and purple, and bright crimson,—all mingling here and there and everywhere above, while down beneath comes out in bold relief before the eye the broad, white plain of ice and snow upon the ocean, the great icebergs that lie here and there upon it, the tall white mountains of the land, and the dark islands in the sea; and then it dies away again, and the dark islands in the sea, and the tall white mountains, and the icebergs, and the white plain around, all vanish from the sight, and the mind retains only an impression that the icebergs, with all these bright colors reflected on them from above, had come from space and darkness, like the meteors, then to vanish, and leave the darkness more profound.

“And thus the auroral light and color keep pulsating in the air, up and down, up and down; and thus the icebergs seem to come and go; and the very stars above seem to be rushing out with a bold bright glare, and going back again as quickly, singed and withered, as it were, into puny sparks, and, utterly disheartened with the effort to keep their places in the face of such a flood of brightness, are at length resolved no more to try to twinkle, twinkle through the night.

“And that is all I can tell you about the aurora borealis, for that is all I know about it.”

“O, is n't he a great one?” whispered William to Fred, who sat close beside him on the locker,—“is n't he, indeed?—to say he can't describe an aurora borealis, when he has blood, thunder, fire, and all creation on his tongue.”

“But,” went on the Captain, “in spite of this auroral light and the moonlight, the winter was dreary enough. At first we wanted to sleep all the time; and we had much trouble to keep ourselves from giving way to this desire. If we had done so, it would have made us very unhealthy and altogether miserable. We had to keep up our spirits, whatever else we did; and after a while, to help us with this, we got into regular habits; and we set a great clock up in the sky to tell us the time of day.”

“A clock up in the sky!” exclaimed both the boys; “why, Captain Hardy, how was that?”

“Why, don't you see, my lads, the ‘Great Bear’ and all the other constellations of the north go round and round the polestar, which is right above your head; and it so happened that I knew the ‘Great Bear,’ and the two stars in its side called ‘the Pointers’ because they point to the polestar. Now these two ‘Pointers,’ going around once in the four-and-twenty hours, pointed up from the south at one time, and up from the north at another time,



and up from the east and from the west in the same way ; and thus you see we had a clock up in the sky to tell us the time of day, for we had an iceberg picked out all around for every hour, and when 'the Pointers' stood over that particular berg we knew what time it was.

"We should have got along through the winter much more comfortably if we had had some books, or some paper to write on, and pen and ink to write with ; but these things were quite beyond the reach of our ingenuity. So our life was very monotonous ; doing our daily duties, — that is, whatever we might find to do, — and, after wading through the deep snow in doing it, we came back again to our little hut to get warm, and to eat and talk and sleep.

"And much talking we did, as I can assure you, about each other, and our families and lives, and what great things we would do when we got away from the island. Thus we came gradually to know each other's history, and thus there came to be greater sympathy between us, and more indulgence of each other's whims and fancies, as we got better and better acquainted.

"The Dean had quite a story to relate of himself. He told me that he was born in the great city of New York. His father died before he could remember, and his mother was very poor ; but so long as she kept her health she managed, in one way or another, to live along from day to day by sewing ; and she managed, too, to send the Dean to school. She loved her bright-haired little boy so very, very much that she would have spent the last cent she could ever earn, could she only give her darling Dean a little knowledge that might help him on in the world when he grew to be a man. And so she stinted herself and saved, all unknown to her darling Dean ; and she had not clothing or fire enough to keep her warm in the bleak winter, when the Dean was out, though she had a fine fire when the Dean came back. All would have been well enough if the poor woman had not, with her hard work and her efforts to save, become thin and weak, and then grown sick with fever ; and now there was nothing for her but the hospital, for there was no money to pay for medicines, or doctor's bills, to say nothing of rent and fire and clothes.

"And now for the first time the Dean began to realize the situation ; and a vague impression crossed his mind, that the poor, pale woman, now restless with pain on a narrow bed in a great long ward of a dreary hospital, — his own dear mother, suffering here with strange hands only to comfort her, — had been brought to this for his sake ; and when she grew better, after a long, long time, but was still far from well, he thought and thought, and cried and cried, and prayed and prayed, and wished that he might do something to show his gratitude, and make amends.

"By and by he got into a factory, and worked there early and late, until he too grew sick, and was carried to the hospital, and was laid beside his poor sick mother, on a narrow bed. But he soon got well again, though his mother did n't, and then, all unknown to her (he could do nothing else) he went to sea as cabin-boy of a ship sailing to Havana ; and he came back too ;

and with a proud heart beating in his little breast, he carried his little purse of gold and silver coins that the captain gave him to his poor sick mother ; and then he went away again on the same ship, and came back once more with another purse of money, twice as big as the first ; but the good captain that had been so kind to him, and rewarded him so well, fell sick, and died of yellow fever on the passage home, and the mate, who got command of the ship, being a different sort of man, disliked the Dean, and told him not to come back any more. And so the poor Dean did n't know what to do ; until one of his old shipmates met him in the street, and took him off to New Bedford, and shipped him as cabin-boy of the Blackbird ; 'and now here I am,' said the poor little Dean, 'and all the rest you know, — cast away in the cold, in this awful place, while my poor sick mother has no money and no friends in the world, and is thinking all the time what a wretch I am to run away and desert her, when, God knows, I meant to do nothing of the sort !' and so the Dean burst out crying, and, to tell you the truth, I could n't help crying a little too.

"But the Dean was a right plucky little fellow, I can tell you ; and so full of hope and ambition was he, that nothing could keep him down very long ; and nothing, I believe, could ever make him despond for a single minute but thinking of his mother, sick and far away, without friends or money, lying on a narrow bed, all through the weary, dreary days and nights, in the weary, dreary ward of a crowded hospital. Poor Dean ! he had something to make him cry, and something always to make him sad, if he had a mind to be ; but what had I in comparison ? — I, who had run away from home with no good motive like the Dean's.

"After the recital of this story of the Dean's, we were both very sad, until the Dean suddenly roused himself, and said, 'Let's go and look at our traps, Hardy' ; and so we sallied out into the moonlight, and waded through the snow, to see if there were foxes in our traps. But to get outside our hut was not so easy a matter now as it was when we first built it ; for, in order to keep the cold winds away, we had made a long, low, narrow passage, with a crook in it, through which we crawled on our hands and knees, before we reached the door.

"We walked all the way around the island, and visited all our traps, of which we had seventeen, but only two of them had foxes in them ; the others were either filled with snow, or were completely covered over with it, for the wind had been blowing very hard the day before.

"And now, as we got farther and farther into the winter, we began to have some very strange adventures, — altogether different from anything I have told you of before ; but you see the sun will soon be going down behind the trees, and we are a good long way from the 'Mariner's Rest,' so 'up anchor' 's the word now, my dears, and 'under way' again."

And the merry little yacht was not long in carrying the merry little party over to the Captain's favorite anchorage ; and then they were all soon ashore, and after many merry and many pleasant speeches, our little friends parted from the Ancient Mariner once more, leaving him standing in the shadow of

the great tall trees, with a string of fish in one hand ; while Fred and William, with Main Brace to help them, and with merry Alice running on ahead, each carried off a string for their next day's breakfast, — a trophy to be proud of, as they thought.

*Isaac I. Hayes.*



### “FRIGHTENED EYES.”

THAT little boy who went shrinking round the corner just now, Charley, whom you called “such a queer chap,” and whose frightened eyes you laughed at, has lived through a night that would have brought a frightened look into older eyes than his. If you care to hear his story, I can tell it.

In the wildest and least inhabited part of Michigan, on the shore of one of those beautiful inland lakes for which you know that State is noted, stood a log-cabin. It was a lonely spot, but it would have been hard to find a prettier or happier home ; and it was here that Jimmy Bell was born ; and here he and his little sister used to play for hours, on the long summer days, upon the beach of the lake, looking out into its clear depths, and watching the great white water-lilies, opening day after day on the cool waves.

Even in this far-away home the bugle-call was heard, and Jimmy's father left his fields unplanted, and turned his face southward with a brave, though heavy heart ; for he could not forget the happy days he had spent in his home by the lake, where his own hand had felled the trees to build the house which each year made dearer to him. But he knew thousands were making the same sacrifice with himself ; and so, thinking only of what was at stake, he crushed all selfish regrets, and marched away. For three years he never saw the little ones or their mother. Then came a furlough, and he, with his comrades, turned homeward.

Jimmy, who was but four years old when his father went away, was now a bright little boy of seven, already feeling a deep interest in the letters from his father, that his mother used to read and cry over ; and he was full of impatience for the time to come when he should again see the gay uniform that made war such a fine thing in his eyes. At last his father came, and Jimmy admired as much as ever the bright buttons and gilt cord and tassels which adorned his hat. He was very much taken, too, with his loud laughter, and could not imagine why his mother should have suddenly grown so quiet and sad, when only the day before she did nothing but smile and sing as she went about “making the house look pretty for poor tired papa.” He was sure that he had seen her crying out in the kitchen, when she did not know he was looking.

The month of furlough wore rapidly away, and once more he saw his father go out to battle.

In a little more than a year from that time, there was, you remember, a great rejoicing throughout the length and breadth of the North; for the war was over, and our dear soldiers were coming home, not on short furloughs, that kept us sad thinking how soon they would end, but "for good," as Jimmy explained to his sister, while they sat on the shore of the lake, skimming pebbles over its smooth face.

One balmy evening in June, just as the sun was going down, Jimmy came home across the meadow, with his little pail full of the wild strawberries he had been gathering, when he was met by his sister, who came dancing towards him, and bade him guess who had come. Of course, there was but one who *could* come; and with a glad shout he ran as fast as his little bare brown feet could carry him homeward. O, they had a jolly supper that night, you may be sure!—laughing after each mouthful of strawberries at the funny stories of camp-life told by their returned soldier. After their supper was over, they all sat out on the porch, in the pleasant evening, and Jimmy, with his head on his father's knee, watched the stars; and, although he was too young to understand it all, his heart was full of thankfulness that his father was not then sleeping in some far-off grave in the South.

The summer was gone, and autumn had come with its bright leaves and soft, dreamy days. The months just passed had not been very happy ones even to light-hearted little Jimmy; for in that time he had learned that his father was a drunkard,—that, during his wild, hard life as a soldier, he had been tempted beyond his strength to resist,—and that what had at first been taken to throw off the weariness and cold of a long, hard march, had at last become his bane. There were many sad days now in this little home by the lake.

One morning, after breakfast, his father took down his gun, and asked Jimmy if he wanted to go hunting with him. Of course, such an unexpected treat was only too readily accepted, and in high spirits Jimmy started off. His mother called him back to kiss him, and told him to be sure to have his father come home early. He promised, and ran gayly down the path which led to the lake, where they were to take the skiff, and row along the shore. They hunted all day, and Jimmy noticed with dismay how often his father drank from the flask he now always carried with him. It was almost dusk as they stepped into the boat to return. Everything was very still, just the little ripples breaking into white foam on the beach. It was rather lonely as they glided along in the deepening gloom, and Jimmy could not help contrasting the silence and darkness with the brightly lighted room at home, where he was quite sure there was a fire blazing on the hearth, for the season had grown chilly; and he thought how his mother was probably standing at the door, with Lizzie beside her, listening for the sound of their oars. He was recalled from his thoughts by the slowness of their progress, and, looking up, he saw that his father's head was resting on his breast, as if in deep slumber. Only occasionally he would awaken long enough to give a few strokes of the oars, and then fall asleep again. Even while he watched,

Jimmy saw one of his father's hands relax, and the oar fall from it, and float off far beyond their reach. He sprang over to where his father was sitting, and tried to rouse him, to make him know their danger; but the only reply he got was a gruff demand to be let alone. Jimmy seized the remaining oar, and tried with all his strength to guide the boat. The wind was blowing fresh and cold, and the waves, which had a short time before been ripples, were every moment growing higher, rocking the little skiff roughly from one to another. His father swayed back and forth with the motion, or leaned heavily against him, so all he could do was to cling to him, and call for help; but they only drifted farther out, and no one heard.

Jimmy's hands grew numb from holding the oar, and grasping his father's arm, and just when he was making a last effort to waken him, the boat mounted a wave higher than any other, and Jimmy felt the arm he was holding slip from under his hand, and, as they sank back to their level, he saw his father reel over the boat's side, and plunge down out of sight, far below the dark surface.

It seemed like a frightful dream to him; for, even as he stretched forth his hands to catch him the waters closed, and the great circle of ripples made by his fall were met by the waves and obliterated, and the lightened boat went dancing off, and he was alone on the lake.

Poor Jimmy watched in vain to see his father rise, and he called his name over and over again, but the echo was all that replied; he uttered a wild cry of despair, and the lake, shore, and sky faded from his sight. When he opened his eyes again, the moon was shining down upon him, and lighting the glistening water brightly, but he could not endure to look at it. He covered his face with his hands, and sank down in the boat. All night long he drifted, until, in the first light of morning, he was found by a party of neighbors who had been rowing over the lake, looking for his father and himself. As they neared home, he saw his mother standing on the beach, waiting for their return; and that was the last sight he remembered; for many weeks he lived the dreadful night over in a fierce fever. Then he grew well, but the recollection of it will never pass from his mind.

Do you wonder now that poor little Jimmy has frightened eyes?

*Annie T. Howells.*





MOZART.

Arranged by JULIUS EICHBERG.

*Allegretto.*

ALLA TURCA.  $\text{♩}$   $p$

The image displays a musical score for a piece titled "Turkish March." The score is arranged in seven systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Dynamics are indicated by *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *fz* (forzando). A trill is marked with *tr* above a note in the first system. The score concludes with the instruction "to Coda." followed by a double bar line and a repeat sign.

*fz* *f*

*tr*

*to Coda. p*

*f*

*p*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps). The music features a rhythmic melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the lower staff. The music continues with a rhythmic melody and bass line.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major. The music continues with a rhythmic melody and bass line.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major. The word *Coda.* is written above the first few notes of the upper staff. The music continues with a rhythmic melody and bass line.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major. The music continues with a rhythmic melody and bass line.

The sixth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the lower staff. The music continues with a rhythmic melody and bass line.

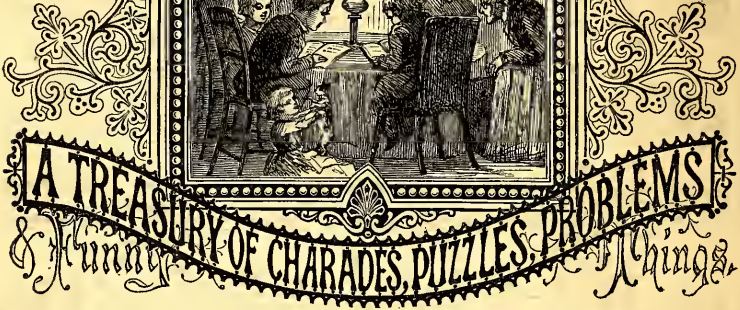


FROM THE "SERENADE," OP. 8.

BEETHOVEN.

Arranged by JULIUS EICHBERG.

# ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



## A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS & Amusing Things

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

No. 26.

#### FOUNDATION WORDS.

OF us the poet and historian speaks,  
Ere Adam walked the earth our graces  
shone ;  
Yet in a day we vanish and are gone.  
Earthly we are not seen by mortal eyes ;  
Though sound nor touch our properties  
reveal,  
You'd seek in vain our presence to conceal.

#### CROSS WORDS.

A city on the sea, of Spanish name,  
For trade with foreign lands of some  
renown ;  
Far south, a silver river floweth down.  
My home was on a pleasant Grecian mount.  
There, with my sisters fair, I wandered free,  
Or joined the chase in Dian's company.  
That orient city by Constantine named  
Contains a haunt of women : — women fair,  
Favorites, yet prisoners, slaves, are gath-  
ered there.

Vast multitudes who bear the name of  
Christ

This day proclaim, with songs and chant-  
ings high,  
His triumph over death's keen agony.  
Born of the earth, we are man's portion  
here,  
But from that land where glows celestial day  
With every evil thing we flee away.

RATH.

No. 27.

#### FOUNDATION WORDS.

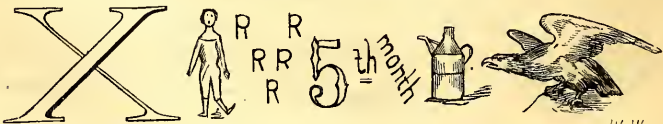
A king and queen, of whom, while one  
was reigning in one country, the other  
reigned over another.

#### CROSS WORDS.

Absence of cold.  
Badges of office.  
A bird.  
Learned men.  
Evil.  
To shun.  
A kind of fish.

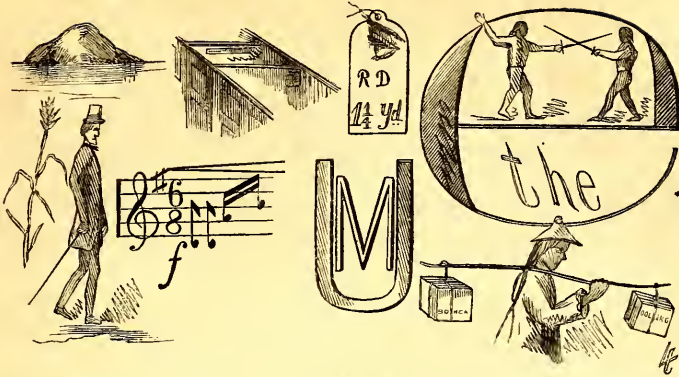
LILLIE.

### ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 28.



W. Wisp.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 29.



ENIGMAS.

No. 30.

I am composed of 8 letters.

- My 2, 5, 6, is the noblest creation of God.
- My 4, 3, 2, is a horned animal.
- My 2, 1, 4, 7, is a place of traffic.
- My 5, 4, 2, is part of the human body.
- My 8, 5, 7, is part of a man's apparel.
- My 7, 5, 6, is an article used in tanning.
- My 7, 1, 4, is a substance obtained from turpentine.
- My whole is an imaginary flower.

MILDRED NORTON.

No. 31.

I am composed of 26 letters.

- My 8, 16, 3, 18, was one of Noah's sons.
- My 26, 7, 12, 25, 13, 20, is a color.
- My 5, 10, 18, 17, 15, 2, 21, 4, 5, 19, 22, is the name of a piece of music, and also of a piece of poetry.
- My 1, 13, 11, 24, is a fierce animal.
- My 23, 19, 9, is what the flowers could not spare.
- My 6, 21, 9, is a direction given to oxen.
- My whole is the title of a piece of music.

MAMMOTH CAVE.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

No. 32.

I AM a number composed of three figures.

- 1. When I am divided by my third figure I equal 71.

- 2. My first figure added to my second is equal to my third.
  - 3. The sum of my three figures divided by my first is equal to the quotient of my third divided by my second.
  - 4. The sum of my three figures divided by my third is equal to my second.
- What number am I ?

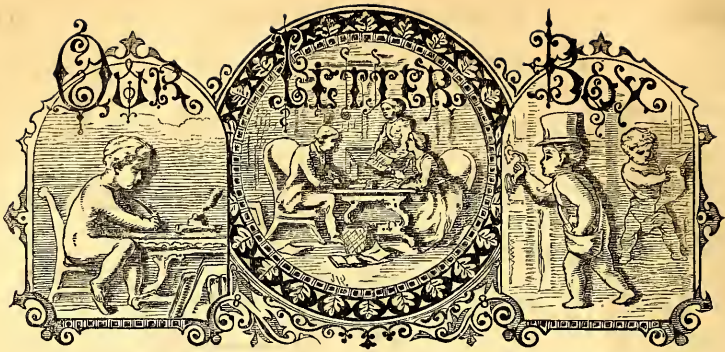
BANNY BUDS.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 33.



ANSWERS.

- 20. CoW.  
AlbinO.  
NassaU.  
NaamaN.  
OreaD.  
NarcissuS.
- 21. Suspect a tale-bearer, and trust him not. [ (sus pecked) a (tail-bearer), and (truss) t (hymn), (knot). ]
- 22. Green-back.
- 23. The letter H.
- 24. Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves.
- 25. A cape.



"E-n and E-a received their welcome 'Young Folks' for October, and in it were pleased to see an answer to their epistle concerning stage-business, though rather disappointed at it, fancying they detect a tone of disapproval in it. Now, dear 'Young Folks,' we know that the measure of our iniquity is great in this business; but, alas for the natural depravity of mankind in general and of young girls in particular, we cannot help it, and are not miserable that we cannot, — we rather enjoy it, in fact. But you say you do not know precisely what we want, and give us a list. Now, we would like to know about each of those things and very explicitly; but as that would be too much even for the patience of our dear 'Young Folks,' — to whom the patience of Job, as we often think, could not have been a circumstance, — we will content ourselves for the present with asking you to tell us about the behavior and customs of the theatre. Could you tell us also a little about some of the noted actors of to-day? — about their lives, etc., and if actors are not very often good? So, hoping and trusting for an answer in your next number, we sign ourselves,

"Yours persistently, but affectionately."

If E-n and E-a wish to know about the details of stage routine, we can do no better than to refer them to a book called "Footlight Flashes," written by Mr. Davidge, an old actor. There are enough little topics about scenery, machinery, costume, study, rehearsal, performance, and management, to fill even a larger book than Mr. Davidge's, and so we cannot possibly undertake to discuss them here. One thing is, however, to be ever borne in mind by those young people who, in the ignorance and ambition of their youth, are "stage-struck," — that the actor's profession is a tedious and laborious one, seldom very profitable and often very dreary. Of course there are persons of genius who make their way to fame and perhaps wealth; but genius, or even great talent, is very, very rare. Then there are lazy people, who shuffle along, and just manage to support life; but who would be one of these? The actor is no more to be envied than the soldier; for, although some few may be great and known in the world, most must toil and struggle, and suffer, must live and die poor and obscure.

Actors frequently bear excellent characters, no doubt, but their path is beset with many temptations from which quieter lives are happily free, and they need the best principles and the greatest firmness to sustain them. Our correspondents must not be charmed by the tinsel that glitters over an actor's life, — for, although that shine ever so bright, it cannot comfort, cheer, elevate or purify, and under it all the brain must study and the hands must toil as hard as though one were but an unnoticed worker in the quiet ways of home.

*Eddie D.* frees her mind thus frankly: —

"WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1868.

"MY DEAR 'YOUNG FOLKS,' —

"If not too late, I will wish you a happy New Year. I am now expecting the February number. The holidays are over, and I have settled down to my usual jog-trot existence, — rise at half past seven, eat my breakfast, and off to school. Three times a week I go to dancing school. This is varied by an occasional soiree at M's.

"Jan. 27.

"Since writing the above, my February number has come. My love to Contadina; the date of her letter carried my thoughts back with a rush to my own bright sunny home in Italy. A few years before my birth my mother was ordered to Italy for her health, and it benefited her so much that she stayed until I was twelve, that being a little over two years ago. I was born in Venice, but I have travelled all over Italy. Of all the places I ever was in, I dislike Washington the most. If you could only see it now, you would sympathize with me. It rained yesterday, and the streets are deep mud, with several inches of muddy water on top of it. The people are too cold-blooded. I feel as though I would like to shake them sometimes. My most humble respects to Willy Wisp, and tell him he only excites so much interest because he so obstinately remains incognito; the female sex is proverbially curious. In my opinion he is only a conceited young American. As I have written my ill-humor away, I think I will stop.

"Your cross friend."

Would that all the ill-humor in the world could be so easily and amusingly disposed of!

*Red Jacket.* Write to D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York City, enclosing a stamped envelope for their answer, and you will undoubtedly receive all the information you want.

*Charlie N. L.* If the boy is not a good boy, you *must* break off from association with him, whether it is easy to do so or not.

Here's a nice little letter, to be sure !

"DEAR EDITORS,—

"A few days ago I had a note from one of my friends asking me to come up to her house. So up I went, and she proposed to make some bread. I had never made any before, neither had she. As we had both read 'Pussy Willow,' and liked it ever and ever so much, we remembered that there was a receipt for bread in it; so we brought the number down into the kitchen, as we thought, if Pussy succeeded with her first bread, why should not we ?

"First, of course, we sifted and measured the flour; having got it all nicely weighed, what must Sarah do but accidentally hit the pan, and over went all the flour (and our trouble) on to the floor and our dresses. Luckily we were enveloped in large towels, and the cook, being very good-natured, laughed as hard as any of us. The flour being swept up, we measured some more and went on with our work. All that was fun enough, but when we came to the kneading,—O, was n't it splendid? Was n't that bread fisted, and punched, and rolled? Every once in a while, in a very ecstasy of delight, we would give our separate little cushions a tiny toss in the air, but very careful, I can tell you, to catch them again. Then we put our bread away to rise.

"The next morning I went up again, and we gave the bread a shorter kneading, then let it rise an hour, and finally it was stowed away snug and warm in the oven. The baking was most exciting; we would go into the parlor, begin to practise one of our duets, but the thought of bread being so strong, we would break off in the middle of the piece and rush into the kitchen, open the oven door just a little mite of a crack, and, seeing it rising so beautifully, we would go back to our practising again. How many times this was repeated, I am sure I could not tell you; but what I do know is, that at last our two loaves (for we only took half of the receipt) were done, and, as the cook said, it was the 'most beautifullest' bread ever seen. Our cook said that she could not make as good bread herself, but in her own secret heart I guess she thought she could,—as I know she can.

"But I have tired you, I am afraid, with what was very interesting to us, but is not to you; so, with many thanks to Mrs. Stowe, much happiness to yourselves, and a long life to the 'Young Folks,'

"Yours truly,

"MAMMOTH CAVE."

*Alice D.* Pussy Willow's story is not all told yet.

*Brownie.* It is a fanciful way of showing how the children would manage things if they could carry out their own little dreams.

*Greenie.* Don't be afraid, is the best cure for bashfulness. Make one bold start, and going on will be easy enough.

*M. D. F.* Just such a question as yours has been answered here already.

*Hautboy.* "Sc." in the corner of a wood-engraving stands for *sculptis*, "engraved."—The rebuses will not quite do.

*Potomac.* If you read the advertisements you will find out about the premiums.

*Fannie F.* If you think that we shall give any opinion that will disagree with that of your parents, you make a great mistake. It is your first duty, while you are a child, to conform to their wishes and meet their views.

*Croquet Mallets.* If you wish a guide to croquet, we must refer you either to the pamphlet published under authority of the Newport club (by Sheldon & Co., of New York, we think), or to that of Captain Mayne Reid.

*Ethel.* If Webster is the authority for spelling in the school which you attend, you can certainly conform to the rules of the school in respect to such words as centre. But you are still free, of course, to do as you like away from your class. If your parents prefer—rightly, as we think—to write *centre* instead of *center*, you can easily do so too; but in your school exercises you should follow the established custom of your teachers.

*J. W. C.* Probably not.

*Emma and Laura.* "Oliver Optic's" real name is William T. Adams, and he lives at Harrison Square, in Dorchester, Mass.

*John.* Of course you may help yourself in making out the Shakespearian puzzles by reference to the play. It is for that reason that we name the scene: you cannot be expected to have Shakespeare by heart.

*Mary S. P., F. B. E.* (many thanks), *B. Liss*, *J. J. B.* (of the Rocky Mountains), *Banny Buds*, *Sweet Clover* (you were favored, indeed, to have so many Christmas gifts), *J. L. N., P. W. S., Rebel, Evol, Alice M. R.* (not yet, dear !), *Clara* (subject too long), *L. M. C., Starr, Samuel M., Agnes B., H. V. H., Flora, Barley Brewster, A. B. Cash, Tubbs* (good boy !), *M. H. T., Ross Gray, Deshler W., Snow-Bird, Tom-tit, J. B. M. S.* ("blot" is spelled with only one t), *Enella* (did you ever see a shadow "stretching a mile in length" ?), *Madge Wildfire.* Thank you for your long letters and your offers of "Evening Lamp" material, one and all.

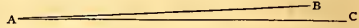
Some charming child-pictures have reached us, both pen-and-ink sketches and photographs, for which we cannot find a place, but which we do not like to return without a word of thanks. There is a sweet little "Baby May," from New Jersey, and a "Lucy May," from Pennsylvania, and a delightful "Little Botheration," from Connecticut, and a "Little Boy," from distant Nebraska, and ever so many more, to whom we can only give an uncle-and-auntly kiss, and a snug corner and gentle rock in the Letter Box, before sending them back to the shelter of their own cradles. We only wish the sheets of our magazine were wide enough to tuck all the babies cosily in that come wandering to our sanctum from far and near. We could quote many a bright saying from the rose-bud lips of our tiny visitors, if their mammas were willing; but we are not quite sure of this.

A certain little "Birdie" wants to know the "real name of the lady who wrote the 'Prudy' books, so that she may ask her to write some more." We think that "Sophie May" does not wish to have her true name known to the public, but we will tell *her* that "Birdie" lives in Michigan, and considers her books "the nicest she ever read"; and if she asks us, we will tell her, also, whose "birdie" it is, that she may herself give the desired information, if she will.

M. W. J. T. Trowbridge is the "right name." Your verses are creditable for a beginner. Tell your brother that he must have grown old a little too fast, if he has lost his relish for childish simplicity. We hope that we shall never lose ours.

LAST month's puzzle when translated reads, "Sweets to the sweet." Now, what do you say to this one? If you wish for help, you may find it in the play of Henry VI., second part, Act III., Scene 3.

R. T. E. Jupiter and Venus were not *actually* "close together" a few weeks ago, but only *apparently* so. Their motions through the heavens brought them seemingly side by side, just as two people walking at a distance from you might seem to be "close together" when their paths brought them nearly into a line with your eye, thus, —



From A, B and C would look as if very near to each other, because their lines of light are almost parallel.

F. C. P. They are all too old.

M. S. B. Don't try to write poetry until you know how to write prose. You spell badly, you do not punctuate, and you do not use capitals properly. If you desired an answer by mail, you should have enclosed an envelope, stamped and directed.

Espigle. Thank you for showing the story.

Syntax. Your rebuses are *almost* good enough.

FeO, SO<sub>3</sub>. "Good Old Times" is finished. It is customary, but not necessary, to send the whole sheet, if a letter is written on two pages only; in formal or elegant correspondence the whole sheet *must* be sent; in business communications it is well enough to economize in your paper.

F. W. You have the legend right, but it may reasonably be doubted whether there is any more truth in it than we gave in our answer to Tiny Tim.







WATCHING THE CROWS.

DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

[See *Watching the Crows*, page 355.



# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IV.

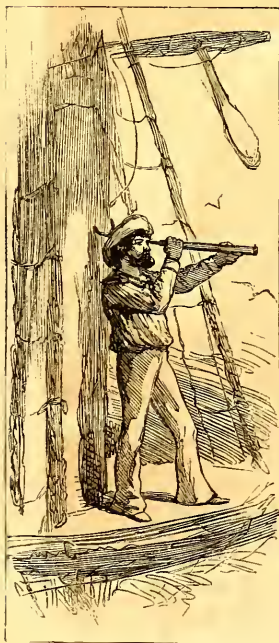
JUNE, 1868.

No. VI.

## ROUND-THE-WORLD JOE.

X.

### "TENDER AND TOUGH."



HE wind was hushed, the fleecy wave  
Scarcely the vessel's sides could lave,  
When in the mizzen-top his stand  
Tom Clueline, taking, spied the land.  
O sweet reward for all his toil!  
Once more he views his native soil;  
Once more he thanks indulgent Fate,  
That brings him to his Bonny Kate.

A ribbon, near his heart which lay,  
Now see him on his hat display, —  
The given sign to show that Fate  
Had brought him safe to Bonny Kate."

That's Round-the-World Joe, just coming on the front porch with Charley Sharpe. He's getting very fond of calling at our house of late, Joe is; and he always comes in that style, — sometimes whistling, but generally singing some sort of a sea-song, with a "Bonny Kate," or a "Charming Kitty," or a "Kathleen Mavourneen" (but that's not a sea-song), or a "Kitty, the Clipper," in it. Some days he informs the whole neighborhood, he hollers so, that he

"Sailed in the good ship The Kitty,  
With a smart spanking gale and rough sea";

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

and at another time (for as much as a week, maybe) he seems to want everybody in our block to know that

“ In a vessel of his own he has often ta'en a trip,  
And he christened her The Charming Kitty.  
Though not quite so big as a three-masted ship,  
Yet she looked, when at sea, quite as pretty.”

Now, that sort of thing was all very well for the jovial tars in the “ fokesel ” of the Circumnavigator on a Saturday night, when “ the ample can adorned the board,” and the Tarry Mariners, prepared to see it out, gave each the girl that he adored, and pushed the grog about; but I must say it is not exactly the right kind of noise to raise around the premises of temperance folks, or to wake all the babies with in an old-fashioned, quiet neighborhood, where the families are large, and the houses are small. Besides, I don't admire the style, — 'pears to me it 's kind o' making free. Miss Catharine Eager, though she *is* only ten years old, and can't play on the accordion, is nobody's Poll, nor yet their Partner, Joe; and, if she is your Friend, that 's not saying she 's your Pitcher. So I just up and asked her about it. “ If you don't like it, Katy,” says I, “ only say the word, and I 'll stop the music or change the tune.”

“ Well, now,” says she, “ dear old humbug, I *like* to hear Mr. Brace sing; I don't want him to *stop* singing. I *don't care* whether the person in the song is named Bonny Kate, or Dowdy Bet, or Crazy Peggy; and if you make him stop, I 'll ask him to begin again, exactly where he left off, and perform them all over and over again, — the way they grind 'em on the hand-organs. Why, I think it 's real nice, the way Mr. Brace does it, — so sentimental, you know, and funny. It always puts me in mind of the gentleman we saw in the Nautical Drama at Barnum's, with his pantaloons so dilapidated looking, and his shirt so baggy, and his throat so exposed, — the one, you remember, who kept scraping his foot, and jerking it backwards, as if a great many heavy things were trying to fall on his toes, and flirting his straw hat around, and giving it a sort of a streaky sling every time he jerked his foot, as if he had just run in out of a soaking rain, and his legs and his hat were all dripping, — the one that said ‘ Avast heaving ! ’ (whatever that is) so many times, and called everybody in good clothes ‘ Your Honor,’ and seemed to be so anxious to get his timbers shivered, and always clapped his hand on his mouth when he said bad words, as if he had left his mouth open by accident, and the bad word had tried to jump out like a rat, — the one that expressed that lovely sentiment that made all the people clap their hands, and stamp, and bang with their sticks, and whistle, and cry ‘ Hi, hi ! ’ about the Man that will not answer the Signals of a Female in Distress, and Lay himself, Broadside on, to her Enemy, no matter how Many Guns he carries, is a Sneak, whom it is Perfectly Ridiculous to call a Coward. O, was n't *that* lovely? And then, you remember, he sang that sweet distressing ballad about the Fleet that was all Moored, and how Black-eyed Seeusan came on board to inquire where she could find her True Love, —

'Tell me, ye Jovial Sailors, tell me true,  
Does my Sweet William sail among your crew?'—

or words to that effect. And how her Sweet William was in the yard, rocking something; and as soon as he heard her well-known voice, he jumped down, quick as lightning, exclaiming, 'Seeusan, Seeusan, Lovely Dear!' and requesting her to let him Kiss off that Falling Tear, — which I suppose she did (and no harm either, both of 'em being so fond of each other, and so miserable), because, afterwards, when the Bos'n (whatever that is) gave the Dreadful Word (sailors are always giving dreadful words in the Nautical Dramas, it seems to me), she sighed, and he hung his head, and they *both* kissed, — being so fond of each other, and so unhappy; and then she cried 'Good By,' — no, 'Adieu!' because it was all done in poetry, — and Waved her Lily Hand; and it did n't say what became of either of them after that. But it was all Per-fect-ly Splen-did, and I had a real good cry."

"But," says I again, "what has all that to do with Round-the-World Joe?"

"Why, you see," said Katy, "I could n't help thinking of Mr. Brace all the while; because, you know, he follows the sea; and on the Fourth of July the Circumnavigator has Streamers Waving in the Wind; and his name might have been William, if it had n't been for old Captain Brace being a Joseph, and Mrs. Brace being so proud of him, and thinking there never could be too many Joseph Braces; and then he sings sea-songs, which I suppose Sweet William must have been doing all the time, when he was n't crying or avast-heaving."

Now there 's a pretty reason for letting Joe Brace make a Naval Warbler of himself, and a nuisance besides. But, bless these women! they 're all alike. When you let one of 'em get by you in a subject, you never can tell where she 'll come out. They 're like that pig that Leigh Hunt tells about, that slipped the string off its hind leg in Smithfield Market; the boy that had been trying to drive or coax it just slapped his hat down on the ground, and began to pull his hair and cry, and said it "wor n't no use a-tryin' to foller *her*; he knowed she 'd bolt up all manner o' streets."

But there 's one thing I can't find out, and another thing I think I have found out.

What makes her call Joe *Mister Brace*?

Now, there 's Charley Sharpe, he 's every bit as old as Joe; and, though he 's not so tall by about a quarter of a head, he 's a sight stouter. Joe says he 's built on the porpoise model; and some of the boys call him "Fatty," — behind his back though, mind you; for Charley 's apt to be rather quick with his fists when his dignity 's stirred up. And Katy has known Joe quite as long as she has known Charley; but she never calls Charley *Mister Sharpe*: it's always just "Charley," or sometimes "Cousin Charley," — kind of affectionate, though he 's no relation to her. Queer, — is n't it?

Once I asked her, "Sis, what do you call Round-the-World Joe *Mister* Brace for? Don't you like him?"

"Why, what an i-dee-a!" says she. "Of course I like him; that is, he 'll *do*. But the i-dee-a of calling a person Joe who has seen a Whale, and, for all I know, the Sea-Serpent, and the next thing to a Mermaid,—a person who has 'scudded,' and been on his 'beam-ends,' and 'under bare poles,' and all those other dreadful things he has told us about,—a person who just keeps all the time sailing up and down among dangers, as if there was n't a soul on all the dry land to love him, or be anxious about him, or wish he 'd come back, and so he did n't care how soon he went down, Down, DOWN!—a person who, night after night, goes to sleep like that poor sailor-boy in the Piece that one of our school-girls recited, who dreamed he was at home:—

'The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,  
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;  
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,  
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

'A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,  
His cheek is imperled with a mother's warm tear';

and then, only to think how he woke up,—

'O sailor-boy, sailor-boy! never again  
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay:  
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,  
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay!'

O, it is dreadful!

'The white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,  
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!'

"Joe!" says she, "Joe! Yes, I 'd look pretty calling him Joe, would n't I?" And then she began to cry; and I kissed her, and said: "There now, sis! don't cry; I did n't mean to hurt your feelings, but I 'm always making a heartless hippopotamus of myself"; and at that she laughed, and I said she *would* look pretty calling him Joe, or anything else she pleased.

And, My Gracious! don't it just *take* my sister Kate to look pretty!

Maybe you think *I* should n't say so, right out, in print too, to all sorts of Young Folks, perfect strangers to me, and me her brother; but I say that 's all humbug. What 's the use of being brother to a nice pretty girl, just as pretty in all her ways as she is in her face, if you can't admire and love her like sixty, and brag about her too? Who has any better right than I have to hurrah for my sister? And what 's the use of being a fellow's pretty sister if it 's against the rules for him to hurrah for you?—especially if you 're right sensible, and won't take on airs and be conceited on account of it?

Besides, it 's not poetry,—it 's a good-looking matter-of-fact, and just as easy to prove as two and two make four. Here 's her *carte-de-visite*, as she



appeared ; and if any Young-Folks boy thinks he 's got a sister that 's prettier than that, all he 's got to do is to send along her tin-type to "George Eager," care of the Editor ; and, if it 's so, I 'll own right up, stick her tin-type in Bonny Kate's Album, and send her a Valentine next Fourteenth of February.

But as to a fellow's bragging about his own sister, — why, there 's Captain Brace, — Round-the-World Joe's Old Man, — modest as my own little darling about *himself* ; but don't he hug Mrs. Brace right before folks, — Young Folks or old folks, — and laugh a big, fat, red, warm, Christmas-dinner sort of laugh, and say, "If this be n't the nicest, jolliest, best-looking woman in these latitudes, why, then I 'm prejudiced !"

Now that 's what I call rational talk. I believe in the Old Man, because he believes in the Good Man, and that 's his way of showing it.

But that *Mister Brace* is the thing, I can't find out, — because I think even Kate has not found out the true reason for it yet. And here 's the thing I think I *have* found out ; and I 'm going to tell you in strict confidence. (Cross your heart you won't tell !)

MISS CATHARINE EAGER IS ENGAGED TO JOSEPH BRACE, JR., ESQ., MARINER. They have exchanged tin-types and locks of hair, and torn a three-cent stamp between them (breaking a sixpence is the regular tender, true-love style ; but they thought it would n't pay to wait for the Resumption of Spe-

cie Payments, Life being Short and Art being Long), and I 'm going to give them my Blessing, and Remember them in My Will. They have not asked me to do that yet, but I think I shall "Kindly Feed their Mutual Flame, and Lend my Count'nance to the Same." (That 's out of a Song. I found it hanging on the Park railings. It cost me two cents, and an apple to a news-boy for whistling the tune.)

But you would like to know *how* I found that out, — would n't you? And you thought it was Charley Sharpe all the time, — did n't you?

Well, you see, it was the *Mister Brace* that first set me thinking. I knew it was n't Charley, because she was always in a good humor with him, and told him all the secrets that she told to everybody else, and never looked grave when he teased her, and behaved as if she thought so much of him, and never cared whether he was around or not, and did n't mind eating molasses taffy right before him, and getting all sticky with it, and called him "Cousin" sometimes, and was always wishing he 'd come, and getting awfully tired of him.

And I knew *he* was all right, because he was always pretending to be half crazy 'for love of her, and then laughing; and because, when other boys plagued him about her, he 'd pretend to get mad, and then laugh; and because he never teased Joe about her, nor her about Joe, — you see he was sharper than I was; and because he told her all the secrets that he never told to anybody else; and could write a note to her with only one sheet of paper, and without getting furious, and without trying to get it out of the post-office again, after he had dropped it in.

But Charley is almost as fond of Kate as I am. Once he said he wished she was his sister, — I don't think Joe would say that; and I know he 'd work for her and fight for her, for all his nonsense about her; for Charley Sharpe is the greatest boy I know for saying what he don't mean, — or for saying what he does mean, as if he did n't mean it; and he has two ways of hiding his feelings, — one is by pretending not to care at all, and the other is by pretending to care too much. But his heart 's all right; and he can be serious enough in a serious matter, — when there 's a meanness to put down, for instance, or somebody's part to be taken.

And this is how I knew it was Joe: because *he* 'd tease Charley about her, but did n't like anybody else to do the same thing; because he always spoke *of* her as if he was her grandfather, and always spoke *to* her as if she was his grandmother; because he never offered, and she never asked him, to do anything for her *before anybody*, but, if any other boy tried to do it, he 'd meddle; because when they were together, when other folks were by, they behaved as if they were so uncommon fond of everybody else, — and as sure as one of them moped the other giggled, — and Kate would keep running out of the room for drinks of water, as if she had a favorite flower-pot inside, — and Joe would nurse his ten fingers, and hold their heads, and try to settle them in comfortable positions, as if they were all very ill, and he was waiting for ten doctors to come and tell him if there was any hope that they might recover; and once, when Joe had to write a note to Kate immediately, about nothing

at all, he tore up seven and a half sheets of paper, filled his mouth full of ink, never sent the note, and then got up in the middle of the night to write another, and tell her why he did n't; because he was always telling Kate how he loved the sea and the "Circumnavigator," and that he expected to sail again very soon, and always proving to us that his father would leave him at home next voyage; because whenever he sang a song that Kate was fond of, called "The Sailor-Boy's Parting Signal," he always left out one verse. Charley found that verse in a newspaper, and asked him why he did n't give us that too; and Joe said, O well! it was such nonsense. Here it is:—

"Farewell to Sister, Lovely Yacht!  
But whether she 'll be manned or not  
I cannot now foresee.  
May some good ship a tender prove,  
Well found in stores of truth and love,  
And take her under lee."

And, finally, I knew it was Joe because I felt it in my bones.

And I 'm glad of it; for Bonny Kate Eager is the world to me, and if any chap is to be her sweetheart, I 'd rather it would be Round-the-World Joe than any other fellow I know; for he has sung sea-songs till he 's as chock-full of courage, honor, fidelity, and tenderness as if Sweet William had been his father and Black-eyed Seusan his mother, and when they both died they had left him to Tom Bowling to bring up.

But all this while Joe and Charley had been waiting in the porch.

"Katy," said I, "the boys are at the door."

"Are they?" said she. "Well!"

"Well," said I, "I 'd ask them in if I were you; it 's customary, you know, and generally considered respectable. I 'd open the door for them myself, only I 'm busy now, finishing this Number X."

If you believe me, she made a pretty little face, as if she thought it a bore. Now there 's an artful duck for you! To look at her, only a month or two ago, you 'd have said she did not know how to spell Deception, and now she 's as full of tricks as if she had served her time at shuffling cards for the Wizard of the North. Why, the other day, when Charley was making fun of Joe,—just to try her, I guess,—she laughed heartily, and made as if she enjoyed it; but presently she slipped out of the room, and I found her sitting on the back steps, crying with rage; and when I asked her what was the matter, she said, "Well, to be sure! and what made you think anything was the matter?"

But she let the boys in, and was taken immediately with a jerky attack of giggles, while at the same time Joe's fingers were so suddenly prostrated that he must have thought all was over with them, for he began to straighten their limbs and lay them out,—ten awful tragedies, all in a row; and then he looked at them with a "gone" expression, as if the shock had been too much for him, and his mind was giving way.

But Charley was unusually peert.

"Katy," said he, "as I look at you this morning, I can't help wishing I

was a Battaker, and you were a famous female member of the Royal Geographical Society."

"What sort of wild beasts are those?" Katy asked.

"A Battaker," said Charley, "is a colored gentleman with an unnatural appetite and a literary turn of mind, who resides in the interior of Sumatra, and lives exclusively on rats, lizards, alligators' brains, and ladies, — there are three hundred and fifty thousand of them. And the F. F. M. R. G. S. is an immortal, besides being an undying Dutchwoman, who explored them, with the laudable object of ascertaining, by personal experience, for the benefit of missionaries, and other Dutchwomen with inquiring spirits, whether, when they pay their *devoirs* to a lady, they make a stewed hash of her, or swallow her whole and raw."

"Well, how did she find it?"

"*Did n't* find it. You see they received her very impolitely, — would n't make a collation of her at all, although she had her pocket full of pepper and salt, and a bottle of Jockey-Club sauce in her portmanteau. To her profound disappointment and mortification, they treated her with the most disgusting kindness; and she came back with all her tough temptation on her bones. She had tried our friends the Dyaks before that; but their prejudiced and benighted minds actually rejected her head, — and such a head!"

"Now, Charley!"

"It's every word true, — is n't it, Joe? Ask him, Katy; he has been there, and was telling me about it as we came along this morning."

But Katy did not even look at Joe, who was taking the measure of his fingers — for coffins, perhaps.

"How is it, Joe?" said I.

And Joe jumped as if I had stuck a pin in him, and brightened up quite brisk; and all the fingers sat straight up, like the Fine Ould Irish Gentleman when they were going to *wake* him, and somebody brought in a bottle of whiskey, and the funeral was postponed.

"Well," said he, "if you strain that story through a little sober sense, so as to get the *Charley* out of it, I think what's left will be plain history and geography, about half and half."

"But did the Dutch lady really go there?" said Kate; "and would n't they partake of her?"

"Not they," said Charley; "they were afraid she'd eat *them*; and, as dinner-time came on, the young and tender ones began to disappear, until nothing was left but a few gristly old gobblers, as tough as that celebrated traveller herself. But if it had been you, Katy, — why, you'd have made a dainty dish to set before the King. They'd have pickled you, and preserved you, and canned you, and hermetically sealed you, and kept you for Royal Birthdays. And that's why I said I wished I was a Battaker, and you were a celebrated Dutch lady with an inquiring mind."

By this time Joe's fingers had all swooned again, and he began to lay them out once more.

"But how awfully ignorant they must be!" said Katy, "and such ferocious savages!"



“On the contrary,” said Charley, “Joe tells me they are very fond of their relations, — after they are dead. Besides, they are a literary people, — have a written language, that they invented themselves, and lots of books that they wrote themselves, on History, Medicine, and Magic. A larger proportion of them can read and write than of the inhabitants of Ireland or Mexico.”

“O, how *can* that be?” exclaimed Katy.

“Easy enough,” said Charley; “it only proves the truth of Joe’s observation in No. IX., — it’s all Tradition and the Custom of the Country, and education has nothing to do with it. If it was the fashion in this country to dine on one’s neighbors, you’d be catching all the little children that strayed into this yard, and fattening them in coops; and the greediest cannibals in the land would be the subscribers to the ‘Home Journal.’”

Katy laughed merrily, and her cheeks broke out all over in dimples.

“But suppose the Dutch lady had been partaken of,” said she, “how could Useful Knowledge have been any the richer for that?”

“Ah!” said Charley, “now you ask too much for me. The ways of philosophers, and enthusiastic travellers, and enterprising Dutch ladies with inquiring minds, are past finding out. She would have been eaten, — that would have been our comfort; and she would have known whether she was served whole or hashed, roasted or raw, — that would have been hers.”

*George Eager.*



## MRS. PETERKIN WISHES TO GO TO DRIVE.

ONE morning Mrs. Peterkin was feeling very tired, as she had been having a great many things to think of, and she said to Mr. Peterkin, "I believe I shall take a ride this morning!"

And the little boys cried out, "O, may we go too?"

Mrs. Peterkin said that Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys might go.

So Mr. Peterkin had the horse put into the carryall, and he and Agamemnon went off to their business, and Solomon John to school, and Mrs. Peterkin began to get ready for her ride.

She had some currants she wanted to carry to old Mrs. Twomly, and some gooseberries for somebody else, and Elizabeth Eliza wanted to pick some flowers to take to the minister's wife, so it took them a long time to prepare.

The little boys went out to pick the currants and the gooseberries, and Elizabeth Eliza went out for her flowers, and Mrs. Peterkin put on her cape-bonnet, and in time they were all ready. The little boys were in their india-rubber boots, and they got into the carriage.

Elizabeth Eliza was to drive; so she sat on the front seat, and took up the reins, and the horse started off merrily, and then suddenly stopped, and would not go any farther.

Elizabeth Eliza shook the reins, and pulled them, and then she clucked to the horse; and Mrs. Peterkin clucked; and the little boys whistled and shouted; but still the horse would not go.

"We shall have to whip him," said Elizabeth Eliza.

Now Mrs. Peterkin never liked to use the whip; but, as the horse would not go, she said she would get out and turn her head the other way, while Elizabeth Eliza whipped the horse, and when he began to go she would hurry and get in.

So they tried this, but the horse would not stir.

"Perhaps we have too heavy a load," said Mrs. Peterkin, as she got in.

So they took out the currants and the gooseberries and the flowers, but still the horse would not go.

One of the neighbors, from the opposite house, looking out just then, called out to them to try the whip. There was a high wind, and they could not hear exactly what she said.

"I have tried the whip," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"She says 'whips,' such as you eat," said one of the little boys.

"We might make those," said Mrs. Peterkin, thoughtfully.

"We have got plenty of cream," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"Yes, let us have some whips," cried the little boys, getting out.

And the opposite neighbor cried out something about whips; and the wind was very high.

So they went into the kitchen, and whipped up the cream, and made some

very delicious whips ; and the little boys tasted all round, and they all thought they were very nice.

They carried some out to the horse, who swallowed it down very quickly.

“That is just what he wanted,” said Mrs. Peterkin ; “now he will certainly go !”

So they all got into the carriage again, and put in the currants and the gooseberries and the flowers ; and Elizabeth Eliza shook the reins, and they all clucked ; but still the horse would not go !

“We must either give up our ride,” said Mrs. Peterkin, mournfully, “or else send over to the lady from Philadelphia, and see what she will say.”

The little boys jumped out as quickly as they could ; they were eager to go and ask the lady from Philadelphia. Elizabeth Eliza went with them, while her mother took the reins.

They found that the lady from Philadelphia was very ill that day, and was in her bed. But when she was told what the trouble was, she very kindly said they might draw up the curtain from the window at the foot of the bed, and open the blinds, and she would see. Then she asked for her opera-glass, and looked through it, across the way, up the street, to Mrs. Peterkin’s door.

After she had looked through the glass, she laid it down, leaned her head back against the pillow, for she was very tired, and then said, “Why don’t you unchain the horse from the horse-post ?”

Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys looked at one another, and then hurried back to the house and told their mother. The horse was untied, and they all went to ride.

*Lucretia P. Hale.*



## G R A S S .

OUT in the fields to walk,  
 Hearing the grasses talk,  
 In the sweet month of June !  
 These are the words they say,  
 As in low whispers they  
 Speak through the silence of noon : —

“Sunbeams, come lie on me ;  
 Rain, here is room for thee ;  
 Clouds, here your shadows may rest ;  
 Wind, you may rustle through ;  
 Cow, here is food for you ;  
 Horse, come and roll on my breast.

“Ground-bird, come here and see  
 How you can nest with me.  
 Child, run about me and play.  
 Strong man, with cheek so brown,  
 Here come and cut me down,  
 Toss me, and turn me to hay.

“Fill high the farmer’s loft ;  
 Then go and gather oft  
 Fodder for cattle at night ;  
 Take all you need of me ;  
 I ’ll not live selfishly,  
 Nor for my own delight.

“Grasshopper, butterfly,  
 Bees, that with ‘honeyed thigh’  
 Ever on busy wing rove.  
 Born of one parent, we,  
 All of one family,  
 Linked to each other in love.

“Golden-hued buttercup,  
 Over me glancing up,  
 By the light summer-breeze wooed,  
 You, too, shall share with me  
 This happy destiny,  
 Born to be useful and good.

“So shall the early spring  
 Life to our bosoms bring,  
 Verdure and beauty restore ;  
 Then, taking heed of us,  
 All who have need of us  
 Welcome shall be as before.”

*Mrs. A. M. Wells.*





### THE STORY OF THE GREAT CHARTER.

THE twelfth century and the beginning of the thirteenth witnessed the height of the Feudal System in England, and the commencement of its decline. The complete reversal of that system did not occur for long ages after, but the first effective blow of the many strokes that toppled Feudalism to the dust was given at Runnymede in the year 1215.

Feudalism was the exact reverse of Republicanism. In the latter, the basis of honor and power is in the people, and on that foundation are built up all the several classes of officials, finishing with the Chief Magistrate himself as the crowning stone of the edifice. Under the Feudal System, the source of honor and the seat of power was the king, from whom all the governing classes took their power, and on whom they were made dependent. His influence extended downward through every rank to the common peo-

ple, who were mere machines to do the bidding of those in authority. When William the Conqueror vanquished England, he took possession of the land as his personal property, and divided the greater part among the chief men of his army, in payment for their services in the conquest. These principal barons thus became the chief tenants of the Crown, bound by the conditions of the grant to acknowledge, at stated periods, their allegiance to the king, and bound also to render him aid in men and money whenever called upon. Under the great barons were lesser barons, or knights, holding land from and owing service to their lords, in like manner as those lords held land from and owed service to the king. The knights had free yeomen bound to them in similar manner, whilst the great mass of the common people — conquered Saxons — were bond-slaves to one or another class of land-owners, or held a position somewhere between actual slavery and freedom. Thus every class owed military service to the class above it, was liable to fines and taxes at the will of its immediate superiors, and was subjected to many other oppressive restrictions. Marriages could only take place by the consent of the lord to whom the contracting parties owed duty as tenants, and that consent was frequently purchased with a heavy fine. Over all the king reigned supreme, and his order to collect an army or raise money for his own purposes was felt in calls for men and money through all the grades of people.

For the common people, who had neither titles nor lands, no sort of consideration was shown. In addition to other forms of oppression to which they were subjected, barbarous forest laws treated them with cruel severity. An unlicensed person who killed, or even chased, one of the thousands of deer that roamed over the broad forest wastes made by levelling hamlets and villages with the ground, was subjected to punishments of revolting cruelty, or even death, — the life of a deer being considered of more value than the life of a man.

It has been said that all who were untitled, or who did not hold land, were slaves to one or other of the more favored classes. There was an exception to this rule. The dwellers in cities were free from service to any one but the king himself; and the bondman who succeeded in escaping to a city, and remained unmolested there a year and a day, became forever after a free-man. Thus the population of the cities was steadily increased by the number of fugitives seeking shelter; and as the cities grew stronger they became less inclined to surrender any of these fugitives to the titled land-owners who claimed them.

Such was the Feudal System in England when King John began his reign. It can easily be imagined that such an organization of society would be apt to create dissatisfaction throughout every class. The king railed at his nobles because of their tardy compliance with his demands for men and money. The greater nobles, in drawing on their inferiors to meet the royal exactions, added to the demand enough to supply their own requirements. The lesser lords and knights in turn forced their subordinates to give liberally, whilst the wretched commonalty were reduced to griping

hunger and abject misery in their ineffectual efforts to meet the hard extortions of their superiors.

With King John upon the throne, what there was of evil in the Feudal system became fully developed, what there might be of good disappeared from sight. There was no good feature in the king's character, no bound to his tyranny and oppression. His licentiousness and cruelty made some of the greater nobles furious with anger, and eager to revenge personal wrongs. His fair young nephew, Arthur of Brittany, the rightful heir to the English crown, was cruelly murdered by his order. At once a tyrant and a coward, he treated his subjects with cruelty, and robbed them without compunction, and at the same time made abject submission to the Pope of Rome, professing himself his mere servant. The kingdom of England he professed to hold from the Pope in the same manner that the nobles held their lands of the king, and bound himself to pay a tribute yearly to his acknowledged lord. Having made war on France, he set out to invade that country; but suddenly concluded a shameful peace, and turned his hordes of foreign soldiers, hired to fight for money, to rob, burn, outrage, and murder his own English subjects, rich and poor, churchman and lay. In fact, he treated his subjects as hated enemies, harassing them in every possible way.

It was a high day in the thriving and busy town of St. Edmund's Bury. The feast day of the great Saxon king and saint had come, and with the first light of that raw November day the roads were crowded with people on foot and on horseback, all making towards the town named after the saint, and where his body lay entombed. Barons and knights rode proudly on prancing steeds; noble ladies, on gently ambling palfreys, were followed by squires and pages. A never-ending stream of commoner folk, staff in hand, trudged along the dusty highways.

The good people of the town were busily preparing for the reception and care of the vast crowd. The nobles and dames of rank rode straight to the great abbey, whose gates were opened wide to receive them; and on the refectory tables stores of provision were spread for their refreshment. The others visited their relatives, or the acquaintances they had made on previous visits. The sturdy archers and pikemen who had done hard duty in France or in the Holy Land sought out their comrades in long marches and fierce battles, and told, over the leather bottle of "jolly good ale and old," tales of the glorious days when Richard of the Lion Heart led them against the Paynim, or when they overran the fair fields of France with fire and sword. Those who had neither friend nor comrade to entertain them sat by the roadside, or in the churchyard, and ate the food they had brought with them, or satisfied their hunger and thirst at the booths, put up in the churchyard for the refreshment of weary travellers and to "turn an honest penny" for the booth-keepers.

The doors of the great church stood wide open, and up the broad steps tramped a motley crowd. Rich and poor, baron and churl, titled dame and blowzy milkmaid, pushed in side by side, marched reverently up the broad aisles, and dropped on their knees before the high altar, all ablaze with

lights, where was displayed the shrine of the coffined saint, plated with solid silver and burnished gold, and sparkling with rare gems. High dignitaries of the church, in vestments heavy with gold and jewels, knelt around the shrine; white-robed boys swung golden censers of smoking perfume, that filled the vast church with its oppressive fragrance; and black-robed monks bent their tonsured heads before the shrine, chanting litanies and anthems. Around the high altar, the blaze of numerous tapers shed a brilliant light. Farther down the church, the cold rays of the November sun struggled through the painted windows, and, warmed by the rich coloring, threw a soft rosy glow on the worshipping throng in nave and aisles.

Among the multitude that thronged the churchyard, and poured in at the church doors, were many clad in pilgrims' weeds, — the long cloak reaching nearly to the ground, and the hood drawn closely over the head, showing little of the face. These men pressed steadily towards the church, loitering never, and turning neither to right nor left. Solemn, earnest men were they, speaking to no one, and paying no heed to the jesting banter of the idlers or the frequent call from the booths of "What do you lack?"

"By the mass!" said a gray old archer, who had served in Palestine, and who now leaned against the trunk of a stately yew-tree in the churchyard, scanning the appearance of all who entered the church, — "by the mass! but it seemeth strange to me that so many pilgrims have boots of mail beneath the palmer's robe. And, if I mistake not, I saw a sword-hilt push from the cloak of yon pilgrim. By my fay!" he muttered to himself, as the pilgrim turned towards him, "but it is the Earl Fitzwalter himself, — the banished lord whose daughter, they say, the king poisoned. And there goes the brave De Ros; what does *he* do out of his cloister, with a sword once more hanging at his left hip? What! the great Percy too, and Gilbert de Clare? That bodes ill for King Lackland!"

The nobles the old archer had mentioned, drawing their palmers' robes closely around them, threaded their way through the crowd, and entered the church together, others like them following their footsteps. In the darkest part of the great church they knelt side by side, joined from time to time by others, until a goodly number had assembled.

The priests at the altar were celebrating high mass, and Cardinal Langton himself, the chief prelate of all England, was the principal celebrant. A tall, stately man, in his gorgeous robes, rich in color, bordered heavily with gold, and sparkling with costly gems, he stood on the steps of the altar, the grandest and most dignified figure in the vast crowd that filled the building. The poor revered him, for he was bountiful to those in need. The yeomanry loved him, for he was a Saxon like themselves, and was proud of his birth. The Anglo-Norman barons respected and feared him; for he had defied the king himself, had flung the curses of the Church at the tyrant, and had given shape and purpose to the disaffection of the barons to the king.

The solemn chant of the monks ceased to reverberate among the lofty arches; the stillness that followed, broken only by the tinkle of the bell that



bowed every head still lower, was in turn succeeded by a triumphant burst of sacred song; and that too died away as the stately form of Cardinal Langton, standing on the highest step of the altar, turned towards the expectant throng. Raising his right hand slowly, and turning his eyes to the far end of the building, he said, "In the name of God and Holy Church, you that would swear to maintain the laws and liberties of the people and of Holy Church come forward!"

There was a stir and bustle in the crowd at these words, few amid the throng knowing what they meant. At the summons the cloaked pilgrims rose in a body, their mantles were cast aside, and two by two they marched, armed and mailed warriors, through the kneeling crowd that parted to give them passage, up to the front of the altar. Then Robert Fitzwalter, tall, dark, and stern, stepped up to the shrine of St. Edmund, and lifting his cross-hilted sword in one hand, whilst the other was laid on a copy of the Holy Evangelists, spread on the silver and golden shrine of the saint, he repeated, after the Cardinal Archbishop, a solemn oath, that, should King John refuse to grant the rights the barons claimed, he would renounce his faith to the king, and join the other barons in making war upon the perjured monarch. Solemn and impressive was the oath; and Fitzwalter, as he swore vengeance on the faithless king, thought of Baynard's castle in flames, his fair daughter Maud lying dead by the king's work, and himself a banished man.

Then came Robert de Ros, bold and fearless, who, wearied with the world, had retired to a monastery, abandoning wealth and power, but who had again put on armor and grasped his sword to strike a blow at tyranny and oppression. Robert de Percy, Gilbert de Clare, Geoffrey de Mandeville, and many another powerful baron and famous warrior laid his hand on the shrine, and took the dread oath. Then the Archbishop, raising his hands, blessed the confederated barons and the cause in which they had embarked, and bade them all assemble again on the Feast of the Nativity, about one month distant. The kneeling worshippers rose and streamed out of the church, to carry over all the land the news of the strange scene they had witnessed, setting all men wondering what was to come of it.

Nearly six months after the meeting at St. Edmund's Bury, on a moonlight night in May, the road leading from Bedford to London was occupied by a large army, moving rapidly, and with the least possible noise, towards the capital. The moonlight glanced on steel spear-heads and on burnished shields. The night-breeze lazily ruffled the silken pennons bearing the devices of the chief barons of England. Along the narrow causeway, flanked on either side by soft ground that in wet weather became a quagmire of mud, rode the nobles, at the head of their retainers on foot and horse. In advance of all rode Robert Fitzwalter, the leader of the "Army of God and of Holy Church," which had set out with the purpose of curbing tyranny and restoring the supremacy of the old Saxon laws that recognized the rights of the people.

The half-year since the meeting in St. Edmund's Bury Church had been an

eventful one. The king, deserted by his nobles, fled to London, and shut himself up in a strong castle. Thither the leading barons followed, and obtained an interview, in which, after a furious altercation, a meeting was agreed on for Easter day. Before that time came, King John sought aid from Rome, paying a heavy fine for the purpose. The Pope issued letters forbidding Cardinal Langton's interference in affairs of state, and desiring the barons to return to their allegiance. Langton declared that, cardinal of Rome though he were, he was a Saxon Englishman, and neither king nor pope should prevent his standing firmly by the old Saxon principle of freedom from oppression. The barons laughed at the request of the Pope, and swore never to stop, never to falter, until their claims were granted.

The bright round moon, rising above the trees, through whose quivering foliage the broken rays flecked the road with patches of light and spots of shade, passed above the tiny cloudlets, shining like bits of silver, up into the pale blue sky, where its flood of soft light dimmed the twinkling stars. With brisk clatter of hoof, with clank of armor, with jingle of weapons, with heavy tramp of footmen, with low-voiced talk and hurried command, the Army of God and of Holy Church pressed on towards London, where the king kept his state.

The pale, round moon passed down the sky, and hid itself behind fleecy clouds. The stars shone brighter for a while, and then paled one by one,—all but the one bright star of morning, that glowed like a spark of fire. The roadside trees grew weird and shadowy as the light grew dim, and whispered to one another as a cool breeze came softly over Epping Forest. With steady prance of hoof, with rattle of shields, with jangle of heavy swords against iron armor, with weary tramp of bowmen and spearmen marching on foot and lifting their caps that the cool breeze might fan their heated brows, with here and there an occasional word of impatience at the length of the miles, the Army of God and the Holy Church pressed on towards London, where the citizens, openly friendly to the king, who, with his armed robbers, was ever ready to spoil them of their substance, were eagerly waiting to receive and welcome the barons who would curb the cruel and rapacious monarch.

The golden light of early dawn was gilding the roof and towers of Waltham Abbey as the army passed along the road to the west of that stately pile. The full glory of an unclouded sun shone on flaunting banner and glancing spear as the mighty army drew up before Aldgate, one of the seven gates in the wall that surrounded London.

It was plain that they were expected, and that those who guarded the city were their friends. The walls were decayed and ruinous. The great double doors were wide open, and but two or three watchmen kept guard. These, as the army marched silently up, made no resistance, nor attempted to shut the great doors. It was Sunday morning. The streets were deserted, and the churches were crowded with citizens attending high mass. The priests knelt at prayers, the choirs were singing the triumphant chant "Gloria in Excelsis," when through the streets rang the cry "For God and the Holy Church!" Out from the churches rushed the people in tumultuous crowds.

Loud were their shouts, and wild their demonstrations of joy, as proudly on prancing steeds the mail-clad barons, and, joyful that the journey was over, with steady tramp the sturdy yeomen, with pikes and bows, passed by.

“For God and the Holy Church!” rang from street to street as the mailed and plumed troop passed along. “Deliverance at last!” whispered the citizens to one another as they saw the troop go past.

King John and the few barons who still followed him heard the cry and fled. Some hastened to the Tower, and shut themselves in that gloomy stronghold. The king and seven of his friends crossed London Bridge, and, galloping across the Surrey hills, sought refuge at Odiham, in Hampshire. So the capital of the kingdom was won to the Army of Freedom, and the kingly tyrant was a fugitive from his subjects.

The Tower of London remained in the keeping of the king’s friends, and the barons made no effort to dislodge them, having the city under their control, and the party in the Tower not having sufficient strength to sally out. The gates of the city were guarded by the apprentices with clubs, and the barons employed a large force of workmen in repairing the walls and strengthening the gates. Soon came a message from the king. He would meet a chosen number of the barons at Windsor Castle, and there grant all their requests. Their answer was prompt. They would have no gatherings in strong castles, where treachery might be practised. When they met the king, it must be in the free air, where no assassins could lurk and no dungeons gape. In the open meadow of Runnymede, or the “Mead of Council,” they would meet him. Again he sought to change their purpose; but their invariable answer was, “Let the day be the fifteenth day of June, for that is the Monday of the Blessed Trinity; the place, Runnymede.” With that the king was perforce content.

Runnymede was a flat strip of meadow-land on the south bank of the River Thames, midway between London and the king’s refuge at Odiham. On the day previous to the appointed time, the king and his friends moved to Windsor, and the barons to Staines. With the dawn of the fifteenth, the two parties set out for the place of meeting, and encamped at opposite sides of the meadow. In the days of the Anglo-Saxons, many a council had been held on that meadow; but no council was ever held there, or elsewhere in the kingdom, that was of so much immediate importance, or so lasting in its effect, as that for which the vast assemblage gathered on that pleasant June morning.

The preliminary negotiations were soon over. The king was sullen, but made little objection, for his friends were few, whilst the army of the barons was without number. When all was ready, the final meeting for signing the Great Charter took place in the centre of the meadow.

The day was bright, the air pure and balmy. In front the silvery Thames flowed smoothly and softly down towards the chief city of the kingdom, its bosom bearing scores of boats and barges crowded with people who had come up from London to witness the grand display. Near by, Cooper’s Hill bounded the view in one direction; at a greater distance, and farther

north, rose the heights of Windsor; whilst far beyond were dimly visible the chalk hills of Buckinghamshire. Immense forests stretched around in every direction, forming a fine leafy border for the gorgeous picture in the meadow.

The king and his followers advanced to the centre of the meadow, where a rude table had been placed, on which lay the Great Charter, fairly engrossed on parchment, but as yet without signature, and the great seal to be affixed to it with straps. The king's party were few in number, but gorgeous in display. King John himself was arrayed in royal robes of crimson and gold, belted with gold studded with jewels, and wearing a crown of gold sparkling with rare gems. With him came eight bishops, and Pandulph, the Pope's legate, clad in rich pontifical robes, and attended by acolytes and cross-bearers; Almeric, the Master of the English Templars, wearing the cross upon his mantle; the Earl of Pembroke, and thirteen other nobles in complete armor, and attended by their principal retainers.

From the other side came to meet them the flower of the barons of England, headed by Earl Fitzwalter, all clad in complete suits of chain or ringed armor, their visors down, and accompanied by pages bearing long heater-shaped shields, on which were displayed the devices of the owners. In the camp behind them were subordinate knights, in suits of iron, and armed with long swords or longer lances, together with archers bearing long-bow and cross-bow, and the commoner retainers armed with bill-hooks, clubs, scythes mounted on long poles, and spears with hooks to drag the knights from their horses. Beyond all these the hillsides were crowded with peasantry, with citizens of London prepared to see the spectacle or to fight, if need be, against the treacherous king. Women and children, some in rich robes, but more in squalid rags, swarmed over the hillsides, eager to see so grand a sight, and hoping that in some way good might come of it to them, — that they might no longer be robbed and beaten by the servants both of the king and of the nobles.

As the nobles came together around the table, it was easy to see which party each belonged to. The king and his followers were heavily bearded, whilst the barons were all close shaved. Many a noble had cut off his beard and left the king during the past few months; and of those who still followed his fortunes, some were even now contemplating the scraping of their chins at an early day.

The king sat at the table, silent and sullen, whilst Cardinal Langton, in behalf of the barons, — few of whom could read, such matters being left to women and priests whilst they did the fighting, — read over the clauses of the Great Charter. It was a long document, and much of it of no interest now; but most of the terms wrested by it from the Crown marked a bold advance towards the rights of the people. It provided that excessive fines should no longer be demanded of heirs on coming into possession, and it protected the rights and property of wards and widows. Widows were not to be compelled to marry against their will, though not permitted to marry without the consent of the king, or the lords of whom they held their lands.

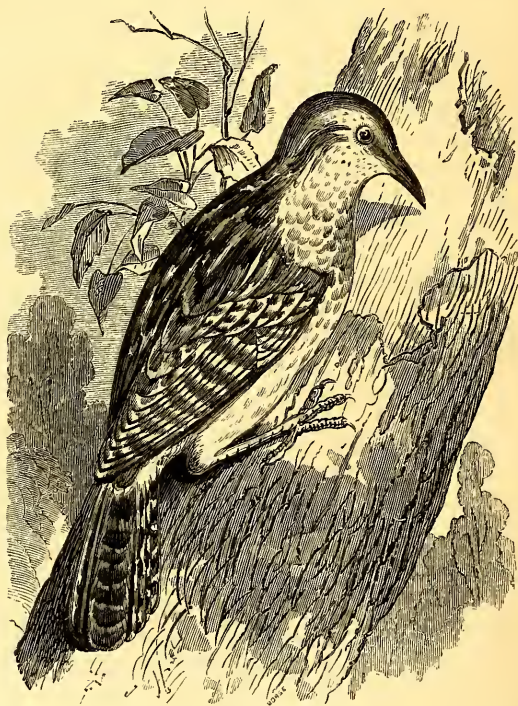
The lands and rents of the debtor must not be seized so long as his chattels would satisfy the debt, and sureties were not to be called on when the principal was able to pay. Minor heirs and widows were released from the payment of interest on borrowed money remaining unpaid at the death of the borrower. King and barons both were prohibited from levying "aids," or money assistance, (unless for certain important purposes,) from their feudal inferiors. The liberties of cities and boroughs were defined. The courts of common pleas were ordered to be held at some fixed and convenient place, and not to follow the king in his wanderings. When a person was convicted of offence, the fine should be proportioned to the fault, to be assessed by honest men of the neighborhood, and should take no man's means of living. Towns and individuals were not to be oppressed with the expense of building bridges needlessly; constables and bailiffs of the Crown were no longer to take a man's goods without prompt payment when demanded, nor take the horse and cart of a freeman, for carriage, without his consent. The fisheries of rivers were declared free, uniformity of weights and measures ordered, foreign merchants protected, and travel in foreign lands permitted; no officers of the law to be made except those who knew the law, and would themselves respect it. The oppressive forest laws, to which we have already alluded, and which set the life of a buck above that of a man, were abolished. But the key-note of the Great Charter, the foundation-stone of the liberties of the people, lay in the clause which stands thus in the original document: "Nullus liber homo capiatur, vel imprisonetur, aut dissaisietur, aut utlugetur, aut exuletur, aut aliquo modo destruatur; nec super eum ibimus, nec super eum mittemus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum vel per legem terræ. Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus, aut differemus rectum aut iudicium." That is to say, in English: "No freeman shall be arrested, or imprisoned, or disseised (deprived of anything he possesses), or outlawed, or banished, or anyway destroyed, nor will we go upon him, nor will we send upon him (pronounce sentence against him, or allow any of the judges to do so), except by the legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land. To none will we sell, to none deny, to none delay right and justice."

When this passage was read clearly and distinctly, King John scowled, and ground his teeth, but made no open opposition. The document being read and laid upon the table, the king devoutly crossed himself in token of his sincerity, and signed the parchment with a smiling face, though rage and hate filled his heart. Then the heavy seal was attached. The Charter was deposited for safe-keeping in a sort of ark. The king and his followers departed in all haste for Windsor. The barons' army struck their tents, and set out again for London. The people swarmed down from the hillsides, and scattered to their homes. The barges sailed, and the boats rowed merrily down the river, and by night the henceforth historic field of Runnymede gave no trace, save in its crushed and mangled sward, of the eventful part it had played in the STORY OF THE GREAT CHARTER.

*J. H. A. Bone.*

## THE WRENS OF NORTH AMERICA.

BESIDES the common House Wren, so well known to many of our young readers who live in the country, there are in the United States ten other species of this family. They are all very interesting, and bear a close resemblance to one other in external appearance. Yet in their habits they exhibit great variations, and on this account, and because of certain differences in their figure, they may be divided into four groups. To make these variations more intelligible to those who will study these pages, we will make use of a classification of our own, designating them as the Creeping Wrens, the Rock Wrens, the House Wrens, and the Marsh Wrens.



The first of these, the Creeping Wren, is most distinct in its appearance. By some naturalists it is regarded as a true Creeper, and not a Wren. Though there are several species of these Creeping Wrens in Mexico and Central America, there is only one kind found in the United States; this is called the Brown-Headed Wren or Creeper. It is found only in the Border States adjoining Mexico, from the Rio Grande River to California. The

country where it is the most common is a very desolate region, with a scanty vegetation, and no trees, — only varieties of the cactus plants, and thorny bushes. It is a very lively bird, sprightly in its movements; and its song consists of clear, loud, ringing notes, and is described by General Couch as rich and powerful. In its habits it very much resembles true wrens, creeping into holes under fallen leaves, and through the grass in search of insects.

It builds a very singular and remarkable nest. This is very large for the size of the bird, — perhaps the largest nest in proportion that is made by any bird. It is composed chiefly of a large mass of long grass, interwoven together, and laid flat between the branches of a large cactus. This great mass is sometimes more than a foot in diameter, and two feet in length. The cavity of this nest is ten or twelve inches from the opening, and has a long covered passage-way leading to it. It is very snug and warm, and is lined with soft downy feathers. The eggs are six in number, and are very beautiful, being covered all over with bright salmon-colored spots.

Of the Rock Wrens there are only two kinds in this country, and these are classed by naturalists in different genera. But their differences are very slight, and their habits are very much alike. One of these, the White-throated Wren, also called the Mexican Wren, is found only between the valleys of the Rio Grande and those of the Gita and Colorado Rivers. It is a very wild bird, living only among the enormous piles of boulder-rocks that constitute so large a portion of that region, hiding away in the deep crevices, and building its nest in places so inaccessible that no man has ever yet found it. It is a beautiful singer; its notes are rich and clear. General Couch states that it makes the wild passes of those valleys echo and re-echo with its silver melody.

The other, known among naturalists as the Rock Wren, seems to be pretty common all over the high sterile plains of the Rocky Mountains, throughout the central portion of Western North America. Its habits are very like those of the Mexican, for it lives in the crevices of rocks. It is described as a comparatively silent bird, having no song, and only uttering at intervals a weak but very thrilling cry. It feeds on spiders and other insects which it finds among the loose boulder-rocks that cover the mountains, passing rapidly in and out of the crevices in its search for food. Mr. Nuttall, the celebrated naturalist, gives an interesting account of his meeting with a family of Rock Wrens on the Western Colorado. The old birds, when he first noticed them, were feeding a brood of five young ones. Although these seemed to be fully grown, and able to provide for themselves, the great lazy things were making their parents wait upon them, and were constantly calling for more food. As soon as Mr. Nuttall approached them, all scattered, and pertinaciously hid themselves in cracks in the rocks. After the lapse of a few moments, a low cautious *chirr* was heard from the mother, as if saying to her children, "Keep still, my dears; don't one of you move"; and she immediately appeared herself, scolding the intruder, and jerking herself into the most angry attitudes she was capable of assuming. Though it is more than

thirty years since this bird has been known, no one has yet been able to find where it breeds; though there is not much doubt that it places its nests in the crevices of rocks, out of sight, and probably out of human reach.

The House Wrens are divided by naturalists into two genera, but their differences are too slight to be worth mentioning here. There are six or seven varieties in the United States, and all of them very interesting birds, whose history is well worthy the attention of our readers. They are the Great Carolina Wren, Bewick's Wren, the common House Wren, Parkman's Wren, the Winter Wren, and the Wood Wren. By some, however, the last two are supposed to be of the same species. As the habits of these species are very similar, we will describe first and more particularly those of



the common House Wren, the most familiar of our wrens. It is found throughout the United States from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. In some localities it is much more abundant than in others. It makes its appearance in Massachusetts early in May, and remains until September. We have no bird in America that more nearly replaces with us, in its familiar ways, the Robin Redbreast of Europe, than this wren, though their dispositions are not alike. Our wren is a wide-awake, pert, saucy little fellow. His familiarity has a slight tinge of im-



puddence in it. He seems and acts as if he were conferring a favor upon us by coming around and living in the houses we provide for his comfort. Sometimes he gives himself airs, and scolds away at you with a ludicrous affectation, if you are too familiar with his home or his family. But, notwithstanding the airs he gives himself, the wren is a universal favorite, and his odd ways only make him the more entertaining.

He is a very ingenious little fellow ; and when he builds his nest in a hollow tree, and the opening is too large, he makes the entrance smaller by building up a strong barricade of interwoven twigs. He is persevering, industrious, and not to be daunted by obstacles that seem even quite formidable. A pair once took possession of a large clothes-line box in the yard of the late Rev. Henry Ware, in Cambridge, Mass., which the little fellows actually undertook to fill up with materials for a nest. After accumulating about half a bushel of articles of almost every conceivable description, including old suspenders, snakes' skins, &c., the wrens constructed a compact, well-woven nest in the midst of them.

In another case, a farmer who had left his coat several weeks hanging in his barn, was rather surprised to find a nest full of young wrens in one of its sleeves the first time he tried to put it on.

A friend of ours, who was living near Chicago, was visited by a pair of wrens that built their first nest over the door of his room. In this they were disturbed by the opening and shutting of the door, and their second nest was built on a shelf, in the room itself, — they going in and out through a convenient knot-hole in the unceiled wall. Though shy at first, they soon came to be familiar, and to disregard his presence in the room. When the young were hatched, however, at first the mother was very unwilling any persons should approach her nest, but would fly at them, and strike at their heads. But, finding they did her young ones no injury, she became more gentle, and allowed the family to peep into her nest without making any objections, and would remain on her nest. In the morning, before the inmates of the room were out of their bed, she would perch on the headboard, twittering close to their heads. Familiar as she was, she never seemed willing to have them watch her when she fed her young ones, and would stop whenever she noticed that any one was looking at her ; though if people were in the room reading, or with their backs turned, their presence did not disturb her. The male bird was more shy than the female, and, though equally industrious with his mate, would never bring the food he collected into the room if any one was there, but would wait at the knot-hole till his more courageous wife came ; then he would give it to her to take in. We are sorry to have to add that a sad fate befell this interesting family. One morning, just as the young birds were nearly ready to fly, a strange cat found its way into the room, and destroyed the mother and all the young birds. The surviving wren, widowed and childless, for a while kept about the premises, uttering now and then a sorrowful twitter, and then was seen no more for the season. The next year he reappeared with a new mate, and occupied the same spot, undiscouraged by the fate that had befallen his former family.

The father of the gentleman to whose observations we are indebted for these interesting facts was a country physician, and drove an old two-wheeled gig without a cover. In the back of this there was a long narrow box, open at the top. This having been left unused in the shed several days, a pair of wrens built their nest in it, and, before there was occasion to use it, had laid an egg. When the gig was brought out for use, the nest was discovered and removed. It was again left unused a day or two, and again the wrens began to build in it a nest, which was again removed. This was repeated several times, and several times eggs were laid, and even some were deposited on the bare boards, when the birds had seemingly given up in despair the building of their nest. All this time the gig was taken out every day, and it was nearly two weeks before the pertinacious little pair gave up their claims to the use of the doctor's gig, who, knowing that the jolting on the road would destroy their eggs, and not being able quite to give up his gig to them, sought for a long while in vain to make them desist from their useless labors.

During May, June, and part of July, the wren is a constant and remarkable singer. Its song is loud, clear, and shrill, given out with great rapidity and animation. If a cat approaches his nest while he is singing, a great change in his tune takes place. Angry vociferations succeed his sprightly song. Naturally enough, a wren detests a cat, and is by no means slow to show it.

We are sorry to say that our little friends do not always observe the golden rule of doing to others as they would be done by. Occasionally, without asking leave, they will take possession of a box or a hollow tree that belongs to a meek Bluebird or a lively White-breasted Swallow, and, by constructing a barricade across its entrance, effectually shut out the rightful owners, and compel them to seek other quarters.

Wrens are insect-eaters altogether, and of great service to farmers. It has been estimated that a single pair of wrens, with their young, destroy on an average a thousand insects each day.

Next in point of interest is the Carolina or Mocking Wren. It is the largest of the true wrens, and, in the Southern States, the most common. It is found from Virginia to Florida, and as far west as the Rio Grande.

In its habits it is very much like all the rest of the Wren family. It moves about with sudden jerks, uttering a quick, sharp note, as if in anger, passing in at one place and out at another almost with the rapidity of thought, appearing and disappearing nearly at the same moment. It possesses a great variety and power of song, and also apparently great powers of imitation. It often exhibits an almost ludicrous variety, from the hoarse rattle of the Kingfisher to the simpler refrains of the Towhee, the Meadow Lark, or the Bluebird.

Sometimes this wren places its nest in the hollow of a tree, and at other times builds an elaborate nest, with an overarching roof to protect it from the rain.

Although generally described as shy, retiring, and studious of concealment, in some of the more Southern cities it seems to be most familiar, and is to be found on the house-tops, singing with great energy. A friend staying at Fort Dallas, in Florida, describes the nest built in a mill by a pair of these birds, in a box on a shelf only four feet from the floor. It was arched over at the top with a covering of fine shavings and small sticks; though of course this was not necessary to protect it from the rain. The birds were very tame, and were in no wise disturbed by the noise of the mill.

The Bewick Wren is found from Pennsylvania to Georgia, but is more common on the Pacific coast. It is very much like the Carolina Wren in its appearance and in its habits. For the most part, it is a shy and retiring bird, building its nest in hollow trees or stumps. By some it is described as a fine singer. General Couch, who found it quite common in the eastern parts of Mexico, says it was there very tame and familiar, nesting in the thatched roofs of the houses, freely entering them, and nesting in the most convenient places, just under the roof. He describes its song as one of the sweetest he ever heard. A German naturalist who lived, before the Rebellion, in Northern Georgia, but who was forced into the Rebel army and there killed, once gave me an interesting account of a pair of Bewick Wrens, that undertook to build a nest in his bed. This was more than he could consent to, and he put a stop to their proceedings; whereupon they still persisted in occupying his bedchamber, building their nest in another part of the room.

On the Pacific coast of North America is found another Wren, very closely resembling the common House Wren. It was named, by Mr. Audubon, Parkman's Wren, in honor of the unfortunate Dr. George Parkman, of Boston, who had been a kind friend and benefactor to that celebrated naturalist. Its habits, song, mode of building its nest, and other characteristics, make it a complete counterpart of our common wren. Dr. Cooper saw one of its nests built in the skull of a horse that had been stuck upon a fence. In Vancouver's Island, where it is very abundant, it breeds chiefly in hollow trees, arching over its eggs with a warm and neat covering of feathers. A friend who observed their habits in that island states that, like our wren, they will take possession of any convenient cavity,—one pair building under the roof of a frame house, entering by a hole between the boards and the shingles. Another pair had their nest in a gate-post, by which people were continually passing and repassing. A third pair built over a door-way, entering under a loose board, and placing their nest within reach of the hand. A fourth took possession of an old cigar-box, placed in a tree in a garden in Victoria, in which they constructed their nest, and in it laid seven eggs.

The Wood Wren and the Winter Wren are supposed by some naturalists to be the same bird. But few of the first have been observed. It is said to breed in holes in the ground, and to be a very shy bird, living only in wild and solitary places. The Winter Wren is more common in the northern parts of North America. In its appearance it is not distinguishable

from the common wren of Europe, and is, by many naturalists, regarded as the same bird. The song of this wren is described by those who have heard it as excelling in its brilliant sweetness that of almost every other bird, — full of cadence, energy, and melody, and very musical; and its power of continuance is said to be truly surprising. It constructs a very beautiful moss-covered nest, entirely spherical, with only a small aperture through which the parents go in and out. The wall of this nest is two or three inches in thickness, and is very warmly lined. It is made to resemble the moss-covered protuberances of old trees, and is not easily found except by watching the parent birds. One of our young Boston naturalists recently met with a nest of these birds in an unoccupied hut in the upper part of Maine, between the logs of the building. It was large and bulky, composed chiefly of moss, and lined with the finer hair of the hedgehog and the feathers of the spruce partridge. It was built in the form of a long porch, and the entrance was ingeniously constructed of fine pine twigs.

There are two kinds of Marsh Wrens in the United States, both found throughout its entire extent, but differing each from the other in their

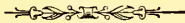


structure, and in the locality they frequent. The common marsh wren is more abundant on the sea-coast or marshes along the banks of rivers

affected by the ocean tides. It is also found in the neighborhood of large bodies of water. It constructs a nest of about the size and shape of a cocoa-nut, with an opening at one side. It is placed in a low bush, just high enough to be out of the reach of tide-water, and protected from the weather by an arched roof. The entrance to the nest is also furnished with an over-arching protection like the porch to a house. It has no song, and its cry resembles the sound made by an insect rather than the note of a bird. Its eggs are of a deep, dark chocolate or mahogany-brown color.

The Short-billed Wren is, for the most part, found only in fresh-water and inland meadows. It is very irregularly distributed about the country, and is rather common in the vicinity of Boston. It is shy and unapproachable. It has a lively, quaint song, delivered with great earnestness, and as if in great haste, when unobserved. If you approach it, this song changes into a harsh, angry, and petulant cry, as if of annoyance at your intrusion. Its home is in the midst of the long rank grass of meadows, and its food is the insects it there finds. Its nest is constructed in a very curious and interesting manner. In a tussock of high, rank meadow-grass, it interweaves the long and slender stalks, while yet fresh and green, into a spherical or globular form. In the interior of this it builds its nest, warmly lined, with an opening at one side. The long stalks of grass of which it is constructed keep fresh and green, and effectually conceal the nest, except when the grass is cut by the mower. The eggs of this wren are of the purest crystal white. The representation on the preceding page is taken from a nest found in the meadows of West Roxbury.

*T. M. B.*



## WILLIAM HENRY'S LETTERS TO HIS GRANDMOTHER.

### FIFTH PACKET.

#### *Grandmother's Letter to William Henry.*

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,—

Your poor old grandmother was so glad to get those letters, after such long waiting! My dear child, we were anxious; but now we are pleased. I was afraid you were down with the measles, for they 're about. Your aunt Phebe thinks you had 'em when you were a month old; but I know better.

Your father was anxious himself at not hearing; though he did n't show it any. But I could see it plain enough. As soon as he brought the letters in, I set a light in the window to let your aunt Phebe know she was wanted. She came running across the yard, all of a breeze. You know how your aunt Phebe always comes running in.

"What is it?" says she. "Letters from Billy? I mistrusted 't was let-

ters from Billy. In his own handwriting? Must have had 'em pretty light. Measles commonly leave the eyes very bad."

But you know how your aunt Phebe goes running on. Your father came in, and sat down in his rocking-chair, — your mother's chair, dear. Your sister was sewing on her doll's cloak by the little table. She sews remarkably well for a little girl.

"Now, Phebe," says I, "read loud, and do speak every word plain." I put on my glasses, and drew close up, for she does speak her words so fast. I have to look her right in the face.

At the beginning, where you speak about being whipped, your father's rocking-chair stopped stock still. You might have heard a pin drop. Georgianna said, "O dear!" and down dropped the doll's cloak. "Pshaw!" said Aunt Phebe, "'t is n't very likely our Billy 's been whipped."

Then she read on and on, and not one of us spoke. Your father kept his arms folded up, and never raised his eyes. I had to look away, towards the last, for I could n't see through my glasses. Georgianna cried. And, when the end came, we all wiped our eyes.

"Now what 's the use," said Aunt Phebe, "for folks to cry before they 're hurt?"

"But you almost cried yourself," said Georgianna. "Your voice was different, and your nose is red now." And that was true.

After your sister was in bed, and Aunt Phebe gone, your father says to me: "Grandma, the boy 's like his mother." And he took a walk around the place, and then went off to his bedroom, without even opening his night's paper. If ever a man set store by his boy, that man is your father. And, O Billy, if you had done anything mean, or disgraced yourself in any way, what a dreadful blow 't would have been to us all!

The measles come with a cough. The first thing is to drive 'em out. Get a nurse. That is, if you catch them. They 're a natural sickness, and one sensible old woman is better than half a dozen doctors. Saffron 's good to drive 'em out.

Aunt Phebe is knitting you a comforter. As if she had n't family enough of her own to do for!

From your loving

GRANDMOTHER.

*A Letter from William Henry.*

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

Dorry asked his sister to ask his mother if he might ask me to go home with him. And she said yes; but to wait a week first, because the house was just got ready to have a great party, and she could n't stand two muddy-shoed boys. May I go?

Tom Cush was sent home; but he did n't go. His father lives in the same town that Dorry does. He has been here to look for him.

I never went to make anybody a visit. I hope you will say yes. I should like to have some money. Everybody tells boys not to spend money; but

if they wanted as many things as boys do, and everything tasted so good, I believe they would spend money themselves.

Please write soon.

From your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

*Grandmother's Second Letter.*

MY DEAR BOY, —

Do you have clothes enough on your bed? Ask for an extra blanket. I do hope you will take care of yourself. When the rain beats against the windows, I think, "Now who will see that he stands at the fire and dries himself? And you 're very apt to hoarse up nights. We are willing you should go to see Dorry. Your uncle J. has been past his father's place, and he says there 's been a pretty sum of money laid out there. Behave well. Wear your best clothes. Your aunt Phebe has bought a book for her girls that tells them how to behave. It is for boys too, or for anybody. I shall give you a little advice, and mix some of the book in with it.

Never interrupt. Some children are always putting themselves forward when grown people are talking. Put "sir" or "ma'am" to everything you say. Make a bow when introduced. If you don't know how, try it at a looking-glass. Black your shoes, and toe out if you possibly can. I hope you know enough to say, "Thank you," and when to say it. Take your hat off, without fail, and step softly, and wipe your feet.

Be sure and have some woman look at you before you start, to see that you are all right. Behave properly at table. The best way will be to watch and see how others do. But don't stare. There is a way of looking without seeming to look. A sideways way.

Anybody with common sense will soon learn how to conduct properly; and even if you should make a mistake, when trying to do your best, it is n't worth while to feel very much ashamed. *Wrong* actions are the ones to be ashamed of. And let me say now, once for all, never be ashamed because your father is a farmer and works with his hands. Your father 's a man to be proud of; he is kind to the poor; he is pleasant in his family; he is honest in his business; he reads high kind of books; he 's a kind, noble, Christian man; and Dorry's father can't be more than all this, let him own as much property as he may.

I mention this because young folks are very apt to think a great deal more of a man that has money.

Your aunt Phebe wants to know if you won't write home from Dorry's, because her Matilda wants a stamp from that post-office. If the colt brings a very good price, you may get a very good answer to your riddle.

From your loving

GRANDMOTHER.

P. S. Take your overcoat on your arm. When you come away, bid good by, and say that you have had a good time. If you have had, — not without.

*William Henry's Reply.*

DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I am here. The master let us off yesterday noon, and we got here before supper, and this is Saturday night, and I have minded all the things that you said. I got all ready and went down to the Two Betseys to let some woman look at me, as you wrote. They put on both their spectacles and looked me all over, and picked off some dirt-specks, and made me gal-lus up one leg of my trousers shorter, and make some bows, and then walk across the room slow.

They thought I looked beautiful, only my hair was too long. Lame Betsey said she used to be the beater for cutting hair, and she tied her apron round my throat, and brought a great pair of shears out, that she used to go a-tailoring with. The other Betsey, she kept watch to see when both sides looked even.

Lame Betsey tried very hard. First she stood off to look, and then she stood on again. She said her mother used to keep a quart-bowl on purpose to cut her boys' hairs with ; she clapped it over their heads, and then clipped all round by it, even. The shears were jolly shears, only they could n't stop



themselves easy, and the apron had been where snuff was, and made me sneeze in the wrong place. Says I, "If you'll only take off this apron, I'll jump up and shake myself out even." I'm so glad I'm a boy. Aprons are horrid. So are apron-strings, Dorry says.

They gave me a few peppermints, and said to be sure not to run my head



out and get it knocked off in the cars, and not to get out till we stopped going, and to beware of pickpockets.

O, we did have a jolly ride in the cars! Do you think my father would let me be the boy that sells papers in the cars? I wish he would. I did n't see any pickpockets. We got out two miles before we got there. I mean to the right station. For Dorry wanted to make his sister Maggie think we had n't come.

We took a short cut through the fields. Not very short. And went through everything. My best clothes too. But I guess 't will all rub off. There were some boggy places.

When we came out at Dorry's house, it was in the back yard. I said to Dorry, "There 's your mother on the doorstep. She looks clever."

Dorry said, "She? She 's the cook. I 'll tell mother of that. No, I won't neither."

I suppose he saw I 'd rather he would n't. The cook said everybody had gone out. Then Dorry took me into a jolly great room. Three kinds of curtains to every window! What 's the use of that? Gilt spots on the paper, and gilt things hanging down from up above. A good many kinds of chairs. I was going to sit down. But they kept sinking in. Everything sinks in here. I tried three, and this made me laugh, for I seemed to myself like the little boy that went to the bears' house and tried their chairs, and their beds, and their bowls of milk. Then I came to a looking-glass big enough for the very biggest bear. I thought I would make some bows before it, as you said. I was afraid I could n't make a bow and toe out at the same time. Because it is hard to think up and down both at once. While I was trying to, I heard a little noise, I looked round, and — what do you think? Bears? O' no. Not bears. A queen and a princess, I thought. All over bright colors and feathers and shiny silks. The queen — that 's Dorry's mother, you know — could n't think who I was, because they had been to the depot, and thought we had n't come. So she looked at me hard, and I suppose I was very muddy. And she said, "Were you sent of an errand here?" Before I could make up any answer, Dorry came in. He had some cake, and he passed it round with a very sober face. Then he introduced me, and I made quite a good bow, and said, "Very well, I thank you, ma'am."

I tried to pull my feet behind me, and wished I was sitting down, for she kept looking towards them; and I wanted to sit down on the lounge, but I was afraid 't would n't bear. She was quite glad to see Dorry. But did n't hug him very hard. I know why. Because she had those good things on. Dorry's grandmother lives here. She can't bear to hear a door slam. She wears her black silk dress every day. And her best cap too. 'T is a stunner of a cap. White as anything. And a good deal of white strings to it. Everything makes her head ache. I 'd a good deal rather have you. When boys come nigh, she puts her hand out, to keep them off. This is because she has nerves. Dorry says his mother has 'em sometimes. I like his father. Because he talks to me some. But he 's very tired. His

office tires him. He is n't a very big man. He does n't laugh any. If Maggie was a boy she 'd be jolly. She 'll fly kites, or anything, if her mother is n't looking. Her mother don't seem a bit like Aunt Phebe. I don't believe she could lift a tea-kettle. Not a real one. When she takes hold of her fork, she sticks her little finger right up in the air. She makes very pretty bows to the company. 'Sinks way down, almost out of sight. She gave us a dollar to spend ; was n't she clever? Dorry says she likes him tip-top. If he 'll only keep out of the way.

I guess I 'd rather live at our house. About every room in this house is too good for a boy. But I tell you they have tip-top things here. Great pictures and silver dishes! Now, I 'll tell you what I mean to do when I 'm a man. I shall have a great nice house like this, and nice things in it. But the folks shall be like our folks. I shall have horses, and a good many silver dishes. And great pictures, and gilt books for children that come a-visiting. And you shall have a blue easy-chair, and sit down to rest.

Now, maybe you 'll say, "But Billy, Billy, where are you going to get all these fine things?" O you silly grandmother! Don't you remember your own saying that you wrote down?—"What a man wants he can get, if he tries hard enough." Or a boy either, you said. I shall try hard enough. There's more to write about. But I'm sleepy. I would tell you about Tom Cush's father coming here, only my eyes can't keep open. Is n't it funny that when you are sleepy your eyes keep shutting up and your mouth keeps coming open? Please excuse the lines that go crooked. There's another gape! I guess Aunt Phebe will be tired reading all this. I'm on her side. I mean about measles. I 'd rather have 'em when I was a month old. I suppose I was a month old once. Don't seem as if 't was the same one I am now. But if I do have 'em, — there I go gaping again, — if I catch 'em, and all the doctors do come, I 'll — O dear! There I go again. I do believe I'm asleep — I 'll — I 'll get some natural-born old woman to drive 'em out, as you said, and good night.

WILLIAM HENRY.

*Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*



## WATCHING THE CROWS.

“*Caw, caw!*”—You don’t say so!—“*Caw, caw!*”—What, once more?

Seems to me I’ve heard *that* observation before,  
 And I wish you would *some* time begin to talk sense.  
 Come, I’ve sat here about long enough on the fence,  
 And I’d like you to tell me in confidence what  
 Are your present intentions regarding this lot?  
 Why don’t you do something? or else go away?  
 “*Caw, caw!*”—Does that mean that they’ll go or they’ll stay?  
 While I’m watching to learn what they’re up to, I see  
 That for similar reasons they’re just watching me!

That’s right! Now be brave, and I’ll show you some fun!  
 Just light within twenty-nine yards of my gun!  
 I’ve hunted and hunted you all round the lot,  
 Now *you* must come *here*, if you want to be shot!  
 “*Caw, caw!*”—There they go again! Is n’t it strange  
 How they always contrive to keep just out of range?  
 The scamps have been shot at so often, they know  
 To a rod just how far the old shot-gun will throw.

Now I’ve thought how I’ll serve ’em to-morrow: I’ll play  
 The game old Jack Haskell played with ’em one day.  
 His snares would n’t catch ’em, his traps would n’t spring,  
 And, in spite of the very best guns he could bring  
 To bear on the subject, the powder he spent,  
 And the terriblest scarecrows his wits could invent—  
 Loud-clattering windmills and fluttering flags,  
 Straw-stuffed old codgers rigged out in his rags,  
 And looking quite lifelike in tail-coat and cap,  
 Twine stretched round the cornfield, suggesting a trap,—  
 Spite of all,—and he did all that ever a man did,—  
 They pulled his corn almost before it was planted!

Then he built him an ambush right out in the field,  
 Where a man could lie down at his ease, quite concealed;  
 But though he kept watch in it, day after day,  
 And the thieves would light on it when he was away,  
 And tear up the corn all around it, not once  
 Did a crow, young or old, show himself such a dunce  
 As to come within hail while the old man was there;  
 For they are the cunningest fools, I declare!

And, seeing him enter, they reasoned, no doubt,  
That he must be in there until he came out !

Then, one morning, says he to young Jack, " Now I bet  
I 've got an idee that 'll do for 'em yet !  
Go with me down into the corn-lot to-day ;  
Then, when I 'm well placed in the ambush, I 'll stay,  
While you shoulder your gun and march back to the barn ;  
For there 's this leetle notion crows never could larn :  
They can't count, as I 'll show ye ! " And show him he did !  
Young Haskell went home while old Haskell lay hid.  
And the crows' education had been so neglected, —  
They were so poor in figures, — they never suspected,  
If two had come down, and one only went back,  
Then one must remain ! So, no sooner was Jack  
Out of sight, than again to the field they came flocking  
As thick as three rats in a little boy's stocking.  
They darkened the air, and they blackened the ground ;  
They came in a cloud to the windmill, and drowned  
It 's loudest *clack-clack* with a louder *caw-caw* !  
They lit on the tail-coat, and laughed at the straw.  
" By time ! " says old Jack, " now I 've got ye ! " *Bang ! bang !*  
Blazed his short double-shooter right into the gang !  
Then, picking the dead crows up out of the dirt, he  
Was pleased to perceive that he 'd killed about thirty !

Now that 's just the way I 'll astonish the rascals !  
I 'll set up an ambush, like old Mr. Haskell's ;  
Then see if I don't get a shot ! Yes, I 'll borrow  
Another boy somewhere and try 'em to-morrow !  
" *Caw, caw !* " — You 're as knowing a bird as I know ;  
But there *are* things a little too deep for a crow !  
Just add one to one now, and what 's the amount ?  
You 're mighty 'cute creeturs, but, then, you can't count !

*J. T. Trowbridge.*



## ABOUT THE MOUNTAINS.

FROM the deep sea to the lofty mountains, you and I, Young Folks, will this month take a trip. "The Mountains" does not mean the White Mountains, nor the Green Mountains, nor the Catskills, nor the Alleghanies, nor the giants who raise their hoary heads above the clouds in the west of North Carolina. It means the Rocky Mountains, the backbone of the vast continent on which we live. This is just as "the Coast," among sailors at Liverpool, means the west coast of Africa, where the trade for palm oil, gold-dust, and ivory is carried on, and where that in slaves used to flourish.

I have recently had an opportunity to hear something about the Rocky Mountains, about the Indian tribes who roam among the hills and valleys of their southern slopes, and about the hunters and fur-traders who used to stay for years in those rugged and far-off regions, at the trading-posts and forts, and I think it will be of interest to the Young Folks to have it in their magazine.

When writing of the Indians of the Northwest as bow-men, I had occasion to mention the exploits of Charles Primeaux, the oldest and most influential mountain man now living, and of his nephew, Antoine Le Faivre, among the grizzly bears. I have lately had a visit from Antoine. Having recently married, he came with his young bride from the west bank of the Mississippi to stay for a short time with us who dwell on "Old Long Island's sea-girt shore." We talked much concerning Indians, bears, buffaloes, elks, antelopes, wolves, and the modes and implements of the chase in the regions where he spent four years.

He was not quite fourteen years old when his uncle Charles took him from St. Louis to the mountains, and he was eighteen when he returned. His health was poor when he went there, but the mountain air, the hardships and pleasures of the hunter's and trapper's life, and the diet, — consisting almost wholly of wild meat, — made him very strong, hardy, and robust.

The state of that part of the country, twelve years ago, was very different from what it is now. A few explorers had reached the head-waters of the Missouri River, and penetrated the passes of the highest ridge of the mountains. Lewis and Clarke, who discovered Oregon, were the first of them. The American Fur Company had its posts from Fort Pierre on the Missouri River, in what is now called Dakota Territory, up to Fort Benton, which is at the very head of navigation, about fifteen hundred miles above, — near Hell Gate Pass in the Rocky Mountains, also near Lewis and Clarke's Pass, and within about sixty or seventy miles of the British line.

Charles Primeaux was one of the leading men in the Company, and the manager of the traffic with the Indians from Fort Pierre to the upper posts. He had been in the Indian country for more than thirty years, and was a great man with all the wild tribes who roved about the banks of the great river from Council Bluffs to its head-waters in the mountains. Antoine was

sometimes at Fort Pierre and sometimes at Fort Benton, the upper post. Fort Benton is far away to the northwest of Pike's Peak, and far to the north of Fremont's Peak. The Territory in which it is situated is now called Montana; it is very mountainous, very rocky and sterile, but it is said that gold abounds in it. The mountains extend far to the eastward of Fort Benton, — the Bear's Paw Mountains, the Little Rocky Mountains, the Judith Mountains, &c. all lying on this side of it. The Rocky Mountains there do not consist of one great ridge running north and south, as we are often led to imagine, but extend to the eastward from the top of the watershed for hundreds of miles. Right up among them, upon the head-waters of the Missouri and a little below the Great Falls, is Fort Benton. Washington Territory lies to the westward, but part of Montana is on the west side of the mountains. It was formerly the northeast part of Oregon; and the Pacific Ocean, about Puget's Sound, is not very far away.

Few white men, except those under the control of the Fur Company, then went farther up than Fort Pierre. Once a year the Company sent a steamboat up to Fort Benton with stores and articles of traffic, provided there was water enough above the mouth of the Yellowstone; and Primeaux sent her back, laden with furs and buffalo robes, obtained by traffic with the Indians, or taken from animals trapped or killed by the Company's men. When there was not water sufficient for the steamboat, the goods were taken up, and the furs and robes brought down, in Mackinaw boats. No passenger steamboats ever went up to Fort Benton then, and the agents and officers of the government had recourse to the Company whenever they wanted to go above the mouth of the Yellowstone. From this it will appear that in these regions the Indians must have retained all the primitive manners and customs of their ancestors. They were unlike those border tribes who have frequent talks with the government agents and officers. They sent no embassies to Washington; they received no annuities; they had sold no land, — they had none that the white man coveted, or could make use of, until it was found that the rugged rocks of the awful mountains, among whose spurs and streams they dwelt, bore gold. None of them had been to Washington themselves; very few of them had ever even seen an Indian who had been to Washington. Here was the Indian to realize the poet's dream of that heroic and happy age which existed

"Ere the base reign of servitude began,  
When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

I have learned from Antoine, that, with all his hardihood and ingenuity, the noble savage had commonly a desperately hard time of it every winter. The cold was intense. The snow was deep, and lay on the ground for six months at a time. The buffalo had gone to other haunts. Then it was that the Indians camped round the Fort, and lived as best they could until the snow melted. They, with the grizzly bears, the buffalo, the elk, wolf, and antelope, possessed the land.

The greatest man on earth of all the whites, in Indian estimation, was Charles Primeaux. They had known him for more than thirty years. He

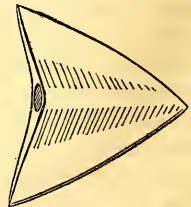
was in authority over all the white men they ever saw. He was in the possession of what they deemed inexhaustible wealth. If a military man, once in a great while, visited the upper waters, and talked about the "Great Father at Washington," it went in at one ear and out at the other. They knew the great chief of the whites. He lived in the mountains with them. His steamboats brought up all the goods they ever had. There could not be a greater chief; and, besides, he was a mighty hunter, and a man of medicine gifts. His influence was vast. He spoke all their various dialects. He was connected with the great tribe of Sioux by marriage, — his wife's mother having been an Indian squaw, the daughter of a powerful chief. Therefore the Indians could not conceive of any greater white man than he; and, as greatness is relative to the place and people who estimate it, the conclusion of those tribes was right. His influence and authority were wisely and justly used. He sold no "fire-water," nor did he permit any one else to sell any, if he could hinder it, in all that great region, from Fort Pierre to the mountains beyond Fort Benton. "Many of our Indians," said Antoine, "had never tasted whiskey!"

Charles Primeaux is now nearly seventy years of age, but robust and very active. There is not, in all probability, a better off-hand marksman with a rifle in the world; and it matters not whether the object be a grizzly bear, furious with hunger and rage, or an antelope on the steep hillside. Two years ago he bought a fine property in St. Louis, intending to live there. He remained, sorely discontented, for one winter. His means were large, and his relatives and friends many. But it would not do. As soon as navigation opened, he was up and away towards the great regions of the Northwest, where the Sioux, the Blackfoot, and the Crow still dwell; and he is in the mountains now.

The tribes in the vicinity of Fort Benton were the Upper Sioux, the Blackfeet, the Assineboines, and the Crows. These were the great tribes who used to trade at Fort Benton. Their subdivisions were numerous. Lower down the river, the Mandans, Cheyennes, Pawnees, and Kiowas were found. The Sioux were the largest tribe and the tallest and handsomest people. The Blackfeet were shorter, thicker, and in every respect heavier-set. Antoine esteemed the Crows the least of any. They were a mean, thievish kind of Indian, always ready to steal horses or anything else they could lay hands on. The wealth of the Indians consisted in horses, buffalorobes, and dogs. The latter were not used for the purposes of hunting game, but were esteemed a great delicacy at the feast, and were fatted, killed, and eaten. When a lodge killed a dog, the chief of the band was always invited to partake of it. Antoine could never learn that the Indians paid their chiefs any kind of tax or tribute. Charles Primeaux was also always invited to the dog-feasts which were held in the neighborhood where he happened to be. It would not have done to refuse. And, besides that consideration, Antoine remarked that the Indian dog, properly fed and cooked, is the richest and most delicate meat in that region. It surpasses the flesh of the antelope, and the buffalo beef is very tough, dry eating compared to it. It closely resembles juicy young pork.

There is a deal of prejudice in regard to food. The English long cherished an utter contempt for the French. They had witnessed the prowess of the latter on many a stricken field; they could not deny the proficiency of that nation in the arts; but then they ate frogs! The Tartars like horseflesh; the Esquimaux are fond of blubber and the greasy, fishy flesh of the white bear. An amphibious reptile, like an alligator, is a luxury in South America. I have fed on shark-steaks myself; yet, when I first came to this country, I did not like to eat raccoon. So with bear's meat; it was the sight of the claws and paws that repelled me. Yet the coon is capital eating, resembling young mutton; and the meat of the bear is delicious. It may be said that the dog is an unclean animal. But it must be remembered that the Jews reject the flesh of the hog for like reason; and the Hindoos abominate beef and mutton to that degree that the Indian mutiny is said to have arisen from the fact that the British served out to the Sepoy regiments cartridges that had been greased with suet.

Elk, antelope, &c., abounded in the mountain regions, but the great dependence of the Indians was upon the buffalo. Except in the dead of winter, when the snows were at the deepest, some buffalo were generally to be found. Long after the snows and frosts had set in, small herds would be found in sheltered nooks of the mountains, where, upon the lee side of the hills and in the vales, they found coarse herbage. The implements of the Indians in their buffalo hunts were bows and arrows. They had a few old flint-lock guns, but never used them on such occasions. The bow was their weapon; and such was their proficiency as marksmen, that they could hit a silver half-dollar every time at forty or fifty yards. The grown men of the tribes seldom hunted anything but the buffalo. They always went on horseback, and the strength of their shooting was such that they would send an arrow clear through the body of the bison, and into the ground on the other side of him. Their bows were made of hickory or ash; the bow-strings were of tendons. Some bows were made of bone, and some were wrapped with green hide; but these were merely fancy articles. Antoine was out above a hundred times with hunting parties of Indians to run buffalo. There would be forty or fifty Indians in each band, and he never saw one using a bone bow on such an occasion. The white men who went upon these excursions used large heavy revolvers, which for close work were as good as rifles. The stem of the Indian arrow is very thin, not thicker than a lead pencil. It has two feathers only. The arrow-head is broad, thick, and heavy. The Fur Company sold the Indians the iron for their arrow-heads. It was sheet-iron, three eighths of an inch thick. A piece was taken about three inches long and two in width, and worked into this shape. In the centre, along the line from the middle of the head to the point, the iron was left of its original thickness. It was bevelled by grinding, or rubbing with stones on each side, to a feather edge, and the inside of the barbs was also bevelled to an edge in the same way. The stem part,





which was inserted into a cleft in the stem of the arrow, was also ground thin, leaving a shoulder on the head, against which the wooden end of the arrow fitted. It was then bound with sinew, which was like catgut. This formidable thin arrow then was armed with a head that was broad, massive, and very heavy, as well as sharp. It made a dreadful gash; and, if it struck a bone, it went round it with a curve, and on into the vital parts of the animal.

The younger Indians killed elk and antelope by stalking. When they discovered a gang of elk, they enveloped their heads in grass or hay, and crawled laboriously and silently until within shot. The hunter then rose to his knees, and delivered the fatal shaft. The elk would commonly run some distance after being hit, but the wound was so large that the animal soon sank from loss of blood.

The Indian horses are small, rough, and very hardy. They have been so much in-bred, and so long used for the hunting of the buffalo, that it has become an instinct with them. They can scent the buffalo long before the Indians can discover them, and no sooner do they scent the herd than they set off in chase like hounds. This is a curious fact for naturalists, and another proof of the fine intelligence of that noble animal the horse.

When buffalo abound, the Indians revel in plenty, and they make provision for the long frosts and deep snows by jerking some of the meat. It is cut in long thin strips, and hung across a pole to dry in the sun. In that fine clear atmosphere it does not become tainted. This is the sole resource of the Indians when no fresh meat can be had.

I have seen some rosy accounts of the fertility of that country; but Antoine says it is so rugged and cold and sterile that they could grow nothing at Fort Benton, — not even turnips or potatoes. The only vegetables they ever had were a few bags of potatoes and onions, brought from the settlements as a preventive of scurvy among the Company's men. Flour was seventy-five cents a pint; and the great luxury of the men in the fort was a pot-pie made of a beaver with fat pork. The Company served out no rations of flour, and therefore Antoine and his companions had to buy it of his uncle, who was supreme over the Company's store, as well as elsewhere. The Company, indeed, seems to have carried the science of trade, in buying cheap and selling dear, to perfection. For the skin of the beaver they trapped for their Sunday pie, the Company only paid them enough to purchase the fifth part of a pint of flour. It took ten beaver-skins, or one buffalo-robe to buy a quart. Foxes abounded, although their skins sold for but little. That scarce and almost fabulous animal, the black fox, was, however, almost venerated for the value and beauty of its fur. Antoine saw but one during the whole time he was in the mountains, and that was caught in one of his own traps. His uncle gave him a credit of one hundred and fifty dollars for the skin, which was worth five hundred dollars at St. Louis. I am inclined to think that there is another variety of the black fox which is more common, and the fur of which is of little comparative value. The silver-gray fox was common enough. The one I brought from the West, and

presented to the Central Park, New York, is dead. He was a great favorite with the visitors, especially with the ladies and children. The man who has charge of the animals thinks he was poisoned by some means. I believe I could get any one of the Northwestern animals, from a young grizzly bear to a buffalo bull, through Antoine and his uncle.

The grizzly bear was very common about Fort Benton. The Indians generally give this bear a wide berth. He is too ugly a customer for their arrows. But the white hunter, armed with a good rifle and a big revolver, twice the size of the navy revolver, is in little danger, provided he has nerve, and is a good marksman. He must shoot true, so as to reach the heart or lungs. The favorite shot is right at the breast when the bear is coming on, and the fire should not be delivered until he is within twenty paces. Ten paces is better still. The hunter never fires at the head. The ball would not reach the brain once in a hundred times.

To read some accounts of the grizzly bear, one would wonder how the animal is ever killed at all. In Frank Forrester's book there is a description of what is said to be the method most in practice,—crawling into the den in which he lies torpid in the winter, waking him up with a torch, and shooting him in the eye when he comes to snuff at the light. Antoine laughed at this, and said he had no doubt it was all humbug. In the first place, said he, you can't get to the bear's den during the season that he lies torpid, even if you knew just where it is. He frequents mountains and gorges, wild, rocky wastes. The snow is twenty or thirty feet deep in some of these gulches, and there is no such thing as travelling about those places at such times. Antoine never heard of a grizzly bear being shot in the eye in his den. It is like catching little birds by putting salt on their tails. The danger of meeting and shooting them in the ordinary way is much exaggerated. Antoine never had any hesitation in giving battle to a bear, even when alone. He says, however, that if he had met the great bear alone, which his uncle Charles and he killed when going down the Missouri River in a Mackinaw boat, he thinks he would not have shot at him. But this was an animal of uncommon age, size, and ferocity, the like of which is seldom seen. A man might then be there a lifetime, and never see such another one.

In their wanderings the Indians often had to cross creeks and rivers which were not fordable. They have not canoes, as those have who live on the shores of the great lakes, and all except the very young children can swim. The squaws take the papposes into deep water at about four years of age, and, if they do not swim at about the third lesson, they get a whipping. When a river or a creek, swollen with the melted snows, is to be crossed, the whole band, Indians, squaws, papposes, horses, and dogs, plunge bodily in, and swim over.

*Charles F. Foster.*

## CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

## X.

“WHEN we were last time cruising in the *Alice*, I think I told you all about the arctic winter, — did I not?” said the Ancient Mariner to his little friends when they were met once more.

“Yes,” answered William (who was always ready to act as spokesman for the party), — “yes, Captain Hardy, all about the arctic winter, and the aurora borealis, and the wonderful moonlight, and the darkness, and how you and the handsome little Dean lived through it, and what you talked about, and how you passed the time, and what a doleful life you led, and what a dreadful thing it was, and how it made you shiver now to think of it; and — all that, and a great deal more.”

“Certainly,” replied the Captain, “certainly, that ’s it, — all told off nicely, my lad; only it was not exactly how we lived that I spoke of, but rather how we protected ourselves from cold, and kept ourselves from hunger, and prepared a home for ourselves on the Rock of Good Hope. And this seemed likely to be our home for life too, — so far, at least, as we could see; for it appeared clear enough to us that our condition would never change except with death, which we, like everybody else, whether they have ever been cast away or not, wanted to put off as long as possible, having no wish at all to die, and not liking either to freeze or starve: so we had good motives for energy and patience.”

Here little Alice, in her gentle, quiet way, interrupted the Captain to say that the aurora borealis had troubled her dreams all night, and that she would like to know, if the Captain pleased, why anything should have such a strange name.

“That I will tell you with pleasure, my dear,” answered the Captain; “I ’ll tell you all about it, — of course I will. Aurora borealis, — that means northern light; and the name comes from a pagan goddess called Aurora, who was supposed to have rosy fingers, and to ride in a rosy chariot, and who opened the gates of the East every morning, and brought in the light of day; and thus, in course of time, any great flush of light in the heavens got to be called Aurora. And then there was a pagan god called Boreas, who was the North Wind, and had long wings and white hair, and made himself generally disagreeable. So you see Boreas, from being the pagan name for north wind, got to mean the north; and Borealis, from that, became Northern, and Aurora Borealis became Northern Light.”

“Thank you, Captain Hardy,” said little Alice; and Fred and William said “Thank you” too; while, as for the Captain, he looked very wise and solemn, like other great philosophers, appearing as if he would say, “Don’t be surprised, for that ’s nothing to what I could do if I had a mind,” every

word of which the children would have believed, you may well be sure. However, the Captain hastened on with the story (which is more to our present purpose) without giving any further proof of his learning.

“When the winter had fairly set in,” said he, “our field of operations was much enlarged, and, although the birds had all flown away, we were hardly worse off than before, as you shall see; for all through the summer we had been kept close prisoners on the island; but now, when the ice was solid all over the sea, we could walk out upon it, and this we did as soon as it would bear. Once the poor Dean broke through, being a little careless of where he was stepping; but I got him out, with no more harm coming to him than a cold bath and a fright.

“Soon after this we made a valuable discovery. Some of the arctic seals have a habit, when the sea is frozen over, of cutting holes through the ice with their sharp claws, in order that they may get their heads above the water to breathe, — the seals not being able, as I have told you before, to breathe under water, like fish. They can keep their heads under water about an hour, by closing up their nostrils, so that not a drop can get in; and, during that time, they do not breathe at all; but at last they must find the open sea, or a crack in the ice, or else dig a hole through the ice from below, and thus get their heads to the surface in some way, or they would drown.

“As we did not then know anything about the habits of the seals in this respect, I was very much surprised one day, while walking over ice that was everywhere apparently very solid, to find one of my feet suddenly break through. I was carrying, at the time, our great narwhal horn, which had already been used for so many purposes; and when I had got my foot, as quickly as possible, out of the cold water, I pounded with the heavy horn all about the place, and found that there was a large round hole there, that had evidently been made by some animal; and I could think of nothing else as likely to have made it but a seal. The reason why I had not seen it was because the snow had drifted over it in a hard crust, and through this crust the seal kept open with his nose a small orifice for breathing, that was not larger round than a silver dollar.

“This discovery set us off in quite a new line of adventure, — for, having concluded what it was, we concluded also that there must be more like it, and we went in search of them immediately. Our search was soon rewarded, for these seal-holes were very numerous.

“How to catch a seal was the question which now most occupied our minds. The difficulty was very great, for we had no weapons of any sort for such a purpose. Once more, however, we fell back upon our narwhal horn. To this horn we had already become much attached, and, as if to express our gratitude, we had bestowed upon it several names, — as, for instance, ‘Life-preserver,’ ‘Crumply Crowbar,’ ‘The Castaway’s Friend,’ and the like of that; but the title which finally stuck to it was ‘Old Crumply,’ — not that it was exactly a crumply horn, like the one that grew on the head of the cow that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built, — for it was really not crumply at

all in that sense, but, on the contrary, was as straight as an arrow, and was no further crumple than crumple means wrinkled and twisted; and, indeed, the old horn looked as if it might have been once red hot, and had been twisted about ten times around before it had cooled off.

“Besides this ‘Old Crumple,’ we made another weapon, in quite an ingenious way, as we thought, though at a great expense of time and labor. This was called by several names, like the other; but generally I called it the ‘Dean’s Delight,’ for it was made after the Dean’s idea, and he used to flourish it about at a great rate, and was very proud of it. It was simply a kind of spear made by lashing together (after carefully cutting with our knife, and fitting and overlapping) a great many pieces of bones. The lashing was the same string we had before used for the duck-traps. It was very strong, though not half so heavy as ‘Old Crumple.’

“But though we had ‘Old Crumple,’ and the ‘Dean’s Delight,’ we were apparently just as far off as ever from catching a seal; for although the ‘Delight’ was tipped with hard ivory (a piece of walrus tusk carved into shape with the jack-knife), and ‘Crumple’ was of the very best kind of ivory throughout, yet we could not sharpen either of them so as to be of much use. But, remembering the general shape of the harpoon-heads used in whale-ships, I managed to carve one of that pattern out of walrus ivory, and this I set on the end of the ‘Dean’s Delight,’ and then, making a hole in the centre of it, I fastened it to the end of one of our long lines. And thus I had obtained all that was needed, in name at least, for catching a seal; but only in name, as was soon proved; for the Dean and I set out at once to try our fortunes in this new line of adventure, and, discovering a seal-hole, we stood near it (on the leeward side, that the seal might not scent us) until the animal appeared, which was not for a long time, and not until we had grown very cold. The seal had evidently been off breathing in another hole. When he did come up, we knew it by a little puff he gave, which threw some spray up through the little orifice in the snow-crust. Quick as thought I plunged the ‘Dean’s Delight’ down into the very centre of the hole, and struck the animal; but the ivory harpoon-head that was on the end of it only glanced off, without penetrating the skin; and the seal, no doubt very much astonished, got off as quickly as he could, more frightened, probably, than hurt; at least, we heard of him no more. He never came back to the hole, for it was all frozen over next day, and so it remained. We afterwards discovered that when a seal-hole has been once touched, the seal will never go back to it.

“I was now more puzzled than ever to know what to do; but I did not give up trying, determined to succeed, one way or another. Presently it occurred to me that almost anything that was hard would answer to sharpen the edge and point of the ivory harpoon-head, and, since I could not get any kind of metal to make a whole harpoon-head out of, I had to try some other plan. As good luck would have it, I now thought of the brass buttons on my coat. Some of these I quickly tore off. Then I hacked my knife with a sharp flint stone until I had made a saw of it, and with this saw I cut

a little groove along the tapering point of the ivory harpoon-head ; and into this groove, which was about a quarter of an inch deep, I set the buttons, which I had squared with the knife, and then wedged them firmly. I had now only to grind all these bits of brass down even, and to sharpen the whole with a stone, and my work was done. The only thing remaining was to put the weapon to the test ; and this we quickly did. A seal-hole being soon found, we had not long to wait before the seal came into it, with a little puff, as before ; and, as quick as the noise was heard, I let fly with my harpoon, and, striking through the snow-crust, hit the seal fairly in the neck, and drove the harpoon into him.

“ Down sank the seal through the hole, taking the harpoon along with him, and spinning out the line which was attached to it at a furious rate. Before the seal was struck, and while I was watching for him, the Dean had quietly tied the end of the line that was not fast to the harpoon around the middle of ‘ Old Crumply,’ and when the seal descended into the sea, ‘ Old Crumply ’ was whipped along over the snow until it lodged right across the hole, and there the seal was, — ‘ brought up with a round turn,’ as the sailors say.

“ And now was anybody ever so rejoiced as we ? The Dean fairly shouted with delight, and danced round the hole as if he were crazy, crying ‘ Bravo, bravo ! ’ and ‘ Hurrah for Crumply ! ’ and ‘ Hurrah for Old Crumply ! ’ and hurrah for this, and hurrah for that, until he was fairly hoarse. Meanwhile the seal was trying his best to get away. He darted from side to side, and up and down, without any other result than to tire himself out ; for the harpoon held firmly in his body, and the line held firmly to ‘ Old Crumply,’ and ‘ Old Crumply ’ lay squarely across the hole. By and by the seal was forced to come up to breathe ; and, since there was no other place for him, he had to return to the hole where he had been struck. But he did not stay more than a second or so, going down as quickly as he had done before. As soon as the line was loosened, however, we drew in the slack, and wound it around ‘ Old Crumply,’ so that the seal did not have so much of it now to play with. Nor did he remain under so long the second time. When he came up again, we got in all the slack of the line that we could, as before.

“ It was now clear to us that we should be sure of the seal, if we only had something to kill him with ; and so the quick-witted Dean ran off at once to the hut, and brought a walrus tusk that we had saved. This was driven into the hard snow not far from the hole, and, while the Dean held it there firmly, I got the line made fast around it. As soon as I saw that this was secure, and that the Dean was holding on bravely, I unfastened the line from ‘ Old Crumply,’ and, when the seal came next time, I gave him a heavy thrust with the sharp end of it. But this did not kill him by any means, nor did he give me another chance for some time. Then, however, he was almost dead with bleeding, and fright, and hard struggling to get away, to say nothing of holding his breath so long ; but I wanted him too badly to have any mercy on him, so I worked away as hard as I could to get in all the line, so that the seal could not sink down through the hole any more. At

last I was successful, and the seal was fast in the hole, and with all his struggling he could not get away. With the aid of 'Old Crumply,' I now quickly made an end of him. As soon as he was dead, we drew him out on the ice, and rejoiced over him. Such shouting never was before known, at least in that part of the world. If anybody could have heard and seen us, we should have surely been taken up for insane people, especially the Dean, whose joy knew no bounds.



“Having no sledge, we had to drag the dead seal over the ice and snow, for which purpose we made the line fast through his nose. It was a very difficult task to get him to the hut; and, when we did at last succeed, we found that the seal was partly frozen, so that we were obliged to draw it inside the hut, and then thaw it, before we could get the skin off, which made the hut very disagreeable. After the skin and blubber were removed, we cut off some of the flesh, and made for ourselves a good hot supper, — first cooking a stew in our soapstone pot, and then frying some steaks on a flat stone; and, if anything was before wanting to make us perfectly happy over the capture of so great a prize, we had it now, when we discovered what excellent food it was, and what a quantity there was of it.

“When we had finished butchering the seal, we prepared the skin for

making boots ; and we put the blubber and flesh away in our storehouses for future use,—the flesh for food, and the blubber for our fire and lamp. Then we slept, and the very next day we set out to catch more seals, without, however, the same success, for we were unfortunate in every attempt ; and it was, indeed, almost a week, I think, before we made a second capture. Some time afterward we caught a third, and then a fourth, and by great good fortune on the very same day a fifth ; and not long after that we caught another, which made the sixth. But it would have been well had we been content with five, without coveting a sixth, as this last had like to have been the ruin of us ; for as we were going slowly back to the hut, dragging the seal after us, and all unsuspecting of harm, we were set upon by a great white beast, the like of which we had never seen before, but which we knew must be one of those savage animals called polar bears. He was not coming rapidly, but was rather crawling along cautiously, with mouth wide open, looking very fierce. As soon as we discovered him, we dropped the line with which we were dragging the seal, and ran as fast as our legs would carry us, never stopping until we had reached the hut, and crawled into it,—not once having had the courage to look back, for at every step we expected that the bear would be atop of us.

“We had left ‘Old Crumply’ and ‘Dean’s Delight’ where we captured the seal, intending to go for them the next day ; and, having no weapon of any kind, we were in the greatest terror, expecting every moment to hear the bear coming to tear the hut down, and drag us out, and eat us.

“But, finding that we were not disturbed, we at length fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Upon awaking the next day, and finding that we had been suffered to go undisturbed thus long, we began to wonder whether we had not been needlessly alarmed, and finally we set to wondering whether we had really seen a bear after all, and at length we grew to feel quite ashamed of ourselves. So we put on a little bravado, like the boy that whistled in the dark to keep his courage up, and went out, cautiously approaching the spot where we had left the seal. Arriving there, we had positive proof enough, if any were wanting, that we had certainly seen a bear. The bones of the seal were all strewn about over the snow, picked as clean as could be. Some foxes were gnawing at them, as we came up ; but they all scampered off when they saw us coming.

“Hurrying on, we picked up ‘Old Crumply’ and ‘Dean’s Delight,’ and then hastened back to the hut, which we reached without any further adventure ; but on the day following, upon going out to visit our fox-traps, we came across the bear’s tracks, from which it was evident to us that the wild beast was prowling round the island, where he had already obtained one good meal, and was in hopes, no doubt, of getting another ; and, as we did not know how soon he might feel disposed to begin upon us, we ran back to the hut with all speed, imagining, as we went along, that every rock and snow-drift was a bear.

“We had now even greater fears than before that we should be attacked and eaten up by the wild beast. It did not once occur to us that the bear



would be much more likely to prefer the contents of our storehouses to ourselves, if he came that way, but we thought only of our own safety; and this was perhaps not unnatural, for boys and men alike are everywhere liable to magnify their own importance, even in the eyes of a bear.

"We had not been in the hut more than a couple of hours, I should say, before we heard the tramp of our enemy. We knew it must be the footsteps of the bear, because it could be nothing else. Our fears were now even greater than ever. The bear appeared from the sound of his footsteps, crunching in the snow, to be making directly for us, sniffing the air as he came along, apparently enjoying in advance a supper that he felt quite sure of. He seemed to halt at every step or so, as if greatly relishing the prospect. At last he came very near, and we expected at every instant to see his head appear at the window, preparatory to tearing down the wall. Resolved to sell our lives as dearly as possible, we grasped our weapons firmly, the Dean his 'Delight' and I 'Old Crumpley,' to the end of which I had firmly lashed the jack-knife, after grinding it very sharp on a stone, and giving it a good point. As the knife-blade was quite long, I had strong hopes of giving the bear such a wound, when he appeared at the window, as might be the death of him, or, at any rate, frighten him so badly that he would be glad to run away, and not come back any more.

"Nearer and nearer came the bear, and greater grew our alarm. Our hearts beat violently in our breasts; our faces were pale as death; we held our breath, as if fearful of making the least noise to give the bear encouragement. At length the enemy gave a sudden start. It seemed to us as if he had now made a dash at the window, so we both rose to our feet, with our weapons ready to meet him; but, to our great joy and relief, the sound of his footsteps showed that the beast was retreating, rather than advancing, and was moving more rapidly. A moment afterward we heard the rattle of stones, and now, from fear for ourselves, we passed instantly to fear for our stores; for we knew that it was our stores, and not we, that he was after, and that he must be tearing down one of our principal storehouses. And now, what if he should tear them all down, and eat up all our food and fuel? It was a fearful thought.

"How often do we pass almost insensibly from the greatest terror to the greatest courage! Relieved now from all immediate personal apprehension, we felt at once inspired to protect our property, on the safety of which our lives depended. We ceased at once to feel like standing passively on the defensive, but immediately crawled out of the hut to do something,—exactly what we did not know. Our thoughts had, indeed, hardly time to take shape in our minds, so quickly had the change come in the situation and in our feelings.

"The bear was plainly in sight as soon as we got outside, tearing down our storehouse, as we had expected; but he appeared not to be thinking of us at all. Without reflecting in the least what I was about, but filled only with alarm at the prospect of losing our food and fuel, I set up a loud shout, in which the Dean joined; and, to our great astonishment, the huge beast, that

had caused us so much terror, took fright himself, and without looking round, or stopping a moment, he made a great bound, and tore away over the rocks, plunging through the snow-drifts, and rolling down the hill into the valley, where we had dug the turf, in a most ridiculous manner.

"We passed now from a state of the greatest terror to a feeling of perfect safety, and in such an unexpected manner, too, that we laughed outright; and we thought that we had been very foolish to be so frightened, and looked upon our enemy as a great coward. So we concluded that an animal who was so easily scared as that would never attack us, and therefore, getting our weapons, we followed after him, hoping to drive him from the island. The jumps that he had made were quite immense, showing clearly the state of his mind.

"Following the tracks of the bear, we came very soon in full view of the beach where the carcass of the narwhal was lying, half buried in ice and snow. The tracks led in that direction, and finally pointed straight to the spot. He had in his flight evidently smelled the old narwhal, and, remembering only that he was hungry, had stopped there; for presently we caught sight of him, tearing away at the narwhal with as much energy as he had before wasted upon our storehouse. We had come quite near before we saw him; and now our spirits underwent another sudden change, and our minds were once more filled with such feelings of respect for the bear, that we turned about immediately, and beat a hasty retreat; and, when once more under the shelter of the hut, prepared again to stand on the defensive.

"All we could now do was to watch the bear closely. So long as the old narwhal lasted, we felt that we were safe enough, even after he had apparently satisfied himself with a good meal, and had gone away, as seemed likely, to sleep. He would certainly, however, come back to the narwhal again when he got hungry; but now, worse than ever, when he did come back, there were two other bears with him, and all three of them were tearing away at the carcass of the dead narwhal. These last two were quite small ones, — the smaller not being larger than a big Newfoundland dog.

"With this discovery all our newly found courage took rapid flight, and we were overtaken with even greater terror than before. That the narwhal would soon all be gone seemed plain enough, with three bears feeding upon it; and then, when this feeding was over, this first bear, knowing where our storehouse was, and forgetting his fright, and having two bears, and perhaps by that time even more, to help him, we were sure he would soon come back again. It seemed as if a great crisis had now come in our fortunes, and what to do we did not know, and what was to become of us we could not imagine. We were in great trouble."

"I don't wonder," exclaimed William, — "the horrid brutes!"

"I should have been scared to death," cried Fred; while little Alice thought it was too dreadful to think of; but, "The poor bears, how cold and hungry they must have been!" said she.

*Isaac I. Hayes.*

## BIRDIE'S WALK IN THE WOODS.

IT was a warm, sunny morning in spring, and our little friend Birdie begged his mother to take a walk in the woods with him, "to see if the flowers had wakened up." His mother said she was willing to go, but Birdie would have to wait a little while, as she had something to attend to first. It was hard for the little boy to wait patiently, but his mother told him the time would soon pass if he were busy; so he began putting his toys in order, and soon became so much interested in making his closet "look pretty," that he was quite surprised when his mother came in, all ready for their walk. She looked at his closet, and said he was a good boy to put his playthings in such nice order; and then said, "You have been so quiet and patient, Birdie, that I had time to make some cakes, and we will take some with us to eat on the way."

Then Birdie's hat and cape were soon put on, and his mamma gave him a little basket to carry, and they went out of the front gate together; not *together*, exactly, though, for little Birdie skipped on in such a hurry, that his mother had to call him to wait for her, and be careful not to upset the cakes; so he stood still until his mother fastened the gate, and came up to him, saying, "We will go to the barn first, and give papa some cakes." "O yes, *let's!*" cried Birdie, with such a hop-skip-and-jump that the cakes rattled in the basket, as if they were jumping too; and his mamma said, "Take care, my boy; if you make the cakes hop out into the mud, they will not be much better than the mud-pies you make sometimes." This made Birdie laugh, and take his mother's hand, saying, "I'll be quiet now, mamma; but I'm so happy I'd like to fly!" By this time they had reached the big gate which led into the barnyard, and as they pushed it open, and went in, Alice, the colt, came running towards them, tossing her mane, and neighing. Birdie felt a little afraid, and drew back; but his mother said, "Alice is glad to see us out again; come and give her a cake, dear." The colt was quiet now, stooping her head to be stroked and patted; and when Birdie held out a cake, she took it gently from his hand, nodding her head as if to thank him. They left Alice looking over the fence, and went on to the barn, where they soon found Birdie's father at work. He called out, "Who comes here?"

"A *genadier!*" answered Birdie, trying to look tall, as he marched in with the basket on his arm.

"And what have you brought me? — a pot of beer?" asked the father.

"Something better than that," said Birdie's mother; "we have brought you some fresh cakes for lunch."

"And we are going to the woods to wake up the flowers, and eat cakes on the way; and I'most made mud-pies out of the cakes; and I gave Alice one!" said Birdie, all in a breath, and almost *out* of breath when he got through.

"Why, young man, you have quite a lot of news to tell me!" said his father, laughing. "I should like to go with you to call on the flowers, but I am too busy; so you must bring some home for me."

"Yes, we will, papa," said the child; and then, bidding good by with a kiss, he and his mother started again for their walk.

They went down the road a little way, and then turned into the apple-orchard. Birdie's quick eye soon caught sight of some flowers on the trees, and he said, "O mamma, just look at those *little roses!* how did they get up on the apple-trees?" His mother told him they were apple-blossoms, and came before the apples; and she bent down a branch, and picked a spray of flowers for the little boy to look at. The buds were round and pink, looking almost like little berries, but the open flowers were pink outside and white within. They were so pretty that Birdie was delighted, and wanted to pick "a whole lot to take home to papa"; but his mamma said that would hurt the apples, and told him to wait until they came to the woods, and he should pick as many flowers as he chose. They looked at the beautiful blossoms, covering the trees like snow; but Birdie did not ask for any more, for he thought his mother knew best. The bluebirds flew about from tree to tree, and they heard a robin-redbreast whistling merrily; and once they saw a little red squirrel run along upon the top of the fence, and sit upon a post to look around; but, the minute it saw them, it was off like a flash, and ran into its hole. When they reached the fence, they found some bars down, and went through into the woods; and, after scrambling over some stones and briers, they came out on a grassy hillside, with tall trees growing on it,—the bright sunshine streaming through the branches, not yet in their summer dress of green leaves.

"Now look, Birdie!" said his mother. And well might he look, and stand still with wonder and delight, his rosy face all over smiles, at the beautiful sight before him. The ground was almost covered with wild flowers; they peeped up at his feet, grew in rings around the trees, clustered together on the grass, and seemed to be everywhere. It was such a warm, sunny spot that all the spring flowers grew there. There were bunches of blue innocence, and delicate little wind-flowers and anemones nodding above the dry leaves; the pure white blossoms of the blood-root, and the dainty striped spring-beauty; while here and there some early violets looked out from among their green leaves, or a bright yellow strawberry-blossom peeped up, smiling.

"You see the sunshine has wakened all the flowers, Birdie," said his mother, when they had looked at them for some time.

"Yes, indeed, mamma," said the child, "and *so many!* I did n't know there were so many flowers in the world. Will it hurt them if I take some home to papa? 'cause I said I would"; and he looked up earnestly into his mother's face.

"No, darling, it will not hurt them," answered his mother; "you know I said you might pick as many as you wanted in the woods."

"O, that 's good!" exclaimed Birdie, delighted to find that he might keep

his promise to his father without hurting the dear little flowers. Then he sprang forward, and was soon in the midst of the flowers, busily gathering some of each kind, and running to show them to his mother, who was resting on a log. It was a new thing to the little boy to see so many lovely



flowers ; and he was perfectly happy, and picked more than his little hands could well hold. At last he came to his mother with a bunch of violets and spring-beauties, and said, "Just look at these *lovelies*, mamma ! now I think I have *mostly* enough for papa," and was quite willing to sit down and rest while they finished their cakes.

His mamma put the flowers into the little basket they had brought, telling him they would not fade so soon in it ; and while she was arranging them she said, "Everything seems to be waking from its long winter sleep to-day, and all seem trying to be as bright and happy as they can, to thank God for taking care of them."

"And we're happy too," said Birdie ; "and when I say my prayers to-night, I'm going to say 'thank you,' to God for all these pretty flowers."

His mamma kissed him, and said that was right ; and then Birdie, who

was never still very long, said, "Did you ever go out in the woods, and pick flowers, mamma, when you were a little boy?"

"When I was a little *girl*, I did," answered his mother, with a smile. "Many a happy day have I spent in the woods, and once I thought I saw some fairies there."

"O, *do* tell me about it, mamma dear; just a little; while we rest here,—it would be *so* nice," said the little boy, his eyes dancing with delight at the thought of hearing a fairy-tale.

"We must go soon, dear," answered his mother; "but perhaps we'll have time for a short story, and then we shall have to go home."

"Yes 'm, we will," said Birdie, "as soon as you get done the story."

"Well," said his mamma, "when I was a little girl, I went out in the woods, one fine spring day, to look for flowers."

"All by your own self?" asked Birdie.

"No, my brothers were with me. We were going to take up some flower-roots to put in our little gardens at home. The boys had little spades, and baskets to carry the plants in, and what do you think I took?"

"Some cakes, I guess," said little Birdie, who was still busy with his lunch.

"No, pet," said his mother; "I took a bag to put nuts in! My brothers laughed at me, and said the squirrels had carried off all the nuts by that time; but I said I knew I could find some, and I would take a bag."

"Did you get any nuts in it?" asked Birdie.

"You shall hear, little chatterbox, if you will be quiet," said his mamma, beginning again. "When we reached the woods, we were delighted to find the ground covered with flowers in full bloom; and we picked some bunches to take home to our mother, and then the boys said they would go to work and dig up roots. 'You go look for your nuts, Bessie,' they said to me, 'and, if your bag gets so full you can't lift it, call us to help you.' I ran off in a hurry, for I did not like to be teased; and when I came to the old chestnut-tree, where we had gathered nuts in the autumn, I went to work very busily. I took a stick and turned over the burrs, and knocked some open to find the nuts; but after looking all around the tree, and getting very tired and hot, and pricking my fingers with the burrs, without finding a single good nut, I began to think my brothers were right, and that the squirrels *had* taken all the nuts."

"Naughty squirrels," exclaimed Birdie, "to take all the nuts away from poor little mamma!"

"O, that is all they have for food, dear," answered his mother; "but I did not know it then, and felt almost ready to cry, and sat down on a rock, looking very cross, I'm afraid. I wondered why nuts did not last all the year, and whether any more would grow on the tree; and that made me look up into the tall tree, stretching its great branches far above my head; and through the boughs I saw the blue sky, looking so smiling that I felt ashamed of my cross feelings, and said aloud, 'I'm going to be happy and good, if I *can't* find nuts!' After that I felt much better, and looked about

me at the trees and bushes, and then at the little flowers growing amid the grass, and I was surprised to see how beautiful and bright everything seemed to me. Do you know why it was, Birdie?"

"No, mamma; why?" said the little boy.

"Because I was good-natured then, and felt bright and happy; that was the reason I could see the beauty of the sweet spring flowers, which I hardly noticed when I was giving way to ill-temper. I wondered who had planted all those lovely flowers, and who took care of them, and then I thought of the fairies, and said to myself, 'I do believe they are the fairies' flowers!' Just then I heard a little rustling not far off, and, on looking around, what should I see but a troop of little tiny fairies, flying through the wood! Some wore long floating robes of pure white; others wore robes of blue or pale pink; and some had cloaks of green, that seemed to be made of leaves; but all had wings of shining gold, so fine and thin I could almost see through it; and yet they seemed strong, for the fairies flew about very quickly, and fluttered their golden wings in the sunlight until I was almost dazzled with their brightness.

"They did not notice me at all; and I sat there on the rock, with my head resting on my hand, hardly daring to breathe, lest I should frighten them away before I could see what they were doing.

"Very busy and active were the little creatures! They flew about among the flowers, and worked as hard as they could at their pleasant task. Some pulled the dead leaves away from the young plants, and carried off any sticks or twigs that had blown down; but the fairies were so little that it took two or three to carry off an oak-leaf, and a dozen of them could hardly lift some of the sticks. Others tried to loosen the earth around the flower-roots, and brought water from the spring, in tiny leaf-buckets, to pour upon the plants. It seemed to be the duty of others to flutter over the sleeping flowers, fanning them with their glittering wings, and singing, —

'Idle flow'rets, ope your eyes!  
Fairy sunbeams bid you rise!'

And, as they sang, the flowers seemed to spring up at their call, and throw back their pale green hoods, lifting up their sweet blossoms to meet the bright smiles of their loving friends, who would bend to kiss them, and then flutter away to another spot, to call up flowers there. I heard no cross words, and saw no angry looks; but all seemed gentle and happy, and went singing on their way, seeming to know their duty and to rejoice in doing it.

"I watched them for a long time, and felt as if I should never tire of seeing these lovely little things tending their flowers; but at last I was startled by feeling a hand on my shoulder, and then my brother's voice said, 'Why, Bessie! I believe you have been asleep in the warm sunshine, just like a little pussy-cat!'

"I jumped up, and rubbed my eyes, looking around for the fairies, as I answered, 'No, indeed, - Jesse! I've been watching the sweetest little fairies, and I'm so sorry they have gone away before you saw them.' But

my brother laughed, and said, 'O, you've been dreaming; I did not see any, and I came up very quietly.'

"I could see no sign of the fairies then, either, but I concluded they had flown away to another part of the wood. However, I made up my mind to be pleasant, and only said, 'Well, I've had a lovely time, anyhow,' and then we went home.

"My brothers saw that I did not mind their funny teasing, so they did not say much about my nuts, though they saw, by the empty bag hanging from my arm, that their words had come true. As soon as we reached home, I ran to the nursery, where my mother was, and told her all about the fairies as well as I could.

"She did not laugh at me, but said it must have been a beautiful sight, and she would like to have seen it too; then she said, 'I hope you have brought a Sunbeam Fairy home with you, my child.' 'Why, I could not, mother,' said I; 'they would not let me touch them; and, as soon as the boys spoke to me, they flew away as quick as lightning.' My mother smiled, and said, 'I think you *have* brought me a Sunbeam Fairy, for all that, my darling.' And then she drew me close to her and said, 'My little daughter looked rather gloomy and frowning as she left home; but she has come back so bright and smiling that I think the fairies have charmed away all the clouds. You must try always to copy your little friends, and shed smiles, like sunshine, on all around you.' I kissed my kind mother, and promised to try and be cheerful; and after that, when I felt inclined to be cross or fretful, I would think of the happy Sunbeam Fairies, and try to be like them."

"And so you are, dear mamma!" said Birdie, earnestly; "your eyes always look sunshiny to me!"

"And to me too!" said a deep voice behind them, which startled Birdie so that he fell off the log he had been sitting on; but he fell on the soft grass, and rolled over to see who it was, when he soon found out that his father had come to look for them, as it was dinner-time.

"This little rogue coaxed me into telling him a story," said the mother, "and so we have stayed too long."

Then Birdie gave his father the flowers, and he said they were beautiful, and thanked Birdie for picking them, and, tossing the little boy up to his shoulder, they went home through the apple-orchard, where the trees were blooming and the birds singing. Birdie's head was as high as some of the branches, and his mother said his rosy face looked like a bright red apple with a straw hat on, and they had a merry walk, and soon reached home.

*Margaret T. Canby.*







CHILDREN SOLDIERS

*Alla Marcia.*

JULIUS EICHBERG.

The first part of the Venetian Barcarole is written in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of piano and bass staves. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic in the piano part and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass part. The third system continues the melodic development. The fourth system concludes with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic in the bass part.



VENETIAN BARCAROLE.

JULIUS EICHBERG.

The second part of the Venetian Barcarole is in 6/8 time and begins with the tempo marking *Allegretto*. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system concludes with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The piece ends with a repeat sign in the piano part.

*cres.* *f* *p*

*f*

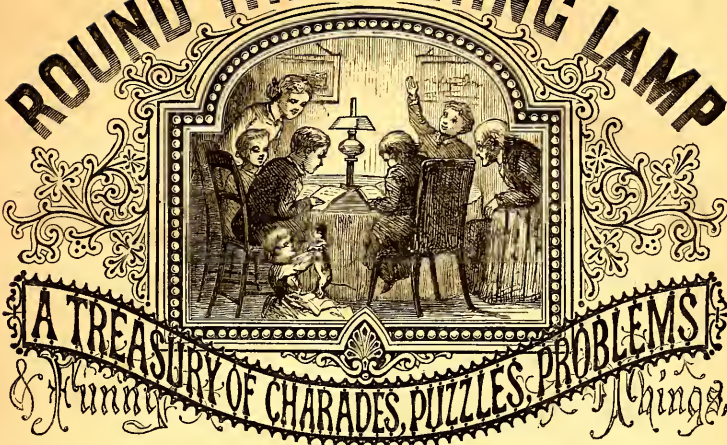
*p* *dim.*

*rit.* *p*

**FINE.** *dol.*

musical score for Venetian Barcarole, page 380. The score consists of seven systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in a minor key and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble. Dynamics include *p*, *f*, *ff*, and *cres.* The piece ends with a double bar line and the initials "D. C."

# ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



## CHARADE.

No. 34.

THE gambler my *first* will try to do,  
Wherever the game is played.  
My *second* the miser must always have,  
For in it his hoards are laid.  
To do my *third* mankind are prone  
And ever when seeking the best.  
An ancient city on English ground  
Is the *whole* that waits to be guessed.  
"BECKY."

No. 35.

KIND friends to me your pity lend,  
Indeed I need it badly.  
I have two heads, but ne'er an eye,  
And then I'm beaten sadly.  
I wear a belt, have ne'er a waist,  
And yet I tell you truly,  
Whene'er I speak, princes and kings  
Must all obey me duly.

I have no ear, I never sing,  
I'm musical, however ;  
And yet, unless you beat me well,  
Sure I am silent ever! MARY.

No. 36.

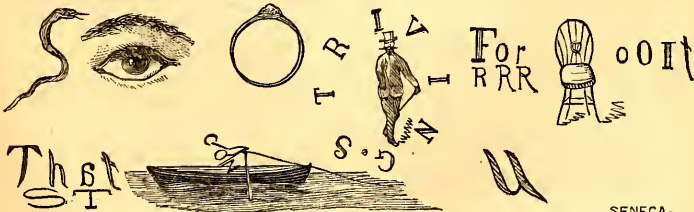
SOFTLY, stilly falls the moonlight,  
Brightening o'er the mellow fields  
Silently, until at daybreak  
My *first* unto Aurora yields.

From the noontide sultry zephyrs,  
'Neath the oak's wide-spreading boughs,  
Seeking for my welcome *second*  
Come the weary, restless cows.

In the deep, dark, tangled wildwood  
Hangs my *whole* in clusters red ;  
Beautiful, yet poison-breathing ;  
He who eats the fruit is dead!

M. T. H.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 37.



SENECA.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 38.



Willy Wisp.

ENIGMAS.

No. 39.

- I am composed of 17 letters.
- My 3, 2, 1, is to bow.
- My 15, 16, 17, is part of the human body.
- My 11, 15, 6, 14, is not that.
- My 15, 16, 7, 8, is the home of an industrious insect.
- My 10, 6, 3, 4, is a measure.
- My 12, 16, 4, is to strike.
- My 14, 9, 13, is an abbreviation of a female name.
- My 1, 2, 5, is a domestic animal.
- My whole is the dying exclamation of a hero.

OTTAWA.

No. 40.

- I am composed of 60 letters.
- My 21, 6, 25, 48, 43, 45, 53, 59, was a celebrated princess of Greece.
- My 1, 37, 42, 2, 10, 9, 55, 54, 12, 26, 30, was the son of a king of Egypt.
- My 4, 29, 34, 13, 30, 5, were sea-nymphs.
- My 23, 14, 57, 35, 16, 50, 17, was a surname of Diana.
- My 20, 8, 44, 18, 56, 21, 54, 19, was a scold.
- My 15, 3, 11, 36, 38, 51, was the mother of three thousand daughters.
- My 39, 58, 40, 22, 44, 33, was one of the Gorgons.
- My 24, 50, 27, 41, 25, was a giant.
- My 7, 29, 60, 55, was a queen.
- My 32, 52, 46, 19, 4, were goddesses.
- My 28, 37, 47, 59, was the daughter of Juno.
- My 49, 26, 6, 31, was an Edomite.
- My whole is worth remembering.

MOLIRE.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

No. 41.

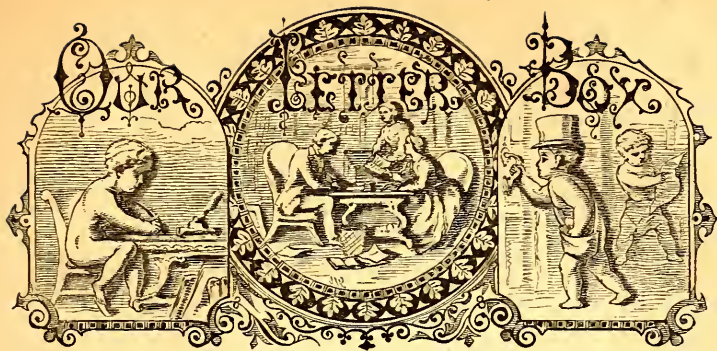
UPON an Illinoisian plain  
 I have a wide and rich domain  
 Of timber-land and prairie fair,  
 Which is in form exactly square.  
 A fence I built around this farm,  
 To keep my growing crops from harm.  
 My posts I planted in the ground  
 A rod apart, and then I found  
 That for each post that fenced it round  
 I had an acre, just, of land.  
 Your slates, and tell me, youngster band,  
 How many posts my farm surround?  
 How many acres do they bound?

LOUIS.

ANSWERS.

- 26. Rio Janeiro, 27. WarM, OreaD, InsigniA, SeragliO, LinneT, Easter, LiteratI, SighS, IIL, AvoiD, MaremA.\*
- 28. Ten dollars make an eagle. [X(doll)r's(May)(can)(eagle).]
- 29. I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. [(Isle)(pew)(tag)(eye)r d(ell)(e round a bout) the (ear)(he thin)(forte)(m in u)(teas).]
- 30. Amaranth.
- 31. When the swallows homeward fly.
- 32. 426.
- 33. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

\* The Conqueror.



Mrs. J. P. Ballard sends us, in a letter, this pleasant story, which she knows to be true, and which may teach some of our little readers — not many, we hope, need it — a good lesson.

“TWENTY-THREE EGGS.

“At eight years old I was as wide awake, and saw as many things between daybreak and nine o'clock at night, as any boy in the country, and was withal fond of telling quite as much as I saw, and now and then a good deal more.

“My mother sometimes suspected me of great powers of exaggeration, but as, on looking into my statements, she could never detect me in a direct lie, I was little likely to receive the correction which I was often conscious of deserving. This came to me in an unexpected manner, and the way I was helped out of the worst and last falsehood I ever told has always been a mystery to me.

“I was loitering in the kitchen one morning, where my mother was at work making tarts, when — tarts suggesting cake, and cake, eggs — she turned to me and said, ‘I don't see as your new-fangled chickens turn out any better than the old ones. We don't seem to have any more eggs.’

“Here my mother touched a tender spot. I had bought the chickens with my own money, and on the positive assurance of their being magnificent layers.

“‘Yes, they do,’ I said, — not stopping to think what my hasty vindication might cost me, — ‘yes, they do; they lay splendidly. I found a nest with ever so many eggs in it this morning.’

“‘Then why did n't you bring them in?’

“‘I had no basket, and then I forgot it; but there's a hole there, under the cow's rack, and I counted twenty-three eggs.’

“That was a ‘stunner,’ but my mother did not drop her rolling-pin, nor give any sign that she discredited my assertion. She only said quietly, ‘Take a basket, Bridget, and go with Harry to the barn.’

“I took the basket, and marched out, half a rod ahead of Bridget, straight to the cow's rack. I did not expect to find anything, but I must go ahead till I had to stop; that was always my way. So

I went to the rack, when, sure enough, there was the hole; and, thrusting in my arm, I felt — an egg. I put it in the basket and tried again, — another, and another, till twenty-three eggs had been taken from the wonderful hole. Just twenty-three, and no more!

“Never was profounder astonishment in one little breast, and the worst of it was, it had to be kept there. It was a big charge of powder in a small rock. I was terribly afraid it would explode; but it did n't. I took the eggs to my mother, and went out whistling, — my mother saying to herself, — dear soul! — ‘How foolish I was to doubt him!’

“Poor me! how I ached to confess the fiction for the sake of telling the stranger truth! I had not the courage to do this, but the effect on me of the amazing verification of my falsehood was never lost. I had been so strangely confronted face to face with my lie, as if the Evil One had whispered, ‘Have it as you say!’ that I determined it should be my last. And it was. I became strictly truthful, — so noted, indeed, for exactness, that the time has at length come when I can safely tell the story of my twenty-three eggs.”

*Ned Sketchley.* Aim at finish and style, as well as spirit, in your drawings. — Willy Wisp draws out his symbols. — Put very little trust in the floating personal paragraphs of newspapers; they are rarely correct. — Ruskin's “Elements of Drawing” costs about two dollars. Scribner, Welford, & Co., of New York, can tell you all about it.

*Who can find the puzzle in this?*

“Divide  $\frac{13}{53}$  by  $\frac{81}{100}$ . Following literally the rule of (Eaton's) arithmetic, I get 17 for the quotient. How can this be?

U.

“Rule. Invert the divisor, and then proceed as in multiplication.”

Eaton's Arithmetic.

“Invert, — to turn upside down.”

Webster's Dictionary.

“The divisor inverted is therefore  $\frac{100}{81}$ .  
 $\frac{13}{53} \times \frac{100}{81} = 17.$ ”

Homer says that his "big brother" at college has been agreeably surprising him by a subscription to our Magazine, and he advises other elders who wish to please the younger brothers at home to do likewise. Homer's advice sounds in our ears exceedingly rational.

*O. M.* The enigma was rather too long.

*An unknown friend* sends these sweet verses.

"THE BROOK.

"Up through the mosses I gently creep;  
Soft from their green heads kiss I the heat;  
Fresh is the print of my viewless feet;

Through grottos dim  
Murmureth my hymn,  
Down the green aisles  
Gleam out my smiles,

Flowers laugh out on my sedgy brim,  
Greenness abideth where I have been.

"Over the pebbles my light foot trips,  
Fresh lie the drops on my parted lips,  
In 'mid the lilies my bright hair dips;

Laughing I speed  
Down through the mead,  
Singing my song  
Happy and long,

Clasping the moss with my fair white hands,  
Crowning my head with its long green bands.

"Through the soft blush of the spring sunshine,  
On through the gleam of the summer-time,  
On through the wealth of the autumn's prime,

Never staying  
For the playing  
Of the low breeze

In the pine-trees,  
Always I haste to the broad blue sea,  
Boundless, confineless, and ever free.

"Winter his clear crystal shackles flings  
Over the speed of my flashing wings;  
Shuddering I shrink to a smaller stream;

Yet far below  
Under the snow  
Noiseless I creep,  
E'en while I weep,

Shuddering, and chilled, and sighing, 'Ah, when,  
When shall I leap in my joy again?'

"Wait I in faith, for I know ere long  
Comes my release with the robin's song,  
Comes my release with the smiling throng

Of sweet mayflowers  
In leafy bowers,  
And bursting leaves  
On old oak-trees;

The winter is long, but I soon shall wake  
Into music and laughter for spring's sweet sake.

"PERLE LEY."

HAVE you all translated last month's Shakespearian puzzle? If so, we do not need to tell you that it is "He dies, and makes no sign." The next one we have to offer you is this, which Mr. Day has derived from the play of "Hamlet," Act I, Scene 4.









THE STRAWBERRY BED.

DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

[See *Strawberries*, page 389.

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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VOL. IV.

JULY, 1868.

No. VII.

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## A STORY OF THE SEA.



LITTLE Ivy lived in a red house by the sea,—an old, weather-worn house, with blinking windows watching the sea for miles and miles, and with two gaunt cedars keeping grim sentry by the porch. Little Ivy lived in the red house with two white-haired grandparents, grisly and worn like their old house, but like it also still strong and cheery.

Now little Ivy was very dear to these old parents,—how dear I cannot tell you, for that is beyond the power of words. Shall I say that each strand of her yellow hair was as dear to them as their very heart-strings,—each gleam of her face and sound of her voice as their vital breath? Yet this does not express the depth, the strength, of their all-pervading love. Little Ivy loved her grandparents too,—ah, yes!—and the red house was a precious old place, and the land full of wonder and beauty. But then the sea, ah, the sea!—it was beyond compare,—Power and Peace and Light and Life Eternal.

Each day she turned to it with renewed love and faith; each day it showed her new glories, and taught her strange knowledge. In her heart she called

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

it friend, mother, lover, and stretched her arms to it in passionate joy. She would fly across the pasture-field with never a look for the mild-eyed heifer, watching her with grave astonishment, and climb along the cliff, until she reached her nest under the shadow of the boulder. There she would nestle amid the dry sea-weed for hours, watching the gleam of waters through her yellow hair, and listening to the monotonous roll of the surf.



I doubt if the old grandmother herself would not have been puzzled by her wild actions, for the little one was usually very gentle and quiet. "Sweet-heart, what have you about your neck?" the old mother would say. Then Ivy would blush a guilty red, and put her hands to her throat; but the grandmother, with good-natured roughness pulling them away, would bring to light a string of delicately tinted sea-shells. "What's to be ashamed of in that, little one?" she would laugh; "but to my mind the blue beads the Indian woman brought are a deal prettier." Little Ivy would say nothing — but think. Why, she prized each rosy shell as would a lover the violets fragrant from his sweetheart's hand!

Once there was a glorious autumn day, when the sky shone a pure transparent green, and the sinking sun lighted the few fleecy clouds with palest gold; when the sea flickered a shifting sheen of marvellous color, from the deep-purple at the horizon to the translucent blue kissing the silver-white sands. On such a day little Ivy lay in her sea-weed nest, listening and watching, in a kind of dreamy maze. The gray shadows stole softly over the glowing waters; a great white moon came up, paving a shining pathway straight to Ivy's tower; and one by one all the myriad worlds of heaven appeared, alight and blazing, and circling in their infinite tracks. A swallow flitted by, dipping its black wing for an instant in the shining waves; and then, as it disappeared in the gathering gloom, little Ivy started, and bent eagerly for-

ward ; for — how shall I tell of the wonderful thing that then happened ? — a strain of music floated across the water, at first faint and weird as the bells of the sunken city, a sense of melody rather to be felt than heard, but gradually increasing in strength, swelling with each incoming wave, until, rising higher and higher, it seemed to fill the whole earth with its wild melody ; — singing a song, wordless, yet fraught with strange meaning, while the great ocean rolled a deep monotone. How long this strange music lasted, or what it said, none can tell ; but when the last long refrain faded over the waters and far away, little Ivy stretched out her hands, and whispered, “ I come.” Startled by her own voice, she sprang to her feet, dashed the tears from her eyes, and heard her grandmother calling loudly on her name.

The next day her old mother would not let her leave the house, and she was very restless ; but the next she seemed as well as usual, and was off again to the rocks. She did not come in until late, and then she appeared white as a ghost, her eyes shining like two great harvest moons, — at least, so her grandmother said, as she hurried her off to bed. But the next day she was off again, and the next, and the next ; indeed, she passed most of her time on the beach. What time she was in the house, she went lightly about, singing wild snatches of song, which sounded very strange to the old people.

On Saturday the minister’s wife came over to the red house to make a friendly visit. You can imagine the commotion it created, — how the oven was piled to bursting with all manner of savory viands, — how the best china was taken down from the corner cupboard, and the best room thrown open to the light. Little Ivy was sent to her room to adorn herself in festive array. She appeared all in white, with a yellow satin ribbon around her waist, which had been white on her mother’s bridal day, and a high tortoise-shell comb in her hair. The minister’s wife praised her appearance, and said she was growing into quite a little woman. Indeed, the good lady was surprised to find in the pale little girl she remembered this wonderful creature, with dazzlingly brilliant eyes and scarlet cheeks. After the early tea, when the minister’s white horse and green chaise were brought around to the door, it was found that the sky was piled black with threatening clouds, and big drops caked the sandy road. Of course the two old people would not hear of their minister’s wife leaving at such a time ; it was out of the question. So at last the lady was persuaded to remain.

Then followed a busy time ; the spare room was to be aired, the bed to be spread with fresh linen, and the cakes to be set for the next morning’s breakfast. Indeed, so busily occupied was the grandmother, and so weary when her bed-hour came, that, for almost the first time in her life, she forgot to visit little Ivy in her room under the eaves, as was her wont. About midnight she was wakened from her first heavy sleep by hearing her husband moving about the room. She rubbed her eyes, and saw him pulling on his great seaman’s coat. “ What is it ? ” she asked.

He answered gruffly, “ The surf.”

Then she became conscious of a deep, solemn roar, which seemed to shake the very foundations of the earth, while the house trembled from cellar to

roof. Hastily pulling a few clothes over her trembling limbs, she followed her husband down the stairs. She found him standing in the porch with the minister's wife. He took up a lighted lantern, and groped slowly across the field, leaving the two women alone, pale and excited. A great gale blew in



from the sea, heavy with salt spray ; overhead the black clouds flitted hastily across the moon ; and above all and through all came the awful, deafening sound of the waters, knocking at the gates of the earth, and calling, "Open, open !"

Presently the old man returned, shaking his white head. He shouted : "The water dashes clean over the boulder ; the highest tide of these sixty years ; it's awful to see."

"Heaven have mercy on the poor sailors !" murmured the minister's wife.

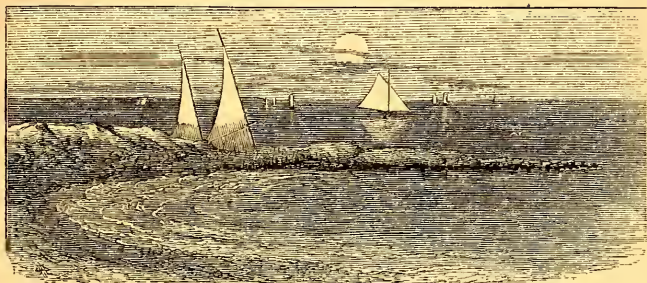
Suddenly the old woman turned, and crept up the dark stairway with a sharp pang at her heart. She opened Ivy's door, and, looking in, called, "Are you there, darling ?"

There came no answer ; but just then the moon gleamed out brightly, lighting the room from corner to corner. It showed the little white bed, smooth and untouched, the table with its few well-worn books and heap of precious shells, but no sign of living soul. The old woman lighted a candle, and examined carefully room after room, but to no avail. Then she went out to her husband, and shouted hoarsely, "Where is Ivy ?"

Alas ! need I tell of the wild search that followed ? — of the white-haired grandparents flying hither and thither with heart-rending cries ? — of the fear-

ful suspense, reduced to still more cruel certainty after long days of fruitless search? The turbulent waters sank to their level again, the blue waves kissed the white sands, and the rocks rose brown and warm in the sunlight; but never again was seen the little golden-haired figure fitting among them, or nestling in the dry sea-weed. A few months after the broken-hearted grandparents were gathered into God's Acre, a tortoise-shell comb was found in a crevice of the rock under the boulder; and, to this day, yarn-loving old fishermen protest they hear at times the strangest kind of music around the red-house cliffs.

*May Mather.*



STRAWBERRIES.

LITTLE Pearl Honeydew, six years old,  
 From her bright ear parted the curls of gold,  
 And laid her head on the strawberry-bed,  
 To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

Their cheeks were blushing, their breath was sweet,  
 She could almost hear their little hearts beat;  
 And the tiniest lisp, whispering sound  
 That ever you heard came up from the ground.

"Little friends," she said, "I wish I knew  
 How it is you thrive on sun and dew!"  
 And this is the story the berries told  
 To little Pearl Honeydew, six years old.

"You wish you knew? and so do we!  
 But we can't tell you, unless it be  
 That the same kind Power that cares for you  
 Takes care of poor little berries too.

“ Tucked up snugly, and nestled below  
 Our coverlid of wind-woven snow,  
 We peep and listen, all winter long,  
 For the first spring day and the bluebird's song.

“ When the swallows fly home to the old brown shed,  
 And the robins build on the bough overhead,  
 Then out from the mould, from the darkness and cold,  
 Blossom and runner and leaf unfold.

“ Good children then, if they come near,  
 And hearken a good long while, may hear  
 A wonderful tramping of little feet, —  
 So fast we grow in the summer heat.

“ Our clocks are the flowers ; and they count the hours  
 Till we can mellow in suns and showers,  
 With warmth of the west wind and heat of the south,  
 A ripe red berry for a ripe red mouth.

“ Apple-blooms whiten, and peach-blooms fall,  
 And garlands are gay by the garden-wall,  
 Ere the rose's dial gives the sign  
 That we can invite little Pearl to dine.

“ The days are longest, the month is June,  
 The year is nearing its golden noon,  
 The weather is fine, and our feast is spread  
 With a green cloth and berries red.

“ Just take us betwixt your finger and thumb —  
 And quick, O quick ! for, see ! there come  
 Tom on all-fours, and Martin the man,  
 And Margaret, picking as fast as they can !

“ O dear ! if you only knew how it shocks  
 Nice berries like us to be sold by the box,  
 And eaten by strangers, and paid for with pelf,  
 You would surely take pity, and eat us yourself !”

And this is the story the small lips told  
 To dear Pearl Honeydew, six years old,  
 When she laid her head on the strawberry-bed  
 To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*



## ABOUT ELIZABETH ELIZA'S PIANO.

ELIZABETH Eliza had a present of a piano, and she was to take lessons of the postmaster's daughter.

They decided to have the piano set across the window in the parlor, and the carters brought it in, and went away. After they had gone, the family all came in to look at the piano; but they found the carters had placed it with its back turned towards the middle of the room, standing close against the window.

How could Elizabeth Eliza open it? How could she reach the keys to play upon it?

Solomon John proposed that they should open the window, which Agamemnon could do with his long arms. Then Elizabeth Eliza should go round upon the piazza and open the piano. Then she could have her music-stool on the piazza, and play upon the piano there.

So they tried this; and they all thought it was a very pretty sight to see Elizabeth Eliza playing on the piano, while she sat on the piazza with the honeysuckle vines behind her.

It was very pleasant, too, moonlight evenings. Mr. Peterkin liked to take a doze on his sofa in the room; but the rest of the family liked to sit on the piazza. So did Elizabeth Eliza, only she had to have her back to the moon.

All this did very well through the summer; but, when the fall came, Mr. Peterkin thought the air was too cold from the open window, and the family did not want to sit out on the piazza.

Elizabeth Eliza practised in the mornings with her cloak on; but she was obliged to give up her music in the evenings, the family shivered so.

One day, when she was talking with the lady from Philadelphia, she spoke of this trouble.

The lady from Philadelphia looked surprised, and then said, "But why don't you turn the piano round?"

One of the little boys pertly said, "It is a square piano."

But Elizabeth Eliza went home directly, and, with the help of Agamemnon and Solomon John, turned the piano round.

"Why did not we think of that before?" said Mrs. Peterkin. "What shall we do when the lady from Philadelphia goes home again?"

*Lucretia P. Hale.*



## WILLIAM HENRY'S LETTERS TO HIS GRANDMOTHER.

## SIXTH PACKET.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—

I am back again, and had a good time; but came back hungry. I'll tell you why. The first time I sat down to table I felt bashful, and Dorry's mother said a great deal about my having a small appetite, and afterwards I did n't like to make her think it was a large one.

I guess I behaved quite well at the table. But I could n't look the way you said. It made me feel squint-eyed. Once I almost laughed at table. The day they had roast duck, it smelt nice. I thought it would n't go round, for they had company besides me; and I said, "No, I thank you, ma'am." Dorry whispered to me, "You must be a goose not to love duck"; and that was when I almost laughed at table. His grandmother shook her head at him.

Now I'll tell about Tom Cush's father. That Saturday, when we were eating dinner, somebody came to the front door and inquired for us two,—Dorry and me. It was Tom Cush's father. He wanted to ask us about Tom, and whether we knew anything about him. But we knew no more than he did. He talked some with us. The next evening,—Sunday evening,—Tom Cush's mother sent for Dorry and me to come and see her. His father came after us. She said they wanted to know more about what I wrote to you in those letters.

O, I don't want ever again to go where the folks are so sober. The room was just as still as anything, not much light burning, and great curtains hanging way down, and she looked like a sick woman. Just as pale! Only sometimes she stood up and walked, and then sat down again, and leaned way forward, and asked a question, and looked into our faces so. We did n't know what to do. Dorry talked more than I could. Tom's father kept just as sober! He said to Dorry: "It is true, then, that my boy would n't own up to his own actions!" or something like that.

Dorry said, "Yes, sir."

Tom's father said, "And he was willing to sit still and see another boy whipped in his place?"

"Yes, sir," Dorry said. But he did n't say it very loud.

Then they stopped asking questions, and not one of us spoke for ever so long. O, 't was so still! At last Dorry said, just as softly, "Can't you find him anywhere?" And then I said that I did n't believe he was lost.

Then Tom's father got up from his chair and said, "Lost? That's not it. That's not it. 'T is his not being honorable! 'T is his not being true! Lost? Why he was lost before he left the school." Says he: "When he did a mean thing, then he lost himself. For he lost his truth. He lost his honor. There's nothing left worth having when they are gone."

O, I never saw Dorry so sober as he was that night, going home. And when we went to bed, he hardly spoke a word, and did n't throw pillows, or anything. I shut my eyes up tight and thought about you all at home, and Aunt Phebe, and Aunt Phebe's little Tommy, and about school, and about Bubby Short, and all the time Tom's mother's eyes kept looking at me just as they did; and when I was asleep I seemed back again in that lonesome room, and they two sitting there.

From your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. I want to tell that when I was at Dorry's I let a little vase fall down and break. I did n't think it was so rotten. I felt sorry, but did n't say so; I did n't know how to say it very well. I wish grown-up folks would know that boys feel sorry very often when they don't say so, and sometimes they think about doing right, too. And mean to, but don't tell of it. Next time I shall tell about Bubby Short and me going to ride in Gapper's donkey-cart. He's going to lend it to us. I should like to buy them a new vase.

W. H.

P. S. Benjie's had a letter, and one twin fell down stairs.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

Please to tell my sister I am much obliged to her for picking up that old iron for me. But that old rusty fire-shovel handle, I guess that will not do to put in again. For my father said, the last time, that he had bought that old fire-shovel handle half a dozen times. But Aunt Phebe's Tommy, he pulls it out again to ride horseback on.

I know a little girl just about as big as my sister, named Rosy. Maybe that is not her name. Maybe it is, because her face is so rosy. She had a lamb. And she's lost it. It ate out of her hand, and it followed her. It was a pet lamb. But it's lost. Gapper came up to inquire about it. Mr. Augustus wrote a notice and nailed it on to the Liberty Pole, and then Dorry chalked out a white lamb on black pasteboard, and painted a blue ribbon around its neck, and hung that up there too.

Gapper let Bubby Short and me have his donkey-cart to go to ride in. He kicked up when we licked him, and broke something. But a man came by and mended it. So we did n't get back till after dark. But the master did n't say anything after we told the reason why. Did you ever see a ghost? Do you believe they can whistle? I'll tell you what I ask such a question for.

There is an old house, and part of it is torn down, and nobody lives in it. It is built close to where the woods begin. The boys say there is a ghost in it. I'll tell you why. They say that if anybody goes by there whistling, something inside of that house whistles the same tune. Dorry says it's a jolly old ghost. Mr. Augustus thinks 't is all very silly. Now I'll tell you something.

The night Bubby Short and I were coming back from taking a ride in

Gapper's donkey-cart, we tried it. We didn't dare to lick him again, for fear he would kick up, so we rode just as slow!—and it was a lonesome road, but the moon was shining bright.

Says Bubby Short, "Do you believe that 's the honeymoon?"

"No," says I. "That 's what shines when a man is married to his wife."

"Are you scared of ghosts?" said Bubby Short.

"Can't tell till I see one," says I.

"How far off do you suppose they can see a fellow?" says he.

Says I, "I don't know. They can see best in the dark."

"Do you think they 'd hurt a fellow?" says he.

"Maybe," says I. "There 's the old house."

"I know it," says he; "I've been looking at it."

Says I, "Are you scared to whistle?"

"Scared? No," says he. "Let 's whistle, I say."

"Well," says I, "you whistle first."

"No," says he, "you whistle first."

"Let *him* whistle first," says I.

"He won't do it. Ghosts never whistle first," says he.

I asked him who said that, and he said 't was Dorry.

Then I said, "Let 's whistle together."

So we waited till we almost got past, and then whistled "Yankee Doodle." And, grandmother, it did, — it whistled it.

Bubby Short whispered, "Lick him a little."

Then I whispered back, "'T won't do to. If I do, he won't go any."

But in a minute he began to go faster of his own accord. He heard somebody ahead calling. It was Gapper, coming to see what the matter was that kept us so late. Now what do you think about it?

From your affectionate

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. My boots leak. Shall I get them tapped, or get a new pair, or throw them away, or keep the legs to make new boots of?

W. H.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—

Sometimes Dorry writes stories in his letters for his sister, just as he tells them to her, talking, at home. Now I 'll write one for my sister, and I 'll call it by a name. I 'll call it

#### THE STORY OF THE GREAT STORM.

Once there was a little boy named Billy, and Gapper lent him his donkey to go ride. That 's me, you know. Next day Gapper came and said, "You boys lost my whip." Now I remembered having the whip when we crept in among the bushes, — for we got sight of a woodchuck, and came near finding his hole. So when school was done at noon, I asked leave to put some bread and meat in my pocket, instead of eating any dinner, and go to look for Gapper's whip. And he said I might. 'T was two miles off. But I found it. And I dug for a good deal of sassafras-root. And picked lots of box-berry-plums.

And I never noticed how the sky looked, till I heard a noise something like thunder. It was very much like thunder. Almost just like it. I thought it was thunder. Only it sounded a great ways off. I was walking along slow, snapping my whip and eating my dinner, for I thought I would n't hurry for thunder, when something hard dropped down close to me. Then another dropped, — and then another. And they kept dropping. I picked one up and found they were hailstones, and they were bigger than bullets.

It kept growing dark, and the hailstones came thicker, and hit me in the face. Then they began to pour right down, and I ran. They beat upon me just like a driving storm of sharp stones. The horses and cows went across the fields like mad. The horses flinging their heads up. I was almost to that old house and ran for that, and kicked the door through to get in, for I thought I should be killed with the hail. The shingles off the roof were flying about; and when I got inside 't was awful. I thought to be sure the roof would be beat in. Such a noise! It sounded just exactly as if hundreds of cartloads of stones were being tipped up on to the roof. And then the window-glass! It was worse than being out doors, for the window-glass was flying criss-cross about the room, like fury, all mixed up with the hail. I crouched down all in a bunch and put my arms over my head, and so tried to save myself. But then I spied a closet door a crack open, and I jumped in there. And there I sat all bent over with my hands up to my ears, and thought, O, what would become of me if the old house should go. And now the strangest part is coming. You see 't was a pretty deep closet — School-bell! I did n't think 't was half time for that to ding. I'll tell the rest next time. Should you care if I brought home Dorry to make a visit? He wants to, bad. 'T would be jolly if Bubby Short went too.

From your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

Everybody's been setting glass. Counting the house and the school-house, and the panes set over the barn door, and four squares in the hen-house, we had to set four hundred and twenty-three squares. The express-man has brought loads and loads. All the great boys helped set. We slept one night with bedquilts and rugs hung up to the windows. The master tried to shut his blind in the storm, but the hail drove him in, and he could n't even shut down his window again. A rich man has given to The Two Betseys better windows than they had before. Now I will tell about my being in that closet.

When it began to grow stiller, I took my hands down from my ears, and one hand when it came down touched something soft. Quite soft and warm. I jumped off from it in a hurry. Then I heard a kind of bleating noise, and a little faint "ba'a ba'a." But now comes the very strangest part. Farther back in the closet I heard somebody move, somebody step. I was scared, and gave the door a push, to let the light in. Now who do you think was there? Aunt Phebe must stop reading and let you guess. But maybe you 're

reading yourself. Then stop and guess. 'T was n't a ghost. 'T was n't a man. 'T was n't a woman. 'T was Tom Cush! and Rosy's lamb!

Says he, "William Henry!" Says I, "Tom!" Then we walked out into the room, and O, what a sight! Says I, "I thought 't was going to be the end of the old house."

Says Tom, "I thought 't was going to be the end of the world."

In the corners the hailstones were heaped up in great banks. You might have shovelled up barrels full. Most of them were the size of bird's eggs. But some were bigger. Then we looked out doors. The ground was all white, and drifts in every cornering place, and the leaves stripped off the trees. Then we looked at one another, and he was just as pale as anything. He leaned against the wall, and I guessed he was crying. To see such a great boy crying seemed most as bad as the hailstorm. Maybe he did n't cry. When he turned his head round again, says he: "Billy, I'm sick, and what shall I do?"

"Go home," says I.

"No," says he, "I won't go home. And if you let 'em know, I'll —". And then he picked up Gapper's whip, — "I'll flog you."

"Flog away," says I; "maybe I shall, and maybe I sha' n't."

He dropped the whip down, and says he, "Billy, I sha' n't ever touch you. But they must n't know till I'm gone to sea."

I asked him when he was going. And he told me all about it.

When he was sent away from school, he went into town and inquired about the wharves for a chance to go, and got one, and came back to get some things he left hid in the old house, and to wait till 't was time to go. He sold his watch, and bought a great bag full of hard bread and cheese and cakes.

He was mad at Gapper for setting a man to watch, and so he took Rosy's lamb. He was going to kill it. And then skin it. But he could n't do it. It licked his hand, and looked up so sorryful, he could n't do it. And when he cut his foot—he cut it chopping something. That's why he stayed there so long. And he was the ghost that whistled. He knew the fellows would n't go in to see what it was that whistled. And he ate up most all his things, and tied a string to the lamb, and let it out nights to eat grass, and then pulled it in again.

I would n't have stayed there so for anything. He went into town three times, nights, to get victuals to eat. I don't see what he wants to be such a kind of a boy for. He says he means to go to sea, and if ever he's good he's going home. I told him about his father and mother, and he walked while I was talking, and kept his back towards me. I asked him what ailed him, and he said 't was partly cutting him, and partly sleeping cold nights, and partly the crackers and cheese. I gave him the rest of my meat, and he was glad enough.

He said he was ashamed to go home.

Now I have got to the end of another sheet of paper. I wish I had n't begun to tell my sister this story. It takes so long. And I want every minute of the time to play in. For 't is getting a little cooler, and a fellow can

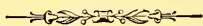
stand it to run some. The master says it's good weather for studying. Dorry says he never saw any weather good enough for studying. I shall write a very short letter next time, to tell the rest of it.

From your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. I forgot to put this letter in the office. I guess I will not write any more letters till I go home. I was going to tell more, but I can do it better talking. I went to see Tom Cush the next day, and he had gone. Rosy's got her lamb back again. But her flower-garden was killed by the hail. Not one leaf left. She found her lamb on the doorstep, waiting to get in.

*Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*



## AMONG THE CAGES IN THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

THE best way of studying the nature and habits of wild animals is, of course, by observation of them in their native haunts; but as it would be inconvenient for many people, nay, impossible, to pass much of their time in the fields and woods, they who are closely pent up in cities should avail themselves of every opportunity to visit such collections of curious living creatures as may be within their reach. Much information about natural history is afforded even by museums containing specimens made to look life-like by the skill of the taxidermist, or person who preserves and stuffs the skins of animals. It is far more interesting, however, as well as instructive, to observe the living creatures, most of which retain in a state of captivity a great deal of their distinctive nature, character, and habits. Suppose we take a turn, then, among the dens and cages in and about the large building in Central Park, close by Fifth Avenue. There are not, to be sure, a great many animals in this collection as yet, but we shall find a few rare and curious ones among them; and, if the ways of some of them are ugly and wicked, the ways of others are decidedly droll.

It is late in the fall now, we will suppose, and most of the caged animals have been removed into the building from their summer quarters outside, though a few of the hardier kinds are still kept in the open air. Look at that little fellow, nibbling so busily at the wires of his cage, — a broad, fat little fellow, with very short legs, soft brown hair, and bright eyes. That is a prairie-dog, — at least he is so called by the trappers, because he lives on the prairies, and gives a short, sharp yelp, something like that of a pup two or three months old. He has nothing of the dog about him, either in appearance or habits, but is, in fact, a species of marmot. On the plains of the far West, where the prairie-dogs are very common, they dwell together in

large communities, called prairie-dog villages by the settlers in those districts. In some places they do not keep themselves quite to themselves, but have a way, as it would appear, of letting unfurnished apartments in their burrows. Rattlesnakes, and queer little blink-eyed birds called burrowing owls, are the only lodgers, however, admitted by Mr. and Mrs. Prairie-dog to their spare rooms. There is no accounting for taste, nor can I give any explanation of this curious fact. A hunter to whom I once applied for information on the subject — he was a jocose kind of man — said that he guessed the snakes were admitted in order that they might divert with their rattles the young prairie-dogs while cutting their teeth; that they paid for their lodging with their music, in fact, like certain foreign professors, and got their board outside. But this, of course, was only banter on the part of the wild joker of the plains, and must not be seriously entertained as an explanation of what is really a very singular fact in natural history.

Here, in a large cage, passing and re-passing one another with restless steps, go four gray creatures that are also natives of the prairies, though of a species far different from the one just mentioned. These are prairie-wolves, — a kind less fierce and dangerous than the common wolf of the mountains and forests, but very crafty and sly, and apt to give trouble to the settlers and campers of the plains. The prairie-wolf is by nature a thief, and, like most followers of that creditable calling, he is likewise an arrant coward. To look at him, he reminds one of a dog of disreputable character, who had early left the parental roof and taken to evil courses, until he had lost every trace of respectability, and become the sneaking, unprincipled loafer that he is. The fellow will pounce upon an unsuspecting lamb or fawn whenever he gets a chance; but, if there should be a dog in the case, he keeps at a respectable distance, — for he is a contemptible coward, as I have said.

A near cousin of the prairie-wolf's, evidently, is the fox. Here are a couple of young red ones, rolled up tightly on the floor of their cage, pretending to be asleep. I was acquainted with a pet fox, once upon a time, who used to play at this game for the purpose of decoying the simple chickens within the length of his chain. He used to spread portions of his food a little way beyond, and a little way within, the circle to which he was limited, and then would stretch himself out, with one eye tightly closed and the other half open. I think he used even to snore, though I will not be positive about that. He would allow the chickens to come quite close to him before he would make the least movement; and once, as I watched him from a window, I saw an innocent duckling waddle so close up to him that he actually caught it in his mouth, without extending a paw, and, having made about two bites of it, lay tranquilly off again, in one of his sham dozes, to wait for another victim. The silver-gray fox and the black fox are relatives of the red one, from which they differ chiefly in color; but, as they are rare, their skins are more valuable than that of the latter, — the black fox being worth from forty to sixty dollars, according to the thickness and rich velvety hue of his fur.

Twenty eagles, in a very large cage fitted up with numerous perches, are a great attraction to the visitors here. They are, with three or four exceptions,

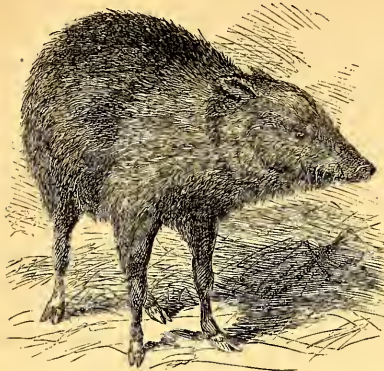


of the bald, or, rather, white-headed species. For this kind of eagle is not in reality bald, though the white color of his head gives him, at some little distance, the appearance of an elderly bird whose presence would be improved by a wig,—if you can only fancy a wig made of feathers. There is a tank filled with water on the floor of the cage, and one venerable eagle has just alighted upon the edge of it, intent upon having a bath. He hesitates a good deal before he plunges in; and, when he does, he screams just as little boys and girls do when they are dipped under a billow at some bathing-place upon the sea-shore. Then there is a tremendous flapping of wings and splashing of water, and the feathers fly like brown autumn leaves in a breeze,—all to the great delight of the young people who are leaning over the railing in front of the cage: *They* know something about eagles and other wild creatures, because they often come here, and their familiarity with the birds and beasts leads them to seek information about them in books. But here comes a man, clothed in respectable apparel, who, addressing me, points to the eagles, and asks what these strange birds are. I inform him that they are eagles; whereupon he says, that, never having seen eagles before, he took them for a species of grouse. Where could this man have come from? The children cannot help laughing at him as he goes wisely to gaze at the bears, which he will probably describe by and by to his friends—if he has any—as a species of rabbit.

And here we are in front of the bears' den, which contains, at present, only two occupants. These are both young bears of the common, or black species. One of them is lying close by the bars of the den, and seems to take but little interest in anything, just now, except in one of his paws, which he sucks with as much apparent relish as if it were made of maple sugar. The other is exercising his muscles by climbing the branched pole with which the cage is fitted. Sometimes he descends to the floor, and, standing away from the pole, peers up at it with a sagacious expression about his nose, as if trying to detect a visionary bees' nest amid the branches of an imaginary tree. These black bears are very fond of wild honey, and they have no hesitation whatever in attacking a nest of bees whenever they discover one, their thick fur protecting them effectually against the stings of the fierce little insects. During the severe weather of winter, the bears remain for the most part in the depth of the woods, where they sleep away the time in some cavern formed by the roots of a fallen tree, or within the hollow trunk of one large enough to make a sort of hall bedroom for a single bear of regular habits.

Next we come to a sort of pigpen,—a small enclosure with a hut in it; the latter fitted, as we may fairly guess, with all the modern conveniences essential to the comfort of its occupants. And a pair of queer little fellows these are,—specimens of the small wild boar called the peccary, which is a native of Mexico, as well as of several parts of Central and South America. They have large, piggy heads, but the length of their legs indicates that they can run with great swiftness. Their bristles are very thick, and of a color that suggests the idea of pepper and salt,—just as if the little pigs were ordered to be converted into sausages while yet alive, and had already under-

gone the process of seasoning. These peccaries are very courageous, and even ferocious, when molested. One of them will keep several dogs at bay



for a good while, protecting himself in the rear by standing against a large tree, or in the angle of a fence, and ripping up with his sharp tusks any of his assailants that may be rash enough to come to close quarters with him. Sometimes, when attacked by a hunter, a herd of them will turn upon him; and then his only chance of escape is to climb into a tree, round which these wicked little pigs will go raging for hours, grunting and squeaking horribly, all the while, to the intense gratification,

doubtless, of the gentleman "up the tree."

The fattest, busiest, and funniest creatures that we have yet come to are these two, engaged in throwing up earthworks in their cage. They are badgers from the prairies of the far West, where large spaces of ground are sometimes excavated by them. On this account the buffalo-hunters have a great grudge against them, often getting dangerous falls, when in full gallop, by their horses breaking through the thin crust over these badger-holes. Round and round the cage these corpulent little fellows go, waddling like ducks, and stopping every now and then to dive into holes rooted by them in the clay floor, from which they throw out showers of earth behind them with their fore paws. Were there not a wooden or a brick floor under the clay one, they would soon dig their way out of the cage.

It is a mellow Indian-summer afternoon, inviting to amusement and relaxation from toil; and now crowds of people, old and young, are thronging about the cages. Let us take a turn, then, into the basement of the large building, before it becomes inconveniently crowded by the moving throng. It is warm, in here, to a degree of summer heat; for many of the lodgers are natives of tropical climates, and could not endure the cold of our winters. In a little enclosure in one corner a couple of camels are weaving their long necks to and fro, with an expression of meek resignation upon their large faces. They look as though they could bite, on occasions, however; and it is known that camels, although generally very docile, will sometimes turn and seize their riders by the legs, if abused or



overdriven. Let us approach these lofty hunchbacks of the desert, and salute them, in Oriental phrase, with *Salaam-a-leikoom*, "Peace be with you." Probably they have forgotten the language, or it may be that it reminds them unpleasantly of their state of close captivity; for they only knit their brows and curl their lips, as if with hostile purpose. The camel is said to have an ear for music, and to evince signs of satisfaction when his rider, lounging listlessly back among the packages upon the creature's hump, chants some wild melody of the desert in praise of camels. When the rider happens to be in a bad humor about anything, however, he changes his tune to a less pleasing one, and addresses the abashed beast in some such words as these:—

"Progeny of a dog! descendant of a disreputable ancestor! is there no gratitude in your miserable heart for the benefits that I have lavished upon you? Infidel! varlet! caitiff! may the Prophet send large gadflies to bite you about the eyelids and nostrils! and may the sand of the desert be red-hot for your ugly, splay feet!"

That creature plunging about in his tank of water is the coypu, generally known as the neutria among the furriers, who deal largely in the skins of his kind. Now that he has come out of the water, and sits upon his wet plank, you can see that he resembles a muskrat, only that he is more than double the size of that inhabitant of our marshes and river-banks. He comes to us all the way from South America, along the inland waters of which his tribe is settled. A plain salad of grass or weeds, without sauce of any kind, seems to be his regular food; though, as he is known to be very fond of shell-fish, it would be well for the keepers to treat him, now and then, to a supper of oysters or clams on the half-shell.

There is not a more repulsive member of the monkey tribe than that bloated, surly, big-headed brute, sulking all by himself in that large cage. That is the chacma, or dog-faced baboon; and sorry I should be to own a dog that could not show a better face than that of Mr. Chacma. When he moves about, he goes on all-fours; but most of the time he sits brooding close by the bars of his cage, like a convict in a prison cell. Pass him by; he is not an agreeable object to contemplate.



Far more amusing are those distant cousins of his, the monkeys of various kinds, that are performing such wonderful feats of agility in this cage. One of them—a black-faced fellow—looks like a little old negro man in miniature, though I do not remember ever to have observed any very old man, whether white or black, making such tremendous leaps, and summersaults, and handsprings, as this small acrobat does. These monkeys are constantly

playing off practical jokes upon one another,—the ones with the longest tails appearing to be a source of endless humor to those that have not so much tail to be pulled. I have seen one of them coil his tail round the neck of another, and drag him about the cage until he was nearly strangled,—which could hardly have been a joke to one of the parties in the transaction. The young folks take great delight in watching the gambols of these restless creatures, who accept eagerly the bits of apple or cracker offered them. Once, I remember, when a little girl had given a piece of cake to a very gentlemanly-looking monkey with long red whiskers and a bald head, an old lady remarked, with a toss of her chin, “Well, I guess the fellow might have said ‘Thank you,’ anyways!” She was evidently so impressed with his resemblance to a human being as to have forgotten that monkeys do not possess the gift of speech.

That ball of yellow fur, rolled up in a corner of a cage, is the singular creature called the kinkajou, or mico-leon. The latter name is Spanish, and means “monkey-lion,” although the kinkajou has nothing in common with either of those animals. He is a native of the South American forests, where he lives mostly in trees, through the branches of which he travels with great agility, swinging himself from branch to branch with his long, grasping tail. He bears a rather unfavorable reputation, being much addicted to making raids upon the neighboring hen-roosts, when the inmates of the farm-houses are wrapped in slumber. Like the bear, he is very fond of honey, and makes terrible havoc among the stores of the wild bee. The kinkajou sleeps all day, but is very active and lively at night; and if he would only uncoil himself now, you would see that he is a creature of about the size of a cat, and that he has a very long tail, a small round face, a black nose, and queer little blinking eyes.

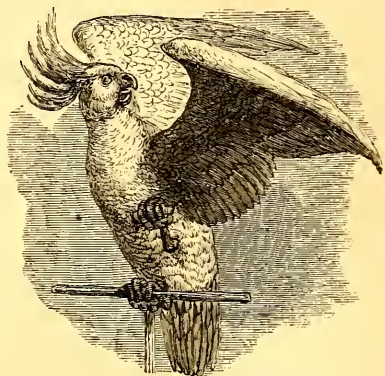


A finer eagle than any of those that we have seen outside is this brown and white one, standing majestically upon a rock in the centre of his cage. This is the harpy, a South American eagle of great strength and ferocity. Observe the immense power of his yellow legs and claws. The feathers on the back of his head are long and loose, and he erects them, every now and then, so that, in certain positions, they give him the aspect of a huge horned owl. See how his dark eyes flash as

he seems to catch a glimpse of some imaginary prey! Perhaps he is circling, in fancy, high in air over the morasses of far Surinam, watching his opportunity for a swoop down upon some stray beast or bird of that tropical region.

There is a ceaseless din here among the cages,—a mingling of the voices of monkeys and parrots; for it is by these that most of the noise

is made in such collections as this. The parrots, you will see, are in great variety of size and color, — green and red prevailing in the plumage of most of them, however, — and they are all remarkable for their loud, harsh voices. The most attractive among them are these lemon-crested cockatoos, who look so bright and fresh in their clean white garb. One of these is an old resident of the Park, and has become very impudent and familiar. He is continually hinting, in a cracked, husky, old voice, that “Polly wants a cracker”; and when he gets one he holds it in his claw in a very human way, and looks at it, with his head on one side, after every bite. The children seem to be on very good terms with this cunning old bird, who gives gymnastic entertainments for their amusement, — going down the bars of his cage head-foremost, with the assistance of his beak, and performing several wonderful feats of posturing and tumbling.



The storks — a pair of graceful birds with bright red bills, and long, slender legs of the same color — do not seem to be quite so happy here as they are in the summer-time, when they are allowed to roam at their own free will about the nooks and meadows of the Ramble. They are very tame, because in Holland, the country from which they come, people are not allowed to molest them, their services being considered valuable in picking up the garbage of the streets and gutters.



There are many other birds and beasts here that I should like to mention, but now we must go. As we pass out, however, we stop for a moment to admire the ocelot, as he lies there, licking his tawny sides with a contented air. He is one of the smallest and most beautiful of the leopard tribe, and, if domesticated while young, becomes as gentle and playful as a common cat. And here, in a dark corner, we have a glimpse of a glass case containing something partially rolled up in a blanket. It is a small

boa-constrictor; and a pigeon, which has been provided for his breakfast when he wakes up, is quietly roosting upon his coils, unconscious of impending fate.

Well, here we are in the open air again; and, as we turn into the walk, you will observe many small brown birds, which nestle close to one another in

the bushes, and chirp very loudly. These are English sparrows, which were introduced into the Park about three years ago, and have so multiplied since that they have already done good service in destroying myriads of the noxious worms by which trees are infested in the early summer.

*Charles Dawson Shanly.*



## CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

### XI.

“YOU will tell us to-day what you did with the bears, — won't you, Captain Hardy?” inquired William.

“Well,” replied the Captain, laughing in his free-and-easy way, like a jolly old sailor as he was, taking his long pipe out of his mouth that he might do it all the better, “I think it was pretty near being what the bears did with us, my hearties! yes, that would be quite as near the mark, I'm thinking.”

“No matter, then,” said William, — “no matter, Captain Hardy; we ain't particular, you see, — any way you like. I'll put the question t' other way, you know, — what did the bears do with you?”

The Captain was in great good-humor to-day, and he kept on laughing till his pipe went out; and, while he laughed, he said, “Why, to be sure, they frightened us!”

“Tit for tat,” exclaimed William; “you frightened them, — that's fair.”

“That's so,” replied the Captain, — “that's so, sure enough; only they would n't stay frightened, while we did, you see.”

“What! did they find you out?”

“That they did, my lad, just as soon as they had finished the old narwhal. We were sound asleep when they came; and they soon woke us up with the great noise they made close to the hut.

“But stop a bit!” exclaimed the Captain, reflectively; “my story's got ahead of me, or I've got ahead of the story, — one or the other; so I must go back a little.” And he paused, not with his finger to his nose this time, as usual, but to his forehead, as if feeling in his brain for the end of the “yarn,” as he always called the story.

At length the old man appeared to have quite satisfied himself about the matter, for he started off as fast as he could go. “I did n't tell you anything about the fort we built, nor the time we had provisioning it, — did I?” said he.

“No,” answered William, “nothing about a fort.”

“Then there's the broken end of the yarn at last. Well, it was a good long time before the bears finished the old narwhal; but, finding how much they were occupied in that quarter, we went to our storehouses, and brought

all our stores away, and stowed them close to the mouth of the hut, thinking that, if they were discovered, we should be better able to protect them. First, however, we built up two solid snow-walls, about three feet apart, and as high as our heads, directly on a line with the entrance to our hut, so that when we went outside we walked right between them. Then, behind these walls, we piled all the birds, seal-flesh, and eggs that we had for food, and all the blubber (now frozen quite hard) that we had for fuel, — the former on the right-hand side (going out), and the latter on the left. Having done this, we covered the whole over with snow several feet deep; and, as a still further protection against our enemies the bears, we built up a great wall all around in front of the hut where there were no high rocks. Through this wall we left only one small hole to crawl through when we went out; and, when we came inside, we carefully closed it up with some large blocks of snow. But we did not go outside much, being afraid; and at length, when one of the bears was discovered prowling about very near the hut, we drew within our fortification, closed the opening in the wall as tightly as possible, and were prepared for a siege.

“At first we did not sleep much, being all the time fearful of attack; but gaining courage as we found, day after day, that the bears did not come to molest us, we at length fell asleep both together; and it was while we were thus asleep that the bears discovered us; and before either of us awoke they had actually scaled the wall of our snow-fort, and advanced to where our food and fuel were stowed, close to the mouth of the hut, and were tearing through the snow to get at it.

“We were much frightened, — or I might perhaps better say alarmed, as we felt quite secure ourselves, for the present, since the bears would not be likely to trouble us so long as there was anything else to eat; but then they might just as well eat us first, and the stores afterward, as to eat the stores first; for then we must surely starve and freeze, which would be quite as bad.

“We became now fully aroused to a sense of our unhappy condition, and, the first feeling of alarm having passed over, we began seriously to reflect upon what we should do; for something had to be done, and that very quickly.

“I looked out through the window, and there were the bears all crowded together in the narrow passage; and one of them had already got among the frozen ducks, which were tumbling out in the snow at his feet, and he had one in his mouth, crunching away at it in such a manner as to leave no doubt that he was either very hungry or was in a violent hurry, — growling all the while, with each crunch he gave, to keep away the other two bears. This bear was much the largest of the three; indeed, the smallest one was not larger than a Newfoundland dog, — not larger than Port or Starboard. Thus you see not only what a destructive, but what a selfish, beast he was.

“From alarm we now got to be angry, as we observed the liberties these bears were taking with our food, and the little ceremony they made of eating up, in this wholesale manner, that which had cost us so much hard labor, and upon which our very lives now depended. I seized ‘Old Crumpley’ in very

desperation, and asked the Dean if he would follow me. 'What!' exclaimed he, 'you don't mean to attack them?' 'That's just what I am going to do,' said I; 'and, if you can do anything with "The Delight," now's your chance.' 'I'll stand by you,' said the Dean, grasping his weapon; 'better to be killed outright by the bears than to let them starve us to death, and then perhaps kill us afterwards.'

"Desperate as was our condition, I could not help being amused by the Dean's way of putting the matter,— 'first starved to death, and then killed'; and I think this little speech, turned in that happy though awkward way, did a great deal to stiffen up my courage.

"I crawled out through the door and passage-way of the hut (which I have told you was not high enough for us to stand upright in), and, upon coming near the end of it, there was the bear within three feet of me. His head was turned away, and his nose was all buried up in the snow; for he had swallowed his duck, and was getting a fresh one, so that he did not see me. My heart seemed to be in my mouth,— so close to the dreadful monster,— so ferocious and fearful did he appear as I looked up at him. Had I been alone, I think I should have retreated; but here was the Dean behind me, and I was ashamed to back out, having gone thus far. Summoning all my courage, therefore, I brought forward my spear, grasped it with both hands, and plunged it with all my force into the animal's neck, just behind the lower jaw and below the ear.

"It was a fortunate stroke. I had evidently, by chance, cut some great blood-vessel, for the blood gushed from the wound in a regular stream. The bear dropped his duck very quickly, I can tell you. He was probably never so much astonished in all his life before. I had come upon him so stealthily, and he was so absorbed in what he was about, that he had never once suspected the presence of an enemy, but thought himself, no doubt, a very lucky bear to find such a dinner ready caught for him.

"But I caused him to sing another tune than to be constantly growling to frighten off the little bears, for he roared with terror, so that you might have heard him full half a mile; and, finding that he could not wheel around as quickly as he wanted to, he roared again, louder than before, which sounded so dreadful that I drew back into the hut quite instinctively, and thus lost the opportunity to give him another thrust, which I might very well have done, in the side. When he had got wheeled round, he rolled over the other two bears, and the three together, all roaring very loud, rolled against the snow-wall of our fort, and broke it down; and now, as soon as they could scramble to their legs again, they hurried away through the snow down into the valley,— the smallest one trying hard to keep up, and whining piteously all the while, as if he were afraid something would catch him; and now, just as we had done before, when we had, with our shouts, frightened the bears away when they had first come to disturb us, we ran after them, little thinking, in the excitement of the moment, of danger.

"We found that the bear I had wounded held straight down the valley, as was easily told by the red streak he left behind him on the snow. The other two turned to the right, and ran over in the direction of the old narwhal.



“Following the red streak, we came soon down to the beach ; and then, climbing over the rough ice which the tide had piled up, we were quickly upon the frozen sea, hurrying on as fast as we could go. Indeed, no feeling of fear ever crossed our minds ; for the great quantity of blood that the bear left behind him somehow or other went to convince us, without reflection even, that the bear must be dead, and that we should presently come upon him.

“While hurrying on at this rate, our spirits received a sudden check ; for we did at length come upon the bear, sure enough. As soon as we saw him we forgot all our courageous resolutions immediately, and, wheeling about in great alarm, we ran back towards the hut.

“Finding, however, that we were not pursued, we turned about again ; and, proceeding more cautiously this time, we came, in a little while, in sight of the bear again, very near where he was before ; but now he was clearly by no means a formidable enemy ; for he was going along very slowly, and making a crooked track, as if he was drunk. Directly he fell over ; and, in a little while afterwards, we went up to him, and found him dead, — having bled to death from the wound I had given him.

“You may easily imagine how rejoiced we were ; for now we had an enormous supply of food, and a fine bear-skin besides ; so I lost no time in unlashng the knife-blade from the end of ‘Old Crumply,’ and with this we began to butcher him. It was a very cold and tedious operation ; but we got through with it at last, and then, burying all of the flesh in the snow except a small piece that we wanted for supper, we returned to the hut, dragging the skin after us, the Dean whistling, all the way, ‘Bonaparte crossing the Alps,’ which he had picked up, as he told me, from a Frenchman in Havana.

“While we were coming up the valley towards the hut, in this lively state of mind, the Dean stopped suddenly, and said : ‘Suppose, Hardy, the other two bears have taken a notion to come back’ ; and he was right ; for we came presently in sight of one of them, very near the hut, and making directly for it. As soon as he saw us, however, he ran away. So we took a good laugh at his expense, and, thinking the other one must be near him, though not in sight, we proceeded on our way. Fortunately, however, before seeing the bear, we halted long enough to secure the knife-blade again on the end of ‘Old Crumply’ ; and it was well that I did this, for, when we arrived at the broken wall where the bears had made their way out, much to our surprise, we came right upon the other bear, close up to the mouth of the hut, busy swallowing a duck. This was the smallest of the three bears, and he could not have been more than a year or so old. No sooner did he hear us than he, like the other one, became alarmed ; but, seeing that the road by which he had entered was blocked up, he did not try to escape in that way, nor did he appear to have the least idea that he had only to charge upon us to see how quickly he would clear the passage ; for, instead of doing this, he rushed forward, and darted into our hut, no doubt thinking that would lead to a place of safety.

“I do not exactly know by what motive I was impelled, but I sup-

pose the same that governed me on several other occasions ; that is, a general one belonging to almost all human beings, and, indeed, to most animals, — to chase whatever runs away, and to run away from whatever chases. At any rate, I rushed up to the doorway of the hut, I believe without any idea at all in my head, and without giving much thought about it, and had like to have got into a great scrape ; for the bear, having found that the hut gave him no chance of escape, had turned about, and was coming out again. I was wholly unprepared for him, so hasty had I been. I could not run, and therefore, quite mechanically, I hit him in the face with the sharp point of ‘Old Crumply,’ which sent him back into the hut again, and made him roar in a dreadful manner, as if he were half killed. I knew I must have hit him on some tender spot, — the eye, it proved to be afterwards, so he was half blind as well as half dead.

“It was very unfortunate that I had not let him go, or killed him outright ; for we could now hear him tearing everything to pieces in our hut, trying to find a place of escape. The wall between our sleeping-place and our closet was first knocked over, as he scrambled about ; and there was no doubt that our pots and lamps were all broken to pieces. It was like a great roaring bull in a china shop, and we wished many times that he was only out and off ; and, if he had only known our minds upon the subject, a compromise would have been speedily made, and the bear might have gone scot-free on condition of his doing no further mischief.

“The bear was not long in discovering the window. Now, the window being very small, it was evident that, if he attempted it, he would do us a great damage, for he could only pass through by knocking down some part of the wall. No sooner, therefore, had his head appeared in that quarter, than the Dean charged him most gallantly with the ‘Delight,’ and gave him such a tremendous blow on the nose that he was glad enough to draw his head in again, which he did with a piteous cry. Then he became quiet for a while, as if meditating upon what course it was best for him now to pursue.

“Availing myself of this little pause, I exchanged weapons with the Dean, and, fixing the harpoon head on the end of the ‘Delight,’ I tied the other end of the line which was fast to it around a large stone which lay across the entrance to the hut. This I did because I thought that there might be a possible chance of catching the bear ; and that, if we could only induce him to run out, I might harpoon him as he passed, and the stone would hold him fast until we could find some way of despatching him.

“No sooner had these preparations been made than the bear was again in motion ; and now he gave a roar that seemed loud enough to have rattled the whole hut down about his ears. This time he had clearly tried the chimney, and had not only scattered the burning moss and fat all about the hut, but had set himself on fire into the bargain ; for a great volume of smoke came out through the window, which smelled of burning hair.

“The screams of the bear were now pitiful to hear, and in very desperation he once more tried the window, when the Dean quickly gave him a crack

with 'Old Crumpley,' which sent him back again. Grown now utterly reckless, he bolted right through the door. I was ready for him, standing on the top of the passage-way and on the stone to which the harpoon line was made fast. As the bear came under me, I let drive with the harpoon, and stuck him in the back. And then away he dashed like a fiery demon, plunging through the snow, smoking and blazing all over. He had evidently rolled all about in our burning fat and moss, as bits of burning moss were sticking to him, setting his hair all on fire, and no doubt scorching his skin to a degree that must have made a dive into the snow very comfortable indeed. As soon as he had run out all the line, the stone under my feet, instead of holding fast, gave way, pitching me after the bear, and turning me quite upside down. I landed head-foremost in a snow-bank. The burning bear went rushing and roaring away, dragging the big stone after him; but not far, however, for he fell over and died directly, no doubt partly from fright, but chiefly perhaps from his wounds and his severe burns.

"Having got rid of the bear, we gave him no further thought for the present, but rushed into the hut to see what mischief had been done there. The smoke was at first so thick that we were almost smothered by it. Our cloth coats and part of our fur bedding were all mixed up with the burning moss upon the floor, and were being rapidly destroyed. As we had feared, the pots and lamps were all broken; and, in short, the inside of the hut was in a very sorry state.

"It was a long time before we fully repaired all the damage the bear had done, and we suffered much inconvenience and discomfort before we replaced our pots, cups, and lamps. When we had, however, at last done all this, we were not sorry that the bears had come to disturb us, but on the other hand were rather rejoiced; for we were now in all respects just as comfortable as ever, and had besides a great warm bear-skin to sleep on, and one more variety of food added to our list, and that, too, in such large quantity that there was no fear of our coming to want very soon."

Seeing that the "Ancient Mariner," showed symptoms of breaking off at this stage of the story, Fred spoke up, and wanted to know more about the bear that had set fire to himself.

"O, it don't much matter about him," replied the Captain. "When we had looked after the hut, and had got the fire put out, and found leisure then to go after the bear, he was dead enough, as I said before; but much of the hair was singed off him as nicely almost, in some places, as if he had been shaved, so that the skin was of little use to us, and we only used the flesh, which we soon grew very fond of; for this bear, as I have said before, was a young one, and his flesh was tender."

"What became of the other bear?" asked William, curious to reach the end of the bear story.

"We never saw anything more of him, nor heard anything more of him either," answered the Captain; "and indeed we were never troubled any more with bears at all in that way, but thereafter lived in peace."

*Isaac I. Hayes.*

## OUT IN THE SHOWER.

WHAT do the birds do out in the shower,  
 When the sun has been in for more than an hour;  
 When roses are scattered, and drops of rain  
 Break into tunes on the window-pane?

When all the world looks cold and wan,  
 Just as it does before the dawn;  
 And the water, soaking through fragrant grasses,  
 Fills the sparrow's nest as it passes?

How can the redstart find his berries,  
 Or the redbreast look up the black-heart cherries?  
 How can the wee wren keep her brood  
 Safe and sheltered and served with food?

Out in such pitiless, pelting weather,  
 Drenched and dripping from each pin-feather,  
 Surely they 'd all get wet to the skin  
 If some kind friend did n't call them in.

Down in the hedge there 's the merry chaffinch,  
 But her nest is full, you know, every inch;  
 And the purple-martins that built in the basket  
 Would n't take a fellow in, if you ask it.

The humming-bird 's such a sprightly elf  
 He can very well take care of himself;  
 He might run between the drops, I should think,  
 Or only stop long enough to drink.

I heard a black-cap whistle a tune  
 Which seemed to say, "It will clear away soon!"  
 But the little jays pipe on together,  
 Quite as if it were sunshiny weather.

O, if the rainbow would grow and grow,  
 And the drops fall ever and ever so slow,  
 Each tiny warbler, be it thrush or wren,  
 Would chirrup for just such a shower again!

*Mary N. Prescott.*



## SHOALS AND QUICKSANDS.

WINTER came and went, and spring winds began to blow on the little gray house under the bluff. Jimmy and Nathan, in their great-coats and mittens, had gone about very much as usual; but Mrs. Ben, fearing croup or cold for Polly, kept her close by her side. Sometimes, after snow and sleet, came a soft, mild day, and then Polly, wrapped to the eyes, ran up and down the beach like a wild child, or climbed the bluff, and made a call on Jack; but for the most part she played in the wood-house chamber, or followed her mother about her daily work. There were long evenings, when, holding Seraphina or Matilda Ann, she listened to Jimmy, who was a very good reader for a boy of his age, and who went through their few books over and over again.

Captain Ben came home in January, and then there were good times for all of them; for, declaring that this time he meant to get acquainted with all his children, and defying the wind and cold, Polly's father took her with them just as if she'd been a boy, Nathan said; and there were one or two excursions to Shrewsbury, one of which resulted in a blue and white tea-set, which I do believe Polly has to this day. Jimmy was missing mysteriously

for full half a day, and appeared, about tea-time, bearing a round something, which proved to be a table made from a barrel top, with four lath legs. To be sure it was a little shaky, and finally had to have another board nailed to the bottom to keep it quite steady; but Polly received it with delight, and spent two days in hemming a table-cloth, which, when washed and ironed, was just the same as mother's big ones.

After this, Seraphina gave so many tea-parties that Mrs. Ben said father'd have to lay in an extra barrel of molasses, for Polly kept her baking gingerbread the whole time. It also happened that Jimmy and Nathan discovered a new charm in Polly's society, and might be seen, almost any day of the week, sitting side by side with Matilda Ann and Seraphina, and Keziah and Jemima, the two rag dolls, whose plates were always empty, no matter how often Polly filled them.

"It's a mean shame that you don't let the gingerbread stay on Keziah's plate a minute," said Polly one day, quite tired of cutting it up into nice little squares only to see it disappear in the boys' mouths. "Keziah's the patientest doll, and so 's Jemima, but they can't stand everything."

"Well, they ought to be patient," said Nathan, "when they were named for Job's daughters. I would n't have dolls with such names."

"Yours would n't have any names at all, 'cause boys don't ever have dolls, — so now!" answered Polly.

"Well," said Jimmy, finishing the very last mouthful of gingerbread, and running over to his own side of the wood-house chamber; "I don't care what their names are, so long as they keep giving tea-parties; and some o' these days maybe I'll make a bench for all four o' them to sit on when you play going to meetin'."

Polly cut her gingerbread squares larger after this; but the days went on, and no bench appeared, until at last came May, and the grand moving time to the rock house. Not the first of May, for I doubt if the children knew that was the day when all New York was turned out of doors, but the middle of May, when green grass grew to the very edge of the bluffs, and blue violets blossomed under the cedar-trees. Polly had made flying visits to the place every day for a month past; and at last, one fair, bright Saturday afternoon, with Jack to help, she began the work. Polly packed up, and sent bundle after bundle by Nathan, who seemed in such a hurry he could hardly wait for them.

"Why don't Jack and Jimmy come and help?" said she.

"O, I guess they're busy," answered Nathan; and she went on, till at last there remained only Seraphina to be carried down. Polly walked slowly along, hugging the dolly, and lifting her face to the soft spring wind, till she reached the rock house.

"Why — but" — said she, and then stood still in astonishment.

The house was formed, as I have told you before, by one great rock shelving over and meeting another rock. Sheltered as it was, still through the chinks in rainy days rain would fall; and the rag dolls, who had not so safe a corner as the other two, were very often so wet through that Polly had to

lay them in the sun on the tip-top of the rock, and play they had dreadful colds, till they were dry again. Now Jimmy stood up there with a trowel in his hand, and a great lump of something by his side, while Jack was taking red, yellow, and white pebbles from a wheelbarrow, and making a bright pebble mosaic under the shelf where their curiosities were kept. Every particle of sea-weed lodged through the winter had been cleared away; over the open space fresh white sand from the Point was spread; and in the dolls' corner there stood a new bench, just the right size for them, and actually painted green.

"O you sweet, dear boys!" squealed Polly, when she found words; "how you are fixing things! What is Jimmy doing?"

"Stopping up everything, so 't we won't get wet once this summer," answered Jimmy, from above. "I guess those Lanes won't have a better place than this to play in, up to Squire Green's or anywhere else."

Polly scrambled up to him, and stood looking on with delight. Every crevice he had filled with mortar, and over all laid a thick covering of sea-weed.

"It 'll blow away pretty soon," said he; "but by that time the mortar 'll be hard as the rock, and 't won't make any matter whether it's covered or not."

"I love you," said Polly; "I 'll hem all your sails this summer."

"Will you?" answered Jimmy, delighted; "will you do one to-day?"

Polly's face fell. Jimmy was always making boats, big and little, and the sails were legion that she had already hemmed.

"Won't one o' the old ones do?" said she.

"No, it won't," said Jimmy; "'cause it's a brig I 'm riggin' now, and the other sails are all for schooners and sloops. You need n't do it, though; I thought you did n't mean it."

"Well, I did n't, just exactly," said Polly; "but I always keep my promises, Jimmy, and I 'm a going to now."

Jimmy pulled a little bundle from his pocket. "There's three," said he; "but you need n't do but one to-day."

Polly's face was very long as she scrambled down to the ground, not half so fast as she had scrambled up, and sat down on a stone, half in and half out of the rock house. Thimble and all were in her pocket, for mother had made her a little housewife; and poor Polly looked wistfully over to the dolls' corner, as she threaded her needle, and began on the dingy little bit of cloth. It was small, and long stitches were just the thing for a sail; so that, after all, not so very much time was lost. Jack, too, was telling Nathan a long story about a devil-fish, which had taken in a wild goose at one mouthful; and as Polly finished the last stitch, and Jimmy jumped down to her, she wondered that she had finished so soon.

"You're a first-rate gal," said Jimmy, "and I sha'n't ask you to do another for a good while. You look up the path now, and see what you can see."

"Why, it's Lotty and Harry Lane," said Polly. "I thought they were n't coming till June, and it's only May now."

Harry came running down as if he were very glad to get there, and now Paul appeared behind Lotty, — looking just as ugly as ever, Polly said to herself.

“You did n’t think we were coming so soon, — did you, Polly?” asked Lotty. “We would n’t, only father has gone to Europe for something, and mother did n’t want to stay in New York all alone. We’re going to be here all the time now till father comes back; and just see what I’ve brought you!”

Out of a long wooden box came, after much unfolding of papers, four little chairs, a sofa, and a table, a little cradle with a wee doll in it, and a looking-glass in a gilded frame.

“Gracious goodness me!” said Polly, who could think of no other words which half expressed her feelings; and then she lifted the tiny furniture tenderly, and carried it over to the dolls’ corner.

“Has the baby doll got any name?” said she.

“Not yet,” answered Lotty.

“Well, then,” said Polly, putting the cradle by the side of the big doll’s bed, “I’m going to call her Lotty.”

“Are you?” said Lotty; “but then we won’t know which is which, ’cause I’m going to play with you ’most all the time, you know.”

“Then I’ll call her Lotty Amanda,” said Polly; “that’s a beautiful name.”

In the mean time, Paul and Harry had been looking at the new arrangements in the rock house.

“Is n’t it splendid?” said Harry; “won’t we have good times down here?”

“We might, if there was anybody worth while to play with,” said Paul. “I wish some of the boys that go to my school were going to come down here.”

“If they’re all as sweet and amiable as you be, what a treat we’d have!” said Jimmy. “I tell you what, if you can’t come down here without sassing us the whole time, you might just as well stay away.”

“I guess I will, then, you horrid boy!” said Paul, turning and running up the path.

“There, now, we’ve got to go home too,” said Harry, “’cause mother told us to all stay together. O dear!”

“Never mind,” said Jack; “I’m going along, for there’s lots o’ chores to do at the barn. I’ve got something up there to show you.”

Polly said good by, and raced to the house to show everything to mother, while Jack walked on with Lotty and Harry. Grandpa Green was in the barn when they reached it, holding a covered basket in his hand.

“What you got, grandpa?” all said together; and for answer the basket-lid was lifted a moment, and the children, peeping in, saw two white pigeons.

“Why,” said Lotty, “you’ve got lots o’ doves, grandpa; what made you get any more?”

“Come up to the pigeon-house, and you’ll see,” answered grandpa; and



Paul ran up the ladder, and opened the little door leading to the line of boxes. Grandpa set the basket inside, took off the lid, and the pretty creatures, lifting their heads, and hearing a cooing from the nests where the mother-doves were sitting, hopped first to the edge of the basket, and then to the floor, picked up a grain or two of corn, and, suddenly, with a little rustling sound, spread out their two white tails into perfect fans, and walked up and down as if they knew how much they were being admired.

"There," said grandpa, — "two, you see. One for you, Paul, and one for you, Harry; and, when the little ones are hatched, you are to give one to Lotty, and after that sell them, or anything you please."

"Will anybody buy them?" asked Paul.

"O yes," said grandpa; "I had some trouble in getting this pair, and the man of whom I bought them will take all you raise, and be glad to get them. Feed them yourself every day, and they will soon know you."

Jack handed up an ear of corn, and Lotty shelled some kernels, and threw them down.

"Was this what you meant, Jack?" said she.

"No," said Jack; "I did n't know about this. There 's only one o' mine, and it 's all for you."

"Could n't I give part of it to Harry?" said Lotty.

"Not easy, I guess," said Jack, smiling a little; "you might, though, but it would n't be very good for it. Come and see."

Lotty followed to the other side of the barn, unnoticed by Harry or Paul, who were busy with the pigeons. As they climbed up the piled-up hay, a faint little sound came to them.

"I guess that 's a chickabiddy that 's lost its way," said Lotty.

"I guess 't is n't," Jack answered, suddenly turning over a truss of hay, and showing an old basket; "you just look in there!"

"Oh!" screamed Lotty, seeing two little white feet, clinging to the edge of the basket. "Such a kitten! How *did* you know I wanted a kitten, Jack? O you darling beauty, come right here!"

The darling beauty had retreated to the bottom of the basket, and mewed sadly as Lotty picked her up.

"She wants her mother; has n't she got any mother?" asked Lotty.

"Yes," said Jack, "but she 's gone fishing."

"Gone fishing?" echoed Lotty in amazement. "I never heard of a cat doing such a thing."

"This cat does," said Jack; "she 'll sit on the Point watching those little fish that come in close to shore, and all at once she 'll give a dab with her paw, and fetch in one or maybe two of 'em, and then she crunches 'em up, bones and all, and has a good time; she 'll be bringing 'em home to this kitty, soon as it 's big enough."

"I should think raw fish would be awful," said Lotty; "this kitty sha' n't ever eat 'em. Can't I take her into the house, Jack?"

"Guess not," Jack answered; "she 's too little, and her mother would n't let her stay."

“ I ’m going to be her mother,” said Lotty, “ and she ’ll have to mind me. I ’ll take her in just a little minute, anyway.”

So Lotty picked up kitty, and tugged over the hay and down the ladder. Up on the other side, as she went out, she saw the whisking of a black tail, and, thinking kitty’s mother was close by, ran on to the house. Paul and Harry were in the dining-room, telling grandma about the pigeons, and both were delighted with the little soft thing. Lotty sat down on a footstool, and all three began to stroke and pat the wee pussy, which did n’t seem to like it at all, when suddenly there entered a small black cat, hardly bigger than a kitten herself, that, walking very quietly and deliberately up to Lotty, jumped into her lap, took kitty in her mouth, and as quietly walked out and toward the barn with it.

“ Oh ! ” cried Lotty, looking after her in dismay, “ she ’ll kill my kitten, and I won’t ever have another ; somebody make her let go ! ”

“ That ’s all right,” said grandpa ; “ it does n’t hurt your kitty to be carried so, for that is the way they were meant to be lifted.”

“ It would hurt me,” said Lotty, still sceptical.

“ Because you have n’t any thick soft folds of skin at the back of your neck,” answered grandpa. “ Take hold of kitty in the same way, the next time you have her, and you will see that she does n’t object at all.”

Lotty, half satisfied, adjourned to the kitchen, whence came a most delicious smell of hot gingerbread, followed immediately by Harry ; and both children were presently discovered by mamma, on their way to the swing, in possession of more cookies than it seemed possible they could eat.

So the days went by. There were visits innumerable to the rock house, and Lotty and Harry were beginning to know almost as much about ’long shore as Polly Ben ; while she, in turn, had gained a great many ideas of city life, which on the whole did not seem to her very desirable. Kitty grew apace, and was now quite beyond carrying ; while the mother pussy, grown familiar with the children, spent all the time she could conveniently spare from her fishing lying in Lotty’s lap, or helping pussy junior chase the cork fastened to a string, which hung at such a desirable height from the floor that the soberest-minded cat could not have resisted it. The fantails had driven the old proprietors out of the very best box in the pigeon-house ; two round eggs had been laid ; and in due time came two little fantails, which grew rapidly, and were soon large enough to leave the nest.

One morning the Ben children had come up to the Squire’s to spend part of the day. The boys retired to the barn, where Jack had under way a schooner, which by and by was to be launched in honor of Harry’s birthday ; while Lotty, to whom Polly had brought a little tin cup full of lovely yellow and white snail shells, went up with her to a small room in the attic, which grandma had said should be her own rainy-day room so long as she stayed there. In it were a low table and two chairs, and on a shelf in one corner a glue-pot and a cup of paste, with all sorts of little boxes, and a great pile of Illustrated London News, with an enormous scrap-book, into which the prettiest pictures were pasted, when cut out. On the table was a lump of fresh putty

with which grandpa had mixed a little vermilion to tint it ; and in a box were small shells, some gathered 'long shore, and others contributed by grandma from the great cabinet which stood in the parlor. Lotty was to take her first lesson in shell-work to-day ; and, finally deciding upon two large pill-boxes as in every respect desirable, the two children sat down side by side, and Polly, putting a coat of putty on her box-lid, showed Lotty how to stick the little shells in firmly.

"I 'll make a *teenty* white star on mine," said she, "and fill up the top with the yellow shells ; and you make a yellow star, so 's not to have 'em both alike ; and I 'll give mine to Seraphina when it 's done, to keep her best pocket-handkerchief in."

"My doll has n't got but one pocket-handkerchief," said Lotty, "so she has to carry it all the time, except when it 's being washed, and then I get her the whitest rag I can find."

"Why don't you hem her another?" said Polly.

"'Cause I hate to sew," answered Lotty ; "but I 'm hemming a great big handkerchief for father when he comes home, and I do a little on it every day."

"What 's the matter with the doves?" said Polly, looking up ; "they 're flying all round."

Lotty ran to the window. Loud voices were heard from the barn ; and in a moment Paul ran out with a long stick in his hand, chasing after the black cat, which ran before him, and, jumping on the fence, was over and out of sight in an instant. Lotty and Polly flew down the stairs and out to the barn. Paul came back red with anger as they went in, while the other boys stood in the corner bending over something.

"See there, what your cat has done!" cried Paul. "I 'll kill her, if I catch her, and her kitten too."

Jack stepped aside, and Lotty saw one of the little fantails lying on the floor, with broken wing and poor bloody head.

"My cat could n't have done such a dreadful thing," said Lotty, beginning to cry. "She would n't kill a dove."

"She would then," said Paul. "Somebody left the door of the pigeon-house open, and she went in, and picked out the nicest one she could. I 'll pay her for it. I 'll pay Jack for leaving the door open too. He did it on purpose, I 'll bet."

"What 's all this?" said Grandpa Green from the barn-door. "What 's the matter, Paul?"

"That mean cat has killed the prettiest fantail," said Paul ; "and, if Jack had n't left the door open, she could n't have got in."

"Come now," said Jack, "you know you were up there not an hour before she did it. If anybody left the door open, it was you ; for we 've all been down here, every one of us."

Paul's eyes fell a little.

"I don't care," said he ; "I 'll kill that cat."

"No, sir," said grandpa. "If you were careless enough to leave the door open, it is right you should suffer somewhat, though I 'm sorry for the poor

pigeon. Let it make you more careful another time, and never again be mean enough to charge another with what you know you did yourself. Now which of you wants a ride? I'm going to Shrewsbury."

"I wish you 'd take me and Nathan," said Harry.

"Well, come along," said grandpa; and Lotty and Polly went back sadly to their work.

"Pussy 'll come back, and eat up the fantail," said Lotty, after a time.

"She might," Polly said. "Let's put it in a hole, and cover it up, and then she can't."

"Well," said Lotty; "come now, then"; and the two children went to the barn again. Paul had thought of this, however; and the little fantail had been put under the great gooseberry-bush, while he sat in the barn-door, awaiting pussy's return.

"I 'll give that cat a licking anyhow," said he, "and maybe she 'll know better another time."

"Let's get her and hide her," said Polly, in a whisper.

So the two children walked on to the garden, and from there down to the meadow, and then up the other side of the fence. Sure enough, pussy was there in hiding, and, on the whole, glad to see them. Lotty covered her up in her apron, went on to the house, and, carrying her in at the front door, and up stairs, shut her into the attic room just as Paul came into the house. Pussy, however, not liking solitary confinement, jumped from the window to the boughs of a great chestnut-tree close by; and from there to reach the ground and the back of the barn was a very quick piece of work. Paul, having no idea she could get in without being seen by him, continued his watch till dinner-time, when, softening under the influence of custard pie, he decided to drop the matter, for the present at any rate.

The last Saturday in June came, and all the children were assembled in a corner of the barn-yard, where Jack, in order to give the last mysterious touches to the little schooner, had built a small fire, and was heating over it some tar in an iron pot. It was Harry's birthday, and, in consequence, a holiday for Jack; and, just as soon as the boat was finished, they were going to the launching-place, which you know all about, if you have read "In The Cove." Grandma had baked a cake with HARRY on it in sugar letters, and a grand tea-party was to be given at the rock house after the launch. The children didn't know it, but Mrs. Lane had sent down a great basket of strawberries, and Mrs. Ben had been commissioned to set a table with biscuit and butter and cold tongue,—the cake for a centre-piece, flanked by cookies and gingerbread, and just as many strawberries as they could eat. Lotty and Polly sat under a little shed, on a pile of salt hay, kept there for the cattle to nibble at; and the boys moved about the fire, feeding it with chips, or dipping wisps of hay into the tar and setting them on fire.

Suddenly from the pigeon-house came the cry of the mother-birds, and then the whirl of wings as they flew excitedly about. Paul sprang to the barn, and up the ladder. The door was open; but this time not the black cat had done the mischief. Lotty's gray kitty it was who held in her mouth

fantail number two, not dead yet, and uttering plaintive cries. Paul seized the kitten, threw the pigeon back to the nest, and, beside himself with passion, flew down the ladder and out to the yard.

"I'll singe her," said he; and, before anybody could know what he meant to do, he had dipped the kitten in the tar-pot, and touched it to the still smouldering fire. In an instant it caught, and the poor cat, with a dreadful cry, ran wildly over the yard to the salt hay, trying to find a hiding-place there. Dry as powder from the hot June sun, it blazed up, before the kitten, mad with pain, could rush from it through the fence and far down the field. Jack with one bound reached the pile, and threw the children from it, while with the pitchfork lying there he tossed the hay, fast as he could, into the meadow, up which Grandpa Green came running, followed by Mike the man, passing the kitten still writhing on the ground. The little shed was in a light blaze now, which mounted up toward the barn. In a moment grandpa had out the hose, kept always ready for fire, fastened it to the barn-yard pump, and sent a stream of water on the stack.

"Tear the boards off that fence, boys," he cried, "or everything will go."

Jack sprang to it, followed by Jimmy. The fence was old, and the boards came off easily; so that, by the time an open space had been made, the fire, with little to feed it, was almost drowned out, and the four workers stopped to take breath. The shed had gone, and the end of the barn was blackened and scorched by the quick, sudden heat. Paul had stood pale and terrified, while Lotty and Polly ran screaming to the house, bringing every one in it out at once; and when grandpa dropped the pump-handle, and stood wiping his forehead, all began to ask questions together.

"Not a word now," said he, and walked into the house with such a sad, troubled face, that grandma knew something more than the burning of the shed must be the matter. Lotty and Polly were still crying too hard to explain anything, and Paul had rushed up to his own room, and locked the door, while the other boys stood blankly, and looked at each other, as if they could hardly realize what half an hour had done.

Presently Grandpa Green looked up.

"Where is Paul?" said he. "I want him to come to me."

Mrs. Lane went to his door.

"Your grandfather wants you, Paul," said she.

There was silence for a moment, and then Paul appeared, looking half miserable, half defiant, and went slowly down the stairs, not even glancing at his mother, who followed him. Grandpa Green was in the great chair in which he always sat when people came to him to make complaints; and as Paul entered the room, and walked toward him, he looked so steadily and gravely at him, that the defiant air passed away from the boy's face, and he turned pale and red alternately.

"Tell your own story," said grandpa, as the children crept in, and stood about the room, — "tell your own story, Paul; and, if it has any best side, let me know it."

Paul began, broke down, began afresh, then burst into tears; and, throwing himself into a chair by the table, hid his face on it, and sobbed aloud.

“ Did he set the stack on fire ? ” said Mrs. Lane.

“ He did worse than that, Charlotte,” said grandpa. “ He set that kitten of Lotty’s on fire, and the miserable little animal is dead or dying down in the field. Jimmy, tell, since Paul cannot, how it happened.”

Jimmy began hesitatingly, “ I don’t believe he meant to,” when Paul sprang up.

“ I did mean to,” said he. “ I meant to burn it a little, just to teach it never to kill my birds again ; but I never thought how it would hurt ; I never meant to kill it.”

“ Never thought, never meant,” said grandpa. “ I don’t suppose you did. A man does n’t think, and does n’t mean, when he murders ; and, if passion makes you kill a kitten when you are twelve, you may kill a man at twenty. Now go to your room. This is a matter your mother must settle with you. I have nothing more to do with it.”

Paul went out and up stairs ; and Lotty ran to her mother, and put her head down in her lap.

“ My little kitty,” she sobbed ; “ my dear little kitty all burned and dead ! O mother, mother ! ”

There was no comfort for her, and tears came to every one’s eyes when they saw her grief. Nathan and Polly and Jimmy walked sadly home, and, after a time, Mrs. Lane went up to Paul’s room. She was there a long while, and what passed the children never knew. Paul did not come down till evening ; then he came and told Lotty and Harry how sorry he was, and that he meant now to try, hard as he could, never again to be so passionate. Lotty forgave him at once, and then Paul went out to the porch where grandpa was sitting alone, and by and by Mrs. Lane joined them. When the nine-o’clock bell rang, and all went in to prayers, he held his grandfather’s hand, and when grandma afterward asked if he were to be punished, “ No more than he is now,” answered grandpa. “ To-day’s work has brought its own punishment ; but I shall be glad of it all, if, as I hope and think, Paul is made by it a better boy.”

There was a little constraint when the children all came together again ; but, when they saw how mild and quiet Paul was, not one would have said a word to hurt him. The launch was put off now till the Fourth of July, and when that day came there was a gala time, for Captain Ben was at home, and not only fired his gun thirteen times when the little schooner Union slid down to the water, but insisted on presiding at the table afterward, where he made wonderful mistakes in pouring tea, and brought out unexpectedly such an enormous package of candy that the children hardly knew what to do with it. Lotty and Polly put theirs into the shell boxes, and forgot it ; whence it resulted, that, on its discovery some days later, it was too highly flavored with putty to be agreeable, and consequently did duty at all Seraphina’s tea-parties for weeks afterward. The poor little kitty Jack had found, and buried under the gooseberry-bush by the first fantail. As to the other fantail, it got well at once, though one leg was always a little shorter than the other ; and, for all I know, it may even now be hobbling about Squire Green’s barn-yard.

## A B I R D ' S - N E S T .

OVER my shaded doorway  
 Two little brown-winged birds  
 Have chosen to fashion their dwelling,  
 And utter their loving words ;  
 All day they are going and coming  
 On errands frequent and fleet,  
 And warbling over and over,  
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet !"

Their necks are changeful and shining,  
 Their eyes are like living gems ;  
 And all day long they are busy  
 Gathering straws and stems,  
 Lint, and feathers, and grasses,  
 And half forgetting to eat,  
 Yet never failing to warble,  
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet !"

I scatter crumbs on the door-step,  
 And fling them some flossy threads ;  
 They fearlessly gather my bounty,  
 And turn up their graceful heads,  
 And chatter and dance and flutter,  
 And scrape with their tiny feet,  
 Telling me over and over,  
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet !"

What if the sky is clouded ?  
 What if the rain comes down ?  
 They are all dressed to meet it  
 In water-proof suits of brown.  
 They never mope nor languish,  
 Nor murmur at storm or heat,  
 But say, whatever the weather,  
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet !"

Always merry and busy,  
 Dear little brown-winged birds !  
 Teach me the happy magic  
 Hidden in those soft words,  
 Which always in shine or shadow  
 So lovingly you repeat  
 Over and over and over,  
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet !"

*Florence Percy.*

## LESSONS IN MAGIC.

## XI.

IN my last "Lesson" I explained some of the mysteries of card manipulations, and in this I propose to describe a new and easy method of making money. Don't be alarmed; I am not going to initiate you into the art and mystery of forging, or write an essay on "Counterfeiting made Easy"; I am merely going to teach an elegant trick, which has lately been "performed with the greatest success in all the principal cities of the Union," as the show-bill says.

For this trick it is necessary to have a hat, which is used as a bank of deposit for the money which is everywhere found; this hat is borrowed from one of the audience, and is entirely without preparation.

Having procured the hat, the performer returns to his stage, and commences his search for the precious metal, which is soon to be showering down on him. The music commences "piano, pianissimo"; the audience are hushed, silence reigns supreme; the performer strikes an attitude, clutches wildly at the air, and lo! he has in his hand one of the curiosities of the age, a silver half-dollar. He holds it up for a second, showing it to the audience in a most aggravating way, and then, with a look that says plainly, "Don't-you-wish-you-might-get-it?" tosses it into his hat. The music continues; the performer approaches the leader of the orchestra, and from the top of his bald and shiny old head picks up a second "half," which he throws into the hat to keep company with the first. He now goes to work in earnest, and picks up money everywhere. Whatever he touches literally turns to gold,—or, what is about the same, silver,—until at last he is exhausted, and, wiping the perspiration from his brow,—from which, by the by, several pieces of silver fall the moment his hand touches it,—he stops the work, and turns out the proceeds from the hat to a plate, which it nearly fills.

There are several ways of doing this trick, but the one I will explain is that practised by Bosco, the best sleight-of-hand performer in the world, and the originator of the trick.

Get twenty or more pieces of money about the size of a half-dollar. Put *one* in the right hand, and the balance in the left. Take your "wand"—or a glove will do, as the object is to have an excuse for keeping the hand closed—in your right hand, and you are ready for the trick. As you walk towards the audience, request that some one will loan you a hat. As it is offered, take it in your right hand, and, immediately passing it to the left, place that hand—which is filled with money—inside, the thumb only coming outside the rim. Now extend your arms and beg the audience to feel them, and convince themselves there is nothing there concealed. The right hand is apparently holding the "wand" (or glove), and the left the hat; and these they will not think of examining. Having satisfied them that you are not in any way deceiving them,



you walk back to the stage. As you do this, you throw your "wand" (or glove) away, under pretence of getting rid of it, and at the same time drop the coin which you have in your right hand into your sleeve. When about to commence the trick, you take a position with your right side to the audience, the hat being in your left hand.

Open your right hand, and show the audience that it is empty. Make one or two clutches in the air, and each time, after doing so, look eagerly into your hand, as though expecting to find something there. Nothing appears, however; and at last you strike your brow in a despairing way, and afterwards let your hand fall by your side. At this movement, the piece of money which is in your sleeve will fall into your hand; you immediately "palm" it, and again—this time as if in desperation—you clutch at the air. You now let the piece fall to the tips of your fingers, and hold it up for the audience to see, and they will imagine that you have but that moment caught it. Let them look at it a second, and then make a movement as if throwing it into the hat, but, instead of doing so, you "palm" it, and let one of the pieces which are in your left hand drop into the hat. The audience, hearing the money fall, will imagine that you really threw the piece in from your right hand.

In this way you continue catching money, "palming" it, and dropping from your left hand, until there remain in that hand but about five of the nineteen pieces which it contained.

By this time some of the "'cute" ones in your audience may have begun to suspect that you have been "palming" a single piece, and, in order to quiet any such suspicion, you have recourse to the following *ruse*. Instead of *pretending* to throw the piece into the hat, you actually do so, and in such a way that all can see it. You now show your right hand to the audience, shake your sleeve, and convince them in every possible way that there is nothing concealed either in or about that hand; whilst you are doing this, you work the remaining four or five pieces that are in your left hand between the third and little fingers of that hand, and bring those fingers outside of and under the rim of the hat. The audience being assured that your right hand is empty, pass the hat to that hand, and at the same time take with it, from the left hand, the remaining pieces of money. Hold up your left hand now, that they may see that it, too, is empty; pass back the hat, but retain the money in your right hand. Let one of the pieces fall to your finger-ends, and toss it *visibly* into the hat. Continue in this way until all the pieces are thrown in, and then turn out the money, with considerable shaking and jingling, from the hat to a plate.

Although pure sleight of hand, this trick is equal to any, mechanical or otherwise, that is exhibited.

I have never, however, seen but one magician in this country who really knew how to do it; most of them not allowing their sleeves to be examined, none of them practising the *ruse* which I have described of changing the hat and with it the money from one hand to the other. Some few bunglers, whom I have seen attempt it, do not "catch" anything, but, after clutching at

the air, close their right hand as if it held something, and then, placing it over the hat, open it, and let a piece drop from their left hand. Stupid as this method may seem, I have known a "first-class magician" to practise it.

In order to be really effective, this trick, and in fact any one, requires considerable acting.

#### HOW TO MAKE A PERSON DRAW LONG OR SHORT IN DRAWING CUTS.

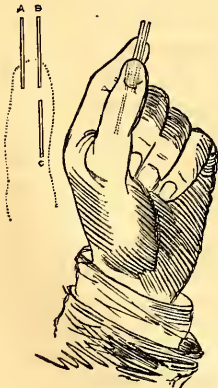
In my school-days, whenever we wished to decide some vexed question, — such, for instance, as who should be "It" in playing "Tag," or who be blindfolded in "Blind-Man's-Buff," — we always settled the matter by "drawing cuts" for it. Of course every one knows what that is, but as there may be some poor benighted person who yet remains ignorant of this indisputably fair method of determining matters, I will briefly describe the process. A number of pieces of straw (the wisp of a broom makes a good "cut"), all but one of the same length, are placed together in the hand of a person, the ends only projecting between the thumb and forefinger; in this state, of course, it is impossible to tell which the short piece is. Those interested then each draw a straw, and the one who gets the short piece is the loser; should the person who held the straws, and who must also be an interested party, happen to have the short one left with him, he, of course, is the loser.

I never heard the fairness of this test questioned, and was therefore greatly astonished on being informed lately, by an ingenious friend of mine, that he had discovered a way of cheating in drawing cuts. Of course I suggested, as was only proper, that he might have employed his time more profitably; but as long as he had found out how to do the thing, and there was now no remedy for the evil, I was willing to be shown the secret. In order to show how sensibly he was affected by my reproof, he immediately explained the whole mystery to me, which I will confess I did not see through; and, as it is too good to keep, I will now give it to my readers, with the explicit understanding, however, that they will not divulge it nor act upon it.

As it is easier to explain this with two straws than more, and as the principle is the same, — that is, if a person who cheats his neighbor can lay claim to any principle, — I will take that number to illustrate the trick.

Take two pieces of straw, one an inch and a half and the other two inches long; cut the longer piece into two equal parts, and you have everything ready for your trick. As I wish to make this perfectly clear, I will call the inch-and-a-half piece A, and the other two pieces B and C.

Take B and C, and, placing them end to end, hold them between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, to give the effect of one straight piece; next lay A alongside them, and close the hand partly, so



that the person who is to draw may not be able to see which is the longer piece, as in the figure. Offer the straws to some one to draw. If A happens to be drawn, you exclaim, "Ah, my dear fellow, you've lost this time; you've drawn the short piece," and show him B and C; and, as the ends where they are held together are concealed by your fingers, it really appears as if you held the long "cut" in your hand. If, however, B should be drawn, you still claim to have won, and, pulling out A with the fingers of your left hand, you hand it to the one who drew, under pretence of letting him compare the length of the pieces, whilst you let C, which is still between the fingers of your right hand, drop on the floor. "Drawing cuts" in this way is very similar to the equally fair game of "Heads, I win; tails, you lose," — the only caution necessary being that you do not use the same straws twice, as your trick would then be easily and deservedly detected.

P. H. C.



### T I N Y D A V Y .

AT ten years of age, Davy was scarcely taller than a flour-barrel, and it was decided that he would never be able to look over that familiar article. A tiny, delicate waif, he seemed most like some pretty flower that had blown, by chance, in a kitchen garden, without any one to tend and nurture it according to its needs; for Davy's home was an almshouse, his toys the chips and blocks and rusty nails that collected in the yard from time to time, his playmates the rough ragamuffins who slept under the same roof as himself, — hardy little fellows, who had inherited quick tempers and poverty in common with Davy, but to whom Nature had added the further endowment of rosy cheeks and healthy frames she had denied to him. But, after all, Davy had his aspirations, his miniature day-dreams, his castles in the air. He aspired to be a man, — to be a *tall* man, and wear a coat like the overseer's, and go wherever he pleased, and do as he liked, and read without spelling his words, like the clergymen who visited the almshouse, and to earn his own living. Was n't it odd that he should have set his heart on this? Poor Davy! he really believed there *would* come a day when all the benefits of manhood should be his own; when he would leave the gloomy almshouse and its uncouth inmates, all but old Aunt Nancy, — Aunt Nancy, who was everybody's aunt, perhaps because she had never been anybody's; who tucked him up on cold winter nights, and sung to him with her quavering voice, and cosseted him as well as her slender means would allow. He used to stroke her gray hair, and say: "Dear Aunt Nancy, when I'm a man, I will buy you a red gown and a rocking-chair; and you shall live in my house, and keep your myrtle-tree in the sunny windows; and your pussy shall sleep all day before the fire, and nobody shall tread on its tail, — when I'm a man."

And so Davy used to plan about being a man, till one day when the overseer

set the other boys to piling wood in the yard. Davy was seldom given any such tasks, because he was such an infant ; so he built mud forts, while the others worked away at the wood, some of them secretly envying the little engineer.

“ Why don't Davy pile wood ? ” asked one, at length.

“ Don't you see ? Because he 's too little,” was the reply.

“ No, I 'm not too little,” said Davy, who really seemed to sleep with one ear open, and eagerly resented being called little ; so he caught at the sticks almost as long as himself, and tugged and pulled and piled them with a will, till his hands were torn and his strength exhausted. Then he sat down on a log, and listened to the boys, as they talked of what they should do when they grew up, — for they all seemed infected with the desire of “ growing up.”

One lazy little fellow fancied he would be a shoemaker, “ Because he sits all day on a bench, and pegs away like a clock.”

“ And that 's awl ! ” put in the would-be wit.

“ I am going to be a farmer, and have lots of apple-trees,” remarked another, who was *uncomfortably* fond of apples, since he seldom got them.

“ And I 'll be a soldier, and have a gun that will go *Bang!* ” continued another.

“ Humph ! ” rejoined a fourth, “ I won't be any of those things ; I 'll be a tailor, — I will, — and have as many new coats as I like.”

“ Well, I mean to be like Mr. Blue ; I heard some one say he was the richest man in town, and a banker ; so I 'm going to be a banker ! ” declared one more ambitious than his neighbors.

“ A banker ! ” they all sang out, opening their eyes and mouths at the same time ; “ what 's that ? ”

“ I don't know,” answered the young banker, rather brought to bay ; “ but that 's no matter. O, he takes money out of a bank ! ”

“ Well,” said Davy, rising, and thrusting his hands into his empty pockets, “ I 'm going to be a man to put money *into* the bank.”

“ Pooh,” returned the tailor, “ you won't ever *be* a man ; you 're nothing but a dwarf.”

“ Never be a man ! Sha' n't I ? ” Davy asked of the others, all white and trembling at the idea.

“ Keep still, — can't you ? ” said the little shoemaker to the tailor ; “ don't you know better than to twit a fellow ? If he does n't grow to be a man, he won't have to do a man's work, — will he ? ”

“ But that 's what I *want* to do when I grow up.”

“ You won't ever grow up, I tell you,” persisted the wicked tailor. “ You will never be anything but a baby, and by and by you 'll be taken round for a show. There ! ”

Davy's eyes glowed like sparks, he shook like a leaf, doubled up his tiny fists, and declared war.

“ Pooh ! ” said the tailor again, as if he were blowing a feather, “ I am not going to fight *you* ; I should knock you into a cocked-hat-and-cane in a minute.”



This was too great a blow to Davy's dignity, and he fled, and hid himself in a dim passage-way, where his wrath could dissolve into tears, and he take heart to disbelieve his mischance. While the great sobs tore their way up, as if they would bear his little life away with them, some one came along the passage, and laid a gentle hand on Davy. "Crying? What's the matter with my little man?" It was the clergyman, on his semi-weekly visit at the almshouse.

"I'm not a man. I *never* shall be a man," cried Davy, forgetting all his awe of the great man; "he *said* I should n't. I'm a dwarf, and he can knock me into a cocked-hat-and-cane. O, I hate him, — I do!"

"I had much rather be a dwarf than hate any one, Davy," Mr. Kirk answered him.

"You — you would? Is n't it, then, so bad to be a dwarf?"

"Not so bad as to hate; not *bad* at all, only a little inconvenient."

"But I don't know, sir; what do you mean?" sobbed Davy, — "I shall always be a little boy?"

"We all have a soul; you know, as well as a body," began the good clergyman.

"O yes, I feel it here!" said Davy, pressing a hand on his breast.

"Well, then, did you feel it just now when you hated some one?"

"O, I forgot it then; I only thought about — about my body."

"Yes; so you see that, when you hate, it dwarfs your soul; and a dwarfed soul is a much greater misfortune than a dwarfed body."

"Then my soul will grow, if I am not wicked? Will it grow to be a man's soul? as *big* as a man's?"

"Certainly."

"I don't see —" said Davy; "won't it grow too big for my body?"

"In that case you will be given a spiritual body," said Mr. Kirk, feeling that the child could understand him; and then he went on to tell him that this present body was the temple of his soul, that through it all his worship must ascend to God; and, no matter how small or misshapen it might be, one should not despise it, nor grieve about it, if only one preserved it, unsoiled by ill-temper and unholiness, a pure shelter for the wayfaring soul.

So at last Davy dried his tears, and forgave the naughty tailor, and tried hard to put up with being a dwarf. But, somehow or other, he could n't enjoy himself as before; all his castles in the air were tumbling down about his ears, and he could n't find heart to build more, nor materials even. It seemed to him every day harder to keep down the angry words when the others provoked him, and he would think, "If I were only as big as they, I think I could do it"; and then he would remember that the victory would be so much the greater as he was smaller, and so he often stopped short in the middle of a cross word, and got the better of himself. He declined to have Aunt Nancy tuck him into bed any longer, fancying that, if he could n't have the stature of a man, he might at least have a man's independence in a measure; but Aunt Nancy brought the argument of tears to bear against his pride, and he relented. He marked off his height with charcoal against the white wall, and every morning ran to see if he had not gained upon himself. In his dreams, like Jack's beanstalk, he grew into the heavens, and on such occasions he could hardly persuade himself, after waking and remeasuring, that he had not overstepped the black mark. Mr. Kirk surprised him, one morning, taking the gauge of his inches. "You are thinking too much about it, Davy," said he; "which of us by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" And Davy neglected to measure himself thereafter.

One day a stranger came to see Mr. Screwum, the overseer; and Mr. Screwum, having a great deal of sympathy for the towns-people who were taxed to support the almshouse, and very little for the town's poor, — Mr. Screwum, I say, made Davy over to the stranger for a certain time, to be exhibited wherever the stranger pleased, — as the wicked little tailor had said, to "be made a show."

You may imagine the distress of poor Davy, so sensitive as he was; to be shown off by gaslight, nightly, to a thousand people; standing on the backs of chairs, acting in pantomimes, singing comic songs, dancing hornpipes till his head was lighter than his heels, cracking other people's jokes, and breaking his own heart.

It would have been strange indeed, if the old Adam had not risen in him

*then*; and often, when the audience expected something comic of him, he had half a mind to tell them, boldly, that it was probable their eyes and ears had been given them for more Christian uses than to go out of their way to see and hear a dwarf make a fool of himself.

But all this was not to last long; he got a fall one day, — a fall that injured his spine, the doctors said, and Davy was sent back to the almshouse; and there old Aunt Nancy cared for him in her feeble but affectionate way; there Mr. Kirk came often, and read to him tender Bible lines; and there, last of all, came the little tailor, begging Davy to forgive him “before he went to be an angel.”

And so, one evening, when the sunset yet smouldered in the west, Davy sent for Mr. Kirk. “Poor Aunt Nancy,” said he, “I had promised her such a pretty red gown and a rocking-chair when I grew up; and now, you know, I shall never grow up.”

“I will see to that,” said Mr. Kirk.

“But I shall be changed, — you said?”

“We shall all be changed, — in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.”

“And I shall not be a dwarf any longer? I shall be a man, — shall I not? a man like you?” and he caressed the clergyman with his failing fingers.

“Dear child,” said he, “not like me, but like Him; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body.”

“In the twinkling of an eye,” repeated Davy, smiling back on him from the threshold of eternity; and in a minute more the great gates had closed behind him, and the minister sat alone.

Davy had left the almshouse forever.

*Mary N. Prescott.*



## ABOUT ME ON MY TRAVELS.

### MY BIRTHPLACE.

FROM what I hear read and sung, I suppose it is very much the thing to be overcome when one visits his birthplace. I went to mine, and felt very comfortable. I did n't cry for two reasons. 1st. I am happy to say Miss Alice made me without any water-works and wheezing machinery such as men, women, children, dogs, cats, ducks, &c., &c., &c., have to carry about with them, and which are sure to go off with a disagreeable drizzle and bang unless you handle them “just so.” 2d. I saw nothing to cry about; I was glad I was born; being born, I was glad to see the place; and, seeing the place, was glad I was born *there*. But I must just say, in passing, that when I saw the beautiful little dimpled hands which had fashioned me, I wondered for a moment how they could have created me, stitch by stitch, without rounding me into something of their own dainty grace. But Queenie loves

me! I dare not say as much about this pleasant household as I would, did not the YOUNG FOLKS go there every month. Indeed, the young house-papa says he thinks he might as well take no other periodical than this, for it just suits his fancy, and is the only magazine which he always reads from beginning to end! My *birthplace* was a cosey country-house on Long Island Sound. It has an orchard dappled with daisies on one side, grandpapa's house and grounds on the other, a croquet-lawn in front for pleasant days, and a broad hall and verandas for rainy days, and an Alderney cow for always. Then there are the children! but I must be careful of my adjectives here, lest I harm the darlings. Wise little Kittie had just set up a canary-bird in a cage. "She's a female bird, papa says, and so she can't sing much, but then she looks pretty, just the same," was Kittie's introduction to this idol of hers. "She," being "a female bird" and not singing "much," was appropriately named MAJOR; and as to her "looking pretty, just the same," it's a matter of taste, I suppose; and perhaps Major was as bright and glossy, and had as many tail-feathers, as could be expected of her, seeing she was never left to herself five minutes at a time during Kittie's waking hours.

"For everywhere that Kittie went  
Major was sure to go."

That cage was lugged about from parlor to bedroom, from playhouse to lawn, from grandpapa's to the bath-house; and, whenever the little maiden rested, it was sure to be close to the miserable Major's cage, with her straight little nose perked between the bars, so that Major could not even get a chance to take a bath, and might as well have been an empress for all the comfort and retirement she had.

Kittie's sorest trial was that it was n't thought best to allow Major the range of the dinner-table, or the undivided half of her own bed in the nursery.

As for Alice the less, she was a jolly little mortal, who had a way of prancing about in very loose costume those hot July days. Having been neatly dressed by her nurse, and duly inspected by mamma or grandmamma or Aunt Alice, and pronounced all right, the next thing one would see would be a round little figure, becomingly dressed in drawers only, racing across the croquet-ground; or a little witch with nothing on but a dress, and that somebody's else, and wrong side before at that, running down the sidewalk just as the people were pouring out of the church opposite!

Cally was Queenie's favorite, I must say; and he tried hard to be her true knight, but there were difficulties. Aunt Alice found the little fellow growling to himself in a corner, his black eyes snapping. "Why, Cally! what is the matter?" "She's real mean, — she is!" shaking his head indignantly at our baby, who sat chattering away over a house she had built for me with Cal's blocks, which she called hers. "O Cally! she is your company, and you must not talk about her in that impolite way." "I tell ye, she's real mean! She may have 'em coz I've got to be polite to my company, but she must n't call 'em hers. She's real mean, — she is." And Cally is n't the



only one who likes to have his sacrifices appreciated to the full. It was fun to watch this little knight and lady, who could n't bear to be apart, but the moment they approached each other the sparks began to fly. But I was proud of them when they set off on their rides together, for my fascinating birthplace had two rocking-horses! One was short and low, and serviceable for even very little legs, and was called *Old Kate*; but the other was as grand as anybody's horse, with real soft hair, and flashing eyes, and streaming mane, and floating tail, and was named for the very best governor in all these United States, who had given him to the little boy.

Queenie was wild with delight over "*Goveney Buckeney*." When Cal was out of the way, she would put her own little hat and sack upon the beautiful horse, and wrap his stately head in her shawl, and, after patting him, to make him rock faster, would kiss him so lovingly that it was enough to make any Governor fly. But he was quite too tall and fiery for her to ride safely alone, so she had to be content with loving and patting and feeding and making a "clothes-horse" of him; and, when she wished to ride, she was mounted on "Old Kates" (as she called it), while little Cal dashed off on the "Governor"; and a splendid pair they made. But the sharpest dispute the babies had was over this peaceable namesake of the noble governor. Black-eyes threw down the challenge with a snap and a comical smile, as they were breathing their horses after a race. "Your Old Kate has n't got any tail! See what a great long tail my horse has got!" Blue-eyes, who was busy trying to tie my legs in a bow-knot around Old Kate's thick neck, waited till she was sure it could n't be done, and then said mincingly, "He tail is n't *velly* long!" This drove little Cal almost frantic, and quite back to first principles (if you know what that means). "God does n't love children that say big horses' tails ain't very long!" "Yes, he do!" "No, he don't, coz it's quarrelling"; whereupon both disputants set up a melancholy howl, and had to be carried off the field, "yes-he-do"-ing and "no-he-don't"-ing long after they were out of sight and hearing of each other.

As for ME, I was quite a hero in this visit. If somebody else would be kind enough to say it, I would be much obliged; but, as nobody offers, I will just mention that I was even considered a *beauty!* that is, in comparison with a great-uncle of mine, whom the children had been making much of (from Kittie down) for four or five years. They had made so much of him, indeed, what with "washing and starching, and laying him out to dry" (as it says in the Frog fairy story), that, when their papa marked on the post the height of each child, their Jack, who of course had to be measured too, was found to be nearly as tall as little Cal! I can't say as much of his breadth; the truth is he was rather slim and stringy; but the children loved him dearly, so what did a few inches more or less matter? But I confess the future looked somewhat dark to me, as I gazed at it through the at-ten-u-ated figure of my great-uncle, and imagined Queenie's ability to tie bow-knots, &c., &c. increased till it equalled her present disposition so to do!

It was as hot as July could make it during our visit; but Queenie persisted in wearing most of the time a large blanket-shawl pinned around her neck,

and trailing behind, while I was wrapped in another! "O, you're a little goose!" cried Cal, as he met this little woollen bundle floundering along the veranda; and then, remembering his manners, he quickly added, "No, you ain't; you're a swan,—a little golden swan"; which I thought was very polite under the circumstances.

The morning after we arrived, we were called to prayers in the parlor. Queenie was so busy, giving me a break-neck ride on "Goveney Buckeney," that she did n't wish to leave, "Se don't want any payers." I, being braided into the mane by one leg, and held fast in Queenie's hand by the other, felt more disposed for prayers than she did,—almost as much so as Captain Scott, the old hunter, did in his buffalo hunt. Don't you know that story? The brave old man was out alone on a prairie, and charged at a herd of buffaloes. One furious bull turned so suddenly upon him that his horse was frightened, and threw his rider over his neck; but Captain Scott caught at his mane, and held on for dear life, while the crazed horse plunged head-long into the herd. "I thought it was time to pray," said the old hunter, afterwards, as he told the story, "and so I tried to think what to say; but all I could remember was the prayer my mother taught me when I was a little shaver at her knee:—

*'Now I lay me down to sleep';*

so I said *that*, and it took me safe through!"

"O yes, you do, Queenie; all the children come to prayers."

"Well, se will." So she sat in her mamma's lap, holding my old woolly head against her pretty cheek, while the children's stately grandmother read a chapter from the Bible with her sweet voice. After this, each of the children repeated a text and a verse from a delightful book called "The Children's Bread."

*Kittie.*—"The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one."

"I'll try to bear some fruit that's good  
Before the summer's past,  
Lest, like a worthless weed, I should  
Be rooted out at last."

*Alice.*—"I am the Good Shepherd."

"How happy are the lambs who love  
In some safe fold to rest!  
I have a Shepherd, too, above  
The gentlest and the best."

Then came little Cal, in a very deep, emphatic tone, as much like his sea-captain grandpapa's as he could make it: "*I am sorry for my sin.*"

"T is not enough to say  
We're sorry and repent,  
And still go on from day to day  
Just as we always went."

And every day we were there, little Cal, at morning prayers, was "sorry for his sin" in the same deep, emphatic tone, and still went on, from day to

day, just as he always went, for aught I saw to the contrary, (which, by the way, was n't a bad way at all,) while the little girls had fresh verses, perfectly committed, for every new day. But we had to hasten away from this pleasant home to get ready for a long sojourn at

CHARLES ISLAND.

We first went down and spent a day, in order to select our rooms, &c. ; and the consequence was that I had to go through a new performance twenty times a day. "Tome, Jimmy-Jack ! tome twick ; you must have your baf (bath) now." So Queenie crowded and twisted me into one of the little robes she had worn when a "long baby." "Now he's goin' to kick ! why, so he is !" (dancing me up and down so fast that I had n't a chance to kick.) "Be dood, Jimmy-Jack, and when you get down to Charles Island I'll put on some lovely pellic coats on you : a blue pellic coat and a black pellic coat and a flannel black pellic coat, — lots o' pellic coats." And the night before we left home for the seaside, after mamma had left us quiet in bed, — Queenie, in her flannel night-drawers, and I in my new bathing-dress (her baby-robe), — there was a great outcry heard by the people at the tea-table. There was a rush up to the nursery, where I was found bagged in Queenie's little trousers, while the little Yankee, who was making her first experiment in "swapping," was standing upright in the crib, shrieking with all her might, and not without reason ; for, not understanding that she was now more than three times as big as she had been when the baby-slip fitted her, she had thrust her wrists into the sleeves, which bound them fast above her head, — twisted at that, — while the long skirt flapped about her face.

I felt quite mortified, when we arrived, bag and baggage, at Charles Island, to have Queenie go rushing up from the landing toward an old saw-horse, which the wood-cutter had left out of place, crying, "There's Goveney Buckeney ! put me on twick !" But the truth is, she was, and still is, so bewitched by the beautiful "Governor" that she sees him everywhere and in everything.

But I have n't told you about Charles Island. It is a little green spot on Long Island Sound. At very low tide, the water settles back from a narrow bar which stretches across to the shore, and, for an hour or two, if you are not afraid of a jolting, you can go forward and backward, either on foot or by carriage ; but, at all other times, the waters prevail, and make a lonely little island of the pretty green spot.

Whether Nature or the Indians made this bar, nobody knows ; but it looks and feels like the work of Dr. Holmes's Giantess and her children three, —

"Screaming and throwing their pudding about,  
Acting as they were mad" ;

all of which and more happened at Dorchester (as you can read in Dr. Holmes's poems) ; but possibly, in those marvellous days, some of the plums flew over to Connecticut, and hardened into those horrible rocks and pebble-stones of Milford Bar.

There was room on the island for just one large house, besides the laundry and bowling-alleys and dancing-pavilion. Then there were walks shaded by cherry-trees, a pleasant garden, a pond with a fountain in the middle, and a fat, lazy seal who wore his clothes altogether too tight, and a few dozen fish which saw more of the seal than we did, being all favored (?) with an "inside view" before the season ended. On land there were two cows and a horse, and ten little black-and-white pigs, and hundreds of chickens, and geese and turkeys and ducks, and one sickly specimen of "the king of birds," which skulked under the piazza like any cowardly commoner, and which Queenie always called the "Neagleboy," because she was fond of hearing those verses about

"What is that, mother?"  
"An eagle, boy!"

and did n't mind the stops.

This island was a quiet, lovely place. Little steamboats came twice daily, and, bright evenings, many people came from the city just for the cool sail and a pleasant dance; but the pavilion was so far from the house that the noise did not wake us. But, the first night we spent there, our baby waked at midnight, and, hearing the gay music, panted out: "When se gets big, like a lady, se can dance to the music-house, mamma!"

Rainy days were not very dull at the island, for the rooms and halls were large, and broad verandas wound around the house above and below, so there was space enough for the children. There was a quiet little boy six years old, whom Queenie patronized as if he had been her grandson. He came to play with her one rainy day, and the first thing she did was to put him to bed in the corner, on a pile of shawls, bathing-dresses, towels, &c. "Lie still, little boy, and don't roll out of bed. I'll fits the chairs so you can't. Be pasunz, little boy, Jimmy-Jack's coming to lie with you; two little babies in one bed!" Was n't that hard upon two young fellows like us? There we had to lie for politeness' sake, and let her turn us over, and smother us, and make guys of us generally, at her own sweet will. Eugene did n't love her so well as I, so his "pasunz" gave out first, and he rolled away under the real bed to get out of her way; which she liked just as well, for she piled up the chairs so he could n't get out: "Lie still, little mousie, and let me shut you up so you can't get out of the coop. I'll shut you up in the *crirary*" (she knew there was a library for books, so she also talked about a "crirary" for people who cried and fretted!) "with Jimmy-Jack seal. He's a weal seal." I should have felt outraged at this, had n't I known that the seal did n't look in her eyes as it did in others. Indeed, she told some visitors, after she had spent a day at the island, "I went to Charles Island, and saw a pretty little keecture with blue eyes, and it was a seal!"

But our favorite rainy-day companion was Maria, — or, as her brother called her, "for short," she said, "STEAMBOATPUSSEXRESSMYGATT!" There's a name for you! and it belonged to a bright, capital little girl, I can tell you. Queenie wanted her to go right to drawing "poosey-cats," as soon as she

came in ; but she said, " No, I can't make a pussy-cat ; but I *can* make a little boy falling down hill ! " I fancied Queenie would n't accept such a strange substitute at all ; but she was very gracious, and while Maria wrinkled her forehead and pinched her fingers, and darted out her tongue over her work, the darling smiled approvingly upon her from under the strip of old muslin which she had insisted should be tied round her head, while I was seated in the window, with my head on one side, and my arms folded, *to think*, as Maria said ! And " think " I did. One thought I remember was that " Steamboatpussexpressmygatt's " little boy was not so very different from one of Queenie's " poosey-cats. " However, the artist and her critic grew tired before the final tumble was pictured, and they fell to playing, instead, that Queenie was sick in bed, and Dr. S. P. E. M. had come to prescribe for her ; but this had to be given up, too, because the patient would keep rolling out of bed on purpose.

Then it was decided that my " think " was over, and I must have a drive. (Grandpapa had sent over a gay little turnout with a red body and blue wheels and a black hood.) Miss Steamboat &c. &c. managed this excursion of mine. " The hack will be at the door at eleven o'clock. I must make a young lady to go and ride with him. First he must go and invite her. ' Will you *have the honor* to go and ride with me this forenoon ? ' ' Yes, sir. Sit down in the parlor while I get ready, ' " answered my yet-to-be-made young lady by the mouth of Steamboat &c. &c., who next proceeded to make said young lady out of a couple of mused towels ! I doubt if many *real* young ladies could have made themselves up so quickly for a drive, although they don't have to begin quite so far back.

When my Eve was done, I was made to help her into the carriage with an awful groan (which I protest came from " Steamboatpussexpressmygatt, " and not at all from me, who am far too polite), as if the graceful creature had weighed a ton ! She *was* a little stout, and filled the carriage so that I had to sit with one leg outside. " But that 's *fashionable*, " said Maria ; " there 's a man in our town that carries meat around, and he 's lame, and he *always* rides with one foot out ! " "

Then they made a breakfast-party for me, for which Queenie gave the orders in her generous style : " Gie him some puddin', and ice-cream, and corn-bread and secup, and some coffee, and ware woast beef, — and some chicken, — ware, velly ware " ; and while I was waiting for some of these goodies to appear, she said, reproachfully, " Why, Jimmy-Jack ! You did n't ask a blessin' a single bit ! " but just then grandmamma came in, and was told " Jimmy-Jack is eating his breakfast, and he 's got some lovol-ly fite clover to eat ! " So you see my meals had great variety and — were very uncertain !

The island had a treasure for the children better than gold or diamonds. This was fine white sand, in which Queenie made pictures, not being old enough even yet to understand what bliss there is in making mud-pies. " I maked a neagleboy, mamma ; and he had n't any legs, but he has a lovol-ly nose. Now dig me a poosey-cat, and make me a poosey-cat's dolly. " "

Was n't that an idea? I should like to see once just what a kitten's doll can be like!

"Grandpapa Tilde" always makes two or three mysterious circles in his letters which are all for Queenie, so she begged mamma to make her a "round kiss" in the sand; and, before anybody knew what she was doing, she had taken it off on her sweet lips, as she was used to do with the paper kisses, — which was n't so nice.

#### OVER THE BAR.

But the time came for us to leave our pleasant watering-place; and, as we were to pay a visit at a beautiful country-house on the main shore, our nearest way to reach it was to watch the tide, and drive over the bar. But the tide had turned before we were ready to set forth (*I* had n't any clothes in the laundry to hinder them, I am happy to say); and, when we finally left the island, it was something after the style of your old friend John Gilpin. First went the luggage-wagon; next went grandmamma in a light buggy, with bags and baskets, and the loose linen which had delayed us flying all around her as she hurried on; and last went an old carryall, drawn by the one horse of the island (the others were imported for the occasion), in which (the carryall) were stowed away Hoppergrass, and Queenie, and her mamma, and *ME*. As it was the business of this horse to drag barrels of water, hour after hour, from the dock to the hotel, and as he had been taught to go very steadily with this burden, he could n't get the idea out of his faithful but stupid old head, that his present load was very thin and sloppy, and likely to spill over unless he measured his steps very carefully. Besides this, the flies were almost thicker than the pudding-stones on the bar; and old Pokey would come to a dead stand-still every other minute, and lift up first one hind foot and then the other, and solemnly rap at the tormentors, — which, as we had no spare minutes and *NO WHIP*, was very trying. Faster and faster the tide sprang toward us, slower and slower crept old Pokey. Our luggage was already safely over, and flying along the beach on the other side. Grandmother and the loose linen were beginning to furl sail as they drew near the harbor, while we stood fast in the middle of the bar, catching flies! It was no time for ceremony; so our driver seized a parasol, and punched old Pokey. "Another pestilent fly!" thought he, as he stopped and struck at the print of the parasol-tip with both hind feet and tail (one after the other fortunately, and not all at once). The waves seemed to see the joke of all this better than we. They leaped saucily up over our wheels and old Pokey's legs, and gurgled with laughter over our distress. The bath was so agreeable to old Pokey that he settled his hoofs down among the sand and rocks (which shone like pure gold through the now deep water) as if he meant to go no farther, and even made some motions as if he thought of lying down! But, to make a long story short, by the aid of two parasols, old Pokey was changed into old Jerky, so that, just as the water had climbed to the very edge of the carriage-body, we reached the beach on the main-land, which was hard and sure, although overflowed with a broad

river ; and, as we looked back for our path, not a trace of the bar was to be seen !

The country-seat to which we had come was called *Island-view*, and from its windows and lofty tower could be seen, not only the little green spot we had just left, but many other lovely and more distant views, both by land and sea. The house itself was new and elegant ; but I was glad to see that nobody thought it, or anything it contained, too good for the children. And it was well it was so, for there were no fewer than seven little people under seven years old under its roof !

At half past five the children's supper was laid in a little side-room, upon their own low centre-table. There were seats around it for three of the children of the house, — Mamie, Lilly, and Bessie, and for their cousin Ethel, from New York, besides Queenie and me ; while Winthrop, the beautiful house-baby, and Reginald, the New York Ethel's baby-brother, sat each on his nurse's knee at a side-table. Such a pretty sight as it was ! Queenie was so absorbed in watching so many busy little mouths that she lost the way to her own several times, and both she and I were punctuated all over with dots and exclamation-points by the big Lawton blackberries ; so, when mamma said to her, " Say good night to the children, with your dirty face," she looked all about the happy circle, and said, " Good night, chillun with dirty face ! " — which was n't a bad hit, since the twelve other little hands had made berry-slides as well as hers.

It was very puzzling to Queenie to hear another little girl called by her name, and she could n't help looking at her a good deal. " Big Ethel " (how big and old she and Mamie seemed to the others ! — seven years !) admired me very much (as did all these lovely children, indeed), and asked how old I was. " *Pitty well and five months !*" answered Queenie.

Next morning mamma waked us by giving Queenie thirty-six kisses. " That is because you are thirty-six months old " (I wonder did mamma mean to cheat, or was it her blundering arithmetic ? for the little girl was just two and a half years old) " darling ! "

" No, I 'm pitty well and five months ! "

" You were two years and five months yesterday ; but how old did I say you were to-day ? "

" Thirty-six years old, mamma ! "

By the way, I don't see but you people who are made of dust, instead of bright-colored worsteds like ME, have as much fuss over your age as you do with your growth (that is, you *little* people ; for I have noticed that, when all the stuff that can be spared for them is stirred in, they not only stop growing, but keep quieter about their age). " Grandpapa Tilde " tells of a little fellow, who said, " First I was *nar* old, then I was half old, and then I was year old ; and I dunno what they call it now ! " And I knew of a little girl whose head was more puzzled than mine over this matter. Somebody asked her how old she was. " I don't know anything about it," said she, half crying ; " I used to be two, and then I used to be three, *but ma keeps changing it !* " Now, how much better it is to have all these things fixed at the very

beginning, when one is "nar old," so that "ma" or anybody else cannot change them !

Was there ever such a place as that same Milford for children ? We went to "Uncle Nate's" to dine on Queenie's two-and-a-half birthday, and there again was a delightful house running over with babies, — Sophie, and Belle, and Charley, and Nick, and Nathalie, besides Queenie and another little visitor named Mamie. This house Queenie called "other Mifford." It had, like "Uncle Charley's" house, pleasant grounds all about it, and a conservatory and grapery and garden, and, what was most fascinating of all, a little mouse in a green cage ! Then there was the old dog Cub, who looked at me, and growled as if he thought I was a personal affront, and could have made mince-meat of me (I guess he would have found me pretty tough and stringy, for he had n't any teeth ! ) if he had n't been too comfortable under the grand old apple-tree to leave his bed. And last of all, and better than even the mouse to Queenie, was a handsome "Goveney Buckeney" on the piazza.

The little girl was to go back to Island-view before dinner, which was just her bed-hour ; but there came a thunder-storm, so she had the pleasure of dining in state. Little Nattie (who was half a year younger) and she sat at a marble slab opposite the dinner-table, with a beautiful bouquet in the middle, just like the grown people's table, and a big mirror before them, so they could make eyes at themselves, and find their own mouths, without any trouble. After this Miss Queenie trotted off into a bedroom by herself, and climbed into Charley's very own big crib, and rolled herself and me up so tight that there we had to lie ; and when the little master came in, dressed for bed, behold little Silver-Hair had possession ! But he was delighted with so good an excuse for getting into his mamma's bed in the same room ; and there we lay and smiled at each other till the thunder ceased, and the great moon swept away the clouds, and then Queenie and I were done up in a bundle, and driven home as fast as possible. This was a great lark for such early birds as we were, and we slept late the next morning. We were astonished to hear at the breakfast-table that there had been a big party in the house the last night (a "surprise-party" they called it ; but Mamma Lizzie had guessed what was coming, and surprised the surprisers by having her house all illuminated as they came creeping up under the trees, and John standing ready to open the door with his white gloves on), with a band playing in the hall, and dancing on the verandas, — all without waking one of the seven babies ! Big Ethel and Mamie thought at first that it was n't quite fair that they were not invited, when they heard that Cousin Sophie and Belle, from "other Mifford," had actually come to the party with their hair *crêpé* and all that, but they soon forgot all about it. After breakfast the children had *their* surprise-party, which was much better in all respects than the grown-up one. "Jelly," as Queenie called Coachman Jerry, led up to the house a beautiful greyhound, which their papa had brought them. "Lily" was very fond of children, and had been used to drawing them about in a little cart, so that she made herself at home immediately. When Winnie stuck his sharp little



nails into her skin, and cried "Illy, Illy!" at the same time that Reginald was tasting her tail, and Queenie offering *me* — *Jimmy-Jack!* — to her to be kissed, she only winked a little faster than usual, but never growled at them, nor nibbled (nor kissed) me. Then "Jelly" brought the horses to the door. The two mammas, holding Winnie and Queenie, sat on the back seat, and Winnie's papa and Queenie's grandmamma in front. Of course, *I* was there; and, just as we were starting, "Beppie," as she called herself, — a perfect little rolly-poly, — rolled along the piazza, the corners of her mouth drawn down in the absurdest way at the thought of being left behind. So a spare hat of baby Winthrop's was stuck on her head, and she was bundled in. Beppie was known as the "riot baby," because she was born in the midst of that dreadful riot in New York, with her hair standing up an inch high all over her head at the idea of coming into such a disagreeable world. Now Beppie's three years had n't yet reconciled her to things about her so but that her hair would stick out like a halo around her jolly little pate at the least provocation, so she looked funnier than you can guess under a boy's broad Leghorn hat.

This drive was Lily's first excursion with her new owners, but she followed us as if she had never known anybody else. Nothing could be grander and more dignified than was she until she caught sight of a flock of geese. Before one could say Jack Robinson (did anybody ever hear anybody say Jack Robinson, I would just like to know?) a great white cloud was driving through the air with a streak of lightning after it, — geese the cloud and Lily the lightning! There are a great many geese in that town (a hundred times as many geese as children, I should think, which is saying a great deal), and every goose that Lily saw she went crashing after, which was trying to her new owners, who wished to be in good repute with their neighbors. One flock took to the water, and she, not being a Pond Lily, stayed on shore, and ran out her tongue at them; but, the moment they began to hiss her, she dropped her tail between her legs, and trotted off. However, when we drove into a clear brook to water the horses, down Lily lay in the cool mud, and came out painted in half-mourning, feeling and stepping as grand as ever, but looking very queer. What with Lily and the ever-present geese, the drive was rather distracting, but Winnie went to sleep. Beppie the rioter, who can't say *S*, asked, "Mamma, did Winnie go to pleep?" But he soon waked, and seemed to have a new view of my attractions; for he loved me so hard that it quite brought back old times, when I first knew Queenie. Mamma Lizzie put a gold chain round my neck, which somebody was impolite enough to say made me look like a South Sea idol; but Queenie and Winnie thought it very becoming to me, and felt much injured that it was taken from me when we reached home.

I suppose you have heard of the hay-fever; well, it just raged at Island-view, and it is a miracle that I lived through it. From the moment when the first blade of grass was cut on the lawn till the last wisp was safe in the barn, I didn't see the light or breathe the air! Each of the seven babies had, I should think, at least two carts, which were kept in perpetual motion as long



as the hay-fever lasted; and when I was n't being raked and pitched and loaded into one of these fourteen carts, I was certainly being loaded and pitched and raked into another. I then appreciated the birth-gift Miss Alice, my good fairy, had bestowed upon me, — a gift you "Young Folks" rarely possess, I should judge, — of being able to keep my mouth shut. That was all that saved me. But I suspect there is so much hay-seed still lodged in my whiskers and scarlet legs and black coat, that, if Queenie chose to plant me anywhere, I should blossom out into the most astonishing crop of "timothy" and clover that ever was harvested.

But Queenie and I must be off to the Green Mountains, and leave these two charming families of cousins behind us. Before we go, however, I must tell sad tales of Lily. She was tenderly loved by the children, and always gentle with them, but, alas! she hated geese and she loved "goodies." There were mysterious disappearances from the butler's pantry and the cook's larder for a long time before any one suspected the real culprit. But one day, when the children came to their tea-table, they found nothing left of the basket of sponge-cakes which their mother had promised them as a special treat but the basket itself; and there stood Lily, looking very innocent as to the soft eyes and wagging tail, but very crumby about the mouth, and the next morning the cook caught her in the very act of snatching a chicken from the gridiron; so all the previous losses were laid to Lily's charge, and she was sent away in disgrace, although the children all pleaded for her. I met her the other day, walking behind a grave professor across the College Green, looking as if sponge-cakes and spring chickens had never dishonestly passed

between her prim lips. She never had seen me before, — O no, never ! so her soft demure eyes said ; but there was an impudent wink of her tail at me, as the professor passed on, which would lead me to advise him not to turn his attention to the raising of geese (feathered), nor to leave Lily alone with his dinner or his children's sweet cake.

*Mrs. Edward A. Walker.*



## THE RIVULET.

RUN, little rivulet, run !  
 Summer is fairly begun.

Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,  
 And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines ;  
 Run, little rivulet, run !

Run, little rivulet, run !  
 Sing to the fields of the sun  
 That wavers in emerald, shimmers in gold,  
 Where you glide from your rocky ravine crystal-cold ;  
 Run, little rivulet, run !

Run, little rivulet, run !  
 Sing of the flowers, every one, —  
 Of the delicate harebell and violet blue ;  
 Of the red mountain rose-bud, all dripping with dew ;  
 Run, little rivulet, run !

Run, little rivulet, run !  
 Carry the perfume you won  
 From the lily, that woke when the morning was gray,  
 To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay ;  
 Run, little rivulet, run !

Run, little rivulet, run !  
 Stay not till summer is done !  
 Carry the city the mountain-birds' glee ;  
 Carry the joy of the hills to the sea ;  
 Run, little rivulet, run !

*Lucy Larcom.*





R. SCHUMANN.

*Not too fast.*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a slur over the first four measures. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line of eighth and sixteenth notes, also with a slur over the first four measures.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a slur over the first four measures. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line of eighth and sixteenth notes, also with a slur over the first four measures.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a slur over the first four measures. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line of eighth and sixteenth notes, also with a slur over the first four measures. A dynamic marking 'p' is present in the first measure of the upper staff.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a slur over the first four measures. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line of eighth and sixteenth notes, also with a slur over the first four measures.

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The sixth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a slur over the first four measures. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line of eighth and sixteenth notes, also with a slur over the first four measures. A dynamic marking 'p' is present in the first measure of the upper staff.

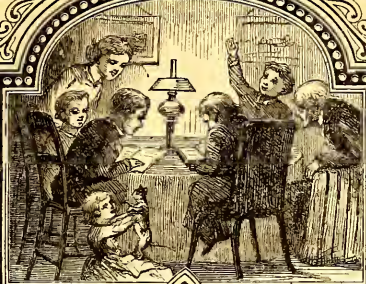
## EVENING SONG.

C. SPINDLER.

*Quietly.*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/mood is marked "Quietly." at the beginning. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above or below notes. The piece ends with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and a final cadence.

# ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



## A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS, & MIDDY THINGS

### CHARADE.

No. 42.

ON my lady's dress ;  
 In the wilderness,  
 Dancing on the grass  
 While the sunbeams pass ;  
 On the curtain ; — mat ;  
 On your old straw hat ;  
 Up and down the street,  
 Where the shadows meet,  
 And the boughs unwind,  
 You my *first* may find.

Every house about,  
 Both inside and out ;  
 Looking towards the door,  
 Or upon the floor,

Soon you will agree  
 You my *second* see.

For my *whole* you look ;  
 Find it, like a book,  
 Or a note unread,  
 Waiting till your head  
 And your hands are able,  
 Laid upon the table. LUCY.

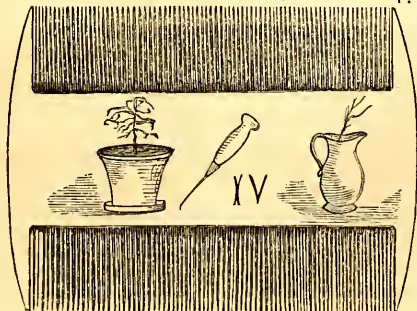
### MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

No. 43.

WRITE any number of more than one figure. Subtract the sum of the digits from the number, tell me all the figures but one in the answer, and I will tell you the remaining one.

How do I know? M. B. B.

### ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 44.



AUNT SUE.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 45.



FELIX

ENIGMA.

No. 46.

I am composed of 14 letters.

- My 6, 9, 10, 12, is a famous city of Europe.
- My 14, 1, 3, 8, 5, is a river in France.
- My 4, 12, 3, 13, is an article much worn by ladies.
- My 7, 9, 11, is a very useful domestic animal.
- My 7, 5, 2, 14, is a place of confinement.
- My whole is the name of a celebrated man who figured conspicuously in the time of the Reformation.

T. C. P.

PUZZLE.

No. 47.

WHAT changes are made in the meaning of words

By altering merely one letter!

Some instances here will amuse you, perhaps,

And puzzle for want of a better.

There's a word, you'll agree, commencing with B,

That expresses a cool, pleasant shade;

But remove letter B, and substitute C,

Apprehensively shrinking 't is made;

Take away letter C, replace it by D,

It will name what's bestowed on a bride;

Now if D is erased, and by G replaced,

A Welsh word, meaning crooked, is spied.

Thus far very well; now substitute L,  
We are going down now you will say;  
Letter L shall be gone, and M be put on,  
There's a man cutting grass to make hay;  
But when M shall have fled, put P there  
instead,

It will name what is mentioned of steam;  
Pray just now P erase, put R in its place,  
There's a man gliding down with the  
stream;

But now take R away, put S there, we  
say

That a farmer at work then it names.

If for S you put T, you surely will see

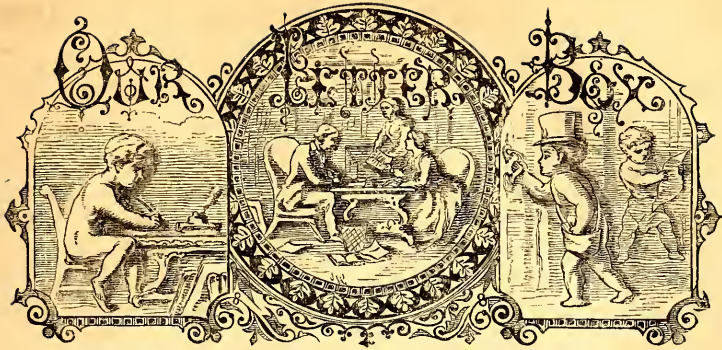
A noted place close by the Thames.

ANNIE-T.

ANSWERS.

34. Win-chest-er.
35. Drum.
36. Nightshade.
37. Aspiring man, in striving for honors, see to it that honesty controls you. [(Asp) (eye) (ring) (man in striving) (for on R's) (seat) O O it (that on S T) (C O N trolls) U.]
38. A sleeping sentinel was once awakened and alarmed by a croaking frog. [(Ace) (leaping) (cent in L) was (ones) A (wake) (end) & (ale armed) (bee) Y A (crow king) (frog).]
39. Don't give up the ship.
40. Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.
41. 2560 posts. 2560 acres. This farm is two miles square, and contains four "sections" of land.





Many questions come to us which we hesitate about answering for various reasons. Those relating to deportment in society, and what is regarded as etiquette between ladies and gentlemen, can usually be settled by consulting your mother or elder sister, or your own good sense. There are others which the grammar or dictionary will answer much more quickly than we can. Indeed, as both grammars and dictionaries disagree with each other, all we could offer would be merely our opinion, which would not decide the matter. We shall always be glad to help our young folks about things they cannot think out or find out for themselves, if it is in our own power. But we are so certain that it is better for them to do their own thinking and studying, that we are going to give them, now and then, some of the questions which are sent us, agreeing to print the best written answers in the Letter Box, when there is room for them.

Who was Caspar Hauser, and for what crime was he imprisoned?

How is "Yo Semite," the Californian name, pronounced?

Who invented ink, and when?

When were fire-arms invented?

What should be boiled with egg-shells to make them of different colors?

Who invented the balloon? the windmill?

Who first discovered coal, and when?

When did Beethoven die?

What is considered the best of Mendelssohn's musical compositions?

Why is "Astrachan" fur so named?

What is the best way to make an Æolian harp?

To various questioners:—

"Marian Douglas" is a *nom de plume*.

Mr. Trowbridge *did* write the poem commencing

"The night was made for cooling shade,  
For silence and for sleep."

Jean Ingelow is an Englishwoman, and her surname is pronounced with the "g" soft.

"Willy Wisp" is not a boy, but a man, with a little boy of his own at home.

"John Halifax" was written by Mrs. D. M. Craik, when she was Miss Dinah M. Muloch.

To find the meaning of "Open, Sesame!" read the "Forty Thieves" in Arabian Nights' Entertainment.

We discontinued anagrams and transpositions because so few good ones were sent us. An anagram, to be worth preserving, should have some meaning,—the transposed letters suggesting, if possible, the original word. Here are a few, lately received.

A frail coin.	California.
I beg a manse.	Senegambia.
A torch in a soul.	South Carolina.
Stole time.	Mistletoe.
I fear no stop.	Piano-fortes.
Art true, lie.	Literature.

*Levie T. C.* We can do nothing with puzzles which have no answers.

*Kittie A. W.* Your verses are very good, considering your youth, but they are not just what ought to be printed.

*Helen N., Lancelot, Pollie Hedron* (such puns!), *Anna Linden, J. W. M.* (the heraldic signs would not probably be guessed), *Uncle Joe, Lucile* (that subject has been used once), *Henry D. C., Floy, Anna May O., S. E. S., Nellie Arnold, "Fern Hollow"* (your question is answered elsewhere), *Howard, H. F. B., Elmwood* (spelling! spelling!), *Carrie Stanley* (glad that your cooking experiment was so successful), *Kittie B.* Thank you all.

*Cosie* says: "I have taken your magazine ever since it commenced, and I think it is the best I ever saw. I think the best story yet is the one entitled 'A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.' It always makes me feel as if I, too, had a work to do in this world; and I always put on my 'rose-colored spectacles' after reading it. Please tell me if there is not 'A Winter in Leslie's Life' too; and, if there is, can't we have it?"

*Fannie H. R.* If you think you would do any good, say so certainly; otherwise, not.

"*Farming for Boys*" is complete in the volume, which contains a great deal more than was ever in the Magazine, both of reading and of pictures.

Here is a letter for you !

“DEAR EDITORS :—

“I am a Southern girl, but you must not think any the worse of me for that, for I am not a rebel. I have five sisters and four brothers (two of them younger than I am), and they all are bitter against the North. I used to be before I came up here, but I have heard both sides now, and am as strong a Republican as anybody.

“My sisters all laugh at me, and often come very near scolding me for ‘coming round,’ as they call it. One of my sisters is married, and lives in Cincinnati; her husband was an officer in the Confederate army.

“When I first came up here, I thought the people very cold and distant, and the country seemed so very different from the dear ‘Sunny South’ that I was quite homesick for a while; but when I got a little acquainted, and used to the manners of the people, I liked very much.

“We have been here now over a year, as we came a year ago last winter. My cousins used to laugh a great deal at my way of talking, which they called ‘so funny.’ ‘Mighty’ and ‘right’ they seemed to consider very odd, and I think their rough, slangy expressions seemed quite as queer to me.

“There is one thought that somewhat consoles me when I think of our keeping slaves, and it is this,—my father never whipped a negro. If they behaved badly, he punished them in some other way. One bright little girl we brought with us; her name is Tilly. We read her the story ‘How June found Massa Linkum’ in the May number, and there were tears in her great black eyes when we finished. Some people think negroes have no feelings. They would know better, if they could see Tilly.

“Young folks, do you have to practise four hours a day? If so, you can guess why I close this letter so abruptly by signing myself,

“Ever your friend,  
“MAY L.”

*M. D. T.* Yes.

*C. W. W.* The word is spelled *envelope*.

*Silver Bell* sounds a sweet note in “Tell me a story.” The rhythms are not quite perfect, however. Good music is almost always the result of patient practice.

*Cora S., and ever so many others.* The letters in the Letter Box are not “made up,” but “real.” Good, bad, or indifferent, they are such as the boys and girls themselves send us.

*Kate and Susie.* Be grateful to the good mother who wants to keep you children until you are grown up. An ambition to be young ladies, for the sake of “flirting” and “wearing long trails,” is not commendable. And as for “having your hair put up” in fashionable style, is n’t it, on the whole, rather better to keep on studying, so as to have something *inside* of your heads, instead of putting so much care and labor, and—whatever else is stylish, upon the outside?

*Victorine.* No, the “people who write ‘Our Young Folks’” are not quite “ninety,” although some of them are almost half-way there. They would not have so many pleasant things to tell you, if they had not travelled so far and seen so much.

*Sundown.* Your writing is very handsome, but nobody could guess your double acrostics,—there is no sort of a clew in them.

*Herbert* sends this ingenious inversion :—

“Dora saw tides united under, & red nude tin used; it was a rod.”

How many of you guessed last month’s puzzle? Don’t all speak at once, please. “Making (k)night hideous?” Yes; that’s right. Now try again, and see how quickly you can find the line for this in the second part of Henry IV., Act III., Scene 1.







GREEN APPLES.

DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

[See *Green Apples*, page 470.

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1868.

No. VIII.

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## UP THE CREEK.



HOT weather was having things all its own way 'long shore. July was more than half over, and the sun poured down on the rock house in such glaring fashion, that, through the middle of the day, even Polly and Nathan, who by this time had baked to a lively brown, were obliged to admit that shade was desirable. Lotty's little nose had blistered and peeled, and peeled and blistered again, till I'm afraid to say how many new skins had come and gone, and Harry's original complexion was quite lost in freckles, while Paul, who had burnt red in the first place, never had got over it, but looked as if he had washed his face in currant-juice ever since.

Nathan and Polly went up every morning now to Squire Green's, and studied little lessons with Lotty and Harry for an hour or two, all going back together, — sometimes to the rock house, if the day were cool enough, but oftener waiting in the woods till the fiercest heat had passed. There, under the great hemlocks and cedars, it was always cool; and while Paul, when not in the boats, swung in the hammock which Jack had slung between two trees, and

read every book of travel and adventure he could find in his grandfather's library, the younger children played among the trees, or, at rare moments, sat still, and looked out to the blue water always before them, and the white sails coming and going.

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Under one great hemlock root bubbled up a tiny spring, choked, when first found by the children, with grass and dead leaves. Such clearing away and digging out never were known before. Polly scorched, one whole morning, on the Point, gathering gold and silver shells, and the smallest, whitest clams she could find; and all four worked together, laying them for a border about the little spring, which could hardly have known itself when they ended, so changed it was. Harry spent five cents in a tin cup painted blue, which had printed on it, in gilded letters, "Affection's Gift," and which, being hung up on a nail driven into the tree, had somebody drinking from it so constantly for some days afterward, that the store, which was kept two trees away, was left more than half the time without owner or clerk. Nathan was the clerk, and Harry the owner, and Lotty and Polly the two ladies who were always out of groceries, particularly molasses, which was sold to them for three shells the acorn-saucerful. Harry's stock in trade consisted of three bottles, — one of molasses, which grandma had been coaxed to give, one of licorice-water, and one of vinegar, — with two clam-shells of brown sugar, which required incessant attention from the clerk to keep the flies off. One shell's worth of vinegar and two shells' worth of sugar, mixed with spring water in "Affection's Gift," made a remarkable drink much in demand among the children, and condescended to even by Paul, while an acorn-saucerful of molasses could be watered to last through a whole tea-party.

On this particular afternoon, Paul, tired of reading, had left the wood, and walked on to the bluff, where he lay now, looking off to the sea, and watching Jimmy fishing from Black Rock. There was a row of stakes set from the shore to the rock, which, at high tide, was always very nearly covered, and Paul wondered what they had been put there for. Presently Jack came down the bluff, whistling, and trundling before him a wheelbarrow loaded with brush, which he dumped near the water's edge. Paul felt too curious to lie there any longer, and, getting up, walked slowly down the steep path, and on to the shore. "What are you going to do, Jack?" he called, when near enough to be heard.

"Going to make a fyke," answered Jack, "and empty it when we come home from the meadows to-morrow."

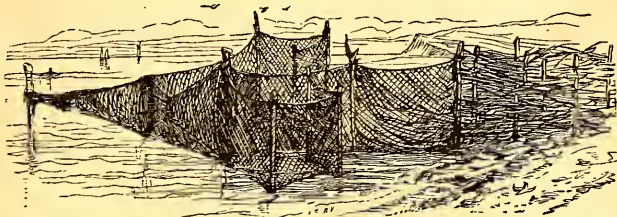
"O," said Paul, delighted, "then you're going up to mow sedge to-morrow! Are we all going?"

"All that want to," said Jack. "We're going up when the tide's half high, so's to get across the bar easy; and we'll be home with the falling, so't I shall take up the fyke fust thing."

"What is a fyke?" said Paul, who was learning not to be ashamed of asking questions; and, as all you young folks must be equally anxious to know, I will answer for Jack.

The 'long-shore fyke is a fish-trap, which may be set on the shore wherever the tide rises and falls from three to eight feet. The body of the trap is a tunnel of net, one end of which is fastened around a stout hoop, and the other is gathered up and tied with cord. Inside of this is a smaller tunnel

fastened to the hoop also, but left open at the little end. This double tunnel is set between two stakes, in a line at right angles with the shore, where the water will not be more than two feet deep at low tide, the hoop being fastened upright to the stake nearest shore, and the gathered end hauled taut to the outer stake. From the stake holding the hoop, to about high-tide mark on the shore, a hedge, or fence, is erected of wicker-work, or of net suspended from stakes. Wings made in the same manner also stretch out each way from the hoop-stake, about ten feet obliquely toward the shore, and then, making a sharp angle, return half-way to the hedge. All this will be better understood by reference to the diagram here given.



At high tide, the fish come into shoal water to feed, and, running up or down shore, are stopped by the hedge. When meeting an obstacle, and obliged to turn aside, it is fish nature to turn toward deep water. Accordingly, when Mr. Fish runs his nose against the hedge, he turns off shore, and probably works his way out to the wing. If he then tires of worrying at the hedge, and determines to turn away, he will directly come to the wing, and between wing and hedge may circle about until confused and weary. At last he finds his way into the little tunnel, where there is an opening leading off shore. 'T is close quarters, to be sure, but he wiggles through into the large tunnel, and there he is, safe as a cat in a meal-bag. He might turn about, and swim right out again easily enough; but that he never dreams of doing. He knows deep water is in the opposite direction, and for deep water he will point while he can ply a fin. When the tide goes down, the boys wade out, untie the purse or gathered end of the tunnel, and slide the fish into a basket, throwing the small, poor ones into the water, and keeping only the choicer kinds.

Paul listened with the greatest attention to Jack's explanation, and, as he ended, said: "What are you going to do with the fish? We can't eat 'em all."

"Your grandfather said I might have all I caught," said Jack, "and I'm going to give 'em to father to sell."

"What 'll you do with the money?" asked Paul; and Jimmy, who by this time was on shore, came up and stood looking on.

"Buy a surf-boat, when I get enough," said Jack.

"Cracky! ain't that a notion, though?" said Jimmy, while Paul wanted to ask what a surf-boat was, but hesitated. "Then we won't have to pull way round Long Point no more. Where 'll you get it, though?"

"Cap'n Brown's got one over in the river," answered Jack, "and it don't weigh a hundred pounds, paddles and all. The boards ain't a quarter of an inch thick."

"Queer kind of a boat, then," said Paul; "you'd smash through it the minute you stepped in. What's the good of it?"

"One thing is, it'll ride any kind o' sea," said Jack; "and then it's so light, that we can carry it ourselves, right across Long Point, instead of having to pull our arms off, rowing round to the ocean-side, when we want to fish with squid lines. You can't have your boots on, 'cause the nails would be through it in a jiff; but get in barefoot, and you go like a bird, and it'll stand anything. This one's all cedar, and it ain't but seven dollars, and I've got two a'ready, that I earned driving cows last summer. Jimmy's got 'most a dollar, and I'll make three or four off the fish, maybe"; and here Jack, who had been rolling up his trousers, stepped into the water, and, picking up some brush, began weaving it in and out. Jimmy followed, and Paul, sitting down on a stone, watched them with interest; while the little girls, who had come down a few minutes before, walked on to the rock house, leaving Nathan and Harry to talk about the fyke.

"Paul's getting real nice, — ain't he?" said Lotty. "I heard grandpa say he never saw a boy try any harder, and that there was good stuff in Paul."

"It makes him thin to be good-natured," said Polly; "mother says he looks real peaked."

"Yes," said Lotty, "but that's because he has to keep working at it all the time. He got dreadful angry the other day, and he just ran way up the road, hard as he could go; and when mother asked him what he did it for, he said, 'cause he did n't want to say anything hateful."

"Well," said Polly, as she covered up the dolls; "I'm glad he's getting better. It's dreadful hard to be good, anyway."

Here Harry came running: "I say, girls, did you know we were all going to the meadows to-morrow? Let's hurry home, Lotty, and go to bed right after supper, 'cause we've got to start by five o'clock in the morning, when the tide's half in, so's to get over the bar easy, Jack says. Come on!"

Polly, deciding the bed plan to be a good one, went home immediately for her supper; and when Jack dropped in, about seven o'clock, for a moment with Jimmy, her little brown head was rolling about, trying to find a cool place on the pillow. Up at Squire Green's, Harry and Lotty kept up a brisk conversation for some time; but when Paul came up, at eight o'clock, they had found the cool place in their pillows, and were fast asleep.

Morning came soon enough. Grandpa Green was up before four, and Michael and Jack, with another 'long-shore man, were down on the beach by that time, bailing out the great scow, which was seldom used except at haying-time.

"How wet it is!" said Paul, holding back a little, as the others crowded in. "I don't like to get into such a muss."

"Can't help it," said Michael; "take off your shoes an' be barefute, like the rest of 'em, if you're afraid of spoiling 'em."



"Here 's a pretty dry place," said Jimmy; "but hurry up." And Paul, much against his will, splashed through the dirty water, while grandpa and the men pushed off with long poles.

"What meadows are you going to, grandpa?" said he, as he began to unlace his shoes.

"'Long Ward's Creek," answered grandpa; "we 'll be there in ten minutes."

"Why," said Paul, as they drew nearer, "I did n't know there was any creek here. I've been by here with Jimmy, and I'm certain it was all sand."

"So it is at low water," said grandpa. "These creeks which run up through the meadows are narrow, — not more than fifteen or twenty feet at the widest, and as deep often as they are wide. There 's little motion in them, for they stay just about so full, whether the tide 's up or not; and, seeing the sand bar before them, you would n't think there was anything there. This bar before Ward's Creek is the worst one 'long shore; for, since I can remember, two men have been sucked into the quicksand, and that was the end of them."

"What is a quicksand?" said Harry.

"Loose sand that won't hold you up, as near as I can make it out," said grandpa, "but that lets you sink in, half in sand, half in water, deeper and deeper all the time, and that seems to hold you tight, so that no strength of your own can get you out. You might walk right over this one at low water and not know it; but let the water be even half a foot deep, and, if your foot touches it, you 're gone. Old Hardcastle, that was lost last year, undertook to wade across, without thinking much about it, I suppose; he must have been hours in sinking, for the tide had but just turned to come in; but nobody heard him, and nobody knew about it till his body was found down the shore three days afterward."

The children looked over the side of the scow, as it pushed over the bar, and into the sluggish creek, bordered on either side by tall cat's-tails, and tried to imagine the whirlpool underneath them.

"I stuck a stake in there one day," grandpa went on, "to see how it worked, and it was three hours before it was sucked in. I found it thrown up on the beach below, and knew it because I 'd put a mark on it."

Grandpa turned quickly, for Paul had cried out loudly, and was dancing up and down now in a most unaccountable manner. Deeply interested in what his grandfather was saying, he had, after taking off his shoes, put his feet down without much thought of the dirty water; and, as he listened, sat moving them about in it unconsciously, gradually breaking up all the housekeeping arrangements of a respectable king-crab, which, not liking it at all, had fastened suddenly on Paul's great toe, and was pinching with a will. Paul, never very brave, screamed loudly, and could scarcely stand still to have grandpa take it off and throw it over. Lotty began to cry; while the other boys, half laughing, half sympathizing, advised Paul to put his toe in his pocket till they landed.

“Nasty thing!” said he, very red, and almost in a passion. “How am I going to walk to-day, I’d like to know? Why can’t you go in a scow that don’t leak, and is n’t half full of water?”

“You’ve got to find that one yet,” said Michael. “Wet your handkercher, and tie your toe up, and it’ll be getting better. You see scows is built crossways o’ the wood, and ’tain’t natur for them not to leak. You’ve got to take boards lengthwise if you want tight boats. Here we are!” and Michael poled the scow up to a sort of half-wharf built of stones, and tied it by a rope to a post.

“Scatter now, you young ones,” said he, “an’ keep out o’ the way while we’re mowing.”

Paul hobbled out to shore, but sat down in the meadow, making dreadful faces. The toe was badly swelled; and the children began to think the day quite spoiled, when Jack came up.

“You stay there awhile, and I’ll fix things for you,” said he. “After you’ve kept still an hour or two, you’ll be all right.”

Michael, with a sweep or two of his scythe, made a clear space, and piled up the stiff green grass near the edge of the creek.

“Here’s a basket,” said Jack, “an’ now you just sit still there on the grass, and with this ’ere crab-net you nab every feller that comes along. I’ll tie on a stick so’s to have a longer handle that’ll let you reach further, and maybe you’ll get enough for a dinner.”

“O,” said Lotty and Harry together, “can’t we have nets too?”

“Yes,” said Jack; “there’s some more in the basket. Work away fast as you like; for there’s ten of us, and we all want crabs for dinner.”

“How are you going to eat ’em?—raw?” said Lotty.

“Guess not,” said Jack, “unless you hanker after ’em that way. That’s what that iron pot’s for; and when you get a lot, holler, an’ I’ll come an’ fix a fire.”

“O, what fun!” said Harry, making a dive for a small green crab, and actually catching it at once.

“There’s more further up, where the creek stops,” said Jack; “they come out, lots of ’em, up there, and I guess you’ll catch all you want.”

Paul landed some half a dozen, and then, getting tired, drew a book out of his pocket, and, making a sort of nest in the salt grass, settled himself comfortably down; while the other children walked on, looking, as they went, at the mowers, who, headed by Grandpa Green, had already cleared a wide stretch of meadow.

“Keep straight ahead,” called he, “so’s not to get into ditches, and perhaps you’ll find some grass-nuts further on.”

“My!” said Polly, “I’d forgotten all about grass-nuts. Let’s hunt for some before we get any more crabs”; and, taking all the nets, she threw them into the deep basket, where a dozen or more crabs were fighting at the bottom, and hurried back. The meadow lay between two bluffs, and toward one of these the children pushed on, coming by and by near the shore, where the grass grew thinly and patches of sand were seen.

“That ’s where the grass-nuts grow,” said Nathan.

Lotty and Harry saw only some spikes of grass growing alone in the sand-patches, and, with the idea that nuts must be on trees, looked far ahead, unable to see even a bush.

“Where are you looking?” said Nathan. “See here!” and, pulling up one of these tufts of grass, showed, clinging to the roots, two or three little brown balls like tiny potatoes.

“Taste ’em,” said he.

Lotty took one dubiously, and tasted.

“Why, it ’s sweet!” said she after a moment, and looking much relieved, — “sweet, and a little bit spicy, and sort o’ juicy; ain’t it good?”

“To be sure,” said Nathan, running from one tuft to another; “let ’s get a lot”; and all the children went to work too busily to say much.

“Why, here ’s a shell, — a beauty, too,” said Lotty, at last; “how did it get here?”

“Left in the spring,” said Nathan; “this end o’ the meadow is always covered with water then. You can’t get grass-nuts anywhere where the water has n’t been. There ain’t one in the other meadow, for all the grass looks just the same. We ’ve got ’em all now, I guess, so let ’s go back.”

Jack’s voice was heard, calling loudly, and they turned and ran back to the spot where they had left Paul.

“That ’s one way to get a dinner,” said Jack, as they reached him, — “run off when there ain’t but fourteen crabs in the basket.”

“I should think fourteen ought to be enough,” said Harry.

“Why, you ’d starve to death on fourteen,” put in Jimmy, “for they ’re so little, and it ’s such hard work to get the meat out, that you ’re hungrier and hungrier with every one. I ’ve got some fellows worth while, though”; and he showed a basket full of great green-backs. “Ain’t that a comfortable pot o’ water for ’em?”

Two crotched sticks had been set in the ground, and one laid across, on which the kettle hung, while a brushwood fire burned briskly beneath.

“O,” screamed Lotty, as the water in the pot began to boil, and Jimmy suddenly dumped every crab right into it, — “O, what a wicked thing to boil ’em all alive!”

“It don’t hurt,” said Nathan; “they ’re used to it. That ’s the way to kill ’em, an’ it ’s the quickest way too.”

Lotty shook her head, and inwardly resolved not to touch one; but when, half an hour later, with the great lunch-basket unpacked and everybody sitting round and eating them, Harry presented a particularly juicy red claw, it smelled so good, that she sucked a little bit, and then more, and finally ended with eating half a dozen.

“Jack,” said Grandpa Green, “you may take an hour now, and go with the children to the lower bluff to show them the hawk’s nest. How ’s your toe, Paul?”

“Pretty well, I guess,” said Paul, who had been sound asleep on the salt grass till lunch-time, and had eaten as many crabs as anybody, notwithstanding his bite. “I ’ll go too, I guess.”

Lotty and Polly piled everything into the great basket, — which Michael carried back to the scow, — and started on with Jack, who seemed to know every inch of the meadow, and piloted them through places where they would never have thought of going alone. By and by, quite speckled with mosquito bites, they came out on another sandy space, very like the one where they had gathered grass-nuts, and from this struggled up the bluff, and sat down all out of breath under a cedar.

“See that tree, way out on the end o’ the bluff?” said Jack, “and all them sticks and things clear up on the tip-top? That ’s the hawk’s nest, that my father says was there when he was a boy, and, blow as big a gale as you like, no wind has ever knocked a stick out yet. Should n’t wonder if it had grown into the tree, else it could n’t stay put so. You stay round here now till I come after you, for I’ve got to go back and rake, and maybe you ’ll see the mother hawk come home with a fish.”

“Wait a minute,” said Nathan; “let ’s divide the grass-nuts now, an’ then Jack can eat his when he ’s going back.”

“Hi!” said Jack, as they emptied them out, “that ’s nice. How many have you got?”

“I ’m going to count,” said Jimmy, beginning on the little pile. “Sixty-three! that ’s a haul now! nine apiece; where ’d you get such a lot?” and he and Jack, taking possession of their share, walked off to the meadow.

The children sat still under the cedar, eating their nuts, and growing cooler as the sea-breeze blew over them, and finally Paul, who could tell very delightful stories when he chose, began one which grew so interesting that they quite forgot the hawk, till Nathan, looking out to the water, cried suddenly, “There she is!” and they saw a great brown and white bird, flying slowly over the water, swoop quickly down, and, rising again with a fish, fly towards the old cedar.

“Hush now!” said Paul; and the children, standing up, watched two little hawks in the nest put their heads out and scream to the mother bird, which came swiftly to them, and settled into the nest, with the fish still struggling in her claws. Lotty drew a long breath.

“Everything eats everything else, — don’t it?” said she; “and I suppose, if that fish had n’t been caught, he ’d eat all the little fish he could all the afternoon.”

“To be sure,” said Paul. “Hush, though; is n’t that grandpa calling?”

“Yes,” said Harry, “and there ’s Jack ’most here; let ’s hurry down.”

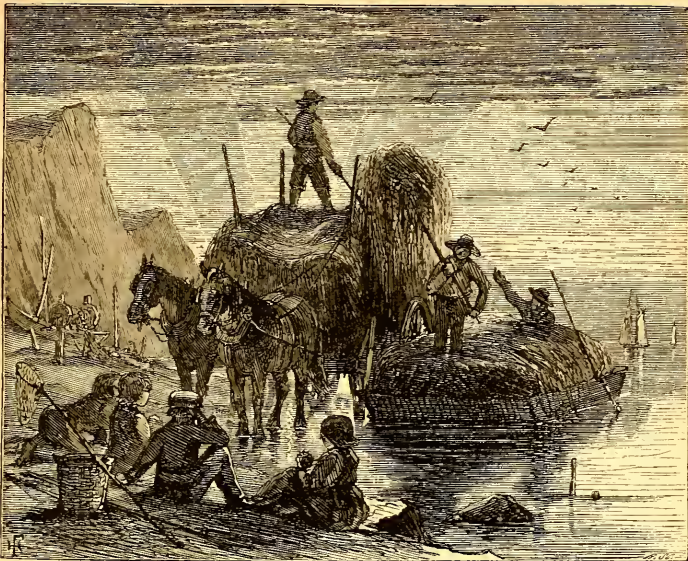
All started up, and, meeting Jack at the foot of the bluff, walked back through the meadow.

“I don’t want to go home so soon. What makes you?” said Harry.

“’Cause it ’s after four now,” said Jack; “tide ’s more ’n half high, and we ’ve got to hurry along. They ’re loading the scow now.”

“Is the hay going to be taken home to-day?” said Lotty; “I thought you always left hay to dry.”

“So we do most times, but not salt hay,” answered Jack, as they came out into the meadow once more, and neared the scow, on which the hay was



being rapidly piled. "You see the salt hay don't belong to nobody in particular, an' if we left this lying here, any one that came along would help himself. It's going to be taken down shore to where the wagons come for clams, an' the team 'll be there to meet it and carry it up to the barn-yard."

"Come, children," shouted grandpa; "hay 's all in!"

"How shall I get up there?" said Lotty, looking up to the great stack, which had sunk the scow almost to the water's edge.

"I'll show you," said grandpa; and, lifting her in his arms, he tossed her up right into the pile, and Harry after her.

"Paul, you're almost too big," said he, "but we must play you're little on account of your toe"; and Paul found himself suddenly heels over head in the hay, followed by Polly and Nathan, and then by grandpa himself, and Jack and Jimmy and Michael and the other man, while the scow, almost too heavily loaded to be managed, floated slowly down the creek, and out to the open bay, smooth as glass under the hot July sun. It was only a very little way to the bluff where the road came down; the great hay-wagon was waiting; and, after grandpa had jumped the children to the shore, they stood and watched the men pitch the grass from the scow, and debated whether they had better ride home on the hay or walk down the shore and see the fyke emptied. Polly had seen fykes all her life, and even Lotty was inclined to think a ride more desirable; so the two little girls were lifted to the very top of the load again, and Harry, who had changed his mind a dozen times, took a place beside them, while Paul walked down shore with the other boys.

"There 's no use in emptying the fyke to-night," said Jack, after they had gone a little way; "father won't go to Shrewsbury till to-morrow morning anyway, so 't they ought to stay in it to keep fresh. Hurry back, boys, and we 'll all have a ride on the hay."

The wagon was up the bluff, and creaking through the sandy road, when they caught up with it, red and out of breath.

"Up with you, young ones!" said grandpa, who was walking; and all "swarmed up" the sides and in among the others. Such a ride home! The ruts were very deep, and the heavy load swayed sometimes as if determined to go over, while Lotty and Polly gave little screams, and then tried to look as if they never had thought of such a thing. Grandma Green had a great basket of peaches ready for all the hot, tired people; and the children sat down under the trees in the front yard with their share, and ate and talked till the great red sun went down into the sea, and the Ben boys and Polly started for home.

Harry and Lotty went to bed, determined to wake up very early, and go down with Paul to see the fyke emptied; but when five o'clock next morning came, they were still sleeping so soundly that nurse said they must not be wakened, and Paul went down alone. Jimmy and Nathan had finished breakfast, and came running as they saw Jack and Paul coming from opposite directions. Jack rolled up his trousers and waded out.

"You had better do like me, if you want to see the fun," he said to Paul; and Paul, after a moment's hesitation, as he remembered the crab of yesterday, kicked off his shoes, and followed.

"Hold the basket, will you?" said Jack, as he untied the gathered end. "Here they are, all in a heap, pointing their noses to deep water every one of 'em. Porgies? no *sir*, plenty o' you any day without the trouble o' setting a fyke," and he slid each porgy back to the water. "Week-fish? that 's good; an' sea-bass, two of 'em, and rock-fish, and a heap o' plaices. O, this is a pretty good haul!—worth a dollar and a half, I 'll bet."

"'T won't take long to earn the boat,—will it?" said Jimmy. "I 'm going over to Long Point for blue-fish to sell; maybe we 'll make up the seven dollars by the end o' the week. What have you got in that wheelbarrow up there, Jack?"

"Clams," said Jack, as, after re-tying the fyke, he started for home. "I dug 'em this morning. You see, I want all the money I can get, 'cause Cap'n Brown 's had an offer a'ready for the surf-boat, an' the man that wants it says he 'll give eight dollars, rather than do without it. The Cap'n says he 'll wait a week for me, an' this fyke 's got to do the business. Come on, Paul, if you 've a mind to go home my way."

"I guess not," said Paul, whose face wore a very knowing look, and he dashed off toward Squire Green's before any one could ask the reason why.

What he was in such a hurry for, you may some time find out; and, till then, good by.

Helen C. Weeks.

## "S O M E B O D Y."

THERE 's a meddlesome "Somebody" going about,  
 And playing his pranks, but we can't find him out ;  
 He's up stairs and down stairs from morning till night,  
 And always in mischief, but never in sight.

The rogues I have read of in song or in tale  
 Are caught at the end, and conducted to jail ;  
 But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well  
 He never has seen the inside of a cell.

Our young folks at home, at all seasons and times,  
 Are rehearsing the roll of "Somebody's" crimes ;  
 Or, fast as their feet and their tongues can well run,  
 Come to tell the last deed the sly scamp has done.

"Somebody' has taken my knife," one will say ;  
 "Somebody' has carried my pencil away" ;  
 "Somebody' has gone and thrown down all the blocks" ;  
 "Somebody' ate up all the cakes in the box."

It is "Somebody" breaks all the pitchers and plates,  
 And hides the boys' sleds, and runs off with their skates,  
 And turns on the water, and tumbles the beds,  
 And steals all the pins, and melts all the dolls' heads.

One night a dull sound like the thump of a head  
 Announced that one youngster was out of his bed ;  
 And he said, half asleep, when asked what it meant,  
 "Somebody' is pushing me out of the tent !"

Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" don't cease,  
 We must summon in the detective police ;  
 And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known,  
 The culprit belongs to no house but our own.

Then should it turn out, after all, to be true,  
 That our young folks themselves are "Somebody" too,  
 How queer it would look, if we saw them all go  
 Marched off to the station-house, six in a row !

*William Allen Butler.*

## PUSSY AND EMILY MATURE.

“WHAT has become of Pussy Willow?. Is n't that story ever going to be finished? Nothing about it last month, — nothing about it this month. It's too bad!”

Some such voices have reached our ears, away, away, far off down in the sunny land of Florida, where we fell asleep in an orange-grove, and only dreamed that there were yet such things as cold winds, snow-storms, hail, and ice existing.

Two of our little friends have sent urgent messages to awaken us out of our sleep. One nice little blue-eyed friend modestly begs to know when Pussy Willow will be finished; and one brown-eyed little puss assumes more decided ground, and threatens us terribly, that, if Pussy Willow is n't finished before we go North, she will not kiss us when we meet. *That* would be frightful; we actually wake up, open both eyes, and begin to think Where are we now? Not in the moon, it appears; not in the enchanted land, — though we have seen strange sights here. While you poor Northern people have been having snow-storm after snow-storm, and the fires have been kept going, and the furnaces roaring red-hot in the cellars, we, down here, have been sitting out under trees, watching the coming and going of the ivory buds and blossoms of the orange and lemon trees.

All around us in the different yards the great oleander-trees have borne aloft their crowns of bright crimson blossoms, looking like full-blown roses, and the pomegranate has flowered out in brilliant scarlet dyes, while red-birds every morning have wakened us, singing, “What cheer! what cheer!” and the mocking-birds have sung to us like every other bird you can think of. Some days the jays have kept the trees all alive with their chatter, and sometimes a cloud of bright green paroquets have come flying over, — *so* green that they could scarcely be distinguished from the trees. Whole tribes of wild flowers in the woods have come and are gone since we have been here, and yet the woods are full now.

Early in February the trees in the woods were all wreathed into garlands with the bright yellow jessamine, which hung its golden bells full of violet perfume in long festoons. These passed away as March came in with orange and lemon blossoms, and then in the moist spots in the woods sprang up pure silver-white lilies, whose buds were tinted with the most beautiful pink, like the rosy inside of a sea-shell; and purple glycine flowers, and scarlet honeysuckle, and two kinds of trumpet-flowered bignonia began to wreath the trees of the forest together.

As to the flowers that have been blooming, their number is bewildering. They have kept us looking and wondering and exclaiming, and making flower vases, ever since we have been here. Can you wonder that among all these new, bright, strange scenes the cold, frozen North was awhile forgotten, and that it seemed pleasanter to wander and gather flowers and sit under



trees and eat oranges from off them, while yet they were pearly with blossoms, than to be going on with any story whatsoever?

To do ourselves justice, we must tell you that we wrote you all about it once, and our manuscript was lost by a most strange accident. You must know that we are living in a little cottage on the banks of the great St. John's River, which, where we are, is six miles wide, so that the opposite shores are blue in the distance. The principal way in which this little village, named Mandarin, communicates with the world is by steamboats, which pass and re-pass four or five times a week. There used to be a long wharf built out into the river to the deep-water channel, where the steamboats pass; but in war time about half of the passage-way out to this wharf was destroyed, so that the mail-bag has now to be sent out in a boat.

Well, a short time ago, we wrote all about Pussy Willow, and finished her history, and did it up, and directed it to Ticknor and Fields, and put it into our mail-bag. But, just as the time came to get the bag out to the wharf, there came up a thunder-storm with a tremendous gale of wind, and the little mail-bag was seized by the wind, and carried sheer off the wharf into the water; and the waves were running so high, and the wind was making such a commotion, that there was no such thing as dragging for it till next day, — and then dragging did no good. There it lies at the bottom of the St. John's River, — this diverting and edifying history of Pussy Willow, — along with forty letters, the half-weekly mail of the village of Mandarin.

For the life of us we can't help wondering what will become of them all. There is a pretty lively and intelligent population of people under the blue waters of the St. John's, who will probably, first or last, have the discussion of it; but their opinions will be rather of a scaly nature, and will never be known to us. There is the lordly Dr. Alligator, who, though his mouth opens like an old-fashioned snuff-box, and his backbone runs down to a long scaly point, nevertheless is an honest, respectable old fellow in his way. I think he will probably have the first opening of that mail-bag, which he will manage with one decided *chaw*; and then I fancy he will abandon it in disgust, after the manner of newspapers and critics generally, when they come across what has no particular relation to their own tastes and fancies.

"Pshaw!" I hear the old Doctor say, "what tough stuff! No savor, — decidedly a poor, watery performance. Well, if this is what those tribes on shore make much of, they are welcome to it," — and away he swims.

Then will come up a whole host of gar-fish. These fellows are fish with long bills on the ends of their noses, armed with sharp teeth, which they use on any and every thing that comes in their way. One of them gets hold of the history of Pussy Willow, chews it up, and swallows it. There was ever so much excellent advice in it, — quantities of considerations for good little girls; and this unappreciative gar-fish swims off with them all in his stomach, and I question if he is a whit the wiser or better thereby. Ten to one he complains to Mrs. Gar that "that trash lies so heavy in his stomach that you will never catch him having anything to do with such stupid, heavy productions from on shore again." I doubt whether any of them ever get

the contents of another mail-bag into their stomachs. It is their last opportunity, and much good may it do them !

And now, my little folks, having made my apologies, I will proceed to re-write for you from memory the last chapter of the history of Pussy Willow. We left off just as the war began, and Emily's brother, and Pussy's brothers, and everybody's brothers, were all marching off to the war. What times those were, to be sure ! Was n't everything for a while turned topsy-turvy ? Those were days when all who had any capacity in them that was good for anything were sure to find it out, and have it called into use. People who do great things and good things at such times do them because they have been laying up strength beforehand, and training themselves in body and in mind. Then, when the time comes to use their faculties, they have them all ready, and they know just where to find them.

Very soon came the news of battles and skirmishes, and then of precious blood shed. Then of battles that left ever so many of the noblest and most precious of our Northern soldiers wounded and bleeding. Cannot all of you remember how the mothers and daughters and sisters, all over the country, flew to their relief, — how societies were formed, and women worked day and night to send aid to the brave men who were fighting our battles on the field ?

Then, had you been in New York, you must have seen the City Park lined along its edges with barracks thrown up to receive the wounded soldiers. Within were long lines of neat beds where the poor fellows lay. There you might have seen a pretty young girl, dressed in deep mourning, who came every day with her little basket on her arm, leaving at many a couch some token of her gentle presence and loving care. This is the girl that was once the idle, selfish Emily Proudie. What is she now ? To the poor suffering men whom she visits every day she seems like an angel ; and, as she passes among them, she leaves a bunch of flowers here, an interesting book or pamphlet there. Sometimes there is a little bottle of cologne, or a palm-leaf fan, or a delicate, nicely hemmed handkerchief, — luxuries for the sick-bed of which her kind eye sees the need here and there. Occasionally she will sit for an hour at a time by some poor feverish boy, fanning away the flies, that he may sleep, and perhaps singing a sweet hymn. Once she used to get vast credit for singing French and Italian songs with a great many shakes and trills in them, which it fatigued her very much to learn, and which, when she got through with them, people complimented her for as wonderfully well done. Now she sang some simple airs from a soldier's tune-book ; and when her tender voice rose, it was in words like these : —

“ Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known.”

Often, while she was singing, there would be such a stillness all up and down the hospital that you might hear a pin drop, and you might see hard, dark hands brushing away tears quietly ; and then the men would speak softly of pious mothers, at whose knees they learned to pray long years ago.

You remember the days when Emily had everybody in the house at her feet, waiting on her, and yet was full of disgust and weariness. In those days her back ached, and her head ached, and everything constantly troubled her; her dresses never were trimmed to suit her, and everything went wrong with her from morning to night.

Now she is a different girl indeed. She wears a plain mourning dress for her dear brother, who was one of the first to lay down his life for his country; but her dress costs her little thought and little care, because her heart is full of sweeter and nobler things. Emily is living no more for self, she is living for others; she has learned the Saviour's beautiful lesson that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and she finds it so. She uses every day all the strength she has, resolutely and systematically, in some good works of charity. Besides going to the hospital, she goes often to the rooms of the Soldiers' Aid Society to cut out work, and she takes some home with her, that every hour may be usefully employed. She writes letters for the poor fellows who are too feeble to write for themselves, and tells distant mothers and friends how their beloved ones are doing. Many of Miss Emily's letters are treasured in distant dwellings in the country, where her face has never been seen, because they are all the tidings that remain of some dear one forever lost to earth.

Emily's mamma and aunts declared that the dear child was doing too much, and actually wearing herself out; but Emily found one great secret, and that was, when she had used all her strength in good works, to look humbly to her Father in secret for more, — and this strength always came.

"Are n't you afraid, Doctor, that Emily will wear herself out with visiting the hospitals and working for the soldiers?" said anxious mamma.

The Doctor gave her a good look through his great round spectacles.

"I think she'll stand it," he said, "rather better than she used to stand the opera and the German some winters ago."

"And if I don't," said Emily, "I'd rather wear out than rust out. I have found out what life is good for now."

As to Pussy Willow, she had a brother who rose to be a General, and had command of a whole State, and she went to the South to keep house for him. One of the largest hospitals in the Southern Department was conducted under her eye and care, and a most capital one it was. She had strength, the result of years of healthy energy, to give to the service of her country. She had experience in the use of her hands, and could do everything in the neatest and quickest way; and when a hundred desperately wounded men are brought in at once to be relieved and made comfortable, nobody without experience can tell how important it is to know how to do exactly the right thing in the least time. The nights that Pussy has been up in her hospital kitchen, making soup and gruel and coffee, when the wounded were being brought in after a battle! She moved so quickly that she seemed to be everywhere; she directed everybody and everything, and wherever anything seemed in danger of going wrong, there she was in a trice, and set it right again.

Nobody knows the amount of work done by fair, delicate women in those

days. They did not turn aside from any horror, they did not spare themselves any fatigue, they called no service beneath them whereby they could relieve a pain. Among these heroines our Pussy was foremost. Those blue eyes of hers became stars of hope to many a poor fellow, and her ministering hands seemed to have the very gift of healing in them. She overlooked the stores sent by the Sanitary Commission, and saw that they were wisely kept and administered. She wrote to the North for whatever was wanting, and kept her patients well and carefully clothed, fed, tended, and nursed. Many letters passed between her and Emily in this labor of love, and many a nice package of shirts and stockings came down to her from Emily's Fifth Avenue sewing association. So these two girls were united in the service of their country.

And, in this war, it was the *women*, no less than the men, that saved the country. If there had not been hundreds of thousands of brave women who did as Miss Emily and our Pussy did, thousands of dear and precious lives must have been wasted, and the war could not have come to so glorious an end.

Well, peace came at last. How glad we all were ! And all our generals and colonels came North again, and laid aside their titles, and went to work at their farms and merchandise as quietly as though nothing had happened. But the people where Pussy lives still persist in calling her brother General, and his coat with the gold star on it is hung up with his sword in the little cottage where our story began.

As to Pussy, she has married lately, and gone to live in New York. She lives in a nice brown-stone house in Fifth Avenue, not far from Miss Emily, and the two girls are more intimate than ever. People do say that the General, Pussy's brother, is going to marry Miss Emily, and so they will by and by be sisters. I can't say certainly as to that ; I only know that they are a great deal together ; and on the whole, if my young folks will have it so, I guess we will finish up our story that way.

It is agreed that Pussy is always to spend her summers at the old homestead where she first saw the light, where the bright pussy willow bush tassels out early in March under the chamber windows, and the old grandmotherly ferns, with their woolly nightcaps, peep out to see whether it will do to unroll and come up into this upper world.

Pussy is right, for the good fairies dwell in these quiet country places. Do you want to see one, my dear Charlotte or my blue-eyed Mary ? Well, the next time you get a chance to look down into a clear spring, or a deep well all fringed with ferns, if the water is very still and clear, perhaps you will see one smiling and looking amiably at you.

Now remember to be a good girl, and live to help other people. Begin by being, as Pussy was, a kind, helpful daughter to your dear mother, who has done more for you than you have any idea of ; and remember that your happiness consists in what you give and what you do, and not in what you receive and have done for you.

And now good by.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

## "THE STROLLING PLAYER."

RUNNING away from mother,  
 Bareheaded up the street,  
 Kicking the dust into yellow smoke  
 With little roguish feet ;

Tossing it over his clean white dress,  
 Into his stocking-heels,  
 Choking the little wooden horse  
 That trundles along on wheels ;

Dreaming away with wide blue eyes,  
 And speculating why  
 God won't give him the golden ball  
 That drops in the quivering sky ;

What's the use of that pretty pink cloud,  
 Sailing away so high,  
 If you can't have a ride in it ;  
 And, it's just no use to try !

If that woman grew with glasses on ;  
 If this house is papa's ;  
 Why that nice red cow won't talk to him,  
 Looking across the bars ;

Into the neighbors' gates and doors !  
 Under their cherry-trees !  
 Into mischief and out again,  
 Wherever he may please ;

Wandering at last to the old church steps,  
 Little horse and all ;  
 Climbing up laboriously ;—  
 Too bad if he should fall !

Pushing in, with dimpled hands,  
 The great door strong and tall,  
 Letting the sweet warm summer light  
 Slide down the shadowed wall ;

Standing there in the solemn hush  
 Of chancel, nave, and dome ;  
 Thinking it is prettier  
 Than the sitting-room at home ;

Standing still in the broken lights  
 That shimmer through the place,  
 Mellowing down through painted glass  
 Like rainbows on his face.

Not a bit afraid—ah, no, indeed!—  
 Of the shadows vast and dim;  
 Quite at home! and sure it was made  
 All on purpose for him!

\* \* \* \* \*

The old, old words come up to me,  
 Spoken so long ago,  
 About the heavenly temple  
 Where you and I would go,—

The beautiful, waiting temple,  
 Which has no room for sin;  
 Something about a little child,  
 And the way of entering in.

*E. Stuart Phelps.*



## WILLIAM HENRY'S LETTERS TO HIS GRANDMOTHER.

### SEVENTH PACKET.

#### *Letter from Aunt Phebe.*

DEAR BILLY,—

You rogue, you! You've frightened us all to pieces with your ghost that was n't a ghost, and your whipping that was n't a whipping, and your measles that you did n't have. Grandmother may talk, but she's losing her memory. You were red as a beet with 'em. As if I did n't carry you about all night and go to sleep walking!

Grandmother says, "Yes, indeed! bring Dorry, and let him stay a week if he wants to." Bless her soul! She'll always keep her welcome warm, so never mind her memory. And Bubby Short, too. Pray bring Bubby Short. I want to see his black eyes shine. Don't Benjie want to come? I've got beds enough, and girls enough to work, and a great batch of poor mince-pies that I want eaten up. Don't see how I came to make such a miss in my pies this baking. Your uncle J. thinks I skinned on plums. There never was such a man for plums. I do believe if they were put into his biscuits he'd think he'd got no more than his rights.

Your uncle J. says: "Tell the boys to come on. I've got apples to gather, and husking to do." They'd better bring some old clothes to wear. This is such a tearing place. I've put my Tommy into jacket and trousers. He

used to hitch his clothes upon every rail. Such a climber! I don't know what that boy 'll be when he grows up.

I send you a good warm comforter, knit in stripes; and all the family are knit into it, especially Tommy. The pink stripes are his good-boy days, and the black ones are his naughty actions. I showed him where I knit 'em in. That clouded gray and black stripe is for my two great girls quarrelling together about whose work 't was to do some little trifle. I told 'em they should be knit in, big as they are, if they could n't behave, and be accommodating. That bright red stripe is for Hannah Jane's school report, all perfect. That blue stripe is for your sister Georgianna when she made a sheet. It matches her eyes as near as I could get the yarn. My blue dye is weak this fall. Indigo is high. Your uncle J. says it's on account of the Rebs feeling so blue. That gray stripe, dotted with yellow, means a funny crying-spell Tommy had at table. I came home, and there he sat in his high chair, with his two hands on the arms of it, his mouth wide open, eyes shut, and the tears streaming down, making the dolefullest noise, — "O-oh, a-ah; o-oh, a-ah." Lucy Maria said he 'd been going on in that strain almost half an hour, because we did n't have mince-meat for supper. That green stripe is for the day we all took the hay-cart and went to ride in the woods. The orange-colored one is for the box of oranges your uncle J. fetched home. "A waste of money," says I. "Please the children," says he; "and the peel will save spice." Makes me laugh when your uncle J. sets out to save. My girls and Tommy have got the very best of fathers, only they don't realize it. But young folks can't realize. The pale rose-colored stripe is for the travelling doctor's curing your grandmother's rheumatics, and promising she never should have another touch of 'em if she was careful. The dark red stripe is for the red cow's getting choked to death with a turnip. She was a prime butter cow. Any man but your uncle J. would look sober for a month about it. But he says, "O, there 's butter enough in the world, Phebe. And the calf will soon be a cow on its own hook." That 's your uncle J.

The plain dark purple stripe is for my Matilda's speaking disrespectfully to grandmother. She was sorry enough afterwards, but I told her it should go in. That bright yellow stripe is for the day your father went to market and got such a great price for his colt. The bright fringe, mixed colors, is for us all in both houses, when we got news of your coming home, and felt so glad. There 's a stitch dropped in one place. That may go for a tear-drop, — a tear of mine, dear, if you please. Do you think we grown-up women, we jolly, busy women, never shed tears? O, but we do sometimes, in an out-of-the-way corner, or when the children are all gone to school, or everybody is in bed. Bitterer tears they are, Billy, than boys' tears. One more stripe, that plain white one in the centre, is for the little Tommy that died. I could n't bear to leave him out, Billy. He had such little loving ways. You don't remember him.

There 's your uncle J.'s whistle. He always whistles when he gets to the bars, to let me know it 's time to begin to take up dinner.

From your loving

AUNT PHEBE.

*Dorry's Second Letter.*

DEAR SIS, —

Who's been giving you an inch, that you take so many "l's"? Or is father putting an "L" to his house, or some great "LL.D." been dining there, or what is the matter, that about every "l" in your letter comes double? I would n't spell "painful" with two "l's" if the pain was ever so bad. But I know. You are thinking about Billy and the good times we are having. Aunt Phebe says you might have come too, just as well as not; for her family is so big, three or four more don't make a mite of difference.

We got here last night. Billy's grandmother's a brick. She took Billy right in her arms, and I do believe she cried for being glad, behind her spectacles. His sister is full as pretty as you. Billy brought her a round comb. Aunt Phebe's little Tommy's as fat as butter. He sat and sucked his thumb and stared, till Billy held out a whistle to him, and then he walked up and took it, as sober as a judge.

"And I've brought you something, grandmother," says Billy.

He went out, and brought in a bandbox tied up. I wondered, coming in the cars, what he had got tied up in that bandbox. He out with his jack-knife, and cut the strings, and took out — have you guessed yet? Of course you have n't, — took out a new cap like grandma's. He stuck his fist in it, and turned it round and round, to let her see it.



"Now sit down," says he, "and we'll try it on."

She would n't, but he made her.

"Come here, Dorry," says he, "and see which is the front side of this."



When her old cap was pulled off, there was her gray hair all soft and wavy. He got the cap part way on.

"You tip it down too much," says I.

"We'll turn it round," says he.

"'T is upside down," said Billy's father.

"Now 't is one-sided," says Uncle J., "like the colt's blinders."

"'T was never meant for my head," says grandmother.

"Send for Phebe," says Uncle J.

But "Phebe" was coming. There was a great chattering outside, and the door opened, and in came Aunt Phebe, laughing, and her three great girls laughing too, with their red cheeks, and their great braids of hair tied up in red bow-knots of ribbon. And they all went to kissing Billy.

And then says Aunt Phebe, "What in the world are you doing to your grandmother? A regular milliner's cap, if I breathe! Well done, grandmother! Here, let me give it a twist. It's hind side before. What do boys know? or men either? What are all these kinds of strings for?"

"The great ones to hang down, and the little ones to tie up," says Billy.

The girls stood by to pick the bows apart, and fuzz up the ruffles where they were smashed in; and Billy's father and Uncle Jacob, they sat and laughed.

Grandmother could n't help herself, but she kept saying, "Now Phebe! Now girls! Now Billy!"

"And now grandmother!" says Aunt Phebe. "There! fold your hands together. Don't lean back hard, 't will jam easy. Now see, girls! Is n't she a beauty?" And, Maggie, I do believe she's the prettiest grandmother there is going. Her face is just as round and smiling!

"Now sit still, grandmother," said Aunt Phebe. And she winked to the girls, and they whisked two tables up together, spread on the cloth, set on the dishes; then out into the entry, and brought in great loaves of plum-cake, and pies and doughnuts, and set out the table, — all done while you'd be tying your shoe. Then they set a row of lights along the middle, and we all sat round, — grandmother at the head, and Aunt Phebe's little Tommy in his high chair; and I tell you what, if these are poor mince-pies, I hope I shall never see any good ones.

"Why did n't you have some fried eggs?" said Uncle Jacob.

"Now did anybody ever hear the like?" said Aunt Phebe. "Fried eggs! when they're shedding their feathers, and it takes seventy-six fowls to lay a dozen, and every egg is worth its weight in currency! Better ask why we don't have cranberry sauce!"

"There!" says Uncle J. "I declare, if I did n't forget that errand, after all!"

"When I told you to keep saying over 'Cranberries, cranberries,' all the way going along!" says Aunt Phebe.

"They would 'a' set my teeth on edge before I got to Ne'miah's corner," said Uncle J. "The very thoughts of 'em is enough. Lucy Maria, please to pass that frosted cake. I declare, I'm sorry I forgot that errand."

For all we were so hungry, there was a great deal left, and I was glad to see it going into Billy's buttery. Billy says it's just like his aunt Phebe to come to supper, and make that an excuse to bring enough to last a week, to save grandmother steps.

I do like to stay where folks are jolly. They keep me a-laughing; and as for Bubby Short, his little black eyes have settled themselves into a twinkle, and there they stay. I never had such a good time in my life.

From your same old brother,

DORRY.

P. S. We have got good times enough planned out to last a month. Uncle J. says we may have his old horse, and Young Gray, and Dobbin, and the cow too, if we want, to ride horseback on, or tackle up into anything we can find, from a hay-cart to a wheelbarrow. I shall want to write, but sha' n't. There 'll be no time. When I get home, I 'll talk a week.

Love to all inquiring friends.

*Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*



## GREEN APPLES.

PULL down the bough, Bob! Is n't this fun?  
 Now give it a shake, and — there goes one!  
 Now put your thumb up to the other, and see  
 If it is n't as mellow as mellow can be!

I know by the stripe

It must be ripe!

That's one apiece for you and me.

Green, are they? Well, no matter for that.  
 Sit down on the grass, and we 'll have a chat;  
 And I 'll tell you what old Parson Bute  
 Said last Sunday of unripe fruit.

“Life,” says he,

“Is a bountiful tree,

Heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

“For the youth there's love, just streaked with red,  
 And great joys hanging just over his head;  
 Happiness, honor, and great estate,  
 For those who patiently work and wait;—

Blessings,” said he,

“Of every degree,

Ripening early, and ripening late.

“Take them in season, pluck and eat,  
 And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is sweet;  
 But, O my friends!—” Here he gave a rap  
 On his desk like a regular thunder-clap,  
     And made such a bang,  
     Old Deacon Lang  
 Woke up out of his Sunday nap.

Green fruit, he said, God would not bless;  
 But half life's sorrow and bitterness,  
 Half the evil and ache and crime,  
 Came from tasting before their time  
     The fruits Heaven sent.  
     Then on he went  
 To his *Fourthly* and *Fifthly*:—was n't it prime?

But, I say, Bob! we fellows don't care  
 So much for a mouthful of apple or pear;  
 But what we like is the fun of the thing,  
 When the fresh winds blow, and the hang-birds bring  
     Home grubs, and sing  
     To their young ones, a-swing  
 In their basket-nest, tied up by its string.

I like apples in various ways:  
 They're first-rate roasted before the blaze  
 Of a winter fire; and, O my eyes!  
 Are n't they nice, though, made into pies?  
     I scarce ever saw  
     One, cooked or raw,  
 That was n't good for a boy of my size!

But shake your fruit from the orchard tree,  
 And the tune of the brook, and the hum of the bee,  
 And the chipmonks chippering every minute,  
 And the clear sweet note of the gay little linnet,  
     And the grass and the flowers,  
     And the long summer hours,  
 And the flavor of sun and breeze, are in it.

But this is a hard one! Why did n't we  
 Leave them another week on the tree?  
 Is yours as bitter? Give us a bite!  
 The pulp is tough, and the seeds are white,  
     And the taste of it puckers  
     My mouth like a sucker's!  
 I vow, I believe the old parson was right!

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

## MIDSUMMER BUTTERFLIES.

THE long, cold winter days have all passed away, and midsummer, with its jolly weeks of vacation, has come to make merry the hearts of all our little young folks. How happy we were — Tom, Maggie, and I — when the appointed morning came, and we left our home in the city to spend a few weeks among the fresh green fields! What a sensation of new life we all felt as we passed up the beautiful Connecticut Valley, and saw the meadows and trees and flowers, and smelt the sweet air from a hundred clover-fields! And now here we are, up among the Green Mountains, spending our days in all kinds of country sports and pleasures. Tom thinks that perhaps some other little young folks would like to know what we are doing, and how we are learning many things which winter schools have failed to teach us.

One day, when we first came here, we were all out walking, and saw a whole crowd of little ruddy-faced boys playing about by the roadside. They were running this way and that, and swinging their little straw hats in the air. At first we could not see what they were about, but soon Tom shouted, "O, they are butterfly hunters," and off he started to join them.

Now Tom, Maggie, and I had hunted butterflies the summer before, and Tom knew all about the best way to trap the delicate little insects; but we found that these little fellows, although eager for the sport, were quite ignorant as to the ways and means to prosecute it successfully. Tom made acquaintance with the whole band at once, and since that day we have all spent many pleasant hours together, hunting through the meadows and woods for specimens of different kinds of butterflies. Under our guidance the little boys have become very skilful in this pursuit; the little straw hat has given place to a neat net, and instead of the poor broken-winged insects which the boys did not think worth keeping, but generally threw away as soon as they were caught, they have collections of very neatly mounted specimens, and are much interested in every new variety they are able to capture.

It would be quite impossible to tell about all the pleasant hunts we have had, or to describe all the varieties we have placed in our collection; but I will do what I can to interest our young folks, and perhaps, when I have told them some things about butterflies, they may hunt and catch specimens for themselves.

July and August, the very months when school is shut up, and the children are free for the long holidays, is the time when the fields and woods are full, more than at any other season, of the most brilliant and gorgeous species of butterflies. It is now that the *Papilio Asterias* spreads its large, brilliant wings, and flutters about in the hot July sun. All the small varieties of butterflies are also very numerous at this season of the year; and in the open, sunny fields, the cool woods, and damp meadows, may be found many varieties to enrich the collections of boy and girl hunters.

The instinct for catching butterflies seems to be born with little folks.

What boy could see the brilliant little insect flit past him, and not give chase, and with a blow of his hat fell the pretty game to the ground? This is, however, very ruthless sport. To catch butterflies, a few simple implements, easily to be obtained by any boy, are indispensable. These are a firmly made net, light and easy to handle, a small bottle of ether, and a box in which to mount the specimens. By means of the net, the butterfly can be easily secured without injury, and held while the little naturalist administers the drop of ether which serves to quiet the fluttering of the wings and render the insect insensible, while it is secured, by means of a pin through the body, to the case prepared to preserve it.

In the tropical countries, where summer reigns eternal, the butterflies, as a general thing, are much larger and much more beautiful in color than those produced during our short season of green grass and flowers. Mr. Church, the artist, has brought home from the plains of Mexico and the South American wilds a collection wonderful for its brilliant and magnificent coloring. The glossy blue of the wings of some of the insects is far richer than any color worn by our Northern butterflies. We have also seen a collection made in India, which bore this same character. Travellers in foreign lands have very frequently brought back with them collections of this nature; but, while admiring these, we fear our boys and girls have overlooked the beauties nearer home, for, until recently, we have heard of but little effort among them to form collections of native specimens. Our Northern butterflies, although not possessing the great brilliancy of their tropical relations, are quite as beautiful in markings, and of very great variety in color.

The beauty of this summer season of the year is enough in itself to tempt the boys out into the fields and woods; and the ramble will receive a new interest if they open their eyes to notice the hundreds of butterflies which are flitting through the air every sunny morning. Let us take a bright day in the early part of August, and as soon as the sun has dried the dew from the grass and flowers, so that the butterflies can come out from under the leaves where they have spent the night, and fly about without fear of wetting their dainty feet, we will swing our nets over our shoulders, and go off into the open meadows. But first we must pass through the garden back of the house, where sunflowers, hollyhocks, and other common plants are growing luxuriantly side by side with beds of parsley, caraway, sage, and camomile. What is that brilliant spot of color hovering round and round over the parsley? Tom has swung his net, and there entrapped is the beautiful insect. Hold it very carefully in the net, while Maggie pours just one drop of ether on its head. How it draws back at first from the odor which is to be its death, but all in vain; the large wings give one last, faint flutter, and the short, sunny life of the butterfly is over. There it lies still and quiet in your hand. Now fasten it in your box, and arrange the wings before they grow stiff and brittle. What a great, handsome fellow it is! Measure its wings; they expand nearly four inches. The wings and body are both black. On the body are two rows of yellow dots, and the front wings have two rows of yellow spots on the margin. Each of the hind wings has a

little tail, and is marked with two bands of yellow, between which are seven bright blue spots. Just at the hind angle of the wing is an orange spot with a black dot in the centre. This large, handsome butterfly is called *Papilio Asterias*. Here is a picture of it, so that you will know just how it looks.\*



You will find it flying about in July and the early part of August, generally in or near some kitchen garden.

There are several other large and very beautiful butterflies belonging to this same species ; but we must not stop to talk about them here, for Tom and Maggie have already passed through the little garden gate, and are walking slowly along the road. We will join them, and when we reach that old pair of bars we will climb over and sit down to rest under the elm-tree in the meadow. There we can watch the haymakers at work. How pleasant it is here under the elm in the summer noon-time ! The haymakers are sitting down to rest under the trees at the farther end of the lot, and in the pasture near by the cattle are all lying down in the shade, throwing their tails about now and then, or sleepily whisking an ear to drive away the teasing little flies which always torment them on a hot summer day. The whole air is fragrant with the new-mown hay, which lies all about.

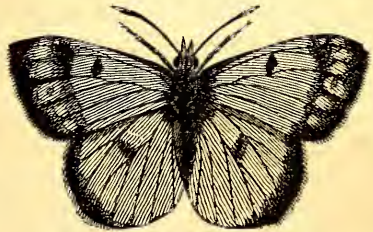
"Only see all those little yellow butterflies !" cries Tom ; and as we look around over the field the whole air appears alive with the gay little honey-eaters. How strange it seems to be surrounded by so much life and activity, and yet to hear no sound of any motion ! Hundreds of these brilliant little insects are hovering all about us, revelling in the hot summer sun, and yet how silent it is ! It seems as if there must be some spiritual element about these fairy-like creatures, and that they must be part of the sunshine itself. How silent throughout is the butterfly's existence ! From the beginning to the end of its short life it makes no sound. The bee, the wasp, and

\* The plates that illustrate this article are taken from "*The Butterfly Hunters*," published by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields.

almost all other insects make sharp, humming noises, as their stiff wings cut through the air; but the soft, downy wings of the butterfly flutter up and down, and no sound is heard. Sometimes, when I have captured a large butterfly, it has been much harder to put an end to its life than it would have been had it protested with a loud buzz of complaint. There is something infinitely touching in the silent submission of the beautiful insect to its little griefs and sorrows.

But Tom shouts that with one swing of his net he has captured a dozen yellow butterflies, and we must help him to arrange them in his box.

These little butterflies are called *Colias Philodice*. They are to be seen flying round in the sunshine almost all summer, sucking nourishment from all kinds of honey-flowers. They love to fly among the clover-blossoms, and a very beautiful sight it is to see hundreds of these dainty little insects clinging to the great round clover-heads, and swaying back and forth in the summer breeze. Now that Tom has his specimens all in the box, and their wings fastened open with pins so that they will dry in a suitable position, we will look at them, and see how beautifully they are colored. The wings are a bright yellow, with a broad border of black. In the centre of each fore wing is a small black dot, and on each hind wing is a little spot of bright orange. You will notice that on some of these little butterflies the black border is much broader than on others, and beautifully shaded into the yellow of the rest of the wing. These are the female butterflies. Here is a little picture of one of them.

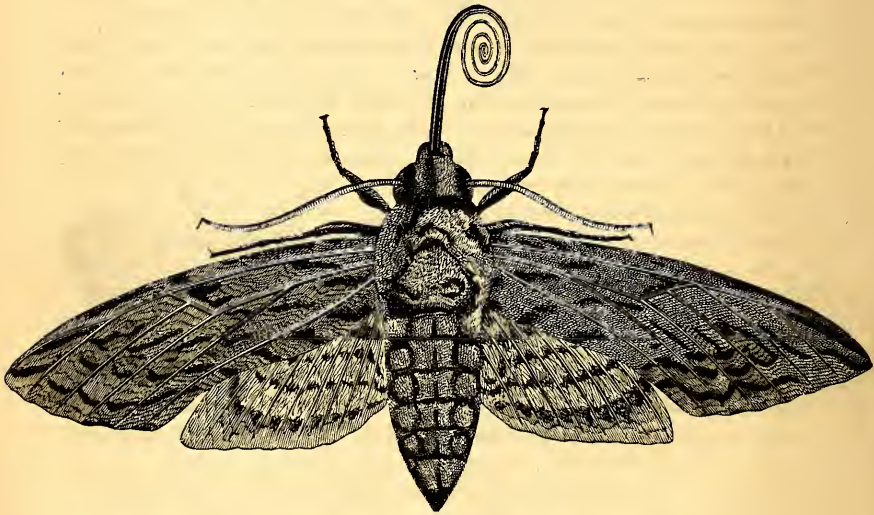


Now we will gather up our nets and walk towards home. Fluttering over the green grass at the side of the road we see great numbers of the little red Copper butterfly, and here and there one of its little dull brown sisters, the tiny *Epixanthe*; but we will not stop to catch them now, for the noon sun is growing very hot, and we must seek the shade of the large maple-trees in front of the house.

On the grass under these trees, Tom, Maggie, and I spend many long summer afternoons. Now and then some gaudy butterfly flits across the yard, and entices Tom to a run with his net. It is very often a fruitless journey, however. Butterflies are not always to be caught, even by running for them. They are very sly and very quick, and some of the larger varieties will lead a boy a long chase, ending, perhaps, in disappointment. It was only the other day, as we were walking along a pretty country road, that Tom caught sight of a magnificent *Archippus* butterfly perched proudly upon an *asclepias* flower. He crept towards it very softly, but, just as his net was about to fall over it, away it soared into the pasture. "I will have that splendid fellow!" said Tom, and, jumping over the wall, he started after it at full speed. Away floated the *Archippus*, lighting now and then, but always taking to its wings whenever Tom approached. At last it came back into the road again, and

fluttered quietly about among the asclepias. Tom climbed over the wall as fast as he could, and, very hot and tired with his long chase, came creeping up to where the butterfly was playing. Up went his net and then came down again, bringing with it a great bunch of asclepias blossoms; but the Archippus spread its large wings, and floated off over a forest of young birches on the other side of the road. Poor Tom stood looking after it with very longing eyes; but when it disappeared he swung his net over his shoulder and went whistling up the road, thinking that perhaps the next time boyish skill and perseverance would prove too much even for an Archippus butterfly. And so it proved; for, before reaching home, a magnificent specimen was safely mounted in his box.

One evening we were sitting reading around our German student-lamp, when thump, thump came something against the window-pane. Maggie



pushed up the glass, and very soon a great moth fluttered wildly into the room. It darted round and round the lamp, and, blinded by the glare of light, seemed in great danger of burning itself to death. At last it alighted on the table. Tom had his net all ready, and in a moment the creature lay still and dead in his hand. Poor fellow! The ether had done its work faithfully, and the moth would flutter no more among the sweet honeysuckles in the cool night air. How much it looked like a creature of the night! Its large, heavy eyes and "sober-suited" wings seemed fitted to the quiet, dark hours in which it loved to play. Here is a picture of this moth, showing just how it looks in Tom's case of specimens.

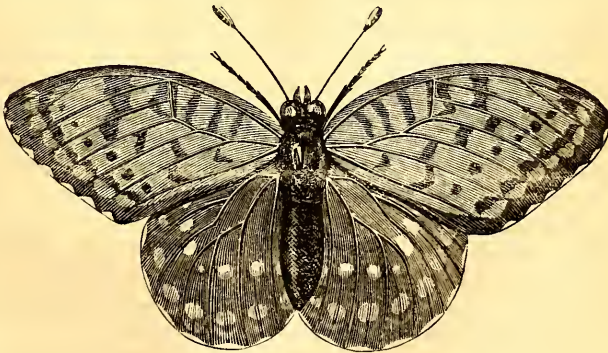
Its wings are black and gray mixed together with great delicacy. Do you see that long tube partly rolled up in the picture? It is through this tube that the moth draws its food. It unrolls it, and thrusts it down into the deep



cups of the honeysuckle and other sweet flowers, and by this means sucks up the honey upon which it lives. When Tom caught this moth we did not see the tube, but, on looking closely, we found it carefully rolled up under the head. By means of a pin, we drew it out before it grew dry and brittle, and left it as in the picture. On each side of the body of this creature are five round orange spots, and on this account it is called the Five-spotted Sphinx.

Tom has captured a great many other moths. They are often very rich in coloring, and possess quite as much interest for the student of natural history as their sisters of light and sunshine, the butterflies. It is not, however, so easy for our young folks to capture them, as they remain concealed among the thick foliage through the day, and only venture out after the sun has set, and it has become quite dark, when the boys and girls, like the butterflies, are sound asleep in their little nests.

I am sure you all know how delicious the woods are on a sultry summer day, but perhaps you have never heard about the delicate little butterflies which make their home among the cool ferns and low bushes. We were all out in the woods one afternoon, — Tom, Maggie, and some other little folks. There was a little boy named Frankie with us. It was not little Frankie that you have read about in the "Butterfly Hunters," but a boy just like him. We found a delightful resting-place under some maple-trees, and sat down there in the cool shade. It was on the top of a high, rocky cliff, at the foot of which flowed a broad river, rushing on and on out to the sea. Its surface was covered with rafts and boats, and small river craft of various kinds, and the children were never tired of watching them passing up and down. But Tom could think of nothing but butterflies, and as this was a capital place to hunt for Hipparchians, the modest little butterflies of the woods, he and Frankie started off among the bushes to look for them. Frankie had no net, and Tom was so eager to capture specimens that he could not lend his for a



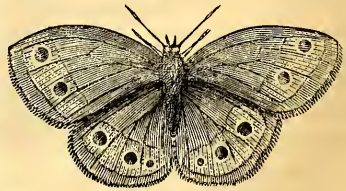
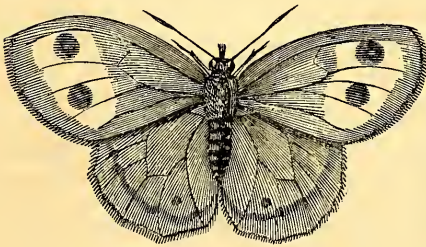
single moment. While they were gone, the other children wished to look at the butterflies we had captured on our way to the woods. I opened Tom's specimen-box, and showed them the pretty insects. Tom had captured three varieties that day. There was a gay little Milbert's butterfly with its brilliant

black and orange wings, and a very fine, fresh specimen of the *Cynthia Cardui*, or Thistle butterfly, which we had found playing over a great thistle-plant by the roadside. But what pleased the children best was the *Argynnis Idalia*. On the preceding page is a picture, to show you how large and handsome it is.

The fore wings of the *Idalia* butterfly are of a dark orange color spotted with black, but the hind wings are quite different, being of a brilliant blue-black tint, and ornamented with two rows of spots, — the inner row almost white. Both rows are of the same color on the female, but on the male the outer row is orange, like the fore pair of wings. All along the outer edge of both pairs of wings are little white spots. This is one of the prettiest butterflies of midsummer.

Tom and Frankie came back before long. Tom had captured a very perfect specimen of the *Hipparchia Alope*, and we all crowded round to look at it. The *Alope* butterfly is the largest of the *Hipparchians*. It loves the woods, but later in the season, when the sun is not so hot as at present, it often may be found flying about in the open fields. Its wings are of a dull brown tint. Across the fore wings is a broad band of yellow, on which are two black spots with a light blue dot in the centre.

But Tom, although much pleased with his fine specimen of the *Alope*, was disappointed at having missed a *Hipparchia Eurytris*. He said it was fluttering about among some bushes, and, just as he was going to throw his net, Frankie rushed up and tried to catch it with his hat. The butterfly disappeared, and Tom thought it must have hid under some of the leaves. Frankie was sorry, too, for he wanted to see the little *Eurytris* butterfly; and, although the boys had hunted all through the damp, shady bushes, they had not been able to find another specimen. Frankie pulled off his hat, and was just going to throw himself down to rest on the cool, green moss under the trees, when one of the other children cried out that something was sticking in his hair. And there, sure enough, was the little *Eurytris*, its tiny feet caught fast in Frankie's curly locks. It seems that the little butterfly had been in his hat all the time the boys were looking for it. Tom came up and threw his net with a great flourish, capturing Frankie and the butterfly at the same time. The wings of the delicate little creature were slightly broken, but it did very well to fill a vacant place in Tom's box. The wings of this little butterfly are of a very delicate drab. Running across both pairs of wings, near the margin, is a



band of a lighter shade, upon which are some little black spots within a ring of drab.

Unless I were to give you a journal of each day's walks and talks, I could not begin to tell you of all the pleasures that Tom, Maggie, and I have found in hunting butterflies, nor of the great beauty of fields and flowers and woods which has been revealed to us, as we have searched them through and through in pursuit of their dainty little inhabitants. If all the little boys and girls who are just starting to spend their summer vacation in the country will follow our example, and devote a part of their time to the study of this attractive branch of natural history, they will find themselves well repaid, when autumn comes, by the store of pretty facts and the collection of beautiful insects they will have secured to enliven the long evenings of the coming winter.

*Author of "The Butterfly Hunters."*



## THE GREAT SEA FIGHT OFF SLUYS.



*HIS is the story of Walter Spargo, a sailor lad of Fowey, told to me, Anselm, a monk of the Order of Saint Benedict, dwelling in the Priory of Tywardreth, in the reign of the great and powerful Prince, Edward the Third, King of England.*

When the news came that our gallant young King would make war upon France there was great rejoicing in all the English seaports, but none were more glad than the people of Fowey. When there was war, there was fighting and plundering to be done; and the Fowey sailors were so accustomed to both that they sometimes made war on their own account, that they might fight and carry home treasures from whatever ships they met with.

I was a sailor boy on the new ship "Edward," that the master, Roger Davy, had named after the young King. She was a goodly ship of sixty tons' burden, — not so large as the King's great ship "Christopher," or even Piers Tregoning's "Salutation," but one that carried twenty-five men, and had stood many a fierce storm in the narrow seas and on the voyage to Spain. Roger Davy was proud of the "Edward," and when he stamped up and down the deck in his big boots, he sometimes boasted that if he met Sir Hugh Quirel himself, the terror of the narrow seas, he would shake his beard for him.

When there was nothing else to do we went fishing, and especially about the Lenten season, to supply the great lords and their households with fasting fare ; but, as soon as a strange sail hove in sight, we pulled up our nets, and went to meet the stranger. If a Frenchman, we soon laid her aboard, and, if we were strong enough, took her and her cargo, sometimes dropping her men overboard, and at others taking them to the nearest land, and turning them loose ; for though the priests and holy men told us that fighting to rob was sinful, and that the apostles set us an example of fishing, our men would always rather fight than fish, and made both fishing and fighting profitable.

Sometimes we carried pilgrims to St. James of Compostello, in Spain ; and these were the worst kind of freight, for they were always in the way in fine weather, and in rough weather they lay on the deck like so many sacks, groaning and begging to be put on shore, as they did not care for the privilege of wearing the pilgrim's scallop-shell at the cost of so much misery. Carrying wine from Bordeaux was more profitable, and a great deal more pleasant.

Stirring news came to Fowey. A fleet of French vessels, under the Norman Sir Hugh Quiriel, had sunk a number of English ships, entered Southampton and burned the town, and had even captured the King's own ship, the "Christopher." They had met two Fowey vessels, the "Mary of the Sea" and the "Hope," which they robbed and sunk ; more,— they had threatened to come down the coast, and serve Fowey as they had served Southampton, because our vessels had done their towns and ships much damage. There was great dread along the coast, and much preparation made for the visit. Watchmen were stationed on the highest cliffs to look out for the expected fleet ; and, where the ground was not high enough, great wine casks, filled with sand, were piled one on the other, and on the topmost a watchman was placed. Beacon-fires were prepared on every cliff and hill-top, ready to be lighted when the fleet came in sight, and thus summon all the country to the spot. Our ships put out to meet the enemy and harass them, if too strong for us to give them regular battle. The good people of Fowey met in the market-place and in the ale-house to wag their heads and marvel that the King did not send out a summons to all the seaports, for a navy to destroy the saucy Frenchman. But weeks wore on and nothing came of it. The Frenchman sometimes caught a Dartmouth or Rye or Winchelsea vessel, and boasted that he would yet make beacon-fires of our sea towns ; but he kept clear of the land, and we were not so strong but that we kept clear of him,— though when one of his country's vessels fell in our way, she was made short work of, and her shipmen had good reason to be sorry for the boasts of their countryman.

One June evening, in the year 1340, I was sitting on the rocks just below the street of Fowey, fishing for crabs with a conger's head tied to a string, and was just lifting the bait with two big fellows on it, when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs. Looking up the steep hill behind me, I saw a horseman galloping furiously down the road, waving his hat as he went. I pulled

the knife from my belt, cut off the bait, and let it and the crabs fall in the water, then ran up the rocks, winding my string as I went. Just as I reached the street the horseman dismounted, covered with dust and perspiration, and the people crowded around him to hear the news. There was mother, spindle in hand, running with her gossips from her house to see the stranger; and there was our shipmaster, Roger Davy, his brown face and great beard stretched up to catch every word. Sir Robert Treffry, from Place House, was there also, mounted on horseback, having just been riding along the cliffs to learn the reports from the watchmen; and all the men, women, and children of Fowey were gathered around the stranger.

I reached the side of our shipmaster just as the stranger pulled out a paper, and read in a loud voice that our sovereign lord, the King, was about to make a descent on France, and required all his loving subjects to send at once aid in men, money, and ships. Especially the good people of Fowey were required to send at once all the vessels they could spare to London, that the King's army, with the King himself, might be taken over to France. With that the people gave a shout, and Hugh Davy, turning around, and seeing me, gave me a hearty slap on my back, saying, "Now, boy, for a crack at this Norman thief!" after which he ran down the rocks to his ship. I followed him in a hurry, shouting to mother, as I passed her, that she should have silks from France. Our crew soon gathered on board. We hauled up our anchor, shook out our heavy sail, and started down the harbor, followed by all the ships but the "Margaret," which was left behind to guard the town. As we sailed down the narrow and rock-sheltered harbor, the bells of Saint Trimbarus, on the hill above, rang out an alarum peal; beacon-fires flashed and smoked on every hill-top, and the women left behind waved their hands, and bade us "Good speed." The wind was fair, and we soon passed out of the smooth land-locked harbor, through the narrow rock-guarded pass, and were sailing merrily for London.

It was a gay sight, when we sailed up the Thames to London, to see the goodly ships from all the ports of England gathered together. We lay just below the great bridge, all the crafts of each port anchored together, and a little way from the vessels of other ports, — for there was no great friendship between the shipmen of different ports; and especially the men of Rye and Winchelsea bore no love to the men of Fowey, who had often quarrelled with and fought them at sea. As it was, when we went ashore there was much quarrelling, and many fights were had in the narrow streets. It was the first time I saw London, and I wondered much at the long bridge with the tall houses on it, and the chapel in which priests said mass whilst the river was rushing through the arches and swirling around the piers beneath them. Up by the Tower I went, where the King was staying, and to which the dukes, earls, and knights came riding with their armed followers to join the King's army, which was going to Hainault to help the Earl of Hainault, the King's brother-in-law, against France. Such a gay crowd of knights in bright armor with rich coats over it, embroidered with their devices of lions, bears, and other creatures; such a host of pikemen, longbow-men, and cross-

bow-men ; such galloping of horses and tramping of men ; such shouting of orders and braying of trumpets, — I had never before seen or heard. So great were the hurry and noise that I was glad to get to our ship, where every one was soon busy, making ready for the knights and men-at-arms that we were to take on board.

Early in the morning of the day before the Eve of St. John the Baptist, the army came down to the river-side and began to embark. It was a bright day, as fine June weather as was ever seen in England, and as warm as Spain. Our shipmaster looked up to the sky, and nodded pleasantly ; for if the wind held, as it seemed likely to do, we should make a good run down the river and across the narrow sea to Sluys, where the army would land.

There were braying of trumpets, and loud shouting, as the great nobles came down to the river, with the sun glancing on their polished armor and waving plumes. Pennons and banners fluttered, and hundreds of spears and pikes glistened, as the men-at-arms moved down the bank to the stairs. Then, with great flourish of trumpets, a brilliant sight came into view. It was a crowd of ladies, richly attired, their dresses ornamented with devices like those on the surcoats of the knights, and long sleeves reaching to the ground. These were countesses, baronesses, and knights' and gentlemen's wives, going over sea to attend on the young Queen, who was holding her court at Ghent. With them came down a number of the bravest and most gallant knights, who guarded them through the crowd of armed men, and placed them on board ship. When the ladies were all well disposed, there was more flourishing of trumpets, and great shouting of "Long live our King Edward !" The men-at-arms presented their spears and pikes in honor, and we on board ship shouted as if we would split our throats, when a number of gentlemen came down, following a tall and stately man, whose handsome face and commanding air, no less than his royal armor and robes, proclaimed him our young and valorous King. He was then, so those who knew told me, about twenty-eight years old. His hair was long and black, his beard heavy, his eye piercing, and his look and manner right royal. The nobles who followed him were the flower of the kingdom, — among them being the great earls of Derby, Pembroke, Hereford, and Huntingdon, the brave Sir Walter Manny, and a host of others, whose names it would take me too long to tell, even if I remembered them all.

At last it came our turn to haul alongside the stairs, and take aboard the knights and men-at-arms who were to be our passengers. Right joyfully did we cheer and toss our caps, when our own brave Sir Robert Treffry and his retainers, all good and stout men of Fowey, stepped on board. Our shipmaster fairly danced with joy ; and when Sir Robert said, "Now, Roger, we look for good sailing, and bold fighting if fortune should hap to send the Norman in our way," the shipmaster replied : "If our brave King will only lead us where we can meet the thieving dogs who stole his "Christopher," the gallants of Fowey will soon make him a gift of her. What say you, gallants, to that ?" With that we all shouted again, and then, hoisting our great sail, we stood down the river with the fleet.

Never had I seen so grand a sight as the King's fleet as it sailed down the Thames. Being swift, though none of the largest, our ship shot ahead of the main fleet, and kept in front, with a few others of like size and speed, to spy out any enemy that might fall in our way. Looking back, we could see the whole fleet pressing after us, — their white sails, bellying out with the fair wind, shining in the morning sun. A little foremost of the main line was the King's ship, brightly painted, her top blazoned with the lions and lilies, and the same showing on the great banner borne on board. Some of the other ships were also brightly painted, and on nearly all were banners and pennons of the earls and knights on board. Some were filled with knights in polished armor, and with stalwart men-at-arms with pikes and spears. In others were longbow-men and crossbow-men, whose arrows and bolts had many a time made the Frenchman flee. Guarded by these ships of armed men came other ships, on which we could see the beautiful faces and gay dresses of the ladies going to the Queen's court at Ghent. Trumpets flourished at times, and the men-at-arms sometimes shouted the war-cries of their leaders to cheer each other as the ships passed and repassed.

By and by we were out of the river, and tossing in the narrow sea. It was laughable to see some strong warrior, clad in iron armor, who could crush such a youngster as I with one blow of his fist, to say nothing of the long pole-axe he carried, leaning over the side of the ship, so weak he could not stand upright, whilst I could climb up the rigging, and sit in the top, which swung about as the waves rocked the vessel, without feeling sick or weak. But the wind was fair, and the sea not very rough, so that not many of our passengers were sick.

All day and all night we sailed, — it was bright moonlight, so that we had no trouble in keeping our reckoning right, — and early in the morning we were off Sluys, where we were to land the King and his army, who were going to Ghent. I had been to Sluys before, and knew well the appearance of that strongly walled town, sitting in the water and guarding the lowlands kept by dikes from being flooded by the sea. But the view of Sluys that morning of St. John's Eve was a new one, and one not easily forgotten. There was drawn up the great fleet of Picards, Normans, and Genoese in the service of the King of France. There could we see the banners of Sir Hugh Quiriel, Sir Peter Bahucet, and Barbenoire, — those terrors of the narrow seas, who had burned our towns and sunk our vessels. Our shipmaster stamped with anger when he saw their banners. "French dogs," said he, shaking his fist towards them, "I may say something to you ere the day be done."

The French fleet lay before Sluys like a great wood, their masts seeming as numerous as the trees of a forest. They had a hundred and twenty tall ships, and more than that number of smaller craft. Over forty thousand knights, men-at-arms, and sailors were on board; and the sailors were brave and practised men, who had sailed in many a clime and fought many a battle. Those on our King's ship say that when the master told King Edward what fleet it was, how powerful and daring were its leaders, and that they outnumbered our force four to one, the King stroked his beard cheer-

fully and said : " I have for a long time wished to meet with them, and now, please God and St. George, we will fight them ; for in truth they have done me so much mischief, that I will be revenged on them, if it be possible." These words greatly encouraged all who heard them, and preparations were at once made for giving battle.

The trumpet sounded, and word was shouted from vessel to vessel what the King would have done. All the great ships were drawn up in a line, the King's in the middle. Between every two ships with knights and men-at-arms was placed one with archers. On the wings were stationed smaller craft, mostly filled with archers. The ships with the ladies on board were placed away in the rear, with three hundred men-at-arms and five hundred archers to guard them.

On board our vessel every man was busy. We were placed near the middle of the line, and on one side of us was another Fowey ship, filled with archers. Our master, Roger Davy, strode up and down, ordering us to pull ropes, and get out grappnels, axes, great stones, bolts of iron, and other missiles to fling on the decks of the enemy. Then he would rub his hands, and say to our chief passenger, " We will warn these Normans, Sir Robert. We will give them something to remember us by. They would burn our town, — would they? We will see which can do best at burning." With that he bade us bring out pots of quicklime, which he meant to throw on their decks to set them on fire.

Sir Robert stood by the ship's side, looking at the enemy, very grave and silent. At last he beckoned our master to him. I was making fast a rope near them, and heard all that was said.

" Roger," said Sir Robert, " they are many, and we are few. I mistrust, unless we get help from the Flanders men, we shall never see Merry England again."

" They may be many," replied our master, tugging his long beard fiercely ; " but, were they twenty times as many, the ' Edward ' will have a crack at some of them, though King Edward himself and all the rest of his fleet should turn back to the Thames."

" And this blade shall uphold the honor of Fowey," said Sir Robert, drawing his heavy sword. " But I fear me, good Roger, I shall never see home again. If I fall to-day, take this token to my lady, and say that her husband died as an English knight should die, fighting bravely."

" Tush ! a sea-sick fancy," roughly said our master, though I could see there was water in his eyes ; " I have known you, Sir Robert, from a boy, and we do not part to-day. I will take your token, but, trust me, there will be no need of my giving it to my lady. We shall whip yon Normans, and then sail home with spoils of armor and treasure for Place House, and something, mayhap, for my own cottage near by." With that he took a ring from Sir Robert's hand, and fastened it tightly in the scarf around his waist. Then Sir Robert drew on his gauntlets of mail, closed his helmet, and made him ready for battle.

The sun was in our faces and the wind on our quarter ; so word came



from the King's ship that we should sail away until we got the advantage of wind, and had the sun on our side. When the Frenchmen saw us turn and sail off to one side they raised a great shout, for they thought we were afraid; and they made sail after us in great haste. But when we turned about, and came down in perfect line with full sails, running with the wind directly upon them, they saw their mistake, and got their ships as speedily as might be into order, — which they soon did, for they were good sailors. Then our King Edward had his great standard displayed; and with a loud shout, along the line, of "St. George for England!" which was answered by another from the enemy, of "St. Denis for France!" our two lines met.

Fights more than one had I been in where our ship had fought another ship, but then none but the sailors on either side took part. A great battle at sea, where hundreds of ships were fighting all at once, and where knights and men-at-arms in complete armor cut and thrust at each other, saw I never before, and at first I was much troubled. Foremost in the Frenchman's fleet came the "Christopher," which had been our own King's ship, but had been taken by the Norman Sir Hugh Quiriell. A great ship she was, bigger than two like the "Edward"; and the Frenchmen had filled her with Norman sailors, Picard men-at-arms, and Genoese crossbow-men, so that she swarmed with fighting men. Down she came directly towards us, the lilies of France and the banners of Norman knights displayed, — a party of trumpeters in her prow blowing blasts of defiance, and the crossbow-men firing iron bolts and sharp darts at us as she came. Behind and around her came the whole French fleet, — a crowd of ships without number like the "Christopher," blowing trumpets and firing darts and bolts as they came, and looking as if they would drive our poor little fleet under the water.

Then Sir Robert drew his sword, and, pointing to the "Christopher," just ready to crash into us, shouted, "Gallants of Fowey! it is the King's ship!" With that we all gave a shout, for we knew he meant we should take her, if possible. Next us was Piers Tregoning's ship, the "Salutation," of our port, which veered off a little, that the "Christopher" might come between us, and we might attack her on both sides, — for she was a great ship, too large for either to handle singly. As she came rushing on, just when her bows passed ours, a flight of arrows from the longbows of our archers struck among the men crowded on her deck. It was returned by the Genoese crossbow-men, and another flight followed from our side. Then, with a crash that shook every timber in our little craft, the "Christopher" was wedged between our ship and the "Salutation." At the same moment the other ships of the Frenchman dashed upon our line.

A terrible scene followed. All was noise, confusion, and strife. Grapnels and iron hooks fastened with stout ropes and strong chains were thrown from ship to ship into the rigging, to hold them together whilst fighting. With a loud shout our men clambered up one side of the "Christopher," whilst the men from the "Salutation" clambered up the other. The knights fought with heavy swords and battle-axes, the men-at-arms thrust each other with spears, or dealt heavy blows with pole-axes. Helmets were split and

armor crashed open by the tremendous blows of the axes and swords. Sharp spears were thrust into many a side ; and some, seeking to escape the thrust or the blow, fell overboard, and were drowned. There was no hope for him who fell into the sea, for the heavy armor worn in the fight sank the man to the bottom at once.

While the archers were firing their arrows, and the armed men slashing and thrusting at each other, I and some of the other sailors armed ourselves with axes and sharp hooks, with which we cut the rigging of the "Christopher," and rent her sails, that she might not escape us by flight. We were greatly hindered in this by some men in her top, who cast down stones and sharp bolts of iron upon our heads, wounding some grievous sore, and killing one outright. Our archers spied them out, and plied them with arrows so swift and sure that of the four men in the top three soon ceased troubling us.

But the one left distressed us greatly, flinging down stones and bolts till it was wonder where he got so many ; and at last he began shooting arrows, killing some of our best men. Yet so careful of himself was he that none of our archers could hit him.

"By St. Nicholas !" said our shipmaster, "that knave is a shrewd one, and he were a brave man who could throw him over the top."

The excitement of the battle had made my blood as if on fire. When Roger Davy spoke, I threw down my axe, felt if the Sheffield knife was in my belt, and jumped on board the "Christopher." Her deck was slippery with blood, and crowded with men cutting and hacking each other. I passed as rapidly as might be through the fighting throng, narrowly escaping cuts and slashes, and, stumbling over dead and dying men, I reached the mast. A rope was hanging from the top, and up it I swarmed, hand over hand, as swift as possible. The fighting crowd on the deck did not see me, being too busy with the work they had on hand ; and, as I was directly under the top, the man in it knew nothing of my approach.

I was light and active, so climbed up without much fatigue. The top was a boarded-up place, about breast-high, and large enough to hold four or five men. In the floor was a trap-door, through which it was entered from the rigging. I left the rope for the steps of the rigging, which here came under the top, drew my knife with one hand, whilst with the other I cautiously lifted the trap-door. Fortunately there were no obstructions on it, for the dead men had been dropped to the deck below. The remaining man was taking aim with his crossbow at Roger Davy when I rose silently behind him. In stepping forward I stumbled, and fell against the man. The shock startled him, and spoiled his aim, for the bolt went wide of its mark, and fell harmlessly in the sea. As he turned I grasped him around the waist, binding his arms to his side in my embrace.

The struggle of the next minute or two seemed like one of an hour's length. He was much larger and stronger than I, but I had him at an advantage by keeping his arms fast. I dared not loosen my hold to get my knife, for then he would free himself and overpower me, and I knew his strength was so

much greater than mine that I could not keep him fast much longer. He was a black-bearded Genoese, fierce and savage in countenance. Suddenly he stooped his head, and bit my cheek so that the blood spurted out. The pain was so sudden and sharp that I let go my hold, and fell back against the side of the top. He drew his knife, and made a plunge at me, when, with a wild cry, he disappeared from my sight. He had stumbled and fallen through the open trap.

When I looked down through the opening, the fight on the deck was over. The Frenchmen had all been killed, or driven overboard and drowned. Sir Robert was giving orders what was next to be done, and most of our men were going back to their ships. I slid down by the rope, and, as I touched the deck, our brave old master Roger Davy hugged me in his arms, and then told Sir Robert what he had seen me do, for he had watched all our struggle in the top. Sir Robert spoke kindly, praising what I had done, and saying I might, perhaps, do even more gallant deeds before the day was over. My face must have grown red with joy and pride at such praise.

But our success was not winning the battle. The Frenchmen were four to our one, and, unless help came from the Flemings, it would go hard with us. Some of our sailors were put on board the "Christopher," with a number of archers and men-at-arms, and she was turned about to fight in our line.

Just then Roger Davy caught sight of a ship, with Sir Hugh Quiriel's banner, fighting the King's ship, and seemingly pressing her hard.

"St. Nicholas to speed!" said our master, "but yon is that Norman thief that threatened to sink our vessels and burn our town. Now will I give him a blow, though I sink for it!"

Sir Robert saw it at the same moment, and shouted, "The King is in danger! A rescue for the King!"

Bravely our good little ship sailed along, passing easily by our master's skill through the mass of fighting and sinking vessels, until she dashed against the side of the Norman, and our grapnels were thrown into her rigging. At the same moment another Norman closed on us on the other side, and hooked fast to our rigging. A dozen other ships of both sides were also hooked together, so that they formed a mass of vessels over the decks of which the contending parties fought as on a battle-field on land.

Dreadful was the battle. The King, surrounded by some of his chief nobles and bravest fighting men, — the Earl of Derby, Earl Gloucester, Lord Percy, Lord Cobham, Sir Walter Manny, and others, — fought like a young lion, but was overpowered by numbers, and was nearly driven from his own ship to that next it. A loud shout arose of "St. George for England! Gallants of Fowey to the rescue!" Hewing down every one in his way, and followed by his men, cutting and slashing as they went, Sir Robert forced his way to where King Edward was laying about him with a heavy mace, crushing helmets and breaking skulls as if they were but eggshells. With his help and that of his followers the tide of battle was turned, and the Frenchmen began to fall back to their own ships.

We sailors had work to do keeping our vessel clear of the Normans who came on us from other vessels. Roger Davy wielded a huge club, with which he smote down all who came within his reach, whilst we others used our axes and knives. So busily were we engaged, that we knew little of the course of the fight on the other ships until we had cleared our own decks. Then our master turned to look for Sir Robert. Alas for what he saw!

The Frenchmen in retreating had separated. The main body had been pursued by the King and his party over several ships, and many were killed by sword and axe, but many more drowned. Sir Hugh Quiriel, with his men, had fallen back to his own ship, hotly pressed by Sir Robert Treffry and his men. The two knights had become separated from their followers, and were fighting desperately, giving and receiving grievous wounds,—their armor being hacked and broken in many places. When we saw them fighting, the Norman had struck Sir Robert with a mighty blow to his knee, and was drawing his dagger to pierce him to the heart between the joints of his mail.



Roger gave a loud cry, and jumped on the deck of the Norman. With a tremendous blow his club crashed through the helmet of Sir Hugh Quiriel,

and with a second the famous Norman captain staggered and fell overboard, where he sank instantly. Quick as thought, Roger bent over Sir Robert, and unlaced his helmet, but it was too late. The fierce Norman's dagger had found his heart, and our brave, our good, our loved Sir Robert was dead.

But we had no time for idle sorrow. Tenderly we carried his body back to our own ship, and then we bore down on other French vessels to fight them. From early morning until midday the fight raged. Help came at last in some Fleming ships that fought well on our side. Many strange devices were used in the battle. Besides the stones and darts thrown from the tops, there were also long, pointed bolts of iron to drive holes through the ships' bottoms. Pots of quicklime were thrown, both to blind the men and to set fire to the ships. Some threw dried peas on the deck, so that the men slipped and fell whilst fighting. Late in the afternoon the fighting was over. Every ship of the Frenchman's fleet was taken; not one escaped. From ten to fifteen thousand of their men perished miserably, either killed in the fight or thrust overboard after it was done; for but few prisoners are taken in a sea fight, and those who fall or are pushed overboard must needs drown because of the weight of their armor.

In the close of the fight, our brave shipmaster, Roger Davy, was killed by a dart from a crossbow. He never spoke after he was struck, but when I knelt by his side, and wept over my steadfast and best friend, he unclosed his eyes, gave me a wistful look that I knew how to interpret, and then closed them forever. We laid his body by the side of that of Sir Robert, that we might carry them home to Fowey when the King should land at Sluys. I took Sir Robert's ring from our dead master's belt, and his own ring from his finger, that, in case we should be unable to carry home the bodies, I might take tokens of them to those who waited to hear from them.

All night long the army lay on board the ships in Sluys Harbor, and there was great rejoicing, sounding of trumpets, shouts of triumph, songs of victory, and much carousing and revelling. But all night long I sat silent and weeping, thinking of the kind friends who lay cold before me, and of the misery I must carry to their homes.

Next morning being St. John's Day, the army landed. The King and great crowds of knights set out on foot on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Ardembourg, where they heard mass and dined. We sailors also went ashore and heard mass in the church; but in all the fine music of the mass I heard the crash of arms, the oaths and shouts of battle, the groans of the wounded, and the wild shrieks of the thousands who were flung into the sea to perish.

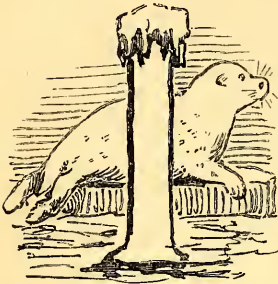
*J. H. A. Bone.*



## CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

## XII.



MUST now tell you," continued the Captain, "that, while all these adventures of the hunt and other matters were happening, the winter was passing rapidly away, and indeed was soon gone; and, from what I have before told you about the arctic seasons, you will know that when the winter was at an end the darkness was at an end too, — that is, to be more particular, first there came a little flush of light at noon, to see which made us very glad, you may be sure; and after this, from day to day, the

light grew brighter and brighter, until it was almost broad daylight, as it is here just before the sun has risen in the morning; then the sun came up next day only a little way above the horizon (of course right in the south); and then, next day, it was a little higher, and the next day a little higher still; and then, by and by, it was (as it had been in the summer-time before) circling round and round us, shining all the time; and now our hut was at midnight in the shadow of the cliff, and at noon the sun was blazing down upon us, softening the snow, and making our hearts, O, more happy and thankful than I can tell you.

"I thought I never in all my life saw anything so splendid as the sun's bright force, when he appeared for the first time after this long dark winter. For you must know, we were more than one hundred and twenty days without once setting eyes upon the sun at all; and now, when he did rise, after this long interval, what could we do but take off our caps and whirl them round and round our heads, in very joy and gladness?"

"The summer now came on steadily, and the temperature became warmer every day. The spring was passing into summer, and early in the month of June the snow began to melt in good earnest, and by July great streams of melted snow went dashing and roaring over the cliffs, and through the gorges, to the sea. And the sea, too, quickly began to show the influence of the summer heat; for the ice grew rotten shortly, and from being white it got to be quite dark, and we could no longer go out upon it with any safety, except in one particular direction, towards the east, where it was much thicker than in any other place. Then strong winds came, and the ice was broken up, and after that it went drifting here and there to right and left, up and down upon the sea, according as the winds were blowing.

"And now once more we kept a sharp lookout for ships, hoping freshly every day that that would be the day of our deliverance. And so we lived

on as we had done before, every day adding one more disappointment to the list, — for no ship came. Thus watching, waiting, hoping on, we grew restless with anxiety, and were more unhappy than we had ever been in the gloomy winter that had passed away.

“But the summer brought some pleasure to us. As soon as the snow had gone, the grass grew green upon the hillside, and the tiny little plants put out their leaves, and then the tiny little flowers were blooming brightly, and turning up their pleasant faces to the ever-smiling sun.

“And then the birds came back, — the eider-ducks, and the little auks, that I have told you of, and great flocks of geese and gulls, all looking out for places where to make their nests; and they fairly kept the air alive with the flutter of their wings, and their ‘quack, quack, quack,’ and their gladsome screams, as they hurried to and fro.

“And then bright yellow butterflies and little bees came fluttering and buzzing about the little flowers, and all was life and happiness and brightness in the air about us; but there was no one there to look at us and see how heavy were our hearts at times.

“But not on our desert island alone was nature full of life and gayety. The seals, as if glad that summer had once more returned, crawled out upon the ice, and lay there on it, where it floated in the water, basking in the sun. There were hundreds and hundreds of them to be seen almost every day; and, besides the seals, the walruses with their great long hideous-looking tusks and ugly and ungraceful bodies came up too; and the narwhals, also, with their long ivory horns, and the white whales, were to be seen at almost any time, ‘spouting’ round about us in the sea. And besides all this life in the sea, and in the air, and on the land, we now and then saw a great white bear, prowling about upon the floating ice-fields, seeking seals to feed upon, and, when tired of one ice-field, springing into the water, and swimming away to another.

“Thus you observe that, if we were upon a desert island in the Arctic Sea, it was not so barren as one would think who had never seen or known anything of such a place.

“It is not worth while for me to tell you how we lived through this second summer. Of course we had a much easier time of it than we had had the summer previous, for there was no hut to build, and we had now leisure to make ourselves more comfortable; and indeed we used our time so well that we accumulated, in good season, everything we needed in the way of food and fuel, — catching the birds and other animals as before, and stowing all away in so many different places that we felt quite sure the bears would not be likely to discover all of it. And then we made fresh suits of fine fur clothes, and fresh fur bedding, and carved new lamps and pots and cups out of soapstone, that we might be safe against all accidents.

“While we were thus working, and watching all the time for ships, without the hoped-for ship ever coming, the summer passed away, the birds flew off once more with the setting sun, the sea froze up all around the island, and we were left again alone, — all, all alone, in the cold and snow and darkness of another winter.

“And this winter passed as the other had. No bears came this time, however, to disturb us; and another summer came to find us in good health, and now well hardened to the climate. And this summer passed, with its bright sunshine, and its pretty butterflies and flowers, and myriads of birds, and still no ship, and still no rescue.

“The next winter brought us the same routine, but greater resignation. ‘Here we are forever,’ said the Dean, ‘and that we must make up our minds to. It is God’s will, and we must bow before it and be reconciled.’

“‘I fear, Dean, that that is so,’ I answered solemnly.

“This was in the month of February, and the sunlight was coming back, and, to see if we could not catch a glimpse of the god of day, we had gone out together, wading through the heavy snow.

“The Dean felt it when he said ‘we must be reconciled’; but he had hardly spoken when our attention was quickly called away from such reflections (and from the sun too) by seeing an object moving on the frozen sea, not far away from us.

“We were not long in doubt as to what the object was, for we had seen too many polar bears to be cheated this time; and a bear it was, without any doubt at all. He was running very fast, and was making directly towards the island. He soon ran behind a large iceberg, and for a little time was out of sight; but he appeared again soon afterwards, and held on in the same course. Then we lost him once more among rough ice, and then again he came in view. He appeared so dark at first, that less-experienced persons might have been uncertain about what it was; for although the polar bear is usually called the white bear, yet in truth he has a yellowish hue, and is quite dark, at least in comparison with the pure white snow.

“‘It’s another bear, I do believe!’ exclaimed the Dean, and at once we made for the hut, without stopping for further reflection. But the bear was running much faster than we were, and was moreover coming in right towards our hut. So we grew much alarmed, and quickened our speed, and not without difficulty either; for the snow was, in places, very deep.

“By and by the bear, which proved to be a very large one, caught sight of us; and, as you know already that the polar bear is rather a cowardly brute than otherwise, you will not be much surprised to learn that, when he saw us, he altered his course, and turned off from the island as fast as he could go. Seeing him do this (as you may be sure to our great delight), we halted to watch him; and now we perceived, for the first time, that the animal was pursued. By what we could not imagine, but clearly enough by something; for in the distance, and from the quarter whence the bear had come, there was clearly to be seen, winding among the bergs and rough masses of ice, a dark object, following on the very track which the bear had taken, sometimes lost to sight and sometimes in full view, and growing larger every moment, just as the bear had done.

“Nearer and nearer came this object, and greater and greater grew our wonder. Presently we heard a cry.

“‘Hark!’ said the Dean.



“The cry was repeated.

“‘A dog!’ exclaimed the Dean.

“‘A dog!’ said I, in answer, for I heard it clearly.

“‘Hark!’ said the Dean, again, for there was another sound.

“‘A man,’ said I.

“‘A man!’ repeated the Dean, excitedly.

“And a man it was.

“Dogs and men! what could they be doing there? was the question that ran through both our minds at once.

“But dogs and a man (not men) there were, and whatever they might be doing there, or whithersoever they might have come, it was certain that of dogs and a man were made the dark spot which we saw upon the white frozen sea; and it was, moreover, clear that they were pursuing the bear which had passed us and was now pretty far away.

“Nearer and nearer came the dogs and man, and the sounds became clearer and clearer; the dogs were upon the bear’s great tracks, the man was upon a sledge to which the dogs were fastened. At length they came so near that we could easily count them. They were seven, and all of different colors, and were fastened with long lines to the sledge, so that they were a great way in front of it, and they were running all abreast. They were straining and pressing into their collars, all the while crying impatiently, as they bounded over the snow at a rapid gallop. The man was encouraging them along all he could with a long whip, which he threw out with a lively snap, exclaiming, ‘Ka, ka! ka, ka!’ over and over again; and then, ‘Nenook, nenook, nenook!’—many times repeated; for he was now near enough for us to distinguish every word he said.

“It was a wild chase, and both the Dean and myself became much excited over it, running all the time to get nearer to the passing sledge and man and dogs.

“Very soon we should have met, but suddenly the bear came in full view of the dogs, evidently for the first time, for up to this moment the dogs had only been following the tracks. The dogs, now leaving the track, gave a wild, concerted howl, and dashed off after the bear in a straight line. Man, sledge, dogs, and all passed us quickly by,—the man shouting more excitedly than ever to his dogs, sometimes calling them by name, as it seemed to us, and sometimes crying ‘Nenook, nenook!’ and sometimes, ‘Ka, ka! ka, ka!’ and so away they went, rushing like the wind,—the whole scene more strange than strangest dream,—the dogs and man like spectral things, so quickly had they come and so unexpected; or, at the least, the dogs seemed like great howling wolves, and the man a wild man of the frozen ocean, clothed in wild beasts’ skins.

“We called to the man to stop; we shouted, ‘Come here, come here!’ and then again, ‘Come back, come back!’ as loud as we could shout, waving round our caps, and throwing up our arms, and running in a most frantic way; but not the slightest notice would he take of us, not one instant would he stop, but upon his course and purpose he kept right on, pushing after



the running bear, without appearing to give us even a single thought. We could not doubt that he had seen us, we were so near to him.

“On went the bear, on after him went the dogs and sledge and man. More impatient grew the dogs, louder called the man to his excited team, and the Dean and I ran after, shouting still, as we had done in the beginning. We came soon upon the sledge track, and followed it at our greatest speed.

“At length the cries of the dogs grew indistinct, and then died away at last entirely, and the man’s voice was no longer heard; and that which had come so suddenly to put a tantalizing hope of rescue in our hearts for one brief moment soon became but a dark moving speck upon the great white frozen sea, as it had first appeared; but after it we still followed on.

“Then the moving speck faded out of view, and everything around was still and cold and solemn and desolate as before. Yet still we ran and ran.

“I said as desolate as before. But O, it was a thousand times more desolate now than ever,—as the night is darker for the lightning flash that has died away, or a cloudy noon is colder for a single ray of sunshine that has broken through the vapors.

“Yet on and on we ran and ran, until we could run no more.

“And then we laid us down upon the snow and wept, and we bemoaned our hard, hard fate; but no word was spoken. The disappointment was too great for words; and, after a short rest in the chilly air upon the frozen sea, we wandered slowly back to our poor hut; and after many weary hours we reached it, more dead than alive,—for through miles and miles of heavy snow we had run after the sledge, and through these same miles we trudged back again, with a cruel disappointment rankling in our hearts, and with no hope to buoy us up.

“Strange — was it not? — that at no period of our unhappy life upon the desert island were we so unhappy as we were that day, — never so utterly cast down, never so broken-spirited, never looking on the future with such hopelessness.

“And in this state of mind we crawled beneath our furs, feeling too lonely and forsaken to have a thought to cook a meal, and so very weary with the labors we had done, in running and wading through the heavy snow, that we did not care for food; and in deep sleep we buried up the heaviest sorrow that we had ever known, — the grievous sorrow of a dead, dead hope.”

### XIII.

“How long we slept I have not the least idea. It may have been a whole day, or it may have been two days. It was not a twenty years’ sleep, (how we wished it was!) like that of Rip Van Winkle, yet it was a very long sleep; and, indeed, neither of us cared how long it lasted, we were so cast down about what seemed to be the greatest misfortune that had yet happened to us. If we woke up at any time, we went to sleep again as quickly as possible, not caring at all to come back any sooner than was necessary to the contemplation of our miserable situation, — never reflecting for a moment that the situation had not been changed in the least by the unknown savage who had appeared and disappeared in such a mysterious way. But the sight of him had brought us back again to the world from which we had been cut off, — a world with human beings in it like ourselves; and it was not altogether unnatural, therefore, that we should be made miserable by the event. And so we slept on and on, and thus we drowned everything but our dreams, which there, as everywhere, are very apt to be most bright and cheering in the most gloomy and despondent times. Such, at least, was the case with me; and if I could have kept dreaming and dreaming on forever, about pleasant things to eat, and pleasant people talking to me, I should have been quite well satisfied.

“But our long sleep was brought to an end very suddenly. I was first startled by a great noise, and then, springing up, much alarmed, I aroused the Dean, who was a sounder sleeper even than myself.

“‘What’s the matter?’ cried he.

“‘Did n’t you hear a noise?’ I asked.

“‘No!’ answered the Dean; ‘nothing more, at least, than a church-bell, and that was in my sleep,’ — which was clear enough.

“Presently I heard the noise again, and this time it seemed to proceed from something not far off. It was now the Dean’s turn to be amazed.

“‘Did you hear?’ I asked again.

“‘Yes,’ said the Dean, holding his breath to listen.

“Again the strange sound was repeated.

“‘Is it the wind?’

“‘How can it be? the wind does not make a noise like that!’

“‘Can it be a bear?’

“ ‘ No ! it cannot be a bear ! ’

“ ‘ A fox ? perhaps it is a fox ! ’

“ ‘ No, listen ! there it is again. ’

“ The sound was louder now, and nearer to the hut. Again and again it was repeated, — nearer now and more constant ; then a footfall on the crusted snow.

“ ‘ It is a man ! the bear-hunter has come back again ! ’ shouted the Dean, quite frantically, and throwing up his hands.

“ Again the noise was heard ; again the footfall creaked upon the snow.

“ ‘ The bear-hunter, it must be ! ’ cried the Dean, again.

“ ‘ O God ! I pray that it is so, ’ I added.

“ Again the voice was heard. I answered it. The answer was returned, and with the answer came a heavier and more rapid creaking of the footfalls on the snow.

“ We rushed from the hut into the open air without another moment’s loss of time, and without saying another word ; and there, not ten yards away, stood the very man who had passed us on the sledge, — the bear-hunter of the frozen sea.

“ And a strange-looking creature he was, to be sure. There was not the least sign of alarm or fear about him ; but, on the contrary, he was looking mightily pleased, and was talking very fast in a language of which the Dean and I could neither of us understand a single word. When he was not talking he was laughing, and his enormous mouth was stretched almost from ear to ear. ‘ Yeh, yeh ! ’ he went, and I went that way too, by way of answer, which seemed greatly to delight him. He was dressed all over in furs, and looked very wild ; but, as he kept yeh, yeh-ing all the time, we were not afraid. As he came up to us, we greeted him very cordially ; but he could no more understand what we said than we could understand him. He talked very much, and gesticulated a great deal, pointing very often in one particular direction with his right hand. Then he cried, ‘ Mick-ee, mick-ee ! ’ and pointed to the beach below, towards which we followed him. There we found a sledge and seven dogs ; and now we understood very certainly, if we had any doubts before, that this was the man and these were the dogs that had passed us, following the bear.

“ The man tried his best to explain to us the whole affair, talking very rapidly ; but we could not gather from what he said more than our eyes told us already, for on the sledge we soon discovered a large bear-skin, all bloody and folded up, and some large pieces of bear’s meat. The dogs were tied some distance from the sledge, and were securely fastened by their traces to a heavy stone, which I was very glad of, for the wolfish brutes were snarling at each other, and fighting, and howling at us continually, — seeming all the while to wish themselves loose, that they might fly upon us, and tear us to pieces.

“ If we could not understand the hunter’s words, we made out by his signs, after a while, that he had seen us when he passed in pursuit of the bear. After overtaking and capturing the animal, he turned about upon his

track to look for us, and, finding our footmarks at last, he had followed us to the hut, calling loudly, as he neared us, to attract our attention, for he could not find us easily, — our hut was so buried up in snow.

“After being fully satisfied with the inspection of the dogs and sledge, and what there was upon it, we all three returned to the hut.

“It would be difficult to describe our visitor. I have said that he was wholly dressed in furs. His pantaloons were made of bear-skins reaching to the knees, where they met the boots, which were made of the same materials. His underclothing was made of bird’s-skins, like our own, and he wore a coat of fox-skins, with a heavy hood covering up the head completely. On his hands he wore mittens made of seal-skins, with warm dog-skin for an inside lining, and his stockings were of the same. So you see no part of him was exposed but his face, which was quite dark, or, rather, copper-colored (something darker than a North American Indian), and it was very broad and very round. The nose was very small and very flat, and the eyes were small and narrow. His hair was jet black, long and tangled, and was cut straight across the forehead. He had but little beard, — only a few black, wiry-looking bristles growing on his upper lip and on the tip of his chin.

“You would hardly suppose that such a creature could be anything else than savage and repulsive; but he was really as amiable a fellow as ever was seen. The first word he said that we understood the meaning of was, ‘Me drinkum.’ This very much surprised us, as we knew that he was asking for water, which having been given him, he then said, ‘Me eatum,’ signifying that he was hungry. We lost no time, therefore, in preparing him a hearty meal of ducks and bear’s meat, which he appeared to relish very much. Then he had a great deal to tell us about something that he called ‘Oomeak-suak,’ the meaning of which we could not make out; but, as he pointed in a particular direction, we thought he meant the place where he lived. We could not understand from him what his name was; so, as we had to speak of him to each other constantly, we called him at once ‘Eatum,’ as that was the word he used most. He amused us very much with his frequent repetition of it, and with the enormous quantities of food he took into his stomach after he did repeat it; for he only had to say, ‘Me eatum,’ to get as much food as he wanted. It soon got to be quite a joke with us, and when he said, ‘Me eatum,’ we all three fell not only to feeding but to laughing besides.

“Finding himself in such pleasant quarters, Eatum manifested no disposition to leave them; but, after he had taken a sound sleep, he had a great deal to say about ‘mickee,’ as before; and since he made a great many motions, as if using a whip (pointing all the while towards the beach), we concluded that he must mean something about his dogs, which we found to be true, for ‘mickee’ in his language means dog, as we afterwards discovered. As soon as we had settled this, we all went out of the hut again, and went down and brought the bear’s meat and skin on the sledge up to the hut, and then we fastened the dogs near by. After being fed, they all lay down and went to sleep on the snow. These dogs were very large and strong animals;

and the seven could draw a very heavy load, — I should think that the whole seven could draw as much as a small horse.

“Eatun seemed to have been quite exhausted with long hunting when he came to us, and he did very little but eat and sleep for several days. His nose had been a little touched by the frost, but he scorched some oil, and rubbed it on as we would ointment, and cured it very quickly.

“After he had eaten and slept to his entire satisfaction, he appeared to grow more lively, and showed a great deal of curiosity about our hut and furniture, and hunting implements, being highly pleased with every new thing he saw. It was very surprising to see how nearly like his own many of our things were, — our lamp and pot and cups, for instance, and also our clothing. Our harpoon (the ‘Dean’s Delight’) was almost exactly a match for his.

“It was a great drawback to our satisfaction that we could not understand him or he us, but little by little we got over part of this difficulty; for, upon discovering that he used one particular word very often, I guessed that he must be asking a question. The word was ‘Kina’; so once when he used it he was pointing to our lamp, and I said ‘lamp’ at a venture, whereupon, after repeating it several times, he appeared to be much gratified and then said, ‘Kolipsut,’ and this I repeated after him, which pleased him again. Then I knew that ‘Kina?’ meant ‘What is it?’ or ‘What’s this?’ so after that we *kina*-ed everything, and got on finely. We, of course, learned more rapidly than Eatun, picking up a great many words from him; and, having both of us good memories, we got to be able to make him understand us a little in the course of time; and as fast as we learned we taught him, and he got to know some of our language, in which we encouraged him. ‘Me speakum much bad,’ he would say sometimes, which was very true; but so long as we understood him it made little matter.

“And now it was that we got to find out how he had picked up the few words such as *me drinkum*, *me eatum*, &c., that he had used at first; for he gave us to know that we were not a long way from where ships came every year, and that some of his people saw the ships when they passed, and sometimes went aboard of them. ‘Ship’ was what he meant by ‘*Oomeaksuak*,’ which word he had at first used so often. He had frequently been aboard of an *Oomeaksuak*, he said.

“Now this was great news for us, and we began at once to devise means of escape from the island. We made Eatun understand as much of what we wanted as possible. All this time I must not neglect to mention, however, that Eatun was of the greatest service to us; for when the weather was good he would fasten his dogs to the sledge, and all three of us would go out together on the sea to hunt, — Eatun driving. It was very lively sport indeed; and sometimes, when the ice was very smooth and the snow hard, we went very fast, almost as fast as a horse would run, even with the three of us upon the sledge. The sledge, by the way, I must tell you, was made out of bits of bones, all cunningly lashed together with seal-skin thongs. Once we were caught in a severe gale, a good way from home, and had to make a little house to shelter ourselves from it out of snow; and in this, with

our furs on, we managed to sleep quite comfortably, and remained there about twenty-four hours before the weather would permit us to go on again.

“While in the snow hut we had a lamp to give us light and warmth ; and this lamp (which was Eatum’s) was made like ours, and Eatum made a spark, and started a flame, and kept it burning just as we had done, — the tinder being the down of the willow blossom (which he carried wrapped up in seal-skin), with moss for wick and the blubber for fuel. The pot in which he melted snow for water, and cooked our supper, was made, like ours, of soap-stone.

“When the storm broke, we left the snow hut, and set out for the island ; catching two seals by the way, and in the very same manner, too, that the Dean and I had done long before we ever knew there was such a person as Eatum in the world. We were much disappointed at not discovering any bears, and so were the dogs.

“But not many days afterward, the weather being fine, we went out upon the sea a great way, and were rejoiced to come across a bear’s track, which Eatum said was very fresh. No sooner had the dogs seen it than away they started upon it ; and over the ice and snow — rough and smooth, right upon the track — they ran as fast as they could go.

“The bear had been sleeping behind an iceberg, and we had come upon him so suddenly that he had not time even to get out of sight, and we saw him almost as soon as we had discovered the track. ‘Nenook, nenook!’ cried Eatum, pointing towards him ; and there he was, sure enough, running as fast as he could. But no matter how fast he ran, we went still faster ; and it could not have been an hour before we overtook him. Then Eatum leaned forward and untied his dogs, letting them run ahead while the sledge stopped. In a few minutes the dogs had brought the bear to bay, — surrounding the huge wild beast, and flying at his sides, and tormenting him in a very fierce manner. But I always observed that they took good care to keep away from his head, for if he should get a chance at one of them, and hit him with his huge paws, he would mash him as flat as a pancake, or knock him all into little bits.

“While the dogs were worrying the bear we got out our weapons, — the Dean his ‘Delight,’ I ‘Old Crumply,’ and Eatum a spear made of a narwhal horn, and looking for all the world, just like ‘Old Crumply’s’ twin brother. Then we rushed up to the bear, Eatum leading ; and fierce though the animal looked, and awfully as he roared, we closed right in upon him, and quickly made an end of him. Then we drove off the dogs, and tied them to a lump of ice, while we butchered the dead animal and secured the skin and what meat we wanted, after which we allowed the dogs to gorge themselves. Being now too full to haul, we had to let them lie down and sleep, while we built a snow hut, and, crawling into it, got a good rest. Then we returned to the island, mighty well satisfied with ourselves.

“After this we fell again into conversation about the Oomeaksuaks, or ships, as I have explained before ; and, having learned more and more of the language which Eatum spoke, we got to comprehend him better, so we fixed

clearly in our minds where the place was that the ships came to, and were fully satisfied that Eatum told the truth about it. We now offered to give him everything we had if he would take us there and stay with us until the ships should come along and take us off his hands. About this we had several conversations; but just when we thought the treaty was complete, and Eatum was going to carry out the plan we had fixed upon, this singular savage disappeared very suddenly, — dogs, sledge, and all, — without saying a word to us about it.

“When we made the discovery that he was gone, we were filled with astonishment and dismay. We hoped, at first, that he had gone off hunting; but, finding that he did not return, we tried to follow the tracks of his sledge, but the wind had drifted snow over them, and we could not.

“We now made up our minds that Eatum was nothing more than a treacherous savage; and we were afraid that he would come back with more savages and murder us, in order that he might get the furs and other things that we had; so for a while we were much alarmed, and were more cast down, I believe, than ever before, for our hopes had been raised very high, and since we had heard of Eatum’s people and the ships we had begun to feel sure of rescue. The suddenness with which all our expectations were destroyed quite overcame us, and we passed the next five days very miserably indeed, hardly stirring out of the hut during all that time. But at length we saw the folly of giving way to despair.

“One thing we quickly determined upon, and that was to leave the island, one way or another; for now we were so afraid of the savages coming to murder us, that we would suffer any risk and hardship rather than remain there longer. So once more we began to devise means for our safety.

“It was no longer what we should do for food and fuel, or clothing, but how we should escape. The ships we had given up long ago, and with the ships had vanished every hope of rescue. But now a wild man had come to us out of the ice-desert, and had told us that ships came in the summer not far from where we were, and through this intelligence we had obtained a glimpse of home and our native country, as it were; and this too at the very time when we had become most reconciled to our condition, and had made up our minds to live as best we could on the Rock of Good Hope for the remainder of our days.

“But now our minds were wholly changed. ‘We are worse off than ever,’ said the Dean, ‘for this little hope the savage gave us, and the fear, besides, that he has put into us,’ — which was true enough.

“Stimulated now by the memory of that hope and the presence of that fear, we prepared to undertake the bold task of rescuing ourselves. The savage had pointed out to us the direction of the place where the ships passed, ‘And now,’ we thought, ‘if we can only reach the land there before the summer comes we shall be all right.’ But if we should not get to the proper place, or if the ships did not come along, then the chances were that we might starve or freeze to death. Nothing daunted, however, by the contemplation of that gloomy side of the picture, we went earnestly to work, and very soon had contrived a plan.



“Of course we must have a sledge, as we were obliged to travel a long distance, and must carry not only food to eat by the way, but blubber for a lamp with which to melt water from the snow, and furs to keep us warm while we slept. Eatum had taught us how to construct a snow hut, so that we felt quite easy about being able to shelter ourselves from the storms. But the sledge was the great difficulty. How should we make a sledge? was the question which most occupied our thoughts, and most taxed our ingenuity. Apparently we had nothing to make it of, nor tools to make it with. To fasten together pieces of bone in the manner that Eatum had done, and thus construct a runner, was not in our power, as we had no drill to make holes with, — and besides, if we had, the work would have required too long a time for our present necessities. Our purpose was to get away from the island with as little delay as possible.

“We made a sledge, however, at last, and in a very singular way. First we cut our two strips of seal-skin, and sewed them into tubes. Then we filled the tubes with hair, and pieces of meat chopped very fine, and also bits of moss. Then we poured water into the tubes, and flattened them down by stamping upon them. Very soon the whole froze together, solid as a board. These were soon fashioned into the proper shape for runners. We found no difficulty in fastening the two together with cross-ties of bone, which we lashed firmly to each runner. Thus, in seven days from the time of beginning, our sledge was complete.

“Very much rejoiced over this triumph, we put a load on the sledge, and set out to give it a trial. But one runner gave way before we had gone a dozen yards, and we were in a state of great perplexity. We resolved now to bundle up everything we needed in a bear-skin, and drag that over the snow after us, — drawing it head-foremost, so that the fur would slip more easily over the snow. But when we had done this, we discovered that we could not budge the load an inch; and so we unpacked it, in greater trouble and despair than ever. Next day we went back to the sledge, and began to work upon it again; all the while looking out for the savages, and expecting them to come and murder us every minute.”

*I. I. Hayes.*



## THE ASH-BOX SCHOOL.

THE spring was coming. One bright day in March was here already to tell the people in the great island city, that out in the woodlands and on the farms the fresh little hearts of the buds were swelling so that they soon must burst their vests, and the roots were waking from their long sleep so like death, and were pushing and struggling in their graves to let the new life, the tiny green blade, up into the sunshine of a new year. The warm air, spiced with sea-breezes, was full of families of pigeons, — the city substitute

for wild birds, — that came sailing down in every street to look for stray grains and crumbs where the snow had melted; and now and then a shrill crow issued from some back yard where a tall Shanghai perched upon the fence, stretching his neck in the vain effort to look over the high brick buildings and salute his country cousins on Long Island or Hoboken Heights.

And the children! Wilder than the pigeons, noisier than Shanghai, they flocked into the open air. Up on the avenues, in bright and warm dresses, they romped together, or walked with their maid, who carried the baby brother or sister wrapped in costly cloak, and veiled from the wind. Down in the by-streets they sat upon the curbstones, rolled upon the walks, or scrambled over heaps of rubbish, joyously for the time forgetting hunger, cold, dirt, and rags. Thank God, his sunshine and blessed air are free alike to rich and poor!

Often in the most pleasant streets, among dwellings of comfort and elegance, there will be some old house, once fine, but abandoned at last to as many families as there are rooms, or a workshop, or a den, inside of whose carefully screened windows fathers and mothers go to swallow up in fiery drink the bread, the joy, even the life, of their little ones. Such a tenant house, close to Broadway, Somebody passed every day.

Out on the dirty wooden steps, on this bright March morning, played, screamed, and wrestled a little tribe of unwashed, half-clothed, and hungry-faced little people of every size, from the height of a chair to the length of a broom-handle, — and every nation too. The little black-eyed French child from the bakery next door, with pretty face and long, tangled hair, clasps hands with the little Dutch maiden in woollen nightcap and dark blue woollen stockings, while the rosy, impudent little man who is a “rale born Amerikin,” so his mother says, cuffs about without mercy the pale mite whose mother sews for the tailors, and whose father has “gone to the war” for the land we all love.

That is poor sport for this sturdy “sprig of Green Erin,” so he pitches into Micky, a larger copy of himself, and soon lands him in the big dry-goods box, on the edge of the sidewalk, which receives the daily contributions of ashes, sweepings, bones, and parings of all the families to whom these little folks belong. As Micky rises, flushed and threatening, from his ashy bed, a frowzy head is thrust from an upper window, and a bare red arm and fist are shaken to give emphasis to the harsh voice that cries: —

“You Micky! come in yere, quick! an’ you, Johnny Rafferty, if you tech my b’y agin I’ll break ivery bone in yer body.”

Whereat Johnnie cocks his torn cap on one side, thrusts his hands into his pockets, and sticking out his tongue, like a naughty boy as he is, sings out in a piping voice: —

“Holler louder! — can’t yer?”

But Micky, to whom minding his mother is something he knows and cares nothing about, thinks he had rather pocket the insult than go in; so he shakes himself, and begins to pick cinders from the box to pelt a poor, hungry little dog, who does n’t see what he is at, because his head is in a barrel on the other side of the street.

That grows tiresome, there is a long day to be got rid of somehow, and little of real amusement ever falls to the share of these "children of the waste." So the noise increases and the quarrelling too. In the midst of Johnnie's second fight, which sprawls him on his back, the house door opens, and a slim, pale girl, perhaps ten years old, comes out and speaks to them.

What did she say? They all run and seat themselves in rows upon the steps, and try to compose their antic limbs and busy tongues into something like quiet.

It is "play school," with little Mary Ryan for teacher. To play with good, gentle Mary is a privilege too rare to be refused; for Mary is a sickly, quiet child, and does n't like noise or dirt or quarrelling, so she seldom plays with the other children who swarm the house, and, when she will, they are glad to do what she likes.

"But you ha'n't no book," says Micky.

"O, you'll see," says Mary, and she goes to the ash-box, and picks out a large cinder that has turned whity and soft on the outside, and with it she marks out a space upon the flag-stones in front of the steps, and writes, as



well as she can (for little Mary has never been to school much) great A and B, with B-O-Y and C-A-T. Then she takes from the box a piece of lath, and points and questions, and drills her school.

There is a good deal of very bad spelling, some going to the head and

some being sent to the foot, some crowding and pushing, as there is in schools where children are better taught and ought to be better behaved, but, on the whole, Mary's class does pretty well.

Somebody, who passed that way that morning, and thought sadly of the little hearts that could find joy in the sunshine, unknowing how poverty and the struggle for life would grip them by and by, — Somebody was not well or happy that day. Perhaps she pined for the country and rest from labor, perhaps she was lonely for loved ones far away, but somehow she could not eat when lunch-time came. Mince-pie could not tempt her, sandwiches were tasteless, and even a large slice of gingerbread had lost all charms. So she opened the window where two or three lordly pigeons strutted and cooed, and spread their glossy wings in the sun that shone on the copper-roofed shed beneath, and was about to spread a feast for them. But the little hungry faces that clustered round the ash-box came before her mind, and — the pigeons lost their mince-pie and gingerbread that day.

The school was loudly and busily spelling D-O-G, when Somebody laid a paper parcel on the heap in the ash-box, well knowing that a dozen pairs of eyes would pry into its contents in two minutes.

And many a bright day, as the spring opened, found Mary and her scholars again at their favorite play. Somebody, in passing one day, gave Mary a large pasteboard card covered with colored letters and easy words, and also a large piece of chalk to write them with upon the flags; and on another day Somebody stopped, and asked Mary if they had all been good and learned well, and gave each of them a penny. What a rush they made into the French bakery next door! Such buns as they bought! and how fast they ate them!

And there were rainy days, and some cold and windy ones, before the summer fairly managed to get into the city, and then how lonely and dirty the old steps and the ash-box looked to Somebody, who hurried by with a little sigh that told how she had learned to miss the little dirty faces and ragged garments that covered, but could not conceal, the beauty of childhood!

But there came one glorious day to the ash-box school before moving-day scattered its members far and wide.

Over the way, in the first house of the brown-stone row, bright eyes and rosy lips at the window had watched and talked about little Mary Ryan's school, and warm little hearts were roused with interest. The play was all the better when they knew it had spectators, and that hands as small as their own would be clapped with glee as one after another "went up head," or some unruly one was mounted on the ash-heap with a paper dunce-cap on.

But the bright faces fled from the window one morning, to appear again at the door; and there was a patter of little feet, and little arms laden with toys and books scattered their burden among the children of Mary's school.

What if the books *were* worn, and here and there a leaf gone? What if the doll *had* lost an arm, or the tin horse a leg?

They were priceless treasures to their new owners, and the good fairies, named Kindness and Happiness, touched them tenderly, and made them fresh and new in beauty and power to please.

Caroline Augusta Howard.



# POLONAISE.

Arranged by JULIUS EICHBERG.

DIABELLI.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with slurs and accents. The bass staff contains a bass line with slurs and accents.

Second system of musical notation, including dynamic markings such as *sf* and *f*.

Third system of musical notation, including a dynamic marking of *p*.

Fourth system of musical notation, showing a continuation of the melodic and bass lines.

Fifth system of musical notation, including a repeat sign and various musical notations.

Sixth system of musical notation, including a dynamic marking of *sf*.

Musical score for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with various musical notations and dynamics. The bass clef part includes dynamic markings *sf.* and *f*.



ANDANTINO.

Arranged by JULIUS EICHBURG.

F. KUHLAU.

*Con espressione.*

Musical score for the second system, including dynamics like *p Sostenuto.* and *Smorz.* The bass clef part includes the instruction *legato e cres.*

Musical score for the third system, including a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Musical score for the fourth system, including a *dim.* (diminuendo) dynamic marking.

Musical score for the fifth system, including *Smorz.* and *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic markings.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

No. 48.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

As celestial a creature as ever was known,  
 Yet not fit for heaven I really must own.  
 But look at his head, and you'd say it  
 were vain  
 To introduce me where waterfalls reign.

CROSS WORDS.

A one-eyed blacksmith, I  
 Must serve the gods or die.

Within my name there lurks  
 The paradise of Turks.

The writers of our time !  
 In this bright group I shine.

A house not built on land,  
 Nor made by human hand.

I shout thy name so dear !  
 Discovery is near.

Among my wounded brave  
 An angel moved to save.

Reproach, alas ! not rare,  
 Of beauty everywhere.

"THE SEVEN GABLES."

No. 49.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

MY soothing words  
 You love to hear ;  
 Like music sweet,  
 They charm the ear.

From mothers' lips  
 I lull to sleep ;  
 I make you laugh,  
 I make you weep.

CROSS WORDS.

The pet of the children,  
 The plague of the cook,  
 A story I would tell  
 If I could write a book.

I reigned as a king  
 O'er the fair land of Greece ;  
 Her fame shall ne'er depart,  
 Her glory never cease.

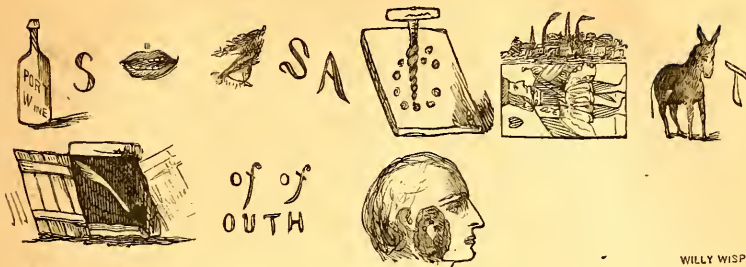
To weary ones  
 I bring sweet rest,  
 And send the bird  
 To seek her nest.

On me burst forth  
 Fresh buds of spring,  
 And birds revive  
 The drooping wing.

M.



## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 50.



WILLY WISP

## ENIGMAS.

No. 51.

BIBLICAL.

I am composed of 53 letters.

My 35, 42, 37, 40, 47, 44, 6, 11, 15, is one who the Bible tells us taught singing.

My 30, 1, 12, 16, 20, was a captain in Saul's army.

My 1, 19, 50, 5, was an important article of merchandise among Eastern people.

My 35, 47, 5, 53, 26, is a highly useful animal in the East.

My 49, 30, 40, 8, 25, 50, was a famous prophet.

My 41, 32, 5, 39, 38, was a fellow-laborer of Paul's.

My 29, 31, 4, 38, 34, 7, 50, 11, was one of Herod's daughters.

My 18, 1, 45, 48, 10, is a well-known wood from India.

My 17, 51, 46, 14, 33, 16, 25, is a celebrated evergreen from Mount Lebanon.

My 3, 30, 13, 30, 38, 38, 47, 24, was a Jewish orphan.

My 36, 16, 50, 1, 21, 40, is a Syrian city celebrated for its wines.

My 27, 5, 31, 34, was an officer in the army of Israel.

My 9, 53, 48, 23, is a temporary dwelling.

My 22, 30, 40, is an agricultural implement of the Jews.

My 52, 6, 22, 9, 2, was the age at which the Levites ceased to serve in the temple.

My 30, 19, 28, 43, 48, was the first Jewish high-priest.

My whole is the scriptural way to prosperity.

FLORA.

No. 52.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 11, 6, 5, 10, is an animal.

My 4, 2, 10, 7, is an insect.

My 11, 3, 5, 1, is a tree.

My 9, 10, 1, 2, is a city in Europe.

My 5, 6, 3, 2, is a river in Europe.

My 9, 6, 5, is a river in England.

My 4, 8, 2, is a machine.

My 2, 6, 7, is a nickname.

My 5, 1, 4, is a nickname.

My whole will be equally enigmatical, whether you find it out or not. R.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 53.



## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 54.



## CHARADE.

No. 55.

FROM the scented clover,  
 From the woodbine bower,  
 Where the busy rover  
 Clings to the bending flower ;  
 From the summer roses,  
 Where, by the sunbeams nursed,  
 Each swelling bud uncloses,  
 Comes my drowsy *first*.

When the lamp is lighted  
 At the close of day,  
 Entering uninvited,  
 Never asked to stay,  
 Round the chamber wheeling,  
 Now circling slow, now fast,  
 Blundering 'gainst wall and ceiling  
 Flies my clumsy *last*.

By forest and by fountain,  
 On rock and stone and tree,  
 By woodland and by mountain,  
 Where there 's an eye to see ;  
 On wall of city dwelling,  
 On forest giant's bole,  
 Stand the inscriptions telling  
 The reader of my *whole*.

CARL.

## PUZZLE.

No. 56.

I AM a beast on western prairies found,  
 And skulk at night about the farmer's  
 ground ;  
 Russia's cold steppes I scour prey to pur-  
 sue,  
 And victims make of all I can subdue.

Now change my form, my tribe is daily  
 sought

By men who need some object for their  
 sport ;

This head remove, my face remains to  
 scare

All truant urchins who my presence dare.

Restore and change again, I oft in mead-  
 ows hide,

Spreading most widely with the rising tide ;  
 Remove my present head, and what is left

Denotes depression, or of health bereft.

Double my second, cast my third away,  
 And, without me, no weaver needs the sley ;  
 Now restore my third, take away my last,  
 I make enduring a wintry blast.

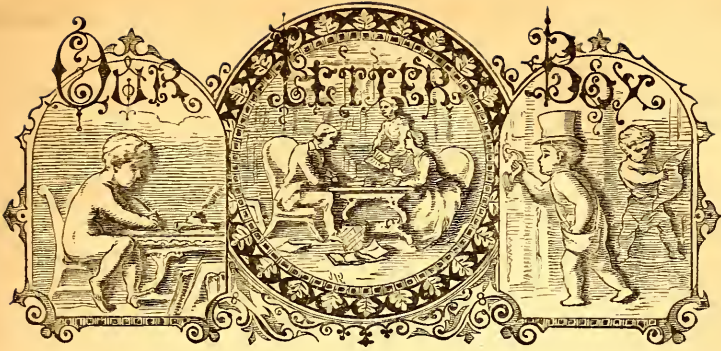
Write me as at first, then one half retire,  
 I am two fifths of that all men admire ;  
 Which, when from marts of business they  
 retire,

Is oft their chief, sometimes their sole  
 desire.

NEWBURYPORT.

## ANSWERS.

42. Checker-board.
43. I add the remaining figures together, and subtract them from nine, or the multiple of nine next larger than their sum.
44. Plan to live within your income. [(Plant) (tool) I V (with the *in ewer*) (*in comb*).]
45. The sad catastrophes and bitter calamities of war are passed, and gentle Peace reigns now. [(The's *add*) (cat) (ass) (trophies) (& *bit*) (Turk) A (lamb) it is of (war) R (pass) (tangent) L (piece) (rain) (snow).]
46. Oliver Cromwell.
47. Bower.



*Will o' the Wisp*—whose beautifully sketched rebuses we have under consideration—says:—

“DEAR LETTER BOX,—

“Noticing the inquiries of your correspondents in regard to soap-bubbles, I thought of some directions I had seen in an old magazine for blowing ‘Rainbow Bubbles.’ I give them entire.

“Take three quarters of a pint of water that has boiled and got cold, and put into it a quarter of an ounce of Castile soap, cut up fine. Put this into a pint bottle, and set it in hot water, in a saucepan, on the fire; there let it remain an hour or so (now and then with a shake-up), till the soap has dissolved. Now let the fluid stand quiet for a few hours, for the impurities and coloring matter of the soap to settle; then pour off the fluid, and add to it eight (8) ounces of glycerine, and your bubble solution is ready. In an ordinary way you may blow the bubbles easily with a clean tobacco pipe; but, if you wish to attain scientific perfection, you had better employ a glass pipe. These bubbles are so strong you can play battledore with them.”

*I. Wonder.* We could not think of admitting such ill-behaving and ill-speaking children to our family. Low language is pardonable nowhere, and least of all in a story for children.

“*Nantucket Shore.*” We want the address of the author of some verses with this title.

“*Many Readers.*” To use your own wits, instead of being stupid and depending on others to help you out of difficulties, is the warning held up by the folly and luckless experiences of the Peterkins, who would not think for themselves. You may be as silly, perhaps, in your own way.

*Alice L.* Thank you for your letter. We shall be glad to hear from you again, for you have written well and interestingly. Although you are not strong, you need have no fear that you cannot be useful to others, and do them good. If your mind is well stored, and your spirit well tempered, and you exercise both mind and spirit thoughtfully, earnestly, and patiently, you cannot fail to be of service by your conversation and example, even though your infirmity should prevent you from being useful by mere strength of body.

*Eddie W. F.* Write to D. Appleton & Co., of New York City, for stamp albums, or for the prices of them.

*Bert Hart.* Any cabinet-maker or carpenter can make a book-rack, if you show him the picture. Or you can write to Dr. Dio Lewis, Boston, for full particulars.

*Jennie.* Yes. But, when you send for the books, be sure to refer to the permission given here.

*Clay Hill.* Attend to your grammar and spelling-book.

*Herbert.* Write only when you feel really impelled to do it,—not when a mere fancy for putting words together seizes upon your mind. Let what you write lie quietly by for a while,—unless, of course, you have written for a particular purpose and time; compare what you do at one time with what you did three or six months before, and look closely for any signs of progress. If, as you follow this course, your work seems honest and good, and others care to see it in print, there can be no objection to your publishing, so long as you remember that hundreds can do the same thing just as well.

*Hautboy & Al P.* Your rebus was well made out, but unfortunately the subject was very badly misquoted.

*May White.* It is not at all necessary to say anything about it. Common sense, the duration of the call, and the weather, will determine so small a point.

*N. W.* Mr. Eichberg is now the Director of the Boston Conservatory of Music,—an institution with five or six hundred pupils. He is a very cultivated musician, a fine violinist, and a man of much practical experience. He did occupy the place you mention at the late Musical Festival in Boston.

*Edwin A. P.* (1.) In the autumn. (2.) Probably. (3.) Her family name is Guelph.

*A. H. M.* We know of no good book on lathe-work for beginners.

*Chemistry.* Stockhardt’s “Elements of Chemistry” is a good book.

*Little Boy.* The needle gun and mortar are capital toys. You will find all about them among the advertisements.

*To Many Friends.* Answers must be sent to every question of enigmas, or the contribution must go into the waste-basket unread.

*Jesse W. F.* A little too involved.

*Penelope Tittleton.* You must excuse us for not complying with your request. We do not quite like the idea, and have always avoided it in any form.

*Charlotte M. Packard,* whose address we do not know, writes this appropriate summer poem:—

“AN OLD STORY.

“What so gay as a Honey-bee,  
Sailing the green fields over?  
Resting here in the heart of a rose,  
There in the heart of a clover.

“All the blossoms nod to him,  
‘Say, Brown-coat, will you buy?  
‘Mine are the sweet stores,’ saith the red;  
And the white saith, ‘Sweet am I!’

“Where shall I choose to banquet?  
This poppy is bright and warm;  
But the clematis hangs in clusters,  
It would shelter one in a storm.”

“Droning, and spreading his velvet,  
He floats on the languid air,  
While the sun shines out of heaven,  
And the world to him is fair.

“But he is a busy worker,  
Not idly his days are spent;  
He hums at his toil forever,  
Like the very soul of content.

“Children, gather the honey!  
Something beside the flower;  
For one will last in the winter,  
And the other will last but an hour!”

We gladly bring to light this pretty “Pearl,” which has long lain hidden under the rubbish in our “Box.”

“PEARL.

“O darling, my kitty, my ‘Pearl’ of great price,  
Why should I not put all my love in a song?  
Prince, Carlo, and Rover each had his proud day,  
And not for the world would I do them a wrong.

“Nice doggies they were, I don’t doubt it; but  
then  
How can any dog with my pussy compare?  
Such bright, eager eyes, such a lovely white  
breast,  
Some praise, I am sure, ought to fall to your  
share.

“How well I remember, four spring-times ago,  
You came, a wee bit of a kitten, to me,  
And crept up my shoulder, close under my chin,  
And lay there as cunning as cunning could be!

“And then how you scampered through parlor and  
hall,  
Raced up stairs and down, and right over the rail,  
So full of mad capers, and mischief, and fun,  
And whirled around twenty times after your tail!

“But oh! how it gives me the heartache to tell  
(I must, or it would n’t be honest, you know)  
Of the little gray robin with bright scarlet breast,  
That you caught and ate up: ah! how could  
you do so?

“But you could n’t tell a gray bird from a mouse,  
And, of course, we know, kitty, you must catch  
the mice;  
So no one shall blame you, or call you hard names;  
But we’ll give the young robins the best of advice.

“And now you are grown such a big pussy-cat,  
You step like a prince, and look solemn and wise;  
And there you lie idly asleep in the sun,  
While I have been praising you up to the skies.

“MADGE.”

So you all guessed last month’s puzzle to be “Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,”—did you? Good children! Now try this, — which is not Shakespeare, by the way.







THE FAMILY DINNER-PARTY.

DRAWN BY H. L. STEPHENS.]

[See *Our Five Little Kittens*, page 533

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

No. IX.

## THE CRUISE OF THE LITTLE STARLIGHT.



ONE golden summer afternoon, three good friends were sitting on the broad, flat top of a stone wall, which rose from a river's brink, all intent upon a little ship. Their names were Harry, Pinkie, and Major Brown.

Of course you know that Harry was a boy; but I dare say you think Pinkie was a small gray cat, and Major Brown a big Newfoundland dog. Not a bit of it. They were Harry's elder and younger brothers. Their father had given them these queer titles just because he loved them; for Major Brown's real name was Ned, and as to Pinkie, I have either forgotten or never heard his other name, so we will just call him "Pinkie," and that will be the long and the short of it.

Such a pretty little ship as they had, with her masts and sails all complete, and a long streamer of red, white, and blue floating from the tallest mast! She was Pinkie's present on his last birthday; and this very afternoon she was to be christened and launched.

"Now, fellows!" shouted Pinkie, gleefully, "this splendid, clipper-built A No. 1 vessel is ready to sail on her first voyage. Hurrah for the Little Starlight! She's the ship to go all the way to Panama and back before you can say 'Jack Robinson'!"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

"We must christen her first, of course," said Harry. "I mean to ask mamma for a little bottle of real currant wine to break on her bows."

"O Harry, *I* want to christen her! let *me* christen her!" cried Ned; and, in his delight at the thought, he got up on the flat stone and jumped round in a circle on one foot.

"But Marie is the one to do it," answered Harry; "ladies always christen ships."

"O-h!" said Ned, looking rather dismal for a moment, when Harry proposed that they should run to the house to get their little sister; whereupon Ned brightened up, and they raced off together at such a rate that they very nearly got ahead of themselves.

The town where these children live is in the State of Massachusetts. It is a very beautiful place, and there are a number of lovely country-seats all about it, but I think this place is the very nicest of all. It was also the most remarkable, for the house was built on a darling little island in the middle of a river. The whole island belonged to Mr. Ludlow, their father. Like Robinson Crusoe, he was monarch of all he surveyed, as far as the island went. It was entirely surrounded by a stone wall about two feet high, and was connected with the main-land by a very handsome stone bridge with one fair arch. A velvety lawn sloped gracefully before the house; grand old trees drooped their protecting boughs over the water's edge, and waved their majestic heads above the gray walls of the fine old family mansion, while away to the south stretched garden, grapery, and orchard.

Presently Harry and Ned appeared on the front steps with their sister. She was a little darling, six years old. In her hand she carried very carefully a mite of a phial, such as is used for homœopathic medicine. It was filled with currant wine, of which it might hold about a thimbleful. Harry's arms were laden with a dozen ginger snaps, three toy barrels, Shem, Ham, and Japhet out of Noah's Ark, and a wooden horse with half a head and one leg. This was the cargo and crew. And dear little Major Brown, his eyes sparkling with delight and affection, lugged along his beloved cat Pepper, upside down, determined that he, too, should see the show, sucking his tongue (the Major, not the cat) as hard as he could the whole time.

The moment they appeared, Pinkie rushed towards them, stubbed his toe, went head over heels, never minded it an atom, got up again, and placed himself at the head of the procession; and they all marched to where the Little Starlight lay, — that is, her keel was run into a groove in a long, flat board.

"Now — let — me — see," said Pinkie, when they were once more comfortably seated on the flat stone; "first of all, we must have some ballast."

"Ballast? what's that?" asked Marie.

"Why, stones to keep her steady," said Pinkie.

"O, but, if you put stones in the dear little ship, she will drown," said Marie.

"No, she won't," said Harry. "Real ships are always ballasted. Major, won't you jump down and pick up some stones?"

"O, but if I let Pepper go he'll run away," objected the Major.



"Well, then, I'll go myself," said Harry, good-naturedly, and he jumped down from the wall to the narrow strip of sand that ran along the water's edge, and soon filled his pockets with small round stones. Then he scrambled up again, and, taking off the cover of the hatchway, — which is a square hole in the deck of a ship where they put down the cargo, — he poured the stones into the hold, and smoothed them very even on all sides. The hatchway was just large enough for his hand to enter. Then some little chips of wood were laid over the stones, and next the poor old wooden horse was poked in. He gave them a good deal of trouble in consequence of his one leg having no joint at the knee; as it was, his tail broke short off; at seeing which, little tender Marie uttered a piteous "O-h!" and the boys burst out laughing, but the poor horse never said a word. Perhaps his having only half a head may account for this. \*

The barrels followed, and after these the ginger snaps were stuck round helter-skelter, wherever a place could be found, and then the Little Starlight was laden to her fullest capacity. As for Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they were set up on deck by way of a crew, and aired their round buttons of heads there with great dignity and grandeur.

With a merry cheer the boys leaped down upon the sand, and helped Marie after them. The darling ship with her sails all set, and the rudder tied fast to keep her in a straight course, was gently placed in the water, Harry holding her fast by the streamer. With flushing cheeks and eyes growing deeper and bigger, the little company were quite silent for half a moment, then Pinkie said, "Now, Marie."

"Must n't she pray a prayer?" asked Major Brown, who had seen a christening in church.

"Why, NO!" almost shouted Pinkie; "children can only pray prayers morning and night. Papa told her what to do"; and once more he said, "Now, Marie."

Then the little girl raised the tiny bottle high above her head, and cried out in her sweet, singing voice, "*Little Starlight, I christen you,*" and dashed it on the deck. It shivered into a thousand fragments, greatly astonishing Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and the currant wine gushed over the bows. Harry let go the streamer; the gentle summer breeze swelled the tiny sails, and floated the little ship from the shore, and with a long, loud, ringing cheer the Little Starlight was fairly off on her first voyage.

Truly it was a lovely sight, — the four children watching with eager eyes their dainty craft, the long golden rays of the sun slanting over the velvet grass, on the white frock of little Marie, and touching into ruddy chestnut and gold the waving curls of her brothers. Harry's great blue eyes were lit with the sweet *inward* smile that seems born of perfect happiness; and Marie curled her white arms round his neck, and whispered, "O Harry, is n't our ship a real *kitten darling*?" As for Major Brown, he only hugged Pepper, right side up this time, and sucked his tongue without saying a word.

But you need n't suppose they were going to be still very long on such a

joyful occasion, for all of a sudden the Major gave his poor sucked tongue a holiday by opening his mouth and uttering a tremendous "HOO-RAY!" and in an instant all four were shouting, laughing, dancing, and clapping their hands. O what fun! "HOO-RAY!" they all cried; "three cheers for the Little Starlight!"

Away she sailed, making cunning little ripples in the water, and what Major Brown called soapsuds round her bows; her streamer flying out in gentle curves, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet standing up stiff and straight, gazing at the scenery with solemn faces. Then Pinkie all at once exclaimed: "Come, fellows, we must walk along the top of the wall, and watch the ship, or perhaps she will drive against the — the — what-u-call-'ems, and get wrecked and lost."

"O dear, no! no! I don't want the Little Starlight to get lost!" cried Marie; "please, Pinkie, don't let her go against the — the — what did you say?"

"Well, but you know ships always have *some* dreadful adventures," put in Harry; "and then it's such fun to be lost on an uninhabited island, and catch oranges and eat monkeys, — no, I mean *eat* oranges, and catch monkeys; and then there's guava jelly, you know, and poll parrots, — splendid! and caves and savages, and all sorts of jolly things."

"Suppose we play that the Little Starlight is going on a voyage to New Orleans," said Pinkie.

"Well," answered Harry, "we will; where shall New Orleans be?"

"O, at the roots of the big willow-tree," answered Pinkie.

"But how can you make her stop there?" asked Marie.

"Why, I shall pull her in with a long willow switch."

"O-h!" said Marie.

While this conversation was going on, the children were walking along on the top of the wall in Indian file, Pepper following, with his tail bolt upright in the air. To be sure, they might just as well have walked on the grass, but that would n't have been half the fun. Meanwhile the Little Starlight sailed away famously, dipping gracefully to the curling ripples; her streamer floating at the mast-head, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet still industriously admiring the prospect from the deck, as fine as you please.

"I know a piece of poetry about a ship sailing on her first voyage."

"Tell it," cried Harry, catching at the drooping bough of a willow, and swinging himself along.

So Pinkie began, "'The Sailing of the Princess,' — but I mean to call it the 'Starlight,' would n't you?"

"Of course," said the others, and Pinkie, looking straight up in the air, as if the poetry was written in the sky, went on: —

"We watched her fondly day by day,  
As slowly from the stocks she rose,  
Till at the water's edge she lay,  
Perfect in her serene repose!  
The soft waves crept up dutiful  
To greet our *Starlight* beautiful!

The fairy ship in the harbor.  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! our labor's o'er !  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hip, hip, HURRAH !  
 For the good ship in the harbor !

“ The anchor 's weighed, the sails are taut,  
 We strain our eyes o'er distant blue,  
 And hearts grow heavy with the thought,  
 ‘ The sea is wider than we knew,’  
 And perils many may she have,  
 From sunken rock and beating wave, —  
 The strong ship in the harbor !  
 Yet still — Hurrah ! one loud cheer more !  
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! hip, hip, HURRAH !  
 For the good ship in the harbor.

“ The sea is calm, the wind is fair,  
 Our flag floats proudly at her stern ;  
 Our friends on board ; we breathe a prayer  
 ‘ God keep them till her safe return !’  
 Then loud we cheer her o'er and o'er,  
 As, gently gliding from the shore,  
 The brave ship leaves the harbor !  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! ay, three times more !  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hip, hip, HURRAH !  
 And the good ship clears the harbor !” \*

The children listened with deep interest to these beautiful lines, and at the end of the last verse Harry and the Major chimed in with three tremendous cheers and a “ *tiger!*” The “ *tiger*” scared Pepper so that he jumped off the wall, and scampered with might and main back to the house, crying, “ Meou ! meou ! ffts ! ffts ! m-e-a-o-u !” at the top of his voice.

But, oh ! ah ! dear me ! while they were listening to Pinkie, they forgot to watch the Little Starlight, and, dreadful to tell, she was just entering the roughest part of the river. Several quite large stones lay there, and the stream brawled and scolded around them at a great rate. Such rapids were as dreadful and dangerous for the Little Starlight as the rapids of Niagara would be to a real ship.

The poor little ship seemed to be a live thing and to know her terrible danger. She struggled and turned, trembling, quivering, — then, as if giving up all hope, in her despair rushed headlong among the stones. A huge wave — huge to her — curled up, and dashed down on the doomed ship, and CRASH ! she was driven over on her side, and wedged fast between two great stones. Ham, Shem, and Japhet went instantly heels up in the air, and swam off like three great cowards. Perhaps, being made of wood, they could n't help swimming, or at least floating, when they were so unexpectedly upset into the water, — anyhow we'll be good-hearted enough to think so ; but the poor Little Starlight was left without a crew, and in great danger of becoming a total wreck, sure enough.

“ Oh ! oh ! oh ! what *shall* we do ?” cried all the children, with clasped hands, and eyes nearly starting out of their heads. Then Marie pinched

\* Tennyson.

Harry's arm nearly black and blue in her terror and distress, while Major Brown threw himself flat on his stomach, on the stone wall, and began to cry.

"I tell you! One of us must wade out and save her," exclaimed Harry; "and I've a great mind to do it this very minute."

"O Harry, you must n't!" cried Marie, clinging to him. "You will be drowned!"

"Boo!" retorted Harry; "that river is n't deep enough to drown a mouse!"

"But the current is very rapid there, Harry," said Pinkie. "You had better look out, old fellow. Papa won't like it if you get a ducking."



No frightening Master Harry, however! His balmorals and stockings were already off; his knickerbockers were rolled up as high as he could get them. The delight of paddling about in the stream, added to the desire of rescuing the little ship, were too much for mortal boy to resist. But the adventurous young monkey had undertaken a feat rather more dangerous than he imagined. Such a wide, shallow river, with a rough, pebbly bed, and swirling mid-rapids, does not offer the most secure footing in the world; and so Harry found as he floundered along, and presently was neatly capsized and tumbled down on all fours; but he dug his fingers in the sand, and scrambled up like a cat on a wall, only to go down head-first again, as

the current dashed against his legs. Once more he clawed himself up, and this time stood hard and fast for a moment,—just long enough to make a grab at the Little Starlight, and stagger breathless out of the rapids, holding the ship triumphantly in the air.

“Is she hurt?” shouted Pinkie, dancing up and down in violent agitation.

“Not the least speck,” hailed back Harry; “only Shem, Ham, and Japhet must be drowned, for I don’t see them anywhere.”

“Fiddle! never mind *them*,” answered Pinkie.

“But it’s *my Nooer’s Ork*,” whimpered Major Brown.

The dear little fellow meant his “Noah’s Ark,” and it was dreadful to think that the beasts and birds would have nobody to take care of them; the spider would insist on marching in procession side by side with the elephant, instead of bringing up the rear, as it ought.

It could n’t be helped, however, and Ned consoled himself as well as he could, and soon forgot to grieve for the luckless navigators, especially as Harry threw his arm round his brother’s neck with a kind, “Never mind, Major, you shall have my new peg-top to make up,”—which was such an enchanting promise that the little fellow had to hug and kiss Harry, and say, “Thank you, you good old boy! I love you *bester* than any one!”

Then Harry put on his stockings and boots, and said his clothes would dry first-rate in the sun, and the children concluded to carry the Little Starlight farther on to a smoother part of the river. They were soon past the rapids, and Harry once more started the precious vessel on her course. When she was fairly under way, he scrambled up on top of the wall like a grasshopper, and they all rushed like the wind down to the big willow-tree, which was quite at the end of the lawn. The great gnarled roots spread out high above the ground, and made comfortable seats from which to watch the Little Starlight floating smoothly down the stream.

While they waited, they chattered away about various things, when all at once Harry exclaimed, “There now! did I ever tell you what a dreadful fright I had last winter, when mother and I were down at Aunt Sally’s?”

“Why, no,” said Pinkie; “let’s hear about it, old fellow.”

“Well,” began Harry, twitching up his knickerbockers, which were still quite wet,—“well, you know mother thought I had better go to school while we stayed, for fear Aunt Sally would go crazy with my noise; and so to school I went,—mad enough, I can tell you. Of course you know I could n’t have learned a single thing without chewing india-rubber,—of course not. Well, one day I was munching away at the india-rubber as hard as ever I could, and studying that plaguy eight times in the multiplication table, when, all at once, bang! went the master’s ruler on his desk. I gave *such* a jump! and down went the india-rubber like a flash of lightning! That was n’t the worst, either; for Cousin Will told me if I swallowed india-rubber it was *certain death*; so just fancy how I felt!” Here Harry opened his blue eyes very wide, and stared solemnly at the company.

“O, but you did n’t die,—did you, Harry?” cried Marie, looking quite frightened.

"He seems to have come to life again as good as new," laughed Pinkie. "Go on, old chap."

"Well, I was in the most awful fix. I did n't want to die away from mother, and it did seem as if school never would be out. I was so scared, I could n't learn 'eight times' at all, and the master boxed my ears with the arithmetic because I did n't know it. I thought it was the most cruel thing that ever *was* heard of, to box a fellow's ears when he was dying; and the instant school was out I put for home double-quick, rushed into mother's room, threw myself into her arms, burst into tears, and sobbed out, 'O mother, mother! kiss me quick, and bid me good by. I am dying, I know I am!'"

At this most affecting climax, Major Brown could n't stand it any longer, and, pulling out a very small pocket-handkerchief, he indulged in a series of doleful sniffs, carefully keeping one eye and both ears open so as not to lose an atom of the story.

"Well," went on Harry, quite affected himself at his own eloquence, "mother asked me what in the world was the matter; and, when I told her, what *do* you think she did?"

"W-h-a-t?" asked all the rest, staring at Harry, and listening as if they had three pairs of ears apiece.

"Why, she burst out laughing, she almost *screamed* laughing! and then she hugged me, and kissed me, and told me that india-rubber was n't deadly poison, and would n't do me any very *tremendous* harm; but she advised me not to chew any more. So I wiped my eyes, and ran off to play, and that's the last I've heard of it from that day to this."

Just as Harry finished his interesting experience with india-rubber, the Little Starlight swept gracefully past the willow, so close that Pinkie could draw her in with his hand.

She was lifted out tenderly, and set again in her groove in the plank. Then the Major unfastened her hatchway, and all four commenced to unload her cargo. They ate up her cargo, — that is, the ginger snaps, — taking out only one at a time to prolong the pleasure, and nodding and grinning at each other to signify how very enchanting it all was, and what a glorious time they were having. Such fun! don't you wish you had been one of the party? I do, and that's a fact; and what's more, every word of this story is true, and that very Harry, with his curly wig and china-blue eyes, is one of my particular favorites.

I told you they took out one ginger snap at a time, but I forgot to mention that they broke each one into four pieces, dividing them around. Each piece made one good-sized mouthful; so, if you love me, do this sum in arithmetic, — how many mouthfuls did each of them have? I told you in the beginning of the story how many snaps Harry brought out.

Just as the fun was at its height, somebody came softly up behind them, and cried out in a funny, rough voice, "*Odds bobbs and buttercups! what are you all at?*"

The children started and looked round, and there was Mr. Ludlow, laugh-

ing softly to himself at their chatter. Every one of them jumped up to kiss him; and every one of them told him all together about the wonderful cruise of the darling Little Starlight.

The sun was just setting midst purple and rosy clouds. The tiny ripples of the river were crested with gold, while the waveless eddies near the shore were of the color of a rose unutterably delicate and lovely. The beautiful light touched into warmer color the bright faces of the children, as they clung fondly round their stately, handsome father.

And now a silvery-toned bell rang out in the still sunset air. Spite of all the ginger snaps, this must have been an enchanting sound, for the little ones "skipped and tripped and danced and dipped" into the house,—Pinkie carrying the precious Little Starlight in triumph before them. She was laid safely up in dry dock on top of Mr. Ludlow's desk, while, as for poor Shem, Ham, and Japhet, like Harry's india-rubber, no one has heard the first grain about them from that day to this. I have n't, — have you?

*Aunt Fanny.*



## THE BUTTERFLY'S MISHAPS.

A BUTTERLY, roving, with nothing to do,  
 Over the wall of a clover-field flew.  
 Fine scented clover, — white clover and red, —  
 Up from the mowing-grass lifting its head.  
 There but a moment he dared to alight,  
 Timorous Butterfly! off in a fright, —  
 Off, when the Grasshopper, leaping too near,  
 Scraped his small violin piercing and clear, —  
 Little old Grasshopper! Grasshopper green,  
 With legs doubled under him crooked and lean!  
 Over the garden fast flitted the rover,  
 Caring no more for the tall, sweet clover.  
 What though its blossoms be fragrant and gay?  
 Richer and redder the Rose is than they;  
 Under the sunny south window it grows,  
 Sweet-breathing, bright-blooming, elegant Rose!  
 Here, then, he settles with wings upright,  
 Closing them gracefully, closing them tight,  
 Just as if never again to unfold  
 All the rich tinting of purple and gold.  
 Ah! But, approaching the same sweet cup,  
 Slowly the Rose-Bug came travelling up,

Down by the Butterfly soberly sat,  
 Horny and crawly and ugly and flat!  
 Soon as this ill-favored neighbor he knew,  
 Here away, there away, Butterfly flew,  
 Upward and downward, around and around;  
 Down where the buttercups gladden the ground,—  
 Buttercups nodding, all golden and gay,  
 Glancing and dancing the summer away.  
 Lured by their charms, here he fluttered about,  
 Till midst the glad party a Snail crept out.  
 Toilsomely dragging his shell-house along,  
 Doing no mischief, and thinking no wrong.  
 "Now," cries the Butterfly, "comes a new foe!  
 Dangers are with us wherever we go."  
 Off then he speeds; and each flower, as he springs,  
 Looks after and laughs at his quivering wings.  
 Over the cornfield and over the wheat  
 There lies an orchard, old, shady, and sweet.  
 "This is the spot for me!" cries he, at last,  
 "Here all is tranquil, and danger is past!"  
 O coward Butterfly! Butterfly silly!  
 See where, with cap in hand, runs roguish Willie,  
 Under the apple-tree, where he was lying,  
 Think you he saw you not, resting and flying?  
 Soar away, Butterfly,—off at full speed;  
 Now there is danger,—great danger, indeed;  
 Snail, Bug, nor Grasshopper, they have not sought you,—  
 Bareheaded, curly-locked Willie has caught you!

*Mrs. A. M. Wells.*



## SOLOMON JOHN GOES FOR APPLES AND CIDER.

SOLOMON JOHN agreed to ride to Farmer Jones's for a basket of apples, and he decided to go on horseback. The horse was brought round to the door. Now he had not ridden for a great while; and, though the little boys were there to help him, he had great trouble in getting on the horse.

He tried a great many times, but always found himself facing the wrong way, looking at the horse's tail. They turned the horse's head, first up the street, then down the street; it made no difference; he always made some mistake, and found himself sitting the wrong way.

"Well," said he, at last, "I don't know as I care. If the horse has his



head in the right direction, that is the main thing. Sometimes I ride this way in the cars, because I like it better. I can turn my head easily enough, to see where we are going." So off he went, and the little boys said he looked like a circus-rider, and they were much pleased.

He rode along out of the village, under the elms, very quietly. Pretty soon he came to a bridge, where the road went across a little stream. There was a road at the side, leading down into the stream, because sometimes wagoners watered their horses there. Solomon John's horse turned off too, to drink of the water.

"Very well," said Solomon John, "I don't blame him for wanting to wet his feet, and to take a drink, this hot day."

When they reached the middle of the stream, the horse bent over his head.

"How far his neck comes into his back!" exclaimed Solomon John; and at that very moment he found he had slid down over the horse's head, and was sitting on a stone, looking into the horse's face. There were two frogs, one on each side of him, sitting just as he was, which pleased Solomon John, so he began to laugh instead of to cry.

But the two frogs jumped into the water.

"It is time for me to go on," said Solomon John.

So he gave a jump, as he had seen the frogs do; and this time he came all right on the horse's back, facing the way he was going.

"It is a little pleasanter," said he.

The horse wanted to nibble a little of the grass by the side of the way; but Solomon John remembered what a long neck he had, and would not let him stop.

At last he reached Farmer Jones's, who gave him his basket of apples.

Next he was to go on to a cider-mill, up a little lane by Farmer Jones's house, to get a jug of cider. But as soon as the horse was turned into the lane, he began to walk very slowly, — so slowly that Solomon John thought he would not get there before night. He whistled, and shouted, and thrust his knees into the horse, but still he would not go.

"Perhaps the apples are too heavy for him," said he. So he began by throwing one of the apples out of the basket. It hit the fence by the side of the road, and that started up the horse, and he went on merrily.

"That was the trouble," said Solomon John; "that apple was too heavy for him."

But very soon the horse began to go slower and slower.

So Solomon John thought he would try another apple. This hit a large rock, and bounded back under the horse's feet, and sent him off at a great pace. But very soon he fell again into a slow walk.

Solomon John had to try another apple. This time it fell into a pool of water, and made a great splash, and set the horse out again for a little while; but he soon returned to a slow walk, — so slow that Solomon John thought it would be to-morrow morning before he got to the cider-mill.

"It is rather a waste of apples," thought he; "but I can pick them up as I come back, because the horse will be going home at a quick pace."

So he flung out another apple ; that fell among a party of ducks, and they began to make such a quacking and a waddling, that it frightened the horse into a quick trot.

So the only way Solomon John could make his horse go was by flinging his apples, now on one side, now on the other. One time he frightened a cow, that ran along by the side of the road, while the horse raced with her. Another time he started up a brood of turkeys, that gobbled and strutted enough to startle twenty horses. In another place he came near hitting a boy, who gave such a scream that it sent the horse off at a furious rate.

And Solomon John got quite excited himself, and he did not stop till he had thrown away all his apples, and had reached the corner by the cider-mill.

"Very well," said he, "if the horse is so lazy, he won't mind my stopping to pick up the apples on the way home. And I am not sure but I shall prefer walking a little to riding the beast."

The man came out to meet him from the cider-mill, and reached him the jug. He was just going to take it, when he turned his horse's head round, and, delighted at the idea of going home, the horse set off at a full run, without waiting for the jug. Solomon John clung to the reins, and his knees held fast to the horse. He called out "Whoa ! whoa !" but the horse would not stop.

He went galloping on past the boy, who stopped, and flung an apple at him ; past the turkeys, that came and gobbled at him ; by the cow, that turned and ran back in a race with them until her breath gave out ; by the ducks, that came and quacked at him ; by an old donkey, that brayed over the wall at him ; by some hens, that ran into the road under the horse's feet, and clucked at him ; by a great rooster, that stood up on a fence, and crowed at him ; by Farmer Jones, who looked out to see what had become of him ; down the village street, and he never stopped till he had reached the door of the house.

Out came Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, Agamemnon, Elizabeth Eliza, and the little boys.

Solomon John got off his horse all out of breath.

"Where is the jug of cider ?" asked Mrs. Peterkin.

"It is at the cider-mill," said Solomon John.

"At the mill !" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin.

"Yes," said Solomon John ; "the little boys had better walk out for it ; they will quite enjoy it ; and they had better take a basket ; for on the way they will find plenty of apples, scattered all along either side of the lane, and hens, and ducks, and turkeys, and a donkey."

The little boys looked at each other, and went ; but they stopped first, and put on their india-rubber boots.

*Lucretia P. Hale.*



## GIANT AND DWARF.

AS on through life's journey we go day by day,  
 There are two whom we meet, at each turn of the way,  
 To help or to hinder, to bless or to ban,—  
 And the names of these two are "*I Can't*" and "*I Can.*"

"*I Can't*" is a dwarf, a poor, pale, puny imp,  
 His eyes are half blind, and his walk is a limp;  
 He stumbles and falls, or lies writhing with fear,  
 Though dangers are distant and succor is near.

"*I Can*" is a giant; unbending he stands;  
 There is strength in his arms and skill in his hands;  
 He asks for no favors; he wants but a share  
 Where labor is honest and wages are fair.

"*I Can't*" is a sluggard, too lazy to work;  
 From duty he shrinks, every task he will shirk;  
 No bread on his board and no meal in his bag;  
 His house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.

"*I Can*" is a worker; he tills the broad fields,  
 And digs from the earth all the wealth which it yields;  
 The hum of his spindles begins with the light,  
 And the fires of his forges are blazing all night.

"*I Can't*" is a coward, half fainting with fright;  
 At the first thought of peril he slinks out of sight;  
 Skulks and hides till the noise of the battle is past,  
 Or sells his best friends, and turns traitor at last.

"*I Can*" is a hero, the first in the field;  
 Though others may falter, he never will yield;  
 He makes the long marches, he deals the last blow,  
 His charge is the whirlwind that scatters the foe.

How grandly and nobly he stands to his trust,  
 When, roused at the call of a cause that is just,  
 He weds his strong will to the valor of youth,  
 And writes on his banner the watchword of Truth!

Then up and be doing! the day is not long;  
 Throw fear to the winds, be patient and strong!  
 Stand fast in your place, act your part like a man,  
 And, when duty calls, answer promptly, "*I Can!*"

*William Allen Butler.*



### THE TWO WINOGENES.

AWAY up in the northern part of Michigan, in a little village, there lived a baby, — her parents' only one, and therefore the dearest, sweetest, cunningest little creature in all the world. Never before had there been seen such a baby as this. She was the queen, as well as the pet and plaything, of the house. Her wants were anticipated, her wishes obeyed, and she had everything that the heart of a baby could desire. Her little frocks were tucked and embroidered to the very last extreme. She had a beautiful crib to sleep in, a baby-jumper to jump in, a silver cup to drink from, and playthings innumerable to amuse herself with. But there was one thing that she did n't have, which money was not able to buy, and that was a name. To be sure there were a dozen pet names that she was called by, such as Precious, and Birdie, and Brighty, and Flutterbudget, and Susquehanna, and Troublehouse; but she had no "real truly name," as her cousin Charley used to say, and which he thought was altogether too bad; and so, in the generosity of his heart, he bestowed upon her the one belonging to his black, curly-tailed dog, Whisk. Little three-years-old Nell was bent upon calling her Jimmy, but her sister Kate, older and wiser by a year, though still inno-

cent of grammar, exclaimed contemptuously, "Why, don't you know, Nell, Jimmy is a boy's name, and he's a girl?"

The uncles, aunts, and friends generally, all brought their favorite names, and laid them, willing offerings, at her feet. One would have her called Beatrice, another Zoraida, another Ethelind, and so on; so that, if they could all have had their will, the little creature would have been fairly smothered under so many. But her father and mother had some objection to them all. Not a single one could be found quite dainty enough for the little lady, so that the probabilities were very strong that one would have to be manufactured expressly for her, or else that she would live all her life and go down to her grave nameless. Meanwhile she smiled on, and if she could only have the usual amount of kisses, and tossings, and rides to Banbury Cross, cared not a straw whether she ever had a name or not.

One day her mother and a friend took her out for a ride in her little carriage. As they were going through the beautiful winding paths of the forest, they came suddenly upon the half-dozen tents of an Indian encampment. These Indians, who are scattered all through the northern part of the State in settlements of their own, often come down to the villages and pitch their tents for a few days, and sell baskets, and berries, and maple sugar, and such things. The encampment was deserted just now, except by one woman, who sat under a pine-tree, embroidering a pair of moccasins with gay-colored beads, and at the same time keeping guard over the empty tents.

"Bushoo," said the ladies, going up to her.

"Bushoo," she replied. This was simply the polite way of saying, "How do you do?" in the Pottawatamie dialect. When she saw the baby in her carriage, she smiled, and pointed up towards the tree above her head. Her visitors looked up too, and what do you think they saw? They saw a board, very prettily carved, and with something fastened to the upper side, hanging from one of the branches and swinging about in the wind.

"Oh!" they cried, "there's a baby! Do take it down and let us see it." She understood, and laughed, and took it down; and there, sure enough, was a little brown baby, bound firmly to the board, all except its arms, and with its feet resting upon a kind of little shelf. It had been having a fine time up in the tree, with the wind to rock its cradle, and the birds to sing its lullaby, and the leaves to dance and flutter for its amusement. The squirrels came and peeped at it with grave eyes, and wondered what manner of creature it was, and chattered together about what business it had to intrude itself into their busy home, and then went away to their work of gathering nuts. And the baby swung, listening to the birds and the squirrels, and trying to catch the sunbeams that flickered through the leaves.

She had a pair of small, shining, black eyes, which opened as wide as ever they could in wonder at the other pair of big blue ones in the carriage. Little Flutterbudget was for making acquaintance directly. She laughed, and crowed, and held out her little arms; but the brown baby looked gravely back, not understanding such demonstrations at all.

"Suppose you swap babies," said the friend.

“No, no, my pappoose best”; and the Indian mother hugged the pappoose, board and all, closer to her, as if she was afraid they really meant to carry off her treasure.

“How old is she?”

“Ten moons.”

“Why, that’s just as old as Birdie! What is her name?”

“Winogene.”

“Winogene. That’s a pretty name. What does it mean?” for Indian names always have some meaning. The Indian woman understood English much better than she could speak it, so she looked around for something to help her. A knife was lying on the ground; she took it up and held it in the sunshine, giving it a quivering motion, so that the dazzling rays glanced off in every direction. They caught something of the idea, and, after a few more words, went home, and left the mother to her work and the baby to its swinging.

Arrived at home, Birdie’s mother flew up stairs to the library, where was an old Indian dictionary, and, opening it, she found, “Winogene, — a quivering ray of light.” All that day she kept saying over to herself, “Winogene, — a quivering ray of light”; and at last she exclaimed aloud: —

“That is just what my baby is, and her name shall be Winogene.” And Winogene it was.

There were some wry faces when this decision became known. Some of the aunts and friends thought it was an outrage to hang such a barbarous name upon an innocent little baby that could n’t help itself at all. If she must have a foreign name, better call her Gretchen, or Hedwig, or even Bridget, than to go to the wild Indians for one. Meanwhile she thrived under it beautifully. She grew out of her babyhood into a healthy, happy, romping child, and her name was prophetic of her sunny spirit. She was, indeed, a ray of light all through the house. Every room seemed brighter when she was in it, and she trailed the sunshine after her wherever she went. It was the delight of her parents and friends to make her happy. Everything that love and wealth could procure for their darling she had. And it did not spoil her. She was growing up in all good and lovely ways, — an affectionate, obedient, happy child.

And how fared it with the other Winogene? Her home was a little, filthy, smoky wigwam. Her clothes were poor and scanty enough, and she often went to sleep at night very hungry; but when the pleasant summer days came she forgot all about that, and was as happy as a bird. Then she lived out of doors. She could climb a tree as nimbly as a squirrel. She knew just where the first flowers would blossom and the first berries ripen. She knew the name of every tree and shrub, of every bird and animal, in the forest. Her father made her a bow and arrows, and taught her how to shoot with them; and her mother taught her to hoe corn and embroider moccasins and leggins. And the little dark Winogene was a happy child too, but in a very different way.

One day as Winny was trundling her hoop in the yard, she saw a company of Indian women and children coming down the street. They were walking solemnly, one behind another, at just such a distance apart, and looking right ahead. Their stiff, straight black hair was flying loosely in their necks. They wore blankets over their heads instead of bonnets, and moccasins upon their feet instead of shoes; and, strapped upon their backs, the women each carried a huge pile of baskets, and occasionally from some basket there peeped out a little, sober, brown face, belonging to a baby whose mother found this the most convenient way of carrying it. This strange-looking cavalcade was by no means an unfamiliar sight to the child; still, when a woman and a little girl left the procession, and came through her father's gate, she stopped her play and ran in, for she always liked to hear them talk. They had some very pretty open-work baskets to sell, made of splints, and stained with all sorts of bright colors.

"Winogene," said her mother, "shall I buy you a basket?"

The woman and child both started at the name, and looked at the little girl in surprise.

"Her name Winogene?" she inquired, pointing to Winny.

"Yes."

"Her name Winogene too," pointing to her own little girl. The two mothers looked at each other a moment. Each recognized the other, and remembered the meeting under the pine-tree six years before.

"Yes, and I named my baby for yours." Both laughed, and brought forward their little girls for exhibition. A greater contrast than they presented could scarcely be imagined. The one with her clear complexion, sunny curls, and blue eyes, dressed in a blue muslin frock and white apron, and jaunty little hat, — the other with her dusky skin, and small black eyes shining out from under the straight hair that fell over them, wearing a faded frock, below which were seen a pair of leggins gayly embroidered with beads, and a multitude of strings of gaudy beads, of which she was very proud, around her neck. But each mother still firmly believed her own to be the prettier. The children were shy, and only looked curiously at each other. Their mothers tried to talk, but it was slow work when they had so few words in common. However, Winny's mother gave them a bundle of clothes, and a bountiful dinner, and bought twice as many baskets as she had any use for; and, just as they were going, Winny brought one of her dolls, the one that could open and shut its eyes, and cry, and gave it to Winogene. I suppose she intended it as part payment for her name. The little wild girl had never seen such a thing before, and did not know what to make of it. She thought it was alive, and was afraid, and clung to her mother. It was a long time before she could be made to comprehend anything about it; but when at last she did, and realized that it was her own, her black eyes danced for joy. She keeps it yet. She has a special corner for it in her mother's wigwam, and she ties it to the same carved board which was her own cradle, and sets it swinging among the branches, as her mother used to her. She is a heroine in the eyes of her playfellows. They look with wonder and admi-

ration and envy upon her and her treasure, and I suppose there never lived a prouder little pappoose than she.

A few weeks after, as Winny was playing in the yard, she looked up and saw another company of Indians coming. As they came opposite her father's house, a grotesque little figure left the procession and came towards her. She recognized Winogene at once, but she laughed aloud as she recognized also one of her own muslin frocks, which, without hoops, almost dragged upon the ground, and her own old doll, which the little girl was carrying perched upon her back. She was leading a beautiful fawn by a cord, and, running up to Winny, she put the cord into her hand.

"This for you," was all she said; and before Winny had time to recover from her surprise enough to thank her she was back, walking solemnly along in file with the rest. I don't know which is the happier of the two girls, — the one with her doll, or the other with her fawn, which is as tame and loving as a kitten, and her constant companion everywhere.

And so occasionally the pathways of the two Winogenes cross each other, and perhaps will long continue to, for they live not very many miles apart; but how different will be their lives! One will grow up amidst all the refinements of civilization. No pains will be spared to make her an educated, useful, and Christian woman. The other will be perfectly content to hoe the corn, and cook the meat, and do cunning embroidery, with no thought of any higher life. She may learn to read, for the government provides schools and teachers for them; but it will do her very little good, for she likes to climb trees and pick berries so much better, and her father and mother do not care whether she learns or not. Ah! the two Winogenes will have very little in common but their names.

H. A. F.



## OUR FIVE LITTLE KITTENS AND THEIR RELATIONS.

OUR five little cats one day decided to have a dinner-party, — a real Thanksgiving dinner; and they all sat round in a circle on their tails to consult about it.

Little Pickey spoke first: "We must have old Watch; he would look grand, and shake paws so politely with all our friends. Perhaps he would bring a bone or two from his underground pantry in the garden, and that would help, if the mice and rats should be scarce."

"Then the poor little white cat must come," said Maltie, "for her back is broken, and her kittens, they say, have gone on a long voyage. It may cheer her up a bit, poor thing!"

By this time all the kittens were speaking at once. To us it would have sounded only "Mew, mew"; but to them it was "Blackey," and "Mouser,"



and "Tiptoe," and "Dumbey," and "Cry-baby," and "Scratcher" must come, "and—and—" but here Tiger, the little striped cat, will make herself heard; so, giving Maltie a bite, and Spotty a scratch, and boxing Whitey's ears, she lets them know that all must be still and listen to her. This is a very foolish way for little Tiger to behave; for now, instead of smiling-faced brothers and sisters, she has only snarling and fierce little cats, all around her, and I fear that whatever she says won't sound pleasant. Poor little foolish puss! she don't seem to know that, but begins to speak,— "Mew, mew, mew, meau-au-au-au-au, meau-au-au." If you don't understand cat language, I will tell you that this means, "We must invite Fanny and Willie, who so kindly washed us in the street mud-puddle to keep us from having the cholera." Then Tiger stopped, showing all her white teeth, and whisking her tail wildly, in excitement at this bright idea.

Each kitten had opened her mouth for a mew or a growl, when the old mother cat commanded silence with a look, and began to speak. "Long before you were born, children, I lived far away in what is called Yankee Land. In the great house where I was born, only the relations of the family were invited to the Thanksgiving dinner, and my mother and grandmother said it had always been so, and always should be among those who had any family pride and aristocracy. Now, our family is a large and highly respectable one,—very aristocratic; but, I grieve to say, in the course of years it has become scattered all over the earth, and many of its members are so changed that we should not know them. Indeed, I have heard that some are without tails, and some are so large and strong that they can carry away calves as easily as I do mice. They live so many miles away that we cannot go to invite them; but I am sure our friend, the wind, who plays such nice games with us among the leaves, will do us that service.

"As I hear that some of our relatives are very fierce, and may even eat us if we have not enough food on the table, I shall send them word to bring their own provisions; then they will surely have just what they like."

All the kittens received these remarks with applause; and the wind, just then whistling round the corner, was called in and readily agreed to carry the invitations.

The wind, as we all know, is one of the swiftest travellers in the world. He needs no horses, nor cars, nor boats, but whistles merrily along over mountain, valley, and sea, as much as to say, "How foolish men are to make so much work out of what is only play!" It is well that he thinks it play; for to carry the pussy-cat's invitations he must take a very long journey,—all over the great world on which we live.

Off he starts on his errand, over the wide, blue sea, pausing now and then at some pleasant island, and even at that one where live the poor little cats without tails. On, on he hurries to great deserts, where he whirls the sand in clouds before him; then down deep in dark woods where men have never been; but even there live some of our pussy's relations. He creeps along the swamps, where we should sink neck-deep in thick mud, and rushes over the prairies, waving the tall grass and flowers; and in every one of

these places the wind has found some of the cat's family to invite to the dinner.

Poor little pussies! I'm afraid they will want to run away from their strange relatives when the day comes. But we shall see. Thanksgiving is almost here, and old puss and her friends have worked hard and collected a large store of rats and mice, and the little ones have stolen many a nice bit of meat from the kitchen. These treasures are all hidden under the barn, and will be brought out into the grove, where the table is to be laid; for they have no room large enough to accommodate such a party.

The morning has arrived, and the little cats, with paws and faces carefully washed, are impatiently waiting for the company. They would climb the trees to look out in the distance for their guests; but mamma says it would soil their paws, and besides it would n't be proper; so they only eye the dishes wistfully, and now and then growl at each other, they are so tired waiting.

Suddenly two great, glaring eyes look in at them between the trees. Each little cat scampers to a hiding-place, while the air is filled with a strange roar. What can this roar mean? Hark! it is their own language, though fearfully loud. Each little cat pricks up her poor, trembling ears to catch the words: "Is this where I am invited to dinner?" So it is only their first guest that has caused them such fright. Immediately mother puss steps politely forward, bowing, and the stranger introduces himself as Mr. Lion, from Africa, and leads in his wife and their son Whelp, who, though but six months old, is larger than puss and all her family taken together. "We have brought but a small addition to your dinner," roars the Lion, throwing down four antelopes.

"Small, did he say?" whispers Pickey to Mouser. "Why, they are the biggest rats I ever saw, and with horns too! Where can he have caught them?"

But now Mouser is called up to talk with her cousin, Whelp Lion; and they are soon on the most friendly terms, and Mouser has asked him where his father got those "big rats."

Little Whelp is very polite, so he does n't laugh at her mistake, but tells her how all night long his father and mother lay under the tangled bushes by the dark stream near their home, until they heard the soft tread of these same little antelopes coming down to drink. "But the rest of the story father did n't tell me," said Whelp; "I think he must have caught them as you do the rats, for the next morning I saw them lying close to my bed, when mother waked me to get ready to come here."

While all this talking is going on, other guests have arrived; so we must leave Whelp and Mouser to entertain each other, and look around us.

Why, really, the grove is quite full! The table is loaded with monkeys and birds and rabbits and squirrels and calves and sheep, and even one great scaly alligator. I wonder who brought that; and don't you wonder who can bite through its tough skin, — tougher even than your thickest shoes?

But the dinner-bell — a long “*Meau-au-au*” — has sounded, and we must content ourselves with observing the company after they are seated at table. They are arranged by families. First are the brown and yellow Lions that have come from far over the sea. Their home is in the deep, dark forests, where the light of the sun is almost shut out by the thick leaves, and where men have never been. They are the lords of that country, and all the other beasts bow before them, and call them kings; so little Whelp, you see, belongs to the royal family.

Next is seated the Panther, or, as he prefers to be called, the Silvery Lion of America, with his two younger brothers, Dusky and Tawney. They dropped down from the trees only a minute ago, right into the midst of the party; and it is old Silvery who brought the alligator which he is now tearing in pieces with his sharp teeth and claws, giving, now and then, some more tender parts to his brothers who have n't yet the strength to bite through the hard skin. This family have long, slender bodies, though short and stout legs; and we may hear Tawney remarking to his neighbor, Mr. Lynx, that he has often been through a whole grove by leaping from tree to tree, and not touching the ground. “You should have seen Silvery drop down on that alligator yesterday, as he lay asleep in the swamp. Why, he had n't even time to wake up, before we had dragged him up on the tree, dead as you see him now.”

Mr. Lynx puts on a very fierce look, saying, “Nothing new to me, sir; you can't tell me or my family anything new about leaping. You should have seen us yesterday, when the hunters were after us! Why, my wife and I went ten feet at every bound, and —”

“Hunting, — did you speak of hunting?” growls the next neighbor, before Mr. Lynx can say another word. “I have the best way of hunting. I do it all myself. When a man tries to hunt me, I turn and tear him in pieces; and as for the deer and monkeys, why, I make short work with them.”

The poor little Manx cat, who sits near by, shakes herself almost under the table with fright.

Then a fierce, growling voice from the other end of the table breaks in with, “I do better than that! I don't wait for men to come to me, I go to them. You should see me in their villages. They do not try to fight, they only run and hide; but I find them out! I find them out!” and he shows all his fierce white teeth, and grins horribly.

At this the poor kittens can control themselves no longer, and up go their tails over their backs as big as squirrel's. They had been sitting on them ever since their cousin Manx came in, so that she might not feel bad at having none; but now their terror has overcome their politeness.

“O, they are so thin!” whispers Maltie to little Manx. “I know they will eat us up before they go. If they do have such pretty stripes and spots, I don't like them.”

But Mr. Lion has noticed their fright, and has already cautioned their savage visitors, Mr. Leopard and Mr. Tiger, to be more gentle, or all their smaller relations will run away.

\* So there is no cause for fear, little pussies ; they are only trying to show off, as we have seen many persons do who should be wiser.

Still Mr. Leopard is carrying on a low conversation with his next neighbor, little Miss Jaguar, while Mr. Tiger sits sullen and silent, and we hear now and then, — “ We hid in the bushes, — sprang — tore — killed, — how good monkeys’ tails are with antelopes’ legs,” &c., &c. They must be telling about their hunts ; but we won’t attend to them now, for before us are the young beauties among cats, — Misses Tortoise, Angola, Maltese, Egyptian, and dear little Miss Manx, whose pretty head and gentle manner fully make up for her lack of tail. There are the famous “ Cheshire cats,” grinning from ear to ear ; and perhaps “ Puss in Boots ” is round that corner, but I can’t see. Their talk is of rats and mice and milk, and even of ribbons for the neck, and I think I hear old Mrs. Tabby speaking of a scarlet collar with a bell ; but there is so much talking now, I may mistake her. Still of one thing I am sure, — little Blackey is telling Mouser, that, if she will just slip under the table with her where it is dark, she will show the little fires which she keeps in her fur, and which don’t burn her at all. They are sliding quietly down, when old mother puss rises to speak.

After some hesitation, being unused to public speaking, she tells the company that matters of a strictly private nature, family matters, will now be brought before them for discussion ; among others the question, “ Why cats, when giving fine concerts at night, have old shoes and such worthless articles thrown to them, instead of nice meat, as a reward ? How this great mistake of mankind is to be remedied.”

As these questions are best discussed in private, it is requested that all who do not belong to the family will leave the grove.

Since we have been so decidedly requested, I suppose we must go, and therefore cannot report the discussion of these important family matters. We can only hope that they won’t eat each other up before the dinner is ended, and that all may return safely to their homes.

When our pussy disappears next Thanksgiving day, we shall know where she has gone. We won’t tell her that we have found out her secret, for it might trouble her, poor little puss !

*M. L. A.*



## FIRST LECTURE ON HEAT.

BY MY LORD HIGH FIDDLESTICK.

“HIS name is Force,” squeaked the little traveller, “but for the sort of person that he is, I cannot exactly say, your Royal Highness, seeing that he is sometimes as great as a giant, and at others as fine as a thread; only that he is the worst used and best-natured individual in your Majesty’s dominions; for there is not a ship or a house, a road or a garden, made, or a dinner got, or so much as a cup of water drawn, without his help. He is wanted to do everything, every minute of the day, all over the earth; and he does it without grumbling; and now mark how he is paid! Every time that he gives anybody a neighborly lift, from sawing a stick of wood to dragging a train, he disappears. He is destroyed. All day long he is smashed, blown up, choked, your Royal Highness, under your Royal Highness’s very nose,— under everybody’s nose,— made away with, done for, murdered, used up, in a hundred thousand places all at once, by Christians and heathens all alike,— which your Majesty will see is quite improper. For, if it is so very bad to choke, blow up, and murder a man once, how much worse to do all these things to a person all the time! and if your Highness would protect even a thief from such abuse, how is it that there is nobody to say a word for poor Force, who wags your very heads for you? and whose blame is it?”

When the little traveller said, “Whose blame is it?” he looked hard at the King. The King was quite thrown out of countenance,— for here was a very bad case, you see, made out against somebody,— and he looked severely at the Lord High Fiddlestick, because it was understood that, when anything happened to be right, the credit was due to the King; but when anything was wrong, the blame fell to my Lord High Fiddlestick. As the King looked severe, the courtiers looked severe also, and as if— come now, this was really *too* bad, and a *little* the worst thing they had heard yet about my Lord High Fiddlestick. But my Lord High Fiddlestick only crossed his pink slippers comfortably one over the other, and said:—

“Your Majesty, there is no one to blame here. The gentleman is quite right and entirely wrong.”

The little traveller jumped up. He was wrapped from head to heels in a long overcoat, full of pockets. Out of one pocket he took a bit of iron and a hammer. He laid the iron on a table, and pounded it with the hammer. “There!” he said, “Force did that; but now where has he gone, my Lord High Fiddlestick?” Then he pulled at his mustache, and stamped his foot, and got out a saw and a piece of wood, and had off an end of the wood before you could wink. “Force did that, too,” said the little traveller; “but, if he did not die in the doing of it, can you tell me where he is now, my Lord High Fiddlestick?” Then he drew out a pistol, and, aiming at the third leg

of the King's extension table, sent a bullet at it as savagely as if it had been the Lord High Fiddlestick himself.

"Force did that, too," screamed the queer, angry little man, "and now where is he? I am not to be put off with a riddle about being quite right and entirely wrong. If he is dead, as you are to blame for whatever happens in this country, you ought to be hung at once; and if he is not dead, I will trouble you to show him to me."

"Good Mr. Traveller," answered my Lord High Fiddlestick, picking up the saw, "will you feel of that? It is cold,— is it not? and the wood,— that is cold, too. Well, now suppose you saw us off another bit of wood. Thank you. Feel now of the wood. Is it cold, just as it was before? No? You mean to say that it is warmer? Touch the saw. That is warmer, too. Very good. Here are your iron and your hammer. Will your Majesty touch them? You see they are cold enough. Now, my friend, favor us with a little more of that lively pounding which you say your friend Force died to do. How are your iron and hammer? I declare!— feel, your Majesty,— they



are both warm. Now for the pistol. Here is a target,— but stop! feel the bullet. It is cold, of course. Fire away! *Very* good. You, or your friend Force, hit the target fairly; but the bullet! feel it, Mr. Traveller. Your Majesty perceives that it is quite hot,— this bullet which was cold a moment ago!"

"What if it is?" growled the traveller.

My Lord High Fiddlestick put his hands in the pockets of his green satin gown, and laughed.

“ Ah, Mr. Traveller, you have not learned yet all the tricks of your friend Force. Just now he pounded a cold bit of iron with a cold hammer. Then he was gone, nowhere to be seen, — dead, you said ! but you found Heat in the iron and the hammer. You sawed a cold piece of wood with a cold saw. That done, whisk ! Force was lost ; but there was Heat in the wood and saw. You fired your cold bullet at a cold target. Off went Force, but there was Heat again in the bullet. Whenever you lose Force you find Heat. What does that mean ? You say that Force is sometimes a giant. Did it ever occur to you that he may be a giant with two heads under his hood ? Let us follow this giant a little farther. He is pulling a train at the rate of thirty miles an hour. You put on the brakes, the train stops. Force is gone from the engine, but what do you find at the wheels, where the brake rubbed on them ? Why, so much heat that you see fire and sparks ; and the engine-driver sends a man to rub grease on the wheels of the train. Why ? Because, if the wheels turn around with difficulty, the engine cannot pull the train so fast ; Force, who should give all his attention to urge the engine, must give a part of his strength to the wheels ; and just as much as he gives to the wheels, just so much is lost to the engine.”

“ As if every school-boy did not know that ! ” growled the little traveller.

“ Wait a minute,” said my Lord High Fiddlestick. “ You say every school-boy knows that ; but, when Force goes to the wheels, what shape does he take ? He is there, turning the wheels in spite of themselves, and the engine is missing him, and these ungreased wheels show that he is there. How ? By their heat. You miss Force from the engine. The last time he was seen, he was going to the ungreased wheels. You go to the wheels. You see no Force there, but a stranger ; but if it is the giant Force that you have lost from the engine, this stranger will be a giant ; if Force is at his pygmy tricks, the stranger will be a dwarf ; and in either case he will tell you his name is Heat. While you are staring at him, you observe something familiar about him, and you say, ‘ Pray, Mr. Heat, have I not seen you before, somewhere about the engine ? You are the fireman, perhaps ! ’ ‘ Exactly,’ answers Heat, ‘ I was in the fire under the boiler.’ Under the boiler ! Why, that is where our lost Force came from. Put it all together. You put Heat under the boiler, and Force comes out, and pulls the train. You miss Force, and, when you go to look for him, you find Heat in his place. Is it not reasonable, good Mr. Traveller, to think that, as Heat can turn into Force, Force can turn back into Heat again ? ”

“ Your Royal Highness,” cried the little traveller, jumping up in a great rage, “ I hope your Royal Highness won’t listen to such stuff as this. Heat a person, indeed ! Heat is a fluid, and it is called caloric. I see my Lord High Fiddlestick is laughing, but he won’t laugh long. Here is the dictionary, and the word in it to prove what I say ; and the ungreased wheels were hot because they turned so hard that some of their caloric was squeezed out of them ; and when the hammer came down hard on the iron, some of the caloric was squeezed out of that, and all the old philosophers say so ; and if you want us to believe that Force is not burned in the fire, and blown

off from the engine, and crushed under the wheels, but is turned into Heat, you must make us swallow the dictionary and the old philosophers first."

"I see I must tell you a little story," answered my Lord High Fiddlestick, gently. "As my friend Count Rumford and your friend Force were one day boring a cannon, Count Rumford tried to pick up some of the brass chips that Force had just cut off, and discovered that they were hotter than boiling water. Brass is not generally hotter than boiling water. Before we go farther, perhaps you will tell us, Mr. Traveller, what had happened to these chips."

"Why, the boring had squeezed so much caloric fluid into these chips," answered the traveller.

"Then, of course," said my Lord High Fiddlestick, "if the brass chips held so much more heat-fluid than they ever held before, they must be altered in some way. If you are going to put, say, a quart of heat-fluid in chips that only held a pint before, you must alter your chips. But Count Rumford found that the chips were not altered; that is, if you are right, Mr. Traveller, a pint could hold a quart; and he thought that was tougher to swallow than the old philosophers. So he took a hollow tube of brass, called a cylinder. In it he put a flat piece of hard steel. The steel was almost as large as the cylinder, so that it could just turn around the steel. He put the cylinder in a box filled with water. A horse was made to turn the cylinder round and round. The piece of steel rubbed hard all the time on the bottom of the brass cylinder. The brass grew warm, and the water grew warm. Count Rumford and a great many people stood watching it curiously. The cylinder turned and turned, all the time growing hotter. The water all the time grew hotter, too; and, at the end of two hours and a half, the water was so hot that it boiled. Now, Mr. Traveller, what makes water boil?"

"Heat," answered the little man, sulkily.

"Well, there was no Heat here," cried my Lord High Fiddlestick, — "only Force; and Force made the water boil. Own up, Mr. Traveller. It begins to look as if Heat and Force were the same person."

"I shall not own anything of the sort," answered the little man. "Pray, my Lord High Fiddlestick," catching up the hammer and bringing it down hard on the iron, "*how* did Force turn into Heat then?"

"This iron," said my Lord, "is made of what we call atoms, — tiny particles, too small to be seen separately."

"Bosh!" snorted the traveller.

"These atoms," said the Lord High Fiddlestick, "are held fast together by a liking they have for each other, — an attraction that we call cohesion. Force strikes this iron with the weight of the hammer. He jars the iron; he jars, he stirs, the atoms; — they can stir, although their band of cohesion holds them so close that they look as if they were stuck tight together. The hammer is down. You would say, Force is dead. I say, he has gone in among those atoms; he is carrying on the stir and jar from one atom to the other. "Stop!" says Cohesion, trying to hold them fast. "Go on!" cries Force. The atoms of iron cannot get away from one another, but they can



move. Force makes them move and struggle. When you struggle, you get warm. When the atoms of iron struggle, they make what my friend, Lord Bacon, calls the fire and fury of Heat. They actually get farther away from each other ; and this is why philosophers will tell you that heat makes a body larger. This hard, solid iron is actually a little larger than when it was cool, because the atoms have succeeded in getting farther from each other. Now, all the King's horses, and all the King's men, if you could set them to tug on each side of this little bit of iron, have not strength to do that. It required a great force, stronger than all the King's horses and men. But who did pull the atoms ? Heat. Then Heat is Force, or perhaps I should say motion ; for, when we struck this iron with the hammer, and it became warmer, what had happened really ? Why, the motion of the arm and hammer that struck it went in among the atoms of iron, and they moved and pulled a little away from each other. What we call Heat was really their motion ; and so —"

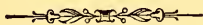
"Stuff!" interrupted the traveller. "When a man comes down to atoms, he must be hard up for proofs."

"Comes down to atoms!" exclaimed my Lord High Fiddlestick, opening a window. Outside, the sill was covered with fresh-fallen snow, which my Lord High Fiddlestick scraped up in his hands.

"Can anything be softer than this snow?" he asked. "Well, the pull and strain that brought the water-atoms together to make as much snow as I hold here would pitch a ton of stone over a precipice two thousand feet deep. Come *down* to atoms, indeed! Pray, let me show you a few of the things that atoms can do."

"My Lord," interrupted the King, in a hurry, "I observe that dinner is ready, and the beefsteak on the table. If the steak gets cold, according to your philosophy, it will grow smaller ; and then, perhaps, there will not be enough to go round. Let us go to dinner, and hear what the atoms can do another time, my Lord High Fiddlestick!"

*Louise E. Chollet.*



## THE STORY OF THE AMBER BEADS.

**D**O you know Mother Nature? She it is to whom God has given the care of the earth, and all that grows in or upon it, just as he has given to your mother the care of her family of boys and girls.

You may think that Mother Nature, like the famous "old woman who lived in the shoe," has so many children that she does n't know what to do ; but you will know better when you become acquainted with her, and learn how strong she is, and how active ; how she can really be in fifty places at once, taking care of a sick tree, or a baby flower just born ; and, at the same time, building underground palaces, guiding the steps of little travellers set-

ting out on long journeys, and sweeping, dusting, and arranging her great house, the earth. And all the while, in the midst of her patient and never-ending work, she will tell us the most charming and marvellous stories, — of ages ago when she was young, or of the treasures that lie hidden in the most distant and secret closets of her palace, — just such stories as you all like so well to hear your mother tell, when you gather round her in the twilight.

A few of these stories which she has told to me, I am about to tell you, beginning with that one whose title is printed at the beginning of this article.

I know a little Scotch girl, she lives among the Highlands. Her home is hardly more than a hut; her food, broth and bread. Her father keeps sheep on the hillsides, and, instead of wearing a coat, wraps himself in his plaid for protection from the cold winds that drive before them great clouds of mist and snow among the mountains.

As for Jeanie herself (you must be careful to spell her name with an *ea*, for that is Scotch fashion), her yellow hair is bound about with a little snood; her face is browned by exposure to the weather; and her hands are hardened by work, — for she helps her mother to cook and sew, to spin and weave.

One treasure little Jeanie has, which many a lady would be proud to wear. It is a necklace of amber beads, — “lamour beads,” old Elsie calls them; that is the name they went by when she was young.

You have perhaps seen amber, and know its rich, sunshiny color, and its fragrance when rubbed; and do you also know that rubbing will make amber attract things somewhat as a magnet does? Jeanie’s beads had all these properties, but some others besides, wonderful and lovely; and it is of those particularly that I wish to tell you. Each bead has inside of it some tiny thing, encased as if it had grown in the amber, and Jeanie is never tired of looking at and wondering about them. Here is one with a delicate bit of ferny moss shut up, as it were, in a globe of yellow light. In another is the tiniest fly, his little wings outspread and raised for flight. Again, she can show us a bee lodged in one bead that looks like solid honey, and a little bright-winged beetle in another. This one holds two slender pine needles lying across each other, and here we see a single scale of a pine cone, while yet another shows an atom of an acorn-cup, fit for a fairy’s use. I wish you could see the beads, for I cannot tell you the half of their beauty. Now, where do you suppose they came from; and how did little Scotch Jeanie come into possession of such a treasure?

All she knows about it is, that her grandfather, old Kenneth, who cowers now all day in the chimney-corner, once, years ago, when he was a young lad, went down upon the sea-shore, after a great storm, hoping to help save something from the wreck of the “Goshawk,” that had gone ashore during the night; and there, among the slippery sea-weeds, his foot had accidentally uncovered a clear, shining lump of amber, in which all these little creatures were embedded. Now, Kenneth loved a pretty Highland lass, and, when she promised to be his bride, he brought her a necklace of amber beads. He had carved them himself out of his lump of amber, working carefully to save

in each bead the prettiest insect or moss ; and thinking, while he toiled hour after hour, of the delight with which he should see his bride wear them. That bride was Jeanie's grandmother ; and when she died last year, she said, "Let little Jeanie have my lamour beads, and keep them as long as she lives."

But what puzzled Jeanie was, how the amber came to be on the sea-shore ; and, most of all, how the bees and mosses came inside of it. Should you like to know ? If you would, that is one of Mother Nature's stories, and she will gladly tell it. Hear what she answers to our questions : —

"I remember a time, long, long before you were born, — long, even, before any men were living upon the earth ; then these Scotch Highlands, as you call them, where little Jeanie lives, were covered with forests, — there were oaks, poplars, beeches, and pines ; and among them one kind of pine, tall and stately, from which a shining yellow gum flowed, just as you have seen little drops of sticky gum exude from our own pine-trees. This beautiful yellow gum was fragrant, and, as the thousands of little insects fluttered about it in the warm sunshine, they were attracted by its pleasant odor, — perhaps, too, by its taste, — and, once alighted upon it, they stuck fast, and could not get away, while the great yellow drops, oozing out, surrounded and at last covered them entirely. So, too, wind-blown bits of moss, leaves, acorns, cones, and little sticks, were soon securely embedded in the fast-flowing gum ; and, as time went by, it hardened and hardened more and more. And this is amber."

"That is well told, Mother Nature, but it does not explain how Kenneth's lump of amber came to be on the sea-shore."

"Wait, then, for the second part of the story."

"Did you ever hear that, in those very old times, the land sometimes sank down into the sea, even so deep that the water covered the very mountain-tops ; and then, after ages, it was slowly lifted up again, to sink indeed, perhaps, yet again and again ?

"You can hardly believe it, yet I myself was there to see, and I remember well when the great forests of the north of Scotland — the oaks, the poplars, and the amber-pines — were lowered into the deep sea. There, lying at the bottom of the ocean, the wood and the gum hardened like stone, and only the great storms can disturb them as they lie half buried in the sand. It was one of those great storms that brought Kenneth's lump of amber to land."

If we could only walk on the bottom of the sea, what treasures we might find !

*Author of "The Seven Little Sisters."*



## HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES.

## IX.

THERE was to be a picnic at the Grove, to which all the young folks in the Vale were going.

"There 'll be music by the band, and dancing on the green, and swinging in the swings under the trees ; we 're to carry our own luncheons, and have such a nice time !" said Emma Reverdy. "And you must certainly go, Father Brighthopes ! We can't do without you. We are going over early in the morning, to be gone all day."

"All day !" repeated the old clergyman, pleasantly. "You forget, my child, that I am no longer young. Much as I love the company of children, I fear I should become very weary before night."

"I have thought of that too," cried Emma ; "and I 'll tell you what we can do. If you don't like to go over when the teams go, we can go in the boat, and I am sure that will be a great deal pleasanter. The picnic is to be just across the river from Mr. Dobson's farm ; there is a good boat at the Grove, and some of the boys can bring it over to the bend for us. That will save you a long ride around the dusty roads and over the old bridge. That 's the way a lot of us went last year, and it was so nice !"

"Well, we will wait till the day comes, and then see what arrangements have been made, and what the weather is," said Father Brighthopes, in a way that signified to the delighted Emma that he would go.

She was up early on the morning of the picnic, to see what the weather promised ; and her heart sang within her as joyously as the birds sang in the dewy orchard, when she saw the sky clear and blue, and felt the cool breezes on her cheek.

"O, it 's such a day for a picnic !" she said, running to meet Father Brighthopes as he came from his room. "The boat is coming for us at eleven o'clock ; and you are to be brought back the same way, just when you please. You are not to get tired at all, you know."

"Who is to bring the boat ?"

"Jason Jones and Burt Thorley ; they jumped at the chance, when I asked them."

"At eleven o'clock ?"

"Yes ; they are to be at the bend, waiting for us."

"Well," said Father Brighthopes, "we must n't disappoint them after they have taken so much trouble, nor keep them waiting long."

It was but a short walk to the bend, and prompt at the appointed hour Emma and her old friend were on the spot. The boat had not come ; but they found seated under a willow-tree on the shore Miss Thorley and a number of her pupils, some of whom had been waiting there an hour, — Burt and Jason having agreed to take them to the Grove at ten, and then come back for Father Brighthopes.

“Now if this is n't mean!” exclaimed Emma. “Father Brighthopes was so particular not to keep them waiting, and now he has got to wait for them!”

“Don't be too eager to blame them,” said the old clergyman, “for we do not know by what accident they may have been detained. Perhaps they could not get the boat.”

“O yes, they could!” cried Kate Orley. “They have gone down the river with it already. Laura and I were the first ones here, and we saw them. It was before the time; and they asked if Miss Thorley had come, and when I said no, they said they were going to have a little fun, and they would be back in a few minutes. That was over an hour ago, and we haven't seen anything of them since.”

“O, I'm as vexed as I can be!” and Emma wrung her hands, while she stood on the bank and strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of the returning boat. “If I don't give it to those boys when they do come! The idea of treating Father Brighthopes in this way! After their promise to me, too, repeated over and over!”

“My child, my dear Emma,” said the old clergyman, in gentle, persuasive tones, “are we to be vexed at such a trifle as this? Have we forgotten all our good resolutions? I am contented to wait here under this shady tree. Come, let us all sit on the ground, and — what shall we do, Grant? for I see you have an idea.”

“I think it's a good chance to practise one of your lessons, sir,” said Grant, who had just arrived, having been to town that morning, and got leave of absence from his employers. “If a thing can't be helped, we must *make the best of it*.”

The bright and cheerful way in which he said this delighted the old clergyman, and put everybody in good humor except Emma, who was covered with shame and blushes.

“How silly it was in me to get out of patience! I hope you can forgive me,” throwing herself on the grass by her old friend's side.

“Most sincerely, my child, since it was not on your own account, but for my sake, that you so wished the boat was here.” And he stroked her hair.

“Yes, but it was partly on my own account, — for my own credit,” Emma frankly confessed. “It was I that made the arrangement, and brought you here, and I felt a pride in having everything go off nicely, and it seemed to me that I was somehow to blame if anything went wrong. But I don't care now. We'll *make the best of it*, as Grant says. And the way to do that is for us all to be as happy as we can, and sit around while you talk to us a little.”

“The tide is turning,” said Grant, watching the river. “If they don't come up with the boat pretty soon, they'll find it hard rowing against the current. I tried it once.”

“Fortunately we have our baskets with us, and, if they don't come,” said Miss Thorley, “we can have a little picnic of our own here under the tree.”

“And I am sure,” Father Brighthopes added, “we shall all learn another useful lesson from this circumstance, and so have occasion, perhaps, to be thankful that it occurred.”

“If Grant had not reminded us that we were *to make the best of things*, we might have found it very unpleasant to be kept waiting here. And what if we had urgent business, and could not afford to lose the time? We can imagine a hundred circumstances which would make our situation extremely disagreeable. And you cannot live many years in the world, my children, without seeing how much suffering is occasioned by the failure of people to keep their appointments.

“I talked to you lately about politeness; and I might have told you that there is no greater impoliteness than this. A friend sends you word that he is coming to visit you. Your heart beats with joyous expectation, as you prepare a welcome for him. Perhaps you had other plans in view for that day, but you postpone them for his sake. You were going away, maybe, but you will stay at home gladly to receive him. You stay at home; you watch the clock and the gate, how anxiously! all the forenoon and half the afternoon; and then what bitterness of disappointment succeeds to your happy anticipations, if the friend who raised your hopes and gave you so much trouble does not come.”

“What if he could n’t?” said Emma. “What if some accident happened to prevent him from coming, when it was too late to send you word?”

“Why, then, nobody will be so ready to excuse him as you, my dear child, and to regret that you for a moment felt vexed with him. But if, when you next see him, he says, carelessly, ‘O, that day? did you expect me? I quite forgot about it; I could n’t come very well; I thought of something else I had to do,’—the fact being that some other pleasure drew him away,—what, then, do you think of that person’s friendship?”

“I know just such people, and I hate to have anything to do with them,” cried Emma.

“There was a man going to hire me once,” said Grant, “and he kept me running to his office to see him, telling me that such and such a day he would be ready to talk with me and decide; but he was never ready; and he made me lose more time, and wear out more shoe-leather, than the place was worth,—thinking, I suppose, that a poor boy’s time and trouble were of no consequence.”

“I hope you made a good thing out of it in the end, my son. You saw how wrong it was to trifle with people in this way, and resolved, I hope, never to injure another as that selfish, thoughtless man injured you.”

“O my children, we must be thoughtful of others, and do to them as we would have them do to us. It is for our own interest to do so; for no person ever got on well in life, and acquired solid prosperity and happiness and friends, who kept his promises only when he found it convenient to keep them. Many a lad is set on the high-road to fortune by his conscientious punctuality in all matters of business and friendship; and many another with fine talents, but lacking this golden trait, has found life but a succession of disappointments and failures. For how can one who is untrustworthy expect to be trusted? And after you have lightly broken your word, how can you hope that others will value it?”

“But, my children, you are not to keep your engagements merely because it is for your interest to do so. That is a base motive. But let the love of truth, and a sincere regard for the welfare and rights of others, inspire all your actions. Then you can never do wrong; then, my dear young friends, you will have within yourselves that integrity of heart and peace of mind which are of more value to the possessor than all the honors and riches the world can give.”

At this moment a frantic-looking creature, with loosened hair and dress, came running towards the willow-tree from the road. It was Mrs. Thorley in search of her son,—that excellent woman having just heard from a passer-by that he was lost in the river.

“O, he is drowned! he is drowned!” she exclaimed, rushing to the water’s edge. “Why don’t somebody go?—why don’t you drag the river?”

Father Brighthopes endeavored to pacify her. Just then music was heard over the water.

“That’s the band playing at the Grove!” cried Laura Follet. “The dancing will all be over before we ever get there. Why did’n’t we go in wagons?”

“That dreadful boat! that dreadful boat!” said Mrs. Thorley. “How cruel to send my poor boy off in it!”—for she could never think that any blame attached to her son.

Grant whispered to Emma that he was going down the river to look for the missing boys, and slipped away. We will also take advantage of the interruption to learn, if possible, what had become of them.

On arriving at the Grove, Burt and Jason ran at once for the boat. They were far more eager, I am sorry to say, to have a little sport on the water, than they were to bring Father Brighthopes and his companions to the picnic. They rowed down to the bend in high glee, and were delighted to learn that Miss Thorley was not there.

“We’ll just have time,” Burt said, “to go down to Fenno’s flats and get some cat-o’-nine-tails.”

It was high tide then. A gentle current was running up the river, however, and they had to row against it.

“It will be all the easier rowing back,” said Jason.

On reaching the flats where the flags grew, Burt said, “How funny it is this water is never salt! The tide comes up from the sea, don’t it?”

“Yes,” replied Jason; “but the fresh water of the river is always running, and when the tide comes in it pushes back the fresh water, and, before the salt water gets up as far as here, the tide turns again.”

“Would’n’t it be splendid to go down till we find the line where the salt and fresh water meet?” said Burt. “Let’s try it; we’ll leave the cat-o’-nine-tails till we come back.”

“But Miss Thorley and the first boat-load will be waiting for us.”

“Who cares? Let ’em wait! She’s my aunt, and I don’t mind her. We’ll be back, anyway, in time for the old minister; then we can take ’em

all over at one load. Ha! there ain't no current now," — Burt always said *ain't no*, — "and the water is just as smooth!"

Jason thought that, if Burt was willing to take the responsibility of keeping his aunt waiting, there was nothing more to be said. So the two boys rowed and rowed, stopping only to taste the water now and then, to see if they had found salt.

"We *must* go back now," said Jason, at length; "for the old minister will be there by the time we shall."

"'T won't hurt him none to wait a little, if we ain't there," replied Burt, dipping his fingers in the stream. "He 'll want to rest after his walk. The salt water can't be much further, and I'm bound to strike it. It's such easy rowing now!"

"I should say easy!" cried Jason. "Look! the current is running the other way!"

Burt stoutly denied this assertion; but by resting on their oars, and watching the drooping grass on the water's edge, and the floating bubbles and specks, they discovered that the tide had not only turned, but that it was already flowing fast towards the sea.

"There ain't no salt-water line!" then said Burt. "Come to think, the salt and fresh water would mix, so a fellow could n't tell where one begun and where the other left off. I believe the water is *some salt* now!" tasting again. "Well, we've done what we set out to, and now we 'll go back like greased lightning."

Having thus flattered his pride with the idea that they had accomplished their object, he pulled the boat around, while Jason backed water, and then began to row with all his might up the stream.

"This ain't very much like greased lightning, though!" remarked Jason. "Anyhow, 't ain't my idea of greased lightning."

"What! don't you see how we cut through the water?"

"We go through the water pretty fast, but we move by the shores slow enough."

"That's 'cause the tide is running so. Who'd ever have thought it would turn so quick? Hold on!" cried Burt; "you're pulling too hard for me! Don't you see we're going right in shore?"

"There's less current near the shore," said Jason. "But you're a smart one, to let my rowing pull you around!"

"'T ain't you, it's the current!" grumbled Burt, growing angry.

"Why don't the current swing *me* around?" retorted Jason.

"By sixty, it shall!" almost screamed his companion, red with rage and rowing.

Then the boys began to pull against each other furiously, so that the boat went from right to left, as one or the other got the advantage, making a wake like the sea-serpent's. Thus they wasted a great deal of strength, besides losing their tempers. Twice they ran aground, and finally Burt broke a thole-pin. The oar came suddenly against his breast, and he fell over backwards into the bow of the boat.



“O, my shoulder! I’ve broke my shoulder!” he cried out.

“You’re always killed if you get the least mite hurt! What did you break that thole-pin for? I, would n’t touch a boat if I did n’t know better how to row.”

At this taunt, Burt was so much enraged, that, standing up in the boat, and lifting his oar, he would have struck Jason on the head with it, if the latter had not thrown up his own oar to catch the blow. During this altercation, the boat was, of course, going swiftly down with the tide.

“Come!” said Jason; “’stead of picking a quarrel with me, you’d better be whittling down the broken end of that thole-pin.”

“I won’t, if we drift out to sea!” And Burt began to cry.

“Great baby!” said Jason.

He mended the thole-pin, and then pulled both oars, keeping near the shore, and making very slow progress indeed until they reached the bridge, under which the compressed current was rushing at a furious rate.

“There’s no use of my trying to row up there without you’ll help me,” said Jason.

“Ye ain’t quite so smart as ye thought ye was!” muttered Burt; and he sullenly took one of the oars.

But even with their united strength they were unable to make headway against the swift and dangerous flood, which seized the boat the moment it approached the narrow channel under the bridge, and hurled it back, and whirled it around, and swept it again and again down the stream.



“Hello!” said a voice from the bridge, after they had quite given up in despair. “What are you doing there?”

The speaker was Grant Eastman. Seeing the difficulty of their situation, he ran to a fisherman's house near by, and borrowed a long rope, which he dropped into the water from the upper side of the bridge, holding one end, while the other floated down to the boys below. Holding on by this they pulled the boat up through the torrent, and so passed the bridge. The river was wider and smoother above; and Grant, having returned the borrowed rope, took both oars, and rowed back up to the bend.

"Go ashore, boys!" he said, as he landed. "You've had your turn, and now I'm master of this boat. Go and comfort your mother, Burt."

The truants obeyed grumblingly; and Grant, taking on board first Father Brighthopes, then Miss Thorley, and finally all the young people except Burt and Jason,—there was no room for them, he said; he would come back for them,—rowed across the river, and up the little creek which led to the landing by the Grove.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*



## THE CATERPILLAR.

A LITTLE sunbeam was out one day, looking for some work to do; for, although sunbeams seem to laugh and play all the time, they manage to accomplish a great deal of labor, and they do it so pleasantly that it looks to others, and seems to themselves, only play.

It discovered, upon a small mulberry-tree that grew upon the lawn at some distance from the house, some caterpillars' eggs, small and silvery white. They looked, indeed, as if some fanciful fairy had commenced a piece of delicate embroidery which she had forgotten to finish. But, if the fairy had forgotten them, God had not. The little warm sunbeam wrapped them in its golden mantle, and the gentle breezes fondled them with their invisible arms, and the soft dew and rain drops kept them clean and moist.

They well repaid this care, for each tiny egg, no larger than the smallest glass beads with which you decorate your dolls, swelled and burst, and out crawled a tiny black worm, and began to eat voraciously its cradle walls, for want of something better. I really do not think that if it had hunted for a week it could have found nicer food; for you must remember that a worm is not like a little boy or girl, and if you had given it bread and milk, or even cake, I am quite sure it would have turned up its nose — if it had a nose — at you, and gone on quietly munching its cradle. Tastes differ, you know.

Do you think that the pretty sunbeam, when it saw the delicate egg hatch into a squirming, black, hungry worm, tore off its golden mantle, and that the perfumed breezes screamed, and stopped rocking the green cradle, and ran away to get out of sight of the little reptile? No such thing! The sunbeam drew her mantle more lovingly over it, and kissed it with her warm lips, and the sisterly breezes stole softly up to peep at it, and gently swing

its cradle ; for, although it must be confessed that it was not very handsome, it was still a perfect little worm, very good of its kind, and just what the dear Father in heaven intended it should be. The little worm was satisfied also. It was kept warm by the sunbeam, and found plenty of food if it could ever have eaten enough ; but it ate and ate, and still was hungry, and ate again, until the green leaf was all eaten up but the bones, — nothing left but a dry skeleton. Then the worm, which had grown larger and stronger, squirmed, and wriggled, and crawled off to another fresh leaf, and there commenced his dinner, as hungry as if he had not already eaten up his cradle and his house.

In a few days he made a pause, — seemed to stop to consider for a few moments what in the world to do, for he found his little black coat quite too small for his increased dimensions, and it would not answer to eat any more.

So he stopped and reflected awhile, and then commenced a singular squirming and wriggling, and lo ! his black coat had burst open upon the back, and he wriggled out of it, and appeared to his friends, the sunbeam and breezes, in a fine new suit of dark gray.

He could not stop long to be admired, for the new suit was larger, and he found himself as hungry as ever, so fell to eating again.

He was now quite a large worm, and kept his face clean all the time, without the help of the rain-drops, who thought it was their especial business, and ate faster and seemed to enjoy his dinner better than ever before.

The gray worm was next destined to receive a new idea. To this time it had only thought of comfort ; but one day a gay dandy of a fly came along, with a bright green body and shining, silken wings, and he called to see what was moving upon the little mulberry-tree. “Pooh ! nothing but worms,” — and away he sailed to find companions more in harmony with his own aerial life.

The caterpillar raised his head from the leaf for the first time, and gazed with wonder, admiration, and longing after the beautiful fly that looked to his eyes like an angel, and repeated his words, “Nothing but worms !” and sighed as he saw his dark gray coat and looked upon his squirming companions. “True, we are nothing but worms. We were *made* to be nothing but worms, and it is not well to grieve over that which we cannot help, but try and be as good worms as we can.” So he commenced squirming again, and, by and by, crack ! went his dark gray coat with a terrible rent in the back ; and when he wriggled out of it to see what was the matter, lo ! there was another new suit of clothes ready made to his form, still a little lighter, prettier, and larger than the other.

The good worm was very thankful, and not a little surprised, but at the same time extremely hungry ; so he again commenced eating with all his strength. Thus passed his life. A bird came one day, and ate and carried away several of his companions, but this did not trouble him. He admired the bird and its swift flight with a patient longing, and then turned contentedly to his green dinner again.

Then a spry, noisy cricket came to make a call, and made him jump with

nervous fright every time he spoke, his voice was so shrill. He was a little saucy too, and swung himself about in a lordly manner, and talked in a very contemptuous tone about poor, crawling worms, and pitied them, and wished they could have had a happier lot.

The caterpillar wished so too, in his patient way ; for he was very humble, and did not know it was not at all polite in the cricket to speak in that manner ; but when he was gone his face brightened, and he felt more cheerful, and softly admitted to himself that it was not altogether pleasant to have visitors that felt above his own rank in life.

Then some little girls came along, that were searching for flowers, — little, rosy, bright-eyed darlings like the little ones that read this story. They were afraid of the poor caterpillar, and wanted to poke him with a stick, only they dared not, and called him a horrid old thing, and wished he was dead. The poor caterpillar felt sorry and more humble than ever, although he could not think what he had done to deserve such treatment.

He had lived just as God made him to live, and had always been good and humble.

I think he would have been very sad, if the good little sunbeam had not come and kissed and caressed him, and cured his little aching heart, for there is nothing like love to cure heart troubles. Note that down, little ones ; and where you see a poor, forlorn, crying child, be like the kind sunbeam, and find some work to do there in loving and curing the little aching heart or finger, as the case may be. Love is better than salves or plasters.

At last, one day, a troop of yellow butterflies came hovering past on silken wings, looking like second cousins to the sunbeams.

They did not notice the caterpillar, and indeed he did not expect such condescension ; but he could not help gazing at them, while a longing greater than he could contain seized him to join those beautiful creatures. But this he could not do, and he felt sad, and almost despised his low condition. He had been as a worm as perfect as worm could be, but the glimpses he had obtained of a higher and nobler life had quite disgusted him with his present state of existence. His ravenous hunger ceased, and he felt that he must die.

He spun a silken cord, making it as strong as he could, and fastened one end around his body, and attached the other to the under side of the leaf ; and, gazing in the direction in which the beautiful pageant had disappeared, he swung himself off into the air, determined in death, if not in life, to float in the atmosphere.

Here he swung for eight days in a languid, dreamy state, warmed by the sunbeam and rocked by the breezes, unconscious of the lapse of time or of his own individual existence. But at the end of that period a crack in his light gray coat aroused him, and the sunbeam sparkled and laughed for joy, and performed with the zephyr a merry dance, in which the caterpillar unconsciously joined, being carried in the arms of the frolicsome zephyr before he had fairly got his sleepy eyes open. And when he had got wide awake, so that he could look around to see what the fuss was about, what do you

think he saw the very first thing? Four beautiful golden wings, so much like the friendly sunbeam, bordered with black, dotted with yellow, and covered with the tiniest and most elegant feathers, but so small, of course, that you could not see them. And they were his own! He could move them slowly back and forth, but could yet scarcely believe the evidence of his senses.

No wonder the sunbeam laughed and the breezes danced to witness the joyful surprise of the little sylph; for they had known of his sorrow, and had pitied and loved him in his humility. And now he had found his reward, and the sunbeam sparkled and shone upon him, and the breezes gently fanned him to dry his beautiful wings and teach him to use them; and it was not many minutes before he was floating off to play with them and the little troop of brother and sister butterflies that had been transformed around him by the aid of other sunbeams and other breezes. No more munching mulberry-leaves on a single bush, but sipping honey-dew from the cups of a thousand lovely flowers; floating up towards the soft clouds above the tallest trees, and fully realizing the bliss of an aerial existence!

*Mrs. O. D. Miller.*



## COALS OF FIRE.

GUY MORGAN came in with rapid step and an impetuous manner. His mother looked up from her work. There was a round red spot in each cheek, and an ominous glitter in his eyes. She knew the signs. That naturally fierce temper of his had been stirred in some way to a heat that had kindled his whole nature. He threw down his cap, threw himself on an ottoman at her feet, and then he said, with a little of the heat of his temper in his tone, "Never say, after this, that I don't love you, mother."

"I think I never *did* say so," she answered, gently, as she passed her hand over the tawny locks, and brushed them away from the flushed brow. "But what special thing have you done to prove your love for me just now?"

"Taken a blow without returning it."

She bent over and kissed him where he sat. He was fifteen years old, a great, tall fellow, with muscles like steel; but he had not grown above liking his mother's kisses. Then she said, softly, "Tell me all about it, Guy."

"O, it was Dick Osgood. You know what a mean, bullying fellow he is anyhow. He had been tormenting some of the younger boys,—nagging them till I could n't stand it. They are every one afraid for their lives where he is. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and tried to make him leave off, till, after a while, I s'pose he got stirred up, for he turned from them, and coming to me he struck me in the face. I believe the mark of his claws is there now"; and he turned toward her the other cheek, which

he had kept carefully away from her up to this time. She saw the marks clearly, and she trembled herself with sympathy and secret indignation.

"Well," she said, "and you — what did you do?"

"I remembered what I had promised you for this year, and I took it, — think of it, mother, — *took* it, and never touched him. I just looked into his eyes, and said, 'If I should strike you back, I should lower myself to your level.' He laughed a great scornful horse-laugh, and said he, 'You hear, boys, Morgan's turned preacher. You'd better wait, sir, before you lecture me on my behavior to the little ones, till you have pluck enough to defend them. I've heard about the last impudence I shall take from a coward like you.' The boys laughed, and some of them said, 'Good for you, Osgood!' and I came home. I had done it for the sake of my promise to you; for I'm stronger than he is any day; and *you* know, mother, whether there's a drop of coward blood in my veins. I thought you were the one to comfort me; though it is n't comfort I want so much either. I just want you to release me from that promise, and let me go back and thrash him."

Mrs. Morgan's heart thrilled with silent thanksgiving. Her boy's temper had been her greatest grief. His father was dead, and she had brought him up alone, and sometimes she was afraid her too great tenderness had spoiled him. She had tried in vain to curb his passionate nature. It was a power which no bands could bind. She had concluded, at last, that the only hope was in enlisting his own powerful will, and making him resolve to conquer himself. Now, she thought, he had shown himself capable of self-control. In the midst of his rage he had remembered his pledge to her, and kept it. He would yet be his own master, — this brave boy of hers, — and the kingdom of his mind would be a goodly sovereignty.

"Better heap coals of fire on his head," she said, quietly.

"Yes, he deserves a good scorching," — pretending perversely to misunderstand her, — "but I should not have thought *you* would have been so vindictive."

"You know well enough what kind of coals I meant, and *who* it was that said, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.' I cannot release you from your promise until the year for which you made it is over. I think the Master who told us to render good for evil understood all the wants and passions of humanity better than any other teacher has ever understood them. I am sure that what he said must be wise, and right, and best. I want you to try his way first. If that fails, there will be time enough after this year to make a different experiment."

"Well, I promised you," he said, "and I'll show you that, at least, I'm strong enough to keep my word until you release me from it. I think, though, you don't quite know how tough it is."

Mrs. Morgan thought she did know just about how "tough" it was to boy nature to be called a coward; but she knew, also, that the truest bravery on earth is the bravery of endurance.

"Look out for the coals of fire," she said, smiling, as her boy started off

for school the next morning. "Keep a good watch, and I'm pretty sure you'll find them before the summer is over."

But he came home that night depressed and a little gloomy. He felt as if his prestige were gone. There had always been a sort of rivalry between him and Dick Osgood, and now the boys seemed to have gone over to the stronger side, and he had that feeling of humiliation and disgrace which is as bitter to a boy as the sense of defeat ever is to a man.

The weeks went on, and the feeling wore away a little. Still that blow, unavenged and unatoned, rankled in Guy's mind, and made him unsocial and ill at ease. His mother watched him with some anxiety, but she did not interfere. She had the true wisdom to leave him to learn some of the lessons of life alone.

At length came the last day of school, succeeded next day by a picnic, in which all the scholars were to join, superintended by their teachers. Guy Morgan hesitated a little, then concluded to go. The place selected was a lovely spot, known in all the neighborhood as "the old mill." It was on the banks of the Quassit River, where the stream ran fast, and the grass on its brink was green, and great trees with drooping boughs shut away the garish July sunlight.

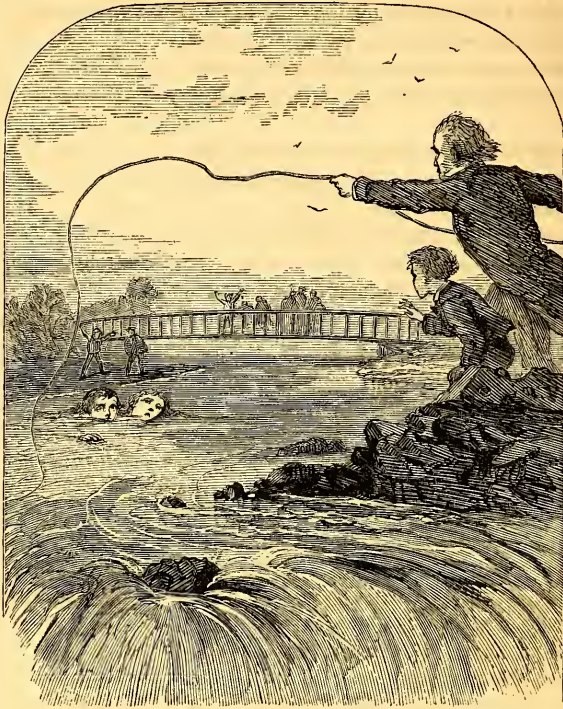
Among the rest were Dick Osgood and his little sister Hetty, — the one human being whom he seemed really and tenderly to love. The teachers' eyes were on him for this one day, and he neither ventured to insult the older scholars or bully the little ones. He and Guy kept apart as much as they conveniently could; and Guy entered into the spirit of the day, and really enjoyed it more than he had enjoyed anything for the past two months.

Dinner was spread on the grass, and nothing taken at home on civilized black walnut, and from regulation dishes, was ever tasted with half the zest which went to the enjoyment of these viands, eaten with pewter spoons out of crockery of every hue and kind. They had enjoyed themselves like boys and girls, and like nothing else; for that full, hearty capacity for enjoyment is one of the things which youth takes away when it goes "with flying feet," and "which never come again."

They made dinner last as long as they could, and then they scattered here and there, — some swinging in hammocks, some lounging on the grass, and a group standing on the bridge a few rods above the falls, and playing at fishing. Among these latter were Dick Osgood and his sister. Guy Morgan was at a little distance with one of the teachers, pulling to pieces a curious flower, and talking botany. Suddenly a wild, wild cry rose above the sultry stillness of the summer afternoon and the hum of quiet voices round, — Dick Osgood's cry: "She's in, boys! Hetty's in the river, and I can't swim. O, save her, save her! — will *no* one try?"

Before the words were out of his lips, they all saw Guy Morgan coming on with flying feet, — a race for life. He unbuttoned coat and vest as he ran, and cast them off as he neared the bridge. He kicked off his summer shoes, and threw himself over. They heard him strike the water. He went under,

rose again, and then struck out toward the golden head which rose just then for the second time. Every one who stood there lived moments which seemed like hours.



The boys and Mr. Sharp, the teacher with whom Guy had been talking, got a strong rope, and, running down the stream, threw it out on the water just above the falls, where Guy could reach it if he could get so near the shore — *if*. The water was very deep where Hetty had fallen in, and the river ran fast, fast. It was sweeping the poor child on, and Dick Osgood threw himself upon the bridge, and sobbed and screamed like one gone mad. When she rose the third time, she was near the falls. A moment more and she would go over, down on the jagged, cruel rocks beneath. But that third time Guy Morgan caught her, — caught her by her long, glistening, golden hair. Mr. Sharp shouted to him. He saw the rope and swam towards it, his strong right arm beating the water back with hammer-strokes; his left motionless, holding his white burden.

“O God!” Mr. Sharp prayed, fervently, “keep him up, spare his strength a little longer, — a little longer!”

A moment more and he reached the rope, clung to it desperately, and boys and teacher drew the two in over the slippery edge, out of the horrible seeth-



ing waters, and took them in their arms, both silent, both motionless. Mr. Sharp spoke Guy's name, but he did not answer. Would either of them ever answer again?

Teachers and scholars went to work alike for their restoration. It was well there was intelligent guidance, or their best endeavors might have failed. Guy, being the stronger, was the first to revive.

"Is Hetty safe?" was his anxious question.

"Only God knows," Mr. Sharp answered, solemnly. "We are doing our best."

It was almost half an hour more before pretty Hetty opened her blue eyes. Meantime Dick had been utterly frantic and helpless. He had sobbed, and groaned, and cried, and prayed even, in a wild, incomprehensible fashion of his own, which perhaps the pitying Father, who forgets no sparrow even, understood and answered. When he heard his sister's voice, he was like one beside himself with joy, until Mr. Sharp quieted him by a few low, firm words, which were audible to no one else.

Some of the larger girls arranged one of the wagons, and, getting into it, received Hetty in their arms.

Mr. Sharp drove Guy Morgan home. When they reached his mother's gate, Guy insisted on going in alone. He thought it might alarm her to see some one helping him; besides, he wanted her a few moments quite to himself. So Mr. Sharp drove away, and Guy went in. His mother saw him coming, and opened the door.

"Where have you been?" she cried, seeing his wet, disordered plight.

"In Quassit River, mother, fishing out Hetty Osgood."

Then, while she was busying herself in preparations for his comfort, he quietly told his story. His mother's eyes were dim, and her heart throbbed chokingly.

"O, if *you* had been drowned, my boy, my darling!" she cried, hugging him close, wet as he was, as if she would hold him back from all dangers forever. "If I had been there, Guy, I could n't have let you do it."

"I went in after the coals of fire, mother."

Mrs. Morgan knew how to laugh with her boy, as well as how to cry over him. "I've heard of people smart enough to set the river on fire," she said, "but you are the first one I ever knew who went in there after the coals."

The next morning came a delegation of the boys, with Dick Osgood at their head. Every one was there who had seen the blow which Dick struck, and heard his taunts afterwards. They came into the sitting-room, and said their say to Guy before his mother. Dick was spokesman.

"I have come," he said, "to ask you to forgive me. I struck you a mean, unjustifiable blow. You received it with noble contempt. To provoke you into fighting, I called you a coward, meaning to bring you down by some means to my own level. You bore that, too, with a greatness I was not great enough to understand. I do understand it now. I have seen you — all we boys have seen you — face to face with Death, and seen that you were n't afraid of him. You fought with him and came off ahead; and we all

are come to do honor to the bravest boy in town, and I to thank you for a life a great deal dearer and better worth saving than my own."

Dick broke down just there, for the tears choked him.

Guy was as grand in his forgiveness as he had been in his forbearance.

Hetty and her father and mother came afterwards, and Guy found himself made a hero of before he knew it. But none of it all moved him as did his mother's few fond words, and the pride in her joyful eyes. He had kept, with honor and with patience, his pledge to her, and he had his reward. The Master's way of peace had not misled him.

*Louise Chandler Moulton.*



## CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

### XIV.

"WE had completed our sledge a second time, and were about giving it a second trial, when we were startled by a loud noise; and there, down upon the sea, coming round the nearest point of the island, were five savages on five sledges, with five trains of dogs. 'At last,' thought we, 'our time has come. We will be murdered now for certain, and then eaten up by the dogs afterwards.'

"'O!' exclaimed the Dean, 'if our poor mothers only knew where we were!'

"Dangerous as appeared to be our situation, I could still not help asking the Dean whether he did not think it would be quite as much to the purpose if we only knew where we were ourselves, — to which, however, he made no reply, for the savages were close upon us. Seizing our weapons, we prepared to defend ourselves, since there was no use trying to run away, as the dogs would be atop of us before we could reach the hut.

"But there was not the least use of our being so much alarmed, for the savages soon convinced us that they meant no harm. They would not let their dogs come near us, but kept them off, and, stopping, tied them fast. Then, without any weapons in their hands, they came up to us in a most friendly manner, all yeh, yeh-ing at a terrible rate. So we took the five of them right off up to the hut, and now our fears were turned into rejoicing, and thus in an instant had Providence turned our sorrow into joy.

"Our savage visitors proved to be all just as singular-looking creatures, and were as curious about us and about everything we had, as Eatum had been. Their faces were on a broad grin all the time.

"Having learned something of their language from Eatum, as I told you

before, we contrived to make them understand, with the aid of a great many signs, how the ship had been wrecked, and how we got first to the ice and then to the land, — for this they were most curious about, — and they were greatly puzzled to know how we came to be there at all. After this they treated us quite affectionately, patting us on the back, and exclaiming, ‘Tyna, tyna,’ which we knew to mean ‘Good, good,’ as Eatum had told us. Then Eatum wanted to show himself off in our language, and, pointing to us, he said, ‘Hunter plenty good, plenty eat get. All same,’ (pointing to himself by way of illustration, and thus finishing it,) ‘tyna? yeh, yeh, yeh!’ which was the way he had of laughing, as I told you before, and all the rest ‘yeh, yeh-ed’ just like him. One of them we called at once ‘Old Grim,’ because he ‘yeh, yeh-ed’ with his insides; but no laugh ever showed itself in his face. After their curiosity was satisfied, they imitated Eatum, and began to call loudly, ‘drinkum’ and then ‘eatum,’ ‘yeh, yeh-ing’ as before in a very lively manner; so that, what with their ‘yeh, yeh-ing’ and ‘eatum and drinkum,’ there was quite a merry time of it. Meanwhile, however, we were busying ourselves to satisfy their wants, and it was not long before our visitors were as full as they could hold. It was a curious sight to see them eat. They would put one end of a great chunk of meat in the mouth, and, holding tight to the other end, they would cut it off close up to the lips. Our seal-blubber they treated in the same way. Of this blubber they seemed to be very fond; and, indeed, all people living in cold climates soon grow fond of fat of every kind. It is such strong food, which people require there as much as they do warm clothing, and in great quantities too. The people living in the Arctic regions have little desire for vegetable food; and the savages there eat nothing but meat, fish, and fat.

“Our guests did not leave off eating until each had consumed a quantity of food equal at least to the size of his head; and then they grew drowsy, and wanted to ‘*singikpok*,’ which we knew from Eatum meant sleep; and in ‘*singikpok*’ we were glad enough to indulge them, although greatly to our inconvenience, for they nearly filled our hut.

“The savages slept very soundly for a while; but one by one they woke up, and, as soon as their eyes were open, they fell to eating again until they were satisfied, and then in a minute afterwards they were fast asleep. This they kept up for about two days, and you may be sure they made away with a great deal of our provisions before they were done with it.

“When they had thoroughly gorged themselves, and slept all they could, they were ready to start off again; and now we found that they had come to take us away, which we were very glad of, although they were such singular-looking people, and we could understand so little of what they said, or knew so little of what their designs might be concerning us. But, whatever these might be, it gave us an apparent chance of escape, which was not to be thrown away, as it might be the only one we would ever have. Besides, the savages never once asked us if we would go with them, but began to bundle up our furs, food, and blubber, and everything else we had, as if resolved to take us whether or no. At first we felt a little alarm, — without expressing it, how-

ever; but, seeing how good-natured they were about it, and how considerate they appeared to be for us, we had no further fear, but trusted them entirely.

“The five sledges were pretty heavily loaded with our property; but off we started at length, I riding with Eatum, while the Dean was on the sledge of ‘Old Grim.’ The Dean carried his ‘Delight,’ of course, while I held on to ‘Old Crumply.’ Nor were our ‘palm and needle,’ and jack-knife, that had done such good service, forgotten. Indeed, we brought away everything.

“Of course we were very much rejoiced to get away from the Rock of Good Hope, even although our fortunes were yet very uncertain; still it had been our rock of refuge and safety, and, in our thankfulness, we could but cast upon it a look of tender regret at parting from it. Together there the Dean and I could but remember that we had achieved many triumphs, which were to us a source of great pride, and would always continue to be as long as we lived; while, on the other hand, if we had suffered many discomforts and sorrows, these would not, we knew, linger long in the memory. Besides, on the Rock of Good Hope, and in the hut we were leaving, we had learned to know each other, and to love each other, and to be bound together by a strong bond of friendship, which, as it was formed in adversity, was not likely to be broken.

“But in thinking of what was before us, we had soon to give up thinking of what was behind us, and to let the Rock of Good Hope, and the hut, and the life we had led there, with its struggles and trials and triumphs, pass away as some vague and shadowy dream; for on we sped, with our caravan of sledges, over the frozen sea,—the dogs all lively, and galloping away with their bushy tails curled over their backs, and their heads up; their savage drivers crying to them, now and then, ‘Ka, ka! ka, ka!’ and snapping their whips to keep them at a brisker run, and all the while talking to each other in a loud voice,—sometimes, as we could clearly understand, about ourselves, sometimes whether they should go off on a bear-hunt. Occasionally one of the teams would scent a seal-hole, and away the dogs would rush towards it as hard as they could go, all the other teams following after, pell-mell; and, when they reached the hole, it was all the hunters could do, by whipping and shouting and scolding, to keep all the teams from coming atop of each other, and getting all into a snarl. Once this happened with two of the teams. The dogs all became tangled in each other’s traces, the sledges got locked together, and the animals fell to fighting, one team against the other, in a most vicious manner.

“This was a very novel mode of travelling, and we enjoyed it greatly, even although it was pretty cold and the journey was very long. It seemed strange to us to be thus wandering without chart or compass over the great ice-desert on the sea; for all around us was nothing but a great plain of whiteness, only broken here and there by an iceberg, which glittered like a great diamond in the bright sunshine.

“We must have gone at least sixty or seventy miles before we made a single halt; and then we came to the village where these singular people lived. It was not on the land, but out on the frozen sea over which we had

travelled. As we approached, the dogs ran very fast ; and this was the first I knew of when we were coming. ‘*Igloo, igloo!*’ exclaimed Eatum, pointing, when we neared the village. As I had already learned that *igloo* meant hut, in their language, I was much rejoiced ; for I was very tired with the long journey, and cold besides.



“ We soon came up to the village, which proved to be only a collection of huts made of frost-hardened snow. There were in all six of them. Several more hunters were there, who came out to meet us ; and their dogs rushed out too, making a great noise ; and, when we had halted, a number of women joined them, all dressed in furs just like the men, and also children dressed in the same way, and all very anxious about us, and all yeh, yeh-ing a great deal. Indeed, we made such a commotion in the village as never was seen before. But everybody appeared to be kindly disposed towards us, and into one of the huts we were both taken immediately, and down we sat on the floor of the hut, which was covered all over with bear-skins. There were two lamps in it, almost exactly like ours, and two pots were hanging over them. We had soon a good meal, and very quickly after that were sound asleep ; and even although it was a snow hut, and among savages, we were thankful in our very heart of hearts. And our thankfulness was because we were among human beings once more, and felt no longer as if we were wholly cast away from the world ; and we felt hopeful that through these savages would come means of escape to our homes. We felt thankful, too, that they treated us so kindly, — the women especially ; for, savages though they were, they were possessed of much feeling and sympathy. One of the women made the

Dean go to sleep with his head in her lap, which it was easy to see he did not like a bit ; and, before this, she had fed him with her own fingers, and, while he was sleeping, she stroked his bright hair away from his handsome face. Another of the women treated me very much in the same way ; but being older, and not handsome, like the Dean, I did n't come in for so many favors.

“ Then, besides that, the women took off our damp fur stockings, and gave us dry ones before we went to sleep ; and they seemed to want to do everything they could for us, so that we soon became convinced they meant us no harm. The woman who was particularly kind to me was the wife of Eatum ; and the Dean and I at once called her Mrs. Eatum, which made them all ‘ yeh, yeh,’ very much ; and they got to calling her that too, as near, at least, as they could pronounce it, which was, ‘ *Impsuseatum.*’ Her right name was *Serkut*, which means ‘ little nose ’ ; Eatum’s right name was *Tuk tuk*, that is, reindeer, because he could run very fast. There were two young Eatums ; and when I began to play with them, I grew in great favor with the Eatum family.

“ The Dean was quite as well off for patrons as I, being specially taken care of by a woman whose husband had been one of our rescue party. Her name I forget now, but it meant ‘ Big-toes,’ so what with nursing by ‘ Little-nose ’ and ‘ Big-toes,’ and with plenty of seal meat to eat, the Dean and I got on finely. The name of Big-toes’ husband was *Awak*, which means walrus. He was a fine hunter, and had plenty of dogs. These dogs, I should mention, were always allowed to run loose about the village ; and, no matter how cold it was, they slept on the snow. But their harness had to be taken off, else they would eat it ; and everything eatable was buried out of sight in the snow, or brought inside the hut.

“ After we had been eating, and sleeping, and enjoying the hospitality of these savages about three days, a young hunter whose name was *Kossuit*, which meant that he was a little dark fellow, came driving into the village (he had been out prospecting for a hunt), proclaiming, in a very loud voice, that there was a great crack in the ice, and that it was alive with walrus and seal. There was immediately a great stir, and a great harnessing of dogs, and hunting up of whips, and getting together of harpoons and spears and lines. Everybody was going on the hunt, that is, all the men and boys. When all was ready, Eatum came to me, and said, ‘ Ketchum awak, ketchum pussay, you go ? ’ meaning, would we go with them, and catch walrus and seals. Of course we said ‘ yes,’ and off we started at a wild pace ; the Dean riding with *Kossuit*, while I rode with Eatum. We had to go a good many miles before we came to the crack ; and, when we reached it, we found it to be as *Kossuit* had described it. As soon as the savages saw the crack, they stopped their dogs, which was done by crying, ‘ *Eigh, eigh, eigh !* ’ to them, and whipping them fiercely if they did not mind soon enough. The dogs being now fastened by running the points of the runners into the snow, the hunters went forward with their lines and spears and harpoons ; and, by approaching the side of the crack very cautiously, they managed, at length, to get near enough to throw their har-

poons into the animals when they came up to the surface to breathe. Their mode of capturing them was almost the same as that which we employed in catching seals, after finding it out for ourselves. And thus you see how all people subjected to the same conditions of life will naturally be led to the same way of providing for our wants, — our senses being given to us all, whether savage or civilized, for the same purpose. I have showed you already how, in our mode of starting a fire, in our lamp, pot, and other domestic implements, our clothing, harpoon, &c., we had imitated these savages unconsciously; and, the more I was with them, the more I saw how much we were like them.

“Knowing how we killed the seal, it is not necessary to tell you how the savages managed; and catching the walrus was just the same, only more difficult, for the walrus is several times larger than the seal. You know the walrus are those huge marine animals, living in the Arctic seas, that have long white tusks, and look so fierce. They make a very loud and very hideous noise; and in the summer, like the seals, they come up on ice, or on the rocks along the shore, in great numbers, to bask and sleep in the sun.

“It is enough to say there was a great deal of sport, and a great deal of excitement, not unmixed with danger. One of the hunters got a line tangled around his legs, and was whipped over into the water, where he was not noticed, except to be laughed at, but all the hunters went on with what they were about, letting him shift for himself, — little caring, as it appeared, whether he drowned or not; and I really believe he would have drowned, had it not been for the assistance of the Dean and myself. This was the first time I had observed how reckless these people were of their lives.

“There were in the party altogether nine sledges, with one good hunter to each sledge. Five of them were old men and four were young men, besides which there were six boys of various ages; and these, with the Dean and myself, made seventeen. By helping each other all round, we caught seven seals and three walrus, — all of which we skinned and quartered, and put on the sledges; and then we returned to the village, walking back, however, as the load on the sledges was too heavy to allow us to ride. When we reached the village, the women came out to meet us, talking very much, and yeh, yeh-ing louder than ever; and now I observed that they took all the game we had captured, and butchered it, the men doing nothing at all but look after their dogs. It was thought to be a disgrace for a man to do any work about his hut.

“The Dean and I had taken our full share in the hunt, and won much admiration. Before, they had treated us with a kind of pity, but now they had great respect for us. Eatum said, ‘Much good hunter you’; and now, seeing that we were good hunters, they were going to marry us right off, that we might have wives to cut up our seals when we brought them home, which proposition put us in a great embarrassment. If we refused, they might be offended, as was very natural; so I accepted their proposition at once, without a moment’s hesitation, appearing as if I was very glad, and thought it a great compliment indeed; but at the same time I told them, with a very grave face, that all our relatives lived in a far-off country, to

which we were obliged to go as soon as a ship came along; and, of course, when we did go, the wives they gave us would go with us. As none of the young women were willing to take us on these conditions, although not very flattering to us, we got out of the scrape without offending anybody. At first the Dean was quite indignant, but afterwards he laughed, and said, 'Why, just think of it! Mrs. Hardy and Mrs. Dean in seal skin-breeches and long boots, — a jolly idea indeed!' But one of the girls was fond enough of the Dean for all, only she must n't show it; for these people are mighty particular about that. When all is arranged by the parents, the girl is obliged, even then, to say she won't have her lover. So the lover has to steal up, and take her unawares, and run off with her bodily. Of course, if she really likes the fellow, and wants to get married to him, he has an easy time enough of it; but if, on the other hand, she dislikes him, she can readily enough get away from him.

"Old Grim (whose right name was Metak, meaning eider-duck) had an adventure of this sort, as they told me, which resulted very differently from what usually happens. He was then quite a young man, but, having caught a seal, he thought it was time he had a wife. Meanwhile a wife had been provided for him by his father, who had made the bargain with the girl's father. The girl was told who her husband was to be, but it would have been against all rules to tell her when he was coming after her. Well, as I have said, having caught his first seal, Metak made up his mind to have a wife to butcher it for him; so he set out for the snow hut of his lady-love's father, where the dusky-faced girl was lying fast asleep in her nest of furs. As it was contrary to law for any girl to be captured in a hut, but must be taken on the wing, as it were, Metak had to wait for her to come out, which she finally did, and passed very near a deep bank of snow, behind which her lover was lying, shivering with cold, and crying with impatience. Quick as a fox to pounce upon the unsuspecting rabbit was Metak to pounce upon the unsuspecting girl. He seized her, and started for his sledge. She screamed, she pulled his hair, she tore his fur, she bit his fingers; but the valiant Metak held manfully to his purpose, and would not let her go. He reached the sledge, and put her on it; he tied her there, and, springing on himself, he whipped up his dogs, and started for his home. But the refractory damsel would not stay tied. Watching a favorable opportunity, when Metak was not looking, she cut the lashings with her teeth, seized the whip out of Metak's hands, pushed Metak off the sledge, and sent him sprawling on the snow; and then she whirled the dogs around, and fairly made them fly again on the backward track to her father's hut, where she crawled once more into her nest of furs, and where the luckless Metak was ever afterwards content to let her stay, satisfied that he was no match for her.

"This story was told by Eatum one evening in the snow hut, while Old Grim was present, and it was evidently a standing joke against him. He did n't seem to relish it at all, for he went out of the hut as if driven away by their shouts of laughter. I could not understand the language well enough



to fully appreciate the story at the time, but afterward I got Eatum to repeat it to me. It proved that the name Old Grim, that the Dean and I had given Metak, was even more appropriate than we thought; for it seemed that he was generally known as the man who laughed with his insides without the help of his face.



### LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,  
 Up through the long shady lane,  
 Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-fields,  
 That are yellow with ripening grain.  
 They find, in the thick waving grasses,  
 Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows.  
 They gather the earliest snowdrops  
 And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;  
 They gather the elder-bloom white;  
 They find where the dusky grapes purple  
 In the soft-tinted October light.  
 They know where the apples hang ripest,  
 And are sweeter than Italy wines;  
 They know where the fruit hangs the thickest  
 On the long, thorny blackberry-vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,  
 And build tiny castles of sand;  
 They pick up the beautiful sea-shells, —  
 Fairy barks that have drifted to land.  
 They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops  
 Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,  
 And at night-time are folded in slumber  
 By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;  
 The humble and poor become great;  
 And from these brown-handed children  
 Shall grow mighty rulers of state.  
 The pen of the author and statesman, —  
 The noble and wise of the land, —  
 The sword and the chisel and palette,  
 Shall be held in the little brown hand.

*M. H. K.*

## THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS.

## EIGHTH PACKET.

*A Letter from Dorry to his Sister.*

DEAR SIS,—

O, we've hurrahed and hurrahed and hurrahed ourselves hoarse! Such a bully time! You'd better believe the old horses went some! And that hay-cart went rattle and bump, rattle and thump,—seemed as if we should jolt to pieces! But I've counted myself all over, and believe I'm all here! Bubby Short's throat is so sore that all he can do is to lie flat on the floor and wink his eyes. You see we cheered at every house, and they came running to their windows, and some cheered back again, and some waved and some laughed, and all of them stared. But part of the way was through the woods.

This morning, Billy, and Bubby Short, and I, went over to Aunt Phebe's of an errand, to borrow a cup of dough. I wish mother could see how her stove shines! And while we were sitting down there, having some fun with Aunt Phebe's little Tommy, Uncle Jacob came in and said, "Mother, let's go somewhere."

She said, "Thank you! thank you! we shall be very happy to accept your invitation. Girls, your father has given us an invitation! Boys, he means you too!"

"But you can't go,—can you?" Uncle Jacob cried out, and made believe he didn't know what to make of it. O, he's such a droll man! "I thought you could n't leave the ironing," says he.

"O yes, we can!" Hannah Jane said; and "O yes, we can!" they all cried out.

Aunt Phebe said it would be entirely convenient, and told her girls to shake out the sprinkled clothes to dry.

"O, now," said Uncle Jacob, "who'd have thought of your saying 'yes.' I expected you could n't leave."

Then they kept on talking and laughing. O, they are all so funny here! Uncle Jacob tried to get off without going; but at last he said, "Well, boys, we must catch Old Major."

That's the old gray horse, you know. And we were long enough about it. For, just as we got him into a corner, he'd up heels, and away he'd go. And once he slapped his tail right in my face. But after a while we got him into the barn.

Then pretty soon Uncle Jacob put on a long face, and looked very sober, and put his head in at the back kitchen door, and said he guessed we should have to give up going, after all, for the mate to Old Major had got to be shod, and the blacksmith had gone away.

“Harness in the colt, then,” Aunt Phebe said. “No matter about their matching, if we only get there!”

That colt is about twenty years old. He’s black, and short, and takes little stubby steps; and he’s got a shaggy mane, that goes flop, flop, flop every step he takes. But Old Major is bony, and has a long neck, like the nose of a tunnel. Such a span as they made! What would my mother say to see that span!

They were harnessed in to the hay-cart. A hay-cart is a long cart that has stakes stuck in all round it. We put boards across for benches. Aunt Phebe brought out a whole armful of quite small flags, that they had Independent Day, and we tied one to the end of every stake.

Such a jolly time as we did have getting aboard! First all the baskets and pails full of cake and pies were stowed away under the benches, and jugs of water, and bottles of milk, and lemons to make lemonade, and ice done up in a rug, and a hatchet, and some boiled eggs, and apples and pears, and some bathing-clothes. Then uncle called out, “Come! where is everybody? Tumble in! tumble in! Where’s little Tommy?”

Then we began to look about and to call “Tommy!” “Tommy!” “Tommy!” At last Bubby Short said, “There he is, up there!” We all looked up, and saw Tommy’s face part way through a broken square of glass,—I mean where the glass was broken out. He said he could n’t “tum down, because the *roosted* was on his feet.” You see he’d got his feet tangled up in Lucy Maria’s worsteds.

“O dear!” Lucy Maria said; “all that shaded pink!”

When they brought him down, Uncle Jacob looked very sober, and said, “Why, Tommy! Did you get into all that shaded pink?”

Then Tommy made us all laugh. He said he was taking down the “gimmerlut to blower a hole with.” Next he began to cry for his new hat; and when he got his new hat, he began to cry for a posy to be stuck in it. That little fellow never will go anywhere without a flower stuck in his hat. Aunt Phebe says his grandmother began that notion when her damask rose-bush was in bloom.

After we were all aboard, Uncle Jacob brought out the teakettle, and slung it on behind with a rope. He said maybe mother would want a cup of tea. Then they laughed at him, for he is the tea-drinker himself. Next he brought out a long pan.

“Now that’s my cookie-pan!” Aunt Phebe said. “You don’t cook clams in my cookie-pan!”

He made believe he was terribly afraid of Aunt Phebe, and trotted back with it just like a little boy, and then came bringing out an old sheet-iron fireboard.

“Is this anybody’s cookie-pan?” said he, then stowed it away in the bottom of the cart. Bubby Short wanted to know what that was for.

“That’s for the clams,” Uncle Jacob said.

But we could n’t tell whether he meant so. We never can tell whether Uncle Jacob is funning or not. I have n’t told you yet where we were bound.

We were bound to the shore. That's about six miles off. The last thing that Uncle Jacob brought out was a stick that had strips of paper tied to the end of it.

"That's my flyflapper!" Aunt Phebe said. "What are you going to do with my flyflapper?"

He said that was to brush the snarls off little Tommy's face. Tommy is a tip-top little chap; but he's apt to make a fuss. Sometimes he teased to drive, and then he teased for a drink, and then for a sugar cracker, and then to sit with Matilda, and then with Hannah Jane. And, every time he fretted, Uncle Jacob would take out the flyflapper, and play brush the snarls off his face, and say, "There they go! Pick 'em up! pick 'em up!" And that would set Tommy a-laughing. Tommy tumbled out once, the back end of the cart. Billy was driving, and he whipped up quick, and they started ahead, and sent Tommy out the back end, all in a heap. But first he stood on his head, for 't was quite a sandy place. I drove part of the way, and so did Bubby Short. We did n't hurrah any going. Some men that we met would laugh and call out, "What 'll you take for your span?" And sometimes boys would turn round, and laugh, and holler out, "How are *you*, tea-kettle?" I think a hay-cart is the best thing to ride in that ever was. Just as we got through the woods, we looked round and saw Billy's father coming, bringing Billy's grandmother in a horse and chaise. Then we all clapped. For they said they guessed they could n't come.

When we got to the shore, the horses had to be hitched to the cart, for there was n't a tree there, nor so much as a stump. The girls ran about to find shells, and we took off our shoes and stockings the minute we jumped out, and rolled up our trousers legs, and Uncle Jacob called to us to come help him dig the clams. Billy carried the clam-digger, and I carried the bucket. Is n't it funny that clams live in the mud? How do you suppose they move round? Do you suppose they know anything? Uncle Jacob struck his clam-digger in everywhere where he saw holes in the mud; and as fast as he uncovered the clams we picked them up, and soon got the bucket full.

Then he told us to run like lamplighters along the shore, and pick up sticks and bits of boards. "Bring them where you see a smoke rising," says he.

O, such loads as we got, and split up the big pieces with the hatchet! Uncle Jacob had fixed some stones in a good way, and put his iron fireboard on top, and made a fire underneath. Then he spread his clams on the fireboard to roast. O, I tell you, sis, you never tasted of anything so good in your life as clams roasted on a fireboard!

And he put some stones together in another place, and set on the tea-kettle, and made a fire under it,—to make a cup of tea for mother, he said. Tommy kept helping make the fire, and once he joggled the teakettle over. Aunt Phebe and the girls sat on the rocks, the side where the wind would n't blow the smoke in their eyes. But Billy's grandmother had a soft seat made of seaweed and the chaise cushions, and Billy's father read things out of the

newspaper to her. He said they two were the invited guests, and must n't work.

It took the girls ever so long to cut up the cakes and pies, and butter the biscuits, and make lemonade. I know I never was so hungry before ! The clams were passed round, piping hot, in box covers and tin-pail covers, and some had to have shingles. You 'd better believe those clams tasted good ! Then all the other things were passed round. O, I don't believe any other woman can make things as good as Aunt Phebe's ! Georgianna had a frosted plum-cake baked in a saucer ; and, every time she moved her seat, Uncle Jacob would go too, and sit close up to her, and say how much he liked Georgie, she was the best little girl that ever was, — a great deal better than Aunt Phebe's girls. Then Georgianna would say, " O, I know you ! you want my frosted cake ! " Then Uncle Jacob would pucker his lips together, and shut up his eyes, and shake his head so solemn ! He keeps everybody a-laughing, even Billy's grandmother. He was just as clever to her ! picked out the best mug there was to put her tea in, — Aunt Phebe don't carry her good dishes, they get broken so, — and shocked out the clams for her in a saucer. When you get this letter, I guess you 'll get a good long one. After dinner we scattered about the shore. 'T was fun to see the crabs and fries and things the tide had left in the little pools of water. And I found lots of *blanc-mange* moss. We boys ran ever so far along shore, and went in swimming. The water was n't very cold.

When it was time to go home, Uncle Jacob drummed loud on the six-quart pail, and waved his handkerchief. And the wind took it out of his hand, and blew it off on the water. Billy said, " Now the fishes can have a pocket-handkerchief." And that made little Tommy laugh. Tommy had been in wading without his trousers being rolled up, and got 'em sopping wet. Just as we were going to leave, a sail-boat went past, quite near the shore, with a party on board. We gave them three cheers, and they gave us three cheers and a tiger ; then they waved, and then we waved. Uncle Jacob had n't any pocket-handkerchief, so he caught Georgianna up in his arms, with her white sunbonnet on, and waved her ; then the people in the boat clapped.

O, we had a jolly time coming home ! In the woods we all got out and rested the horses, and I came pretty near catching a little striped squirrel. I should give it to you if I had. Did you ever see any live fences ? Fences that branch out, and have leaves grow on them ? Now I suppose you don't believe that ! But it 's true, for I 've seen them. In the woods, if they want to fence off a piece, they don't go to work and build a fence, but they bend down young trees, or the branches of trees, and fasten them to the next, and so on as far as they want the fence to go. And these trees and branches keep growing, and look so funny, something like giants with their legs and arms all twisted about. And every spring they leaf out the same as other trees, and that makes a real live fence. My squirrel was on that kind of fence. I wish it was my squirrel. He had a striped back. I got close up to him, that is, I got quite close up, — near enough to see his eyes. What things they are to run !

Coming home we sang songs, and laughed; and every time we came to a house we cheered all together, and waved our flags. Everybody came to their windows to look, for there isn't much travelling on that road. O! I'm so out of breath, and so hoarse! But I'm sorry we've got home, I wish it had been ten miles. Now I hear them laughing and clapping over at Aunt Phebe's. What can they be doing? Now Uncle Jacob is calling us to come over. Bubby Short's jumped up. He says his throat feels better now. I wonder what Uncle Jacob wants of us. We must go and see. Good by, sis. This letter is from your brother Dorry.

*Mrs. A. M. Diaz*



### THE BABY-HOUSE FAMINE.

AT the baby-house door sits my sweet little Kitty,  
 In her apron lies Kitty, her namesake, asleep;  
 The dollies look out of the baby-house parlors,  
 And the baby-clothes lie on the floor in a heap.

Are the cares of your housekeeping quite overwhelming?  
 Are the children unruly, and servants a bore?  
 But they sit dressed for callers; and down in the kitchen  
 Sits placid old Dinah with eyes on the floor.

If you're tired of playing, run out to the garden;  
 There's green grass to play on, the sunshine is bright;  
 Or Aunty will read you a nice little story,—  
 Take her lap for your bed, dear, and play it is night.

Then the dear little face grew exceedingly solemn,  
 And in the brown eyes were two wee little tears;  
 The dollies—believe me—looked anxious and troubled;  
 Miss Kitten gaped sadly; O, what were your fears?

Dear Aunty, my children are dying of hunger;  
 Just look at Miss Anna! she's grown very thin;  
 I've not had a party for such a forever,—  
 And to see them all starving! It's really a sin.

Well, the last that I saw of the dolls in affliction,  
 They sat round their table, mamma at the head;  
 She seemed very hungry, but they sat there smiling,  
 And when Kitty finished they all went to bed.

*Alice Eliot.*



ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Arranged by JULIUS EICHBERG.

*Merrily.*

First system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The time signature is 6/8. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*). There are asterisks (\*) above the staff in the second and fourth measures.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the grand staff. It features a forte (*ff*) dynamic and a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*) in the second measure. There are asterisks (\*) above the staff in the third and fifth measures, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the fourth measure.

Third system of musical notation, continuing the grand staff. It features a piano (*p*) dynamic and a pedaling instruction (*Ped.*) in the first measure. There are asterisks (\*) above the staff in the second and third measures, with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking in the fourth measure.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some beamed pairs. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.



ANDANTE GRACIOSO.

MOZART.

Arranged by JULIUS EICHBERG.

The second system of music is arranged in four systems, each with two staves. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 6/8. The music features a variety of dynamic markings: *p* (piano), *sf* (sforzando), and *p* (piano). The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns, such as sixteenth-note runs and beamed eighth notes, as well as rests and repeat signs. The bass clef accompaniment is particularly active, often playing chords and moving lines that support the melody.



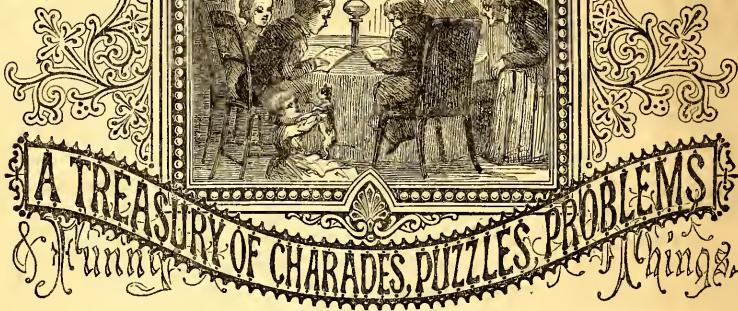
SUNDAY MORNING.

DR. TH. KULLAK.

*Andantino.*

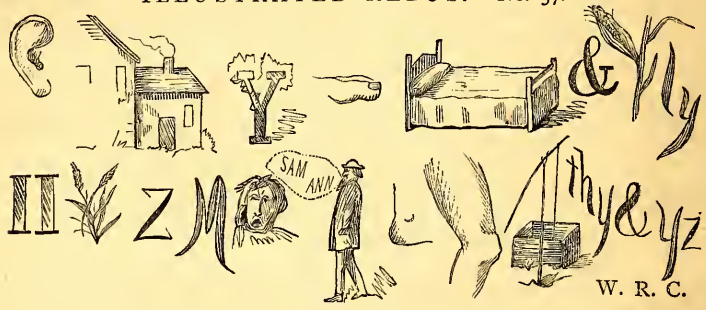
The score is written for piano and bass. It begins with a tempo marking of *Andantino*. The first system features a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes fingerings 5, 4, 5, 4, 3. The second system has a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes first and second endings (*1. do.*, *2. do.*). The third system includes piano (*p*) and pianissimo (*pp*) dynamics. The fourth system includes a *rall.* (ritardando) section followed by *a tempo. p*. The fifth system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The sixth system includes a *rall.* section followed by *a tempo.* and includes fingerings 1, 2, 1, 2. The seventh system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic. The score concludes with a final cadence.

# ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS & Things

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 57.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

No. 58.

<p>The work.</p> <p>A fight.</p> <p>A girl's name.</p> <p>Eatables.</p> <p>An exclamation.</p> <p>One of Jacob's sons.</p>	<p>FOUNDATION WORDS.</p> <p>CROSS WORDS.</p>	<p>Its hero.</p> <p>What the hero loved.</p> <p>A crowd.</p> <p>To originate.</p> <p>One of the United States.</p> <p>A recluse.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">FINDMEOUT.</p>
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ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 59.



N.S.

## CHARADES.

No. 60.

PRAY how shall I define my *first*?  
 'T is not, fair reader mine,  
 A word quite easy to describe  
 In just a single line.  
 But if you 'll only take my *whole*,  
 I 'm sure you 'll say with me,  
 My meaning and my *last* are clear;  
 Now see if we agree.

CARL.

No. 61.

I 'M found in the heavens, 'mong angels  
 and saints,  
 I 'm known in the earth below,  
 I 'm felt in the crash of the raging storm,  
 I 'm felt where the storm-gales blow.

In famine's grasp I hunger and thirst,  
 I 'm ever in a rage,  
 I see the in the lava by Ætna poured forth,  
 I 'm inscribed on every page.

In the swaying of leaves and the babbling  
 of streams,  
 In the "heather that blooms in the dell,"  
 In the cottage of humble, the palace of  
 proud,  
 And the cave of the hermit I dwell.

I live in despair and in anguish am found;  
 I 'm felt in miasma's breath;  
 I can despise what every man dreads,  
 For know that I *live* in *death*.

D. O. T.

## ENIGMAS.

No. 62.

## HISTORICAL.

I am composed of 76 letters.  
 My 14, 3, 46, 24, was a famous poet, con-  
 temporary with Horace.  
 My 11, 2, 18, 10, 19, 27, was a hero who  
 fought in the Trojan War.  
 My 15, 26, 33, 4, 16, was another name for  
 Odin.  
 My 63, 8, 52, 76, 41, 39, was a German  
 god, called "The Good."  
 My 30, 70, 1, 37, 9, 22, 13, 59, 64, was the  
 sacred plant of the Druids.  
 My 45, 12, 60, 74, 56, presided over mar-  
 riage.  
 My 25, 73, 53, 56, 42, 75, was the wife of  
 Odin.  
 My 58, 61, 72, 34, was cup-bearer to the  
 gods.  
 My 49, 28, 40, 32, was called "The Thun-  
 derer."  
 My 38, 67, 52, 31, 23, was stolen by Paris.  
 My 17, 55, 20, 29, 5, was the Greek who  
 persuaded the Trojans to draw the  
 wooden horse into Troy.  
 My 54, 46, 71, 50, 16, 41, was a Hindoo  
 deity.  
 My 47, 69, 35, 62, 40, 20, was a famous  
 ferryman.  
 My 43, 7, 9, 59, 21, 17, were slaves.  
 My 48, 35, 68, 51, 71, is the abode of de-  
 parted spirits.

My 6, 75, 62, was presided over by Mars.  
 My 57, 12, 65, 74, 1, was a king of Ly-  
 dia.

My 36, 55, 24, 19, was a celebrated queen  
 of Carthage.

My 44, 53, 71, 33, 14, 60, was presided  
 over by Minerva.

My whole is an oft-quoted couplet written  
 by Lord Byron.

COSIE.

No. 63.

## FRENCH.

JE suis composé de 33 lettres.  
 Mon 19, 7, 28, 8, 13, 36, 3, on entend  
 dans l'été.  
 Mon 12, 17, 29, 27, 2, presque tous les  
 garçons étudent.  
 Mon 33, 7, 11, 15, 18, 23, est très chaud.  
 Mon 9, 24, 31, 21, 5, 14, n'est pas aujourd-  
 'hui.  
 Mon 16, 26, 21, 18, 22, 10, 33, sont très  
 agréable à manger.  
 Mon 25, 17, 32, 27, 30, 6, est indispensa-  
 ble à ceux qui écrivent.  
 Mon 4, 7, 1, 24, on employe dans le jar-  
 dinage.  
 Mon 20, 17, 26, 7, 12, 3, il faut toujours  
 tenir.  
 Mon tout est un proverbe dont on doit se  
 rappeler au mois de mars.

F. S.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 65.



J. H.

P U Z Z L E.

No. 64.

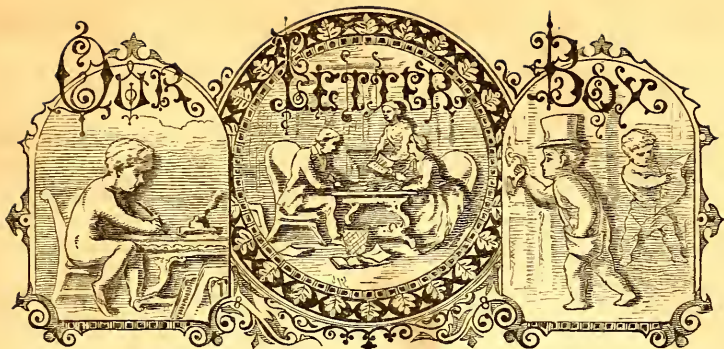
By half of me set third of you,  
 And let us be annexed ;  
 Then take the other half of me,  
 And pray you be not vexed.

For if you 'd see I pointed nose,  
 My quick and whisking ways,  
 My sparkling eyes and tiny toes,  
 You thus my whole can raise.

REBECCA.

A N S W E R S.

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| <p>48. CycloP,<br/>             HourI,<br/>             IrvinG,<br/>             NesT,<br/>             Eureka,<br/>             ScutarI,<br/>             EphemeraL.</p> <p>50. Portsmouth is a seaboard city on a vast peninsula of Southern England. [(Port)s(mouth) (eye)s a (C bored) (city on knave) (ass) (t) (pen in cellar) (of's) (outh) (urn in gland).]</p> <p>51. By humility and fear of the Lord are riches, and honor, and life.</p> | <p>49. PusS,<br/>             OthO,<br/>             EveN,<br/>             TwiG.</p> | <p>52. Enigmatical.</p> <p>53. None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them. [(Nun) R (sofa) nd of (sea) c (reates) (ass) T (hose) (hod) o (knot) (men to) (key) p (T' he) m.]</p> <p>54. Strain a point mentally to discover what under the sun this can be. [St (rain) (ape) (ointment) (awl E) (toad) is (cover) (what under the sun) this (can) B.]</p> <p>55. Hum-bug.</p> <p>56. Wolf—fowl—owl—flow—low—wool—wo-man.</p> |
|--|---|---|



Annie, of Stamford, Conn., writes thus agreeably:—

“MY DEAR ‘YOUNG FOLKS,’—

“In the July number there are several questions which you desired your little friends to answer, promising to publish the best replies. So, being very desirous of seeing myself in print, I herewith send an answer to the query, ‘What is considered the best of Mendelssohn’s pieces?’

“His fame rests in a great measure upon his oratorio ‘St. Paul,’ and also upon that of ‘Elijah.’ The latter is considered in England as his crowning work, and was written expressly for the Birmingham festival of August 26, 1846.

“Among the most famous of his many published works are his music for Goethe’s ‘Walpurgis Night,’ the ‘Antigone’ and ‘Œdipus’ of Sophocles, ‘Athalie,’ and a great number of admirable sonatas, concertos, trios, &c. In his ‘Songs without Words,’ for the piano-forte, Mendelssohn opened a new vein of beauty, and produced an indispensable work for pianists by throwing aside language, and writing melody and accompaniment for the pianist alone, at the same time keeping in view the scope and character of the instrument, and inventing charming traits of arrangement.

“If I might offer any advice to the readers of the ‘Young Folks,’ I should suggest that all—who have not already read them—should read Mendelssohn’s Letters, and also Mendelssohn’s Biography. The letters, particularly those written from Germany and Switzerland, are perfectly charming; for Mendelssohn was as much beloved for the beauty of his character as for his genius.”

*Victorine.* Choose the subjects of your puzzles wherever you please.

*Miles Standish.* How about the historical articles, the Exposition, the mountains, &c.?

*Coralie.* You left out several words in your question, and we cannot understand it.

*This explains itself:—*

“Allow me to call your attention to the Mathematical Puzzle, No. 43, in your July number. M. B. B. states, and you indorse it by publication, as follows, viz. :—

“Write any number of more than one figure. Subtract the sum of the digits from the number, tell me all the figures but one in the answer, and I will tell you the remaining one.”

“This is founded on the mathematical peculiarity,—or principle, if you choose,—that the remainder obtained by subtracting the sum of the digits of a number from the number itself is nine (9), or some multiple thereof. But M. B. B. cannot always tell the remaining digit as he proposes. Here are a few examples:—

377	388
17	19
360	369

In both of these I choose to tell him the hundreds and tens digit. How can he determine whether the units digit is 0 or 9? He simply cannot.

“Take other examples of similar numbers, viz. :—

288	299
18	20
270	279
466	477
16	18
450	459
644	655
14	16
630	639
733	744
13	15
720	729

and so on. In none of these can he determine correctly the unit’s figure, if I choose to give him the figures in the hundreds’ and tens’ places.

“I call attention to the inaccuracy, because it is ‘incorrect teaching,’ a thing I presume you desire to avoid. Respectfully yours,

“Jo.”

Our correspondent should bear in mind that no rule can be guaranteed as absolute and without exceptions, even in figures, which—although it is said of them that they “won’t lie”—do tell very contradictory stories sometimes.

*Filbert, Zeo, Little Ruthie, L. W. K., Orena, Cherry Blossum (Um? !), Susan (the "Voices" speak to older readers than ours), Pickwick, Red Squirrel, F. L. F., J. M., Nettie (quite right), Mabel, Emma F. P. (quite right, quite right!), Pelican Society, Dixie, Bow-wow (not so good as usual), Clara (too late), Scribbler, Frank, Nellie of Germantown, Willy and Ida, Blue-Bell Clifford.* Thanks, one and all, for special favors.

*St. Clair.* We shall print most of your letter soon. — Try if you cannot find out the reason for the dislike you speak of, and write to us about it, please.

*Albert Du V.* The materials used in making glass are named in our articles about Nathaniel Nye, — published last year. — Why should n't a lady fish, if she wants to? — The Bridge of Sighs is in Venice. — Needles were invented in Spain at a time of which no record is known: they were first introduced into England about 1565. — If you read the prophetic books of the Bible, and also Kings and Chronicles, you will learn about Mt. Carmel.

*Herbert.* Mrs. Conant did not write "The Seven Little Sisters." — Your other question has been answered four or five times.

*Dora.* Learn to spell and to use capitals rightly, instead of asking silly questions about beaux and flirtations. You have no business with such foolish nonsense.

*Fanny S. F.* explains a way of arranging cuts so that an attempt on the part of the drawer to take advantage by calculating may be met without resort to the trick described by P. H. C., which certainly, if practised "in earnest," would be no better than cheating. She says that you should take two

cuts of nearly equal length, and, placing the end of the shorter at the middle of the longer (like a T), hold them at this joint between the thumb and finger. If the drawer tries to measure with his eye, in order to be *sharp*, he will almost always mislead himself, and find that he has drawn differently from what he expected. In this there is no attempt at deceit, and so it is well enough to try it.

*Hautboy.* A good anagram should only make few words, but sensible ones, from its subject.

*Edith.* The question you ask was answered some months ago.

*L. Howard.* We do not know the address.

*Willy Wood.* We think favorably of fencing.

*Zep.* They are imaginary persons. — When one is snubbed, or slighted, or "cut," he is said to be "sent to Coventry."

*Adèle.* The rebus will not quite do. — The initials you mentioned were quoted by mistake.

*Gamma.* The questions which you ask about Freemasonry we cannot answer. Look among the people you know until you find some thoroughly trustworthy and respected man who is a Mason, and then ask him. So much as anybody can tell you he will, we have no doubt.

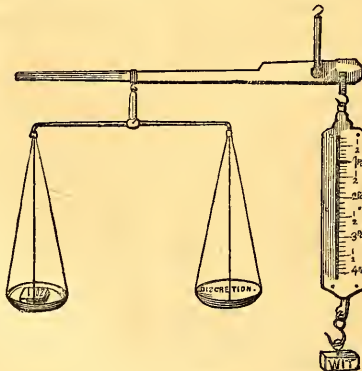
*Pencil.* Such a question as you ask has been frequently answered here. — The rebus is too far-fetched.

*Katie B.* (1.) The gentleman goes first. (2.) Not in the daytime, unless in a crowd or awkward place. (3.) Introduce a gentleman to a lady.

*Caspar.* Dropped.

*Enella.* Your song is very well written, but we don't approve of wine and its praises.

Good little boy! Guessed it right the first time, — did n't you? "The love of money is the root of all evil," — that 's the August proverb, sure enough. Now try this one. And when you have found it out, remember it, and act in accordance with it.







HARVESTING.

[See *The Corn Harvest*, page 586.



# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

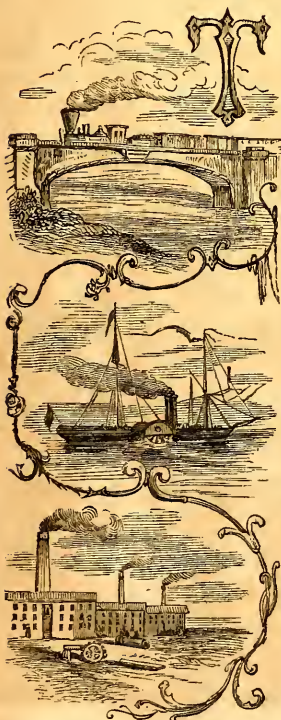
VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1868.

No. X.

## SECOND LECTURE ON HEAT.

BY MY LORD HIGH FIDDLESTICK.



HE King, the Court, and the little traveller were assembled to hear what atoms can do. The King looked very serious. He was thinking that atoms were a bore, but that it was his duty to encourage them. The courtiers looked very serious too. They were thinking, each one, that, if he was King, he would have anybody hung that dared to talk about atoms. A table stood before the Lord High Fiddlestick. On the table stood a copper basin, filled with pounded ice and salt, and two strong bottles of iron, each closed by a screw firmly fixed in the neck.

“Your Majesty,” said my Lord High Fiddlestick, taking up one of them, “these iron bottles are half an inch thick, and, as you see, they are firmly fastened at the top. They are filled with water, and I am going to place them in this pounded ice and salt, and freeze the water to show you what atoms can do. But I should like first to explain, as well as I can, how water freezes. The water is made up of atoms, or tiny particles, of vapor, which are held together, like the atoms of iron, by cohesion. But water is always much warmer than iron; and, you remember, we found out that Heat is motion;

so, when I say that, I mean that the atoms of water have much more motion

than the atoms of iron. The iron has so little Heat motion, that cohesion can hold its atoms tight and firm, and we call the iron hard and solid. The water atoms have so much Heat motion, that cohesion can hardly hold them in its grip, and the atoms roll over each other so loosely that we call water a liquid. I place these bottles in this ice and salt. The water atoms are chilled, and begin to huddle together. The motion of Heat will keep the atoms apart as long as it can, but as the atoms grow colder, — that is, as they lose their heat, — they lose their motion, and press closer together, till you may say the Heat motion is gone entirely. The dancing water atoms cling together hard and stiff, and the water now takes up less room in the bottles than it did at first. Almost everything, when freezing, becomes smaller, and stays smaller till it is warmed again; but this is not the case with water, luckily for the fish; for if the ice remained smaller, it would sink to the bottom, warm water would rise, be frozen and sink in its turn, till the lake or river was frozen solid; but ‘no,’ say the water atoms, ‘we know better! We draw together close and hard, till we freeze, and then, crack! we stretch out on every side. We grow larger and lighter, and make a warm roof for everything below.’ Now, your Majesty, while I have been talking, the ice atoms in the bottles have been stretching and pressing out. ‘We will have more room,’ say they. ‘You can’t have it,’ answer the rigid iron atoms, piled on each other half an inch thick. Which is the strongest? There go the bottles, broken from top to bottom! And now, Mr. Traveller, what do you think of the soft water atoms, that can break iron?”



The traveller said nothing. “Very curious,” observed his Majesty.

“Your Royal Highness,” cried my Lord High Fiddlestick, much delighted, “do you remember how two weeks ago the Pink Page forgot to turn off the water? Just what has happened now in these bottles happened then in the pipes. The water froze; the ice atoms tried to stretch themselves; the pipes would not stretch, and were broken as the bottles are. When a thaw came, it was nothing but dribble and leak all over the palace; and your Majesty will recollect that the Queen’s pink satin gown, which the Dame of the Slippers had carelessly left in the Powder Closet, was quite ruined.”

“The Pink Page deserves to be hung, and you too, since you knew all about it,” growled the King.

“Your Majesty, I should like to show you some more atom-work,” said the Lord High Fiddlestick, in a flurry.

“If flooding the palace is atom-work, I should say I had seen enough,” grumbled the King; but the Lord High Fiddlestick pretended not to hear, and took out from a refrigerator a large block of ice.

“Your Majesty,” he said, “here, as you see, is a block of ice. In front of it I place a glass, and before the glass a white screen. Here I have what is called an electric lamp. I am going to send a warm beam from this lamp through the ice, as I have not a sunbeam handy. If anything happens in the ice, it will be reflected in this glass; but this is a peculiar glass; whatever is reflected in it will be made larger, and its image cast on the screen so that you can all see it.”

“Likely story!” growled the traveller, “as if anything worth seeing could happen in that piece of ice.”

“We know,” continued the Lord High Fiddlestick, “that the ice atoms came close together, but we do not know whether they scrambled together, and are now lying head and shoulders, or came in order; but we can take down the block of ice, and find of what it is built, as we could take down a house. I send a beam through the ice. The light passes through. But there was Heat in the beam. He has found work to do, and he stays among the ice atoms. He is going from atom to atom, and urging them apart. They are all in motion, and the solid block is coming down in water,—melting, as you would say. We are taking down the ice now; look on the screen!”

The King and the courtiers looked. “Oh! la!” screamed everybody. The sour little traveller had determined not to look; but he was so curious to know why everybody cried Oh! la! that he could not help turning his head, and what he saw is shown upon the next page.

“Very fine,” remarked the King; “but handsome is that handsome does! I should think better of these stars and sprays if they had not flooded my palace.”

My Lord High Fiddlestick knew better than to remind the King, that, if the Pink Page had been as orderly as the ice atoms, the palace would not have been flooded. Instead, he brought out a little furnace filled with live coals, on which stood a tea-kettle, filled with boiling water.

“Your Majesty has seen,” he said, “that water atoms can break iron, and



are, in fact, 'giants in disguise.' We have seen, also, that they are orderly giants, and, at the word of command, fall into stars and sprays, as the soldiers of your Majesty's regiments fall into line. Now we have the water atoms and our old friend Heat here in this furnace. He is at his usual work, — fighting with cohesion, and pushing the water atoms apart. Cohesion presses down with all its weight, but Heat is quite strong enough to lift it. Then the

water atoms spring apart in fine steam particles. The water needs now much more room than it did in the beginning. The water atoms are greatly heated, that is, they are in furious motion, and are stretching and pushing for more room; and once more we see here that Heat is Force. This water, which would yield to the finger when cold, is now strong. It whirls, and spins, and presses so hard, that, if there were no spout through which it could escape, and the cover of the kettle were fitted tight, it would burst the kettle. These atoms, your Majesty, will push and drag tons. They will saw, and grind, and punch, and plane stone and iron. They—

“Yes,” cut in the traveller, “but what could your wonderful water atoms do without the fire?”

“Just so,” answered my Lord High Fiddlestick with a benevolent smile. “Just what I was coming at. We can hear now the roaring of the wheels and hammers in his Majesty’s iron-mill near by. What is making that noise? Force, you say. He is twisting, and turning, and rolling, and pounding iron, and every time he turns a wheel, or brings down a hammer, he dies, ‘poor fellow!’ So we go there to mourn over him, and we find, as I said before, Heat in the wheels, and in the instruments with which Force worked, and in all the places where he has been. You know that Force can take more shapes than one, and you begin to suspect, since Heat always comes where Force disappears, that Heat is only one of his shapes. You ask, ‘Why, where did Force come from?’ ‘From the steam,’ says somebody. But what is steam? Why, water atoms, pulled apart from each other, and set in violent motion. But why does this water not keep still, like other water? Because it is heated. Getting heat is getting motion.

“But all this motion and strength of the wheels comes from the motion of the water, and all this strength and motion of the water comes from the heat of the fire! Yes. Why, then, all this force comes from Heat! and, Mr. Traveller, your friend Force only gave you one of his names. His proper name is Heat, Motion, Heat; and when he has done his work, he does not die, but only slips back into his old shape of Heat again.”

“My Lord,” exclaimed the King, waking suddenly from a nap, “I am delighted! I have learned a great deal; but it is always necessary to think of what we learn, or our ideas will be jumbled in our brains, like fruit in a pudding.”

So the King and the courtiers went away, stretching and yawning, to think over what they had learned from the Lord High Fiddlestick.

*Louise E. Chollet.*



## THE PETERKINS AT THE MENAGERIE.

IT was a sad blow to the Peterkin family when they found Solomon John had nothing to say in the book which he tried once to write.

"I think it must happen often," said Elizabeth Eliza; "for everybody does not write a book, and this must be the reason."

"It is singular," said Mr. Peterkin. "To be wise enough to write a book, one must read books; and yet how can we read them until somebody is wise enough to write them?"

But nobody answered Mr. Peterkin.

"We ought to see more things," said Solomon John.

"We ought to go to the menagerie," said the little boys.

"Yes," said Mrs. Peterkin, "we might learn something at the menagerie."

"There is a giraffe at the menagerie," said the little boys.

"Well, my sons," said Mr. Peterkin, leaving the breakfast-table, "let every one learn something about the giraffe this morning, and we will go and see him in the afternoon!"

So the family all separated, and spent their morning trying to learn about the giraffe.

Mrs. Peterkin sat and thought. Agamemnon borrowed a book. And the rest went out and asked questions.

In the afternoon, all the family came together in the entry, ready to go to the menagerie, — the little boys in their india-rubber boots.

"The giraffe," said Mr. Peterkin, "is the same as the camelopard. Can any one tell me more about him?"

"The camel is sometimes called the ship of the desert," said one of the little boys.

"But this is the camelopard," interrupted Solomon John; "it is quite a different thing."

"Let Agamemnon speak first," said Mr. Peterkin; "he was a week in college, and ought to know."

"The fore legs of the camelopard," began Agamemnon, "are much longer than the hinder, which are very short."

"It must look like a rabbit," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Yes, mamma," they all said.

"But, then," said Solomon John, "I think the *fore* legs of the rabbit are short, and the hinder ones long."

"We can easily see," said Mr. Peterkin; "we can go and look at our own rabbits."

"Yes," cried the little boys, "let us all go and see our rabbits."

So they went to the rabbit-hutch, at the very end of the garden, — Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John and the little boys in their india-rubber boots.

"You are right," said Mrs. Peterkin, "their hind legs are long. How very singular an animal must look made the other way!"

On the way back through the garden, Mr. Peterkin asked some more about the camelopard, or giraffe.

"The French call it the giraffe," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"Let us call it the giraffe, then," said Mr. Peterkin; "then we shall learn a little French; and, to be wise, it is best to learn all we can."

"It feeds on the leaves of trees," said Solomon John. "It is tall enough to crop them."

Mrs. Peterkin stopped, and exclaimed, "An animal like a rabbit turned the other way, tall enough to feed on the leaves of trees! Solomon John, you must be mistaken!"

"The trees in that country," said Elizabeth Eliza, "are not so high, perhaps."

"Do let us go and see," cried the little boys, impatiently.

"Well," said Mr. Peterkin, "perhaps we had better not wait any longer."

They all went out into the street, and walked along in a row,—Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John and the little boys.

It might have made people stare, but all the other families in the village were on their way to the menagerie, which was open for the first time that afternoon.

The little boys would have liked to stop outside to see the picture of the Two-Headed Woman, but Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin hurried them in.

There was a great crowd inside the tent, and Elizabeth Eliza thought she heard some bears roar. The little boys stopped the first thing to look at the monkeys.

"Papa," they asked, "do not monkeys usually have grinding organs?"

"I have seen them with grinding organs in the streets," said Mr. Peterkin, "but I should not expect it in a menagerie."

Mrs. Peterkin passed on to the ostrich.

"Is this the geeraffe?" she asked of the keeper.

The family hurried her on. "That is the ostrich; don't you see it is a bird?" said Agamemnon.

"Let us stop and look at it," said Mr. Peterkin.

"It does look like a camel, ma'am," said the keeper, "and, like the camel, it inhabits the desert. It will eat leather, grass, hair, iron, stones, or anything that is given, and its large eggs weigh over fifteen pounds."

"Dear me, how useful!" said Mrs. Peterkin; "I think we might keep one to eat up the broken crockery, and one egg would last for a week; and what a treasure to have at Thanksgiving!"

But there were so many things to look at, the Peterkins had very little chance to talk or to ask questions.

There was a polar bear, walking up and down his cage, as if he were looking for the North Pole.

Then there were some porcupines with orange-colored teeth, and some owls whose eyes were very large and round.

"I should like an owl," said Mr. Peterkin to his wife; "they look very wise."

"Yes," said Mrs. Peterkin, "*their* wisdom must come from looking at things, their eyes are so very large."

So she opened her eyes wide, and went and looked at a jaguar.



They soon came to the giraffe. "It is a tall animal," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin; "do they have many of them in the country this comes from?" she asked of the keeper.

"Half of him is a 'ship of the desert,' " cried one of the little boys, "the other half is a leopard."

But no one paid any attention to what he said.

"It must be hard to ride him," said Solomon John, "there is such a slope from his head to his tail."

"He is quite different from a rabbit," said Mrs. Peterkin; "there is such a difference in the length of the legs, and this animal is very much taller than a rabbit."

One of the little boys thought he should like to have a giraffe by a cherry-tree, then he could coast down his back when he wanted to come down the tree.

The Peterkins stayed at the menagerie till it was quite dark, wandering round, and asking questions, and wondering at the strange animals they saw.



At last, when they were outside the tent again, they counted up the children, and found the little boys were missing.

"They must have stayed in with the monkeys," said Elizabeth Eliza.

They all turned back to look for them; but the doorkeeper would not let them go in without paying again.

To this Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin objected, and Mrs. Peterkin begged and entreated the doorkeeper to let her in; how hard-hearted he was!

"Suppose his little boys should be left as food for lions," she cried. "Had not he any feelings?"

The doorkeeper was so moved, that at last he let in Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, and Elizabeth Eliza, while Agamemnon and Solomon John waited outside.

But in vain they looked round; no little boys were found. Mrs. Peterkin stopped a long time in front of the tiger's cage; the tiger looked quite wicked enough to have eaten the little boys, but the keeper explained to her that they could not have got in between the wires, even if they had tried.

Elizabeth Eliza looked closely among the monkeys, but could not find the little boys; she could have told them by their india-rubber boots.

A number of stray little boys were brought to Mrs. Peterkin, but they were not the right ones.

The crowd was growing less, so it could be easily seen the little boys were not there, and they went sadly out.

Solomon John then suggested that perhaps they had gone in to see the Two-Headed Woman, so his father gave him a ticket to go in and see. He saw the Two-Headed Woman, but no little boys.

Mrs. Peterkin was filled with the blackest fears, and wanted to sit down and cry; but the postmaster and his daughter came along, and the daughter advised Mrs. Peterkin to go home; she thought they might find them there, and she agreed to go home with her and Elizabeth Eliza. Meanwhile the postmaster and Mr. Peterkin were to walk round the enclosure in one direction, and Agamemnon and Solomon John in another direction, and two policemen were to pass through the middle.

This was done, and all the parties met in a place behind the tent of the Two-Headed Woman. And just there, sitting on a log, were the two little boys, each eating AN APPLE TART!

*Lucretia P. Hale.*



## CORN HARVEST.

THE fields are filled with a smoky haze.  
 The golden spears  
 Of the ripening ears  
 Peep from the crested and pennoned maize.  
 All down the rustling rows are rolled  
 The portly pumpkins, green and gold.  
 Altogether  
 'Tis very fine weather,  
 Just as the almanac foretold.

In early summer the brigand crew  
 Made ruthless raids  
 On the sprouting blades ;  
 The weeds fought long with the farmer's hoe ;  
 And the raccoons and squirrels have had their share  
 Of all but the good man's toil and care :  
 The shy field-mouse  
 Has filled her house,  
 And the blackbirds are flocking from no one knows where.

But now his time has come : hurrah !  
 To the field, lads ! to-day  
 Our work will be play.  
 Let the blackbirds scream, and the mad crows caw,  
 And the squirrels scold on the wild-cherry limb, —  
 We'll take from the robbers that took from him !  
 Come along, one and all, boys !  
 Big boys and small boys,  
 Long-armed Amos, and Joel, and Jim !

Bring sickles to reap, or blades to strike.  
 Before they have lost  
 In sun and frost  
 The nourishing juices the cattle like,  
 Sucker and stalk must be cut from the hill ;  
 Surround them, and bend them, then hit with a will !  
 Left standing too long,  
 They grow woody and strong ;  
 The corn in the stook will ripen still.

Carry your stroke, lads, close to the ground.  
 Set the stalks upright,  
 And pack them tight  
 In pyramids shapely, and stately, and round.

Give the old lady's skirts a genteel spread ;  
 Slope well the shoulders, so as to shed  
     The autumn rain  
     From the unhusked grain,  
 Then twist a wisp for the queer little head.

There she is, waiting to be embraced !  
     Reach round her who can ?  
     'T will take a man  
 And a boy, at least, to clasp her waist !  
 Was ever a hug like that ? Now draw  
 Tightly the girdle of good oat-straw !  
     With the plumpest waist  
     That ever was laced,  
 Goes the narrowest nightcap ever you saw.

We bind the corn, and leave it snug,  
     Or rest in the shade  
     Of the shocks we have made,  
 To eat our luncheon, and drink from the jug.  
 The children come bringing the bands, or play  
 Hide-and-go-seek in the corn all day,  
     And now and then race  
     With a chipmonk, or chase  
 A scared little field-mouse scampering away.

All day we cut and bind ; till at night, —  
     Where a field of corn in  
     The misty morning  
 Waved, in the level September light, —  
 All over the shadowy stubble-land,  
 The stooks, like Indian wigwams, stand.  
     Compact and secure,  
     There leave them to cure,  
 Till the merry husking-time is at hand.

Then the fodder will be to stack or to house,  
     And the ears to husk.  
     But now the dusk  
 Falls soft as the shadows of cool pine-boughs ;  
 Our good day's work is done ; the night  
 Brings wholesome fatigue and appetite ;  
     Up comes the balloon  
     Of the huge red moon,  
 And home we go, singing gay songs by its light.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

## THE WHITE HOODS OF GHENT.

THE pressure of the feudal system, which bore heavily upon all classes in the Middle Ages, crushed even the semblance of liberty out of the common people. The peasant was the bond-slave of the gentleman, compelled to plough the lands, harvest the crops, thrash and winnow the grain, and do other menial service for his master, with no other reward than the right to live on the estate from which he dared not escape. The noble treated the peasant as a mere beast, deserving no reward for service done, and to be beaten or robbed with impunity.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century, the dissatisfaction of the peasantry with their oppressed condition found vent in murmuring, and at length in open rebellion. Ballads were sung by the people, one of which asked, —

“ When Adam delved and Eve span,  
Who then was the gentleman ? ”

John Ball, an English priest, preached every Sunday to crowds in the open air that slavery was wrong, and that the people should unite to free themselves from bondage. His words were repeated from mouth to mouth all over England, until, under the lead of John Ball, Jack Straw, and Wat Tyler, they rose in rebellion, marched to London, and overawed the King himself; but, discouraged and dispersed by the death of their principal leader, they were made to suffer still greater hardships as a punishment for their rash attempt to gain freedom.

In France, not only the peasantry, but the citizens of Paris, rose in rebellion against the cruelties and exactions of the King and nobles. Several times the Jacquerie, as the rebels were derisively styled, revolted, and sought to exterminate the nobles, but always without success.

In Flanders, the revolt was more successful, because not only the poor people and the ordinary citizens, but the richer burghers, took part in the struggle against the nobility. Here the contest was carried on for many years, and although at last the citizens failed to subdue the nobility, they succeeded in wresting from them important privileges which were never after surrendered.

The chief cities of Flanders were Ghent and Bruges, both places of much trade and consequent wealth. Under the feudal system, cities were allowed especial privileges, which were jealously maintained by the citizens. With their increasing wealth and importance, additional privileges were claimed, and sometimes allowed. The people of Ghent had manifested such tendency towards complete freedom, that their sovereign, the Earl of Flanders, deemed it prudent to check them. He not only refused their demands for greater privileges, but trespassed on those they had long enjoyed. They remonstrated, but their remonstrances met with contemptuous answers, and those who complained were treated with great harshness. Alarmed at the disposition of their sovereign, and discovering the steps he had already taken for

striking a blow, not only at their freedom, but at their commerce, the Ghentese gathered in council, resolved to withstand the aggressions on their privileges, assumed white hoods as a badge of union, and chose a leader. The Earl thereupon sent an insulting message, demanding that the white hoods should be laid aside, and the people cease their opposition to his pleasure, — following his message by an attempt to seize and kill the popular leaders. The White Hoods, learning his intention, at once commenced war. The surrounding nobility, indignant at this defiance of one of their order by the common people, assisted the Earl, whilst the citizens of some other towns joined the Ghentese. Thus the peasantry of England, the commonalty of France, and the merchants, tradesmen, and mechanics of Flanders, were at one and the same time warring against their sovereigns and feudal superiors. Nobles had frequently warred against their sovereigns, but at last the hitherto despised or unthought-of common people had risen against both kings and nobles.

Long and tedious was the struggle between the Flemish people and their lords, and varying the course of victory. But at last the well-appointed forces of the nobles, trained in the art of war, pressed the unskilled citizens sorely, and town after town was subdued, until Ghent alone remained unconquered. Even the Ghentese were discouraged. The White Hoods held a last council in the market-place, to decide whether to carry on the war, or submit to the cruel mercies of the Earl.

Whilst the great council of the people was holding in the market-place, in a modest house in a quiet quarter of the city a young man was pacing thoughtfully to and fro. The book he had been studying lay open on the massive table, at one end of which sat a venerable woman, anxiously watching the young man's movements. The two were Philip van Artevelde and his mother, — the son and widow of that Van Artevelde who, many years before, had led the Ghentese against their tyrannical ruler, won freedom, and been murdered by the men to whom he had given liberty.

"Son, much study disquiets thee," said the mother, laying her hand on the book. "What hast thou been reading?"

"It is not that, mother," said Philip, stopping suddenly, and looking anxiously towards the window. "Hark! dost thou hear nothing?"

"Not a sound. What should I hear?"

"Listen, mother. The people of Ghent have been driven within their walls by the cruel Louis. The White Hoods are beaten and discouraged. The Earl swears a cruel vengeance on them, — on us all. The people meet to-day in the market-place — Hark! Surely I heard a shout. Should they remember what Jacob van Artevelde did for them —"

"Let them remember what they did for *him*," broke in the widow, her face darkening with the recollection. "He gave them freedom, and for it they slew him in his own house. There is the token of their gratitude on his own hearthstone."

Philip glanced at a dark stain on the paved floor, and took two or three turns across the room, with bent head and folded arms. Stopping in front

of the wall on which hung the heavy sword of Jacob van Artevelde, Philip contemplated it thoughtfully. "Peter den Bosch—" he commenced with hesitation.

"Ay, I thought his mission here boded no good. He has put an end to thy studies and to my quiet life. Their ingratitude reft me of a husband, and now they seek the life of my son."

"But Louis of Flanders will visit the deeds of the father upon the head of his son. Should he, proud and cruel, enter Ghent, there will be another stain upon the hearthstone."

At that moment came a knock at the door. Philip hastened to open it, and Peter den Bosch, followed by a dozen of the leading men of Ghent, entered. Philip drew back, pale, agitated, and anxiously awaiting their message. It was soon told. At the meeting in the market-place, when all was doubt and discouragement, Peter den Bosch addressed the people. After recounting the many public services, and praising the valor and wisdom, of Jacob van Artevelde, who, were he then alive, would have saved the city, he announced that the son of their former leader dwelt in retirement among them, that he inherited the wisdom and valor of his father, and that to him alone could the people look for the needed leader. No sooner was his name announced, than all the people set up a great shout. A deputation, headed by Peter den Bosch, was appointed to seek him out, and offer him the government of the city. In the execution of that commission they had come.

With glistening eyes, Philip advanced to accept the trust offered him, when his foot stepped on the slab stained with his father's blood. He drew back in sudden distrust.

"My father was your leader, — and you killed him."

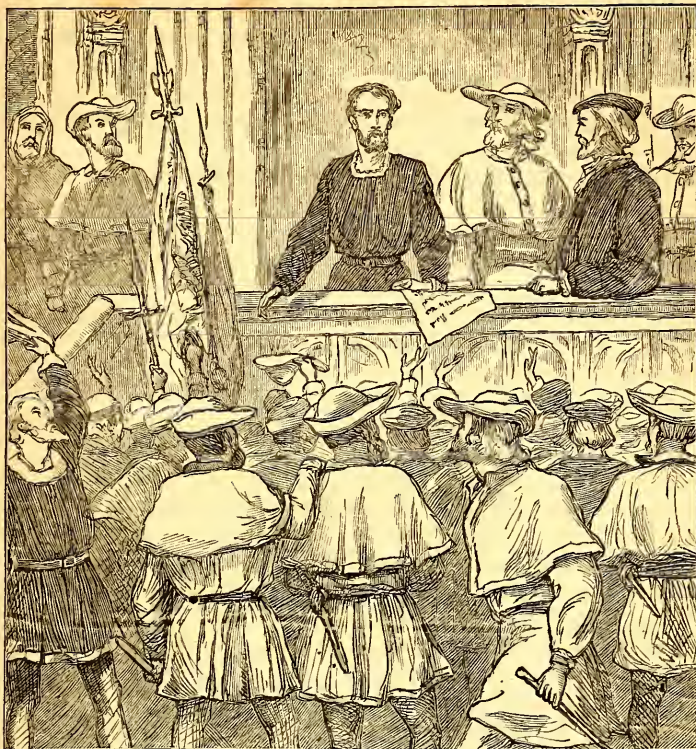
"And, to make amends, we offer the leadership to his son," said Peter den Bosch.

"And I accept it!" said Van Artevelde, taking down his father's sword from the wall. "Mother, I go to save Ghent in my father's name."

"And, I fear, to meet thy father's fate. But the will of God be done. All I have is now given to my country, and my work on earth is done."

Philip hastily embraced his mother, and accompanied the committee to the market-place. Thither most of the people had flocked, and were anxiously awaiting the return of the deputies. At last they appeared at a window of the town hall, followed by a young man who was presented to the people as Philip van Artevelde, son of the good Jacob, who was, like his father, to be the deliverer of Ghent. A tremendous shout arose from the crowd. With one voice they cried, "Give us Van Artevelde for our leader!" Then one by one the great men of the city swore submission to their new ruler. With a tremendous shout, the people also swore to obey him faithfully. Then the crowd slowly returned to their homes, having full faith that relief would now come through the wisdom and valor of their new ruler.

Scarcely had Philip become governor of the city, and assumed command of the White Hoods, when stirring news came. The Earl of Flanders had summoned a great army, and was marching to besiege his rebellious subjects.



Some of the Earl's troops, under command of the Lord d'Anghien, had attacked the small town of Grammont, burned it, and put its inhabitants to the sword, sparing neither men, women, nor children. When news of this dreadful slaughter came to Ghent, there was great wrath. A party of White Hoods set out to revenge the massacre of Grammont. Their work was done sooner than expected. The Lord d'Anghien and a large party of knights were met on their way to another expedition like that against Grammont, and, being outnumbered by the White Hoods, were slaughtered without mercy, — very few, and those mostly of the commoner sort, escaping. The Earl was fearfully enraged on hearing of the disaster, for d'Anghien was his favorite knight. He swore a terrible vengeance, and lost no time in preparing to put his threat into execution. Orders were issued to all the neighboring cities and provinces, that there should be no more trade with Ghent, nor should it be supplied with provisions. Thus famine at last entered the city, and from every house went up a cry of distress. The people were starving to death.

Philip van Artevelde was in the great hall of the Earl's palace, which had been given him for a residence. Peter den Bosch and other leaders of the

White Hoods were seated at one end of the hall, talking in a low voice. Philip paced up and down in deep thought. From without came loud and confused noises as of a great and turbulent crowd. Philip went to the window and looked out. The narrow street was thronged with people, thin, hollow-eyed, starving. When they saw him, they raised a shrill, despairing cry for bread: "Give us bread, or we die!"

Sick at heart, Philip turned from the window. After a few hasty steps up and down the hall, he went up to the council, who were discussing in low tones what should be done, and broke in upon their conference. His voice was harsh, as if the words were wrung from him with pain.

"Debate is useless. There is but one way, and that is submission. I go to beg the Earl's mercy for these poor wretches. What is to be my fate I care not, so that the starving people obtain pardon and bread."

The council rose in dismay. Peter den Bosch stepped in the way of Philip, who was leaving the hall.

"Philip van Artevelde, art thou mad? Is it thus a Van Artevelde abandons the people who set him over them? What mercy dost thou expect from Louis of Flanders, other than the wolf's mercy to the sheep?"

"I ask no mercy for myself, so that he shows mercy to these people, whose piteous cries pierce my soul."

"Listen," said an aged citizen who had taken part in the council; "the words of Van Artevelde are good, but there is a better course yet to pursue. Let ten or twelve of us, known leaders of the people, seek out the Earl, and submit to his mercy, so that he pardon the people of Ghent. But let him swear he will shed no blood, neither of us nor of them, his vengeance being satisfied with our banishment and the seizure of our goods."

To this there was immediate agreement by all but Peter den Bosch, who swore never to place his head within the power of the cruel Louis.

Small preparation was needed for the journey. In a short space, Philip and eleven others set out for Tournay, where they expected to meet the Earl. As they passed through the market-place, all the people of the city gathered to bid them God-speed, having heard of their intended errand. Philip mounted the steps of the town hall to speak to them, when with one accord the multitude fell on their knees, and, raising their emaciated hands in supplication, begged him to bring them back peace, cost what it would. Then Philip, choking with tears at their sad condition, promised that if peace could be had with safety and honor to them, it should be gained, though he himself never saw them more. So, with the prayers and cries of a starving people ringing in their ears, the twelve deputies set out for Tournay, to beg mercy of the pitiless Earl.

It was near the festival of Easter when the deputies set out for Tournay. Easter week passed without a word of tidings reaching the distressed city. Gloomy enough was that time, usually so full of joy and pleasure. The churches were not decorated, and, to the thousands who crowded them to beg that mercy from God which was denied by men, the hymns of gladness pertaining to the season seemed but a mockery. Other days rolled by, still



no tidings. At last, at dusk, when the gates of the city were about to be closed, twelve horsemen rode slowly into the gate leading towards Tournay, and immediately separated, each taking the way leading to his own home. One of these was recognized as Philip van Artevelde. A crowd gathered, hailing him with joy, and begging him for the glad news of peace. But he rode silently on, his head dropped on his breast, his hood pulled low down to his eyes. Fear fell upon the hearts of the people as they followed him, with dread of the message he brought, to his door. There he dismounted, and, before entering the house, turned gloomily to the people.

"Get you to your homes," said he, in a voice that struck a chill of fear to their hearts, "and may God preserve you from harm! To-morrow morning at nine o'clock, in the market-place, you shall know all."

Then, again dropping his head dejectedly, he entered the house. The crowd, sorrowful and full of dread, dispersed to their homes.

Little was the sleep taken in Ghent that night. Before the sun had risen, the whole population was astir, and crowding towards the market-place. Very feebly most of them went, leaning on their sticks; for, so scarce was food, that over thirty thousand had tasted no bread for a fortnight, and in many houses lay the bodies of those who had died of hunger. None that could come or be carried to the market-place remained in their houses that morning. Those that were but lately stout, stalwart men tottered slowly along, clinging to the walls to save themselves from being pushed down. Famished mothers hugged emaciated babies to their bosoms, and hurried to hear their doom. Some, too weak to walk, were borne on pallets to the meeting-place; of these, some died before the appointed hour for the meeting had come. Among the others came a woman clad in deepest black,—a gray-haired woman, bent with age and sorrow. It was the widow of Jacob van Artevelde. She had given her all to support the poor in her neighborhood, and now, famished as the others, and full of anxiety for her son, had come to hear his fate and that of the city.

It was a silent, dejected crowd that thronged the market-place. The news of Philip's gloomy return had rapidly spread, and the worst was anticipated. What could be worse than starving to death it was hard to conceive, and that fate seemed inevitable. The eagerness of curiosity that had brought them there was fast giving place to the lethargy of despair.

The great bell began to toll. The hour had come. A high window in the town hall opened, and out on the broad sill stepped Philip van Artevelde, clad in complete armor. The leaders of the White Hoods, and the deputies who had gone with him to Tournay, gathered in the window behind him.

Not a shout or cry greeted their chief as he looked sadly upon the thousands of ghastly faces turned towards his. There was a silence as of death in all that vast crowd. Not a motion, save that one old and bowed woman, clad in deepest black, clasped her withered hands, and sank to her knees with a heart-broken sob. She knew, with the first glance at her son's face, that all was lost.

Slowly, painfully, Philip told his story. He and his fellow-deputies had

gone to Tournay, but the Earl refused to see them, and remained in Bruges. Great nobles, moved with pity at the dreadful sufferings of the Ghentese, pleaded with the Earl in their behalf, but to no purpose. At length, after many weary days of waiting, came the cruel answer. All the men in Ghent, between the ages of fifteen and sixty, bareheaded, barefooted, naked to their shirts, and with halters around their necks, should come out of the city six miles to a plain. There, kneeling on the bare ground, they should place themselves at the mercy of the Earl, to be killed or pardoned as it pleased him. So bitter was his hatred, that small indeed were the hopes of pardon for the greater number.

Piteous was the distress of the people, when the dreadful message was delivered. Men, women, and children clung to each other, bewailing with tears their husbands, fathers, brothers, and neighbors. No such sorrow had been seen in Ghent since it was a city. Philip himself was so moved that for some minutes he could not speak to the people. At last he commanded silence. He told them a decision must be made, and that quickly. One of three things must be done. Either close the gates securely, go into the churches, confess their sins, and die of starvation, like martyrs abandoned of men but resting themselves in God's mercy; or submit to the hard conditions of the Earl, trusting to his forgiveness, but prepared to meet a shameful death; or hastily choose out five or six thousand men to march suddenly upon the Earl at Bruges, either to win relief for Ghent or to meet honorable death. Those nearest him asked what was his advice, for into his hands they placed themselves, having no hope elsewhere.

Instantly Philip's face lighted up with enthusiasm. Drawing his sword, he lifted it in the sight of all the multitude, in a few ringing words spurring them on to a last glorious attempt for life and freedom. The flash of his blade kindled the enthusiasm of the people into flame. A thousand swords were drawn in answer. Even the old men, tottering with age and famine, waved their sticks and crutches. Women pressed their children convulsively to their bosoms, thinking of the possible victory that should bring them bread. The meeting broke up in haste, every one hurrying home to prepare for the march that was to take place on the morrow.

Never had army set forth to seek battle like that which on May-day, 1382, left the city of Ghent and took the road to Bruges. Five thousand gaunt, haggard men, so weak with long-continued hunger that they tottered under the light armor they wore, and scarce had strength to wield their heavy weapons. Two days must pass before they could expect to give battle, and for the support of five thousand men during those two days, they had but seven cart-loads of provision,—five being of bread and two of wine. Even this scanty supply seriously diminished the store that was to provision the city until their return.

Those who were left behind were more miserable and hunger-stricken than they who set forth, for all capable of bearing arms and of marching had been taken. Wretched objects were they who lined the streets, feebly waving a farewell to their scarcely less wretched friends who were setting forth to battle.

“Good friends,” said one of the leaders of those left behind to Philip and his comrades, “you see what you leave behind ; but never think of returning, unless you can do so with honor, for you will find nothing here. The moment we hear of your defeat or death we will set fire to the town, and perish in the flames, like men in despair.”

Thus with death from hunger behind, and death in battle menacing them in front, marched out of Ghent the miserable five thousand. The heavy gates shut with a clang as the last White Hood passed out. The people within the walls betook them to the churches to pray for victory and deliverance.

It was on a Thursday that the White Hoods set out for Bruges. That night they encamped after about three miles' march. On Friday, they marched all day, and in the evening encamped within three or four miles of Bruges. During the whole time they touched no part of their slender store of provisions, staying their hunger as best they might with such few supplies as they could pick up on the way.

Saturday morning broke clear and bright. It was the festival of the Holy Cross, and the people of Bruges, with the Earl Louis and his army, who were in the city, prepared to celebrate it with great pomp and splendor. The churches were filled. The services were made more than usually imposing by the magnificent vestments of the priests and the costly decorations of the altars, which fairly blazed with gold and gems. Long processions with golden crosses and silk banners marched through the streets. In the midst of all this pageantry came news that the half-starved White Hoods of Ghent were within a few miles of the city, preferring to be killed in battle rather than to die at home of hunger. The Bruges men were filled with merriment at the thought of these starvelings marching upon them. No sooner were the church services over, than they armed themselves hastily to rush upon and slaughter the small and weak band who had come out to seek death. Earl Louis and his knights rode with them ; the whole army numbering over forty thousand men, well armed and well fed. The Ghent army numbered but five thousand, enfeebled by long fasting and by their weary march.

There was but little rejoicing among the White Hoods when the sun rose that morning. They were weak, weary, and hungry. Every minute they expected to see the Bruges army marching upon them. Badly conditioned as they were, they remembered it was a festival day. With the first light, religious services were held throughout the camp. Sermons were preached by the monks, encouraging the men to bravery and resolution ; after which the White Hoods embraced, taking leave of one another as men who parted never to meet again. Many were the tears shed as they thought of those left miserably at home. After the services were over, they gathered around a small hill, where Philip addressed them, recounting the causes of the war, the many evils suffered at the hands of the Earl, and the distress brought upon them through his hard-hearted rejection of their appeals for mercy. He told them defeat was death to themselves, and worse misery to their wives and children than what they now endured. Then he bade them divide

the provisions so carefully preserved, and to spare none ; for if they lost the battle, there would be no occasion for eating, and if they won it, there would be food enough for themselves and for all Ghent.

The bread and wine were soon divided and eaten. Then the White Hoods waited patiently the coming of the army from Bruges, which they judged would not wait long before attacking them. Soon they were seen coming, — a mighty host, eight times their number, the citizens first with bows, swords, sharp-pointed staves, or short spears, and with rude cannon, which they fired upon the Ghentese as they advanced. Behind the first body of Bruges men came the Earl, with his knights and men-at-arms, in complete armor, with banners displayed, and the bright points of their long spears glancing in the sun. But the sun which glittered on their spears also shone full in the faces of the Bruges men, greatly discommoding them, as their eyes were dazzled.

When this powerful army neared the position of the Ghentese, the latter suddenly fired all their cannon, and with loud shouts of "Ghent ! Ghent !" rushed fiercely upon their enemies, striking desperate blows. A panic seized the men of Bruges. Instead of fighting, they dropped their swords and staves, running in terror in all directions. In a few minutes the whole forty thousand were fleeing in confusion, treading one another underfoot in their hurry to escape, whilst the White Hoods knocked them down right and left, without getting a blow in return. Right into the gates of Bruges the victors pursued their enemies, and through the streets they hunted them. The Earl, who escaped only by changing clothes with his servant, and stealthily creeping through the narrow streets in the darkness, secreted himself in the straw under the roof of a poor widow's little cottage, where he remained until, with the assistance of a friend, he got away from the city.

That night, in the middle of the market-place of Bruges, which was lighted up with hundreds of torches, Philip van Artevelde issued his orders as ruler of the two chief cities of Flanders. That night the men of Ghent feasted as they had not done for long weeks before. Next morning, with the first light, messengers on fleet horses were despatched to Ghent, announcing that immense stores of provisions were on the way to relieve their distress. Soon the bells of that city were joyfully ringing, the churches were filled with people weeping for joy at their deliverance, and then crowds went out in procession to meet the long trains of carts loaded with food and wine. In a few days the news of the victory had travelled far and wide, so that all Flanders, France, and even sea-girt England, were ringing with the great deeds of the  
WHITE HOODS OF GHENT.

*J. H. A. Bone.*



## A U T U M N .

THE earth is turning brown, dear,  
 The earth is turning brown ;  
 The birds, full-grown, have already flown,  
 And the leaves are whirling down.  
 There 's no green grass in the lane, child,  
 There are no red berries in the wood ;  
 The world is no longer at Spring, child,  
 It has chosen another mood.

There 's not a nest but hangs confessed  
 Empty and quite forlorn ;  
 The frogs have forgotten the score of June,  
 The crickets have come and gone ;  
 Rose-trees that bloomed in the summer noon  
 Have nothing left but a thorn.

Yet think you Nature loves not as well  
 Her season of dumb repose ?  
 Think you she misses the bluebird's swell,  
 The robin's trill, the thrush's thrill,  
 Or even the fragrant rose ?  
 I trow she knows that the drifting snows  
 Are good for the dreaming flowers ;  
 That Spring doth borrow a hint from the sorrow  
 Of these bare, brown Autumn hours.

Whether the earth be brown, child,  
 Whether the sky be blue,  
 Whether the roses be plenty,  
 Or whether the lilies be few,  
 There 's always work in the vineyard,  
 Waiting for me as for you.  
 Then let us smile in the Autumn,  
 Let us be glad in the Spring,  
 Knowing the final rejoicing  
 Depends on the sheaves that we bring.

*Mary N. Prescott.*

THE TALK OF THE TREES THAT STAND IN THE  
VILLAGE STREET.

HOW still it is ! — nobody in the village street ; the children all at school, and the very dogs sleeping lazily in the sunshine ; only a south wind blows lightly through the trees, lifting the great fans of the horse-chestnut, tossing the slight branches of the elm against the sky, like single feathers of a great plume, and swinging out fragrance from the heavy-hanging linden-blossoms.

Through the silence there is a little murmur, like a low song ; it is the song of the trees ; each has its own voice, which may be known from all others by the ear that has learned how to listen.

The topmost branches of the elm are talking of the sky, — of those highest white clouds that float like tresses of silver hair in the far blue, — of the sunrise gold and the rose-color of sunset, that always rest upon them most lovingly. But down deep in the heart of the great branches, you may hear something quite different, and not less sweet.

“Peep under my leaves,” sings the elm-tree, “out at the ends of my broadest branches. What hangs there so soft and gray ? Who comes with a flash of wings and gleam of golden breast among the dark leaves, and sits above the gray hanging nest to sing his full sweet tune ? Who worked there together so happily all the May-time, with gray honeysuckle fibres, twining the little nest, until there it hung securely over the road, bound and tied and woven firmly to the slender twigs, — so slender, that the squirrels even cannot creep down for the eggs, much less can Jack or Neddy, who are so fond of bird’s-nesting, ever hope to reach the home of our golden robin ?

“There my leaves shelter him like a roof from rain and from sunshine. I rock the cradle when the father and mother are away, and the little ones cry, and in my softest tone I sing to them ; yet they are never quite satisfied with me, but beat their wings, and stretch out their heads, and cannot be happy until they hear their father.

“The squirrel, who lives in the hole where the two great branches part, hears what I say, and curls up his tail, while he turns his bright eyes towards the swinging nest which he can never reach.”

The fanning wind wafts across the road the voice of the old horse-chestnut, who also has a word to say about the bird’s-nests.

“When my blossoms were fresh white pyramids, came a swift flutter of wings about them one day, and a dazzlingly beautiful little bird thrust his long, delicate bill among the flowers ; and while he held himself there in the air, without touching his tiny feet to twig or stem, but only by the swift fanning of long green-tinted wings, I offered him my best flowers for his breakfast, and bowed my great leaves as a welcome to him. The dear little thing had been here before, while yet the sticky brown buds which wrap up my leaves had not burst open to the warm sunshine. He and his mate, whose

feather dress was not so fine as his, gathered the gum from the outside of the buds, and pulled the warm wool from the inside; and I could watch them, as they flew away to the maple yonder; for then the trees that stand between us had no leaves to hide the maple as they do now.

“Back and forth flew the birds, from the topmost maple-branch to my opening buds; and day by day I saw a little nest growing, very small and round, lined warmly with wool from my buds, and thatched all over the outside with bits of lichen, gray and green, to match what grew on the maple-branches about it; and this thatch was glued on with the gum from my brown buds. When it was finished, it was delicate enough for the cradle of a little princess; and the outside was so carefully matched to the tree by lichens that the sharpest eyes from below could not detect it. What a safe, snug home for the humming-birds!

“By the time the two tiny eggs were laid, I could no longer see the nest, for the thick foliage of other trees had built up a green wall between me and it. But for many days the mother-bird stayed away, and the father came alone to drink honey from my blossom cups; so I knew that the eggs were hatching under her warm folded wings; for I have seen such things before among my own branches in the robins’ nests and the bluebirds’.

“Now my flowers are all gone, and in their place the nuts are growing in their prickly balls. I have nothing to tempt the humming-bird, and he never visits me; only the yellow birds hop gayly from branch to branch, and the robins come sometimes.” And the horse-chestnut sighed, for he missed the humming-bird; and he flapped his great leaves in the very face of the linden-blossoms, and forgot to say, “Excuse me.” But the linden is now, and for many days, full of sweetness, and will not answer ungraciously even so careless a touch.

Yes, the linden is full of sweetness, and sends out the fragrance from his blossoms in through the chamber windows, and down upon the people who pass in the street below; and he tells, all the time, his story of how his pink-covered leaf-buds opened in the spring mornings, and unfolded the fresh green leaves, which were so tender and full of green juices that it was no wonder the mother-moth had thought the branches a good place whereon to lay her eggs; for, as soon as they should be all laid, she would die, and there would be no one to provide food for her babies when they should creep out.

“So the nice mother-moth made a toilsome journey up my great trunk,” sung the linden, “and left her eggs where she knew the freshest green leaves would be coming out by the time the young ones should leave the eggs.

“And they came out indeed, somewhat to my sorrow; for instead of being, like their mother, sober, well-behaved little moths, they were green canker-worms, and such hungry little things, that I really began to fear I should have not a whole leaf left upon me, when one day they spun for themselves fine silken ropes, and swung themselves down from leaf to leaf, and from branch to branch, and in a day or two were all gone.

“A little flaxen-haired girl sat on the broad doorstep at my feet, and!

caught the canker-worms in her white apron. She liked to see them hump up their backs and measure off the inches of her white checked apron with their little green bodies. And I, although I liked them well enough at first, was not sorry to lose them when they went. I heard the child's mother telling her that they had come down to make for themselves beds in the earth, where they would sleep until the early spring, and wake to find themselves grown into moths just like their mothers who climbed up the tree to lay eggs. We shall see, when next spring comes, if that is so. Now since they went I have done my best to refresh my leaves and keep young and happy; and here are my sweet blossoms to prove that I have yet within me vigorous life."

The elm-tree heard what the linden sung; and said, "Very true, very true: I too have suffered from the canker-worms; but I have yet leaves enough left for a beautiful shade, and the poor crawling things must surely eat something." And the elm bowed gracefully to the linden, out of sympathy for him.

But the linden has heard the voices of the young robins who live in the nest among his highest boughs; and he must yet tell to the horse-chestnut how sad it was, the other day in the thunder-storm, when the wind upset the nest, and one little bird was thrown out and killed, while the father and mother flew about in the greatest distress, until Charley came, climbed the tree, and fitted the nest safely back into its place.

How much the trees have to say! And there is the pine, who was born and brought up in the woods: he is always whispering secrets of the great forest, and of the river beside which he grew. The other trees can't always understand him; he is the poet among them, and a poet is always suspected of knowing a little more than any one else.

Sometime I may try to tell you something of what he says; but here ends the talk of the trees that stood in the village street.

*Author of "The Seven Little Sisters."*



## LITTLE DILLY; OR, THE USE OF TEARS.

### I.

I HAVE something to tell you about a little girl named Dilly, and her servants.

Dilly was six years old, and her servants were just as old as she was. Their names were Blue Eyes, Rosy Lips, Nimble Fingers, and Ten Toes. I call these her servants, because they had to do exactly as she bade them.

Now Dilly did not treat all her servants alike, but made Nimble Fingers and Ten Toes do all the hardest of the work. This came pretty hard upon poor little Ten Toes; for, though there were plenty of them, they were very small. In fact, among them was that very same Little Toe that cried "Queen,



quee, quee," because he could not get over the barn-door sill. It was their business to carry Dilly everywhere she wanted to go. And a hard time enough they had of it, — always on the trot, up stairs, and down stairs, and in the lady's chamber.

Nimble Fingers had to string beads, to write letters on the slate, and to pick the flowers for Dilly to make wreaths of. They had also to wait upon Rosy Lips, and feed them with bread and milk, and cherries.

But, of all her servants, Dilly thought the most of Blue Eyes. These held the highest place, and looked down upon all the rest. It was their duty to be always on the watch from morning till night. They had to see that Nimble Fingers did their work well, and to look out for thorns when they picked their roses.

Dilly had reason to think a good deal of her Blue Eyes, for without them she would n't have known whether a rose was pink or black. She could n't have seen the stars, or the moonlight, or the sunshine. She could n't have known how the baby looked. Shut up your eyes for five minutes. Ask your mother to tell you when the time is up. Have you done it? How dark it was! Now don't you think a great deal of your eyes?

Dilly did. She let them take care of the most precious things she had in the world. Can you guess what those were? Think what your eyes have to take care of, and then you'll know. They were her tears. Dilly let Blue Eyes take care of her tears. Besides this, they always had to help Rosy Lips to smile. Look at your little cousin when she is pleased, and you will see that her eyes and lips always laugh together. They laugh together, and they cry together.

But I think Rosy Lips had the prettiest things to do, and the pleasantest. They had the songs to sing, and — something else, very nice. Can you guess what I mean? Kissing? Yes, kissing; they had to do every bit of the kissing, and liked it too.

Do you know now why I call Blue Eyes, Rosy Lips, Nimble Fingers, and Ten Toes the servants of Dilly? I call them her servants because they had to do exactly as she bade them. If she bade them do wrong things, they had to mind her, as you will see if you keep on reading this little bit of a story, which is hardly a story at all, but only something about Dilly.

I shall make believe that Dilly talked to her servants, and that they talked to her very softly, so that nobody could hear.

One day she told Nimble Fingers to pop into the sugar-bowl, for Rosy Lips wanted a lump of sugar. They used a great deal of sweetening in their kisses.

"Shall we get a big lump or a small one?" asked Fore Finger, who was always foremost in everything.

"A big one," said Dilly, — "the very biggest."

But before the biggest lump was found, her mother called out, "Dilly, Dilly! that's not the place for your fingers. I can find better work for them than stirring up my white sugar!"

"What shall we do?" asked Blue Eyes; "shall we cry?"

"Yes, cry," said Dilly. "Let the tears come, because I can't have a big lump."

"And what shall we do?" asked Rosy Lips; "shall we pout? Yes, we will pout."

So Blue Eyes cried, and Rosy Lips pouted. But Dilly's mother said, "Come and help me. I'm shelling peas."

"Shall we stop crying?" asked Blue Eyes.

"Not quite yet," said Dilly. "I must have a few more tears."

But at last she told Nimble Fingers to wipe them all away and shell as fast as they could. And Nimble Fingers minded every word she said. Nobody would have believed they would have filled the tin cup so soon. But then, you know, they were just right to shell peas.

After all the peas were shelled, Dilly went out to play in the garden.

"We want to trot along in that path," said Ten Toes. "All the prettiest flowers are blooming there."

"But you can't go there," said Dilly. "Sister Ellen says they are her very nicest flowers. She won't allow me there at all."

"Only see how smooth the path is!" said Ten Toes; "no stones to hurt us."

"Well," said Dilly, "if you will be ever and ever so careful, I will let you trot along there just this once."

And growing there was a beautiful white lily, very sweet and graceful.

"We want to break it off," said Nimble Fingers, "because it is so pretty, and it has no thorns."

"But," said Dilly, "I was told never to break off a flower without leave."

"Only just this once. O, how smooth the stem is! Do let us," said Fore Finger, who was already feeling about it. So Dilly let Nimble Fingers do as they pleased, and they broke off the beautiful white lily.

But when her grown-up sister Ellen saw what she had done, she said, "O Dilly! did these naughty fingers do this? They must be punished."

So she took a black string, — quite a wide black string, — and tied it around Fore Finger, saying, "This must be kept on your finger all day, that you may not forget what a naughty thing it did."

Then Blue Eyes said, "What shall we do? shall we cry?"

"Yes," said Dilly. "For when Brother Eddy comes home he will say, 'Dilly, what do you wear that black string for?' And I shall have to say, 'Because I broke off the lily.'"

So Blue Eyes let out their tears, and they went rolling down the little fat cheeks; and one got into a dimple, and could n't get out.

Just then Eddy came in from school. Eddy was ten. He came running into the room, calling out, "Heigh, Dilly! ho, Dilly! your tears are all running away; get something to hold them." So he held a porringer under her chin.

Then Rosy Lips said, "We are going to smile. We must." So Blue Eyes had to send back their tears, for you know that when Lips wanted to smile, Eyes had to help them.

Then dinner was ready, and they went to eat their peas.



After dinner, Dilly's mother said, "Now, my little girl, you must sew a piece twice as long as your longest finger."

So Dilly measured a piece twice as long as her longest finger, and stuck in a pin. The name of the longest finger was Middle Finger. It always stood next to Fore Finger, and was a head taller. In fact, it was the tallest of the row, and, on that account, was permitted to wear a hat.

When it had been half an hour, Dilly found she had only sewed a piece as long as Little Finger, which, you know, is the very shortest of all, and always stands at the foot. The truth was, she had been looking out of the window to see a yellow dog with a black tail. A boy was making him sit on his hind legs.

"O dear!" said Dilly, "what a little bit I have sewed! I shall never get done!"

"You must make your fingers work faster," said her mother; "they are lazy fingers."

And so they were, considering they had two thumbs to help them.

So Dilly said to Nimble Fingers, "Work, work, work! Fly as fast as you can, but don't prick yourselves."

And in fifteen minutes she had sewed to the pin, and three stitches on the other side. Her work was a pillow-case for the pillow of her little bed.

"Now, Blue Eyes," said she, "you may look out of the window just as long as you please."

But the yellow dog had gone, and carried his black tail with him. He went to dig up a bone he had buried the day before. Still, there were other

things quite as well worth looking at. Would n't you rather see a flock of sheep, with their little white lambs, than a yellow dog with a black tail? To be sure you would; anybody would.

And a flock of sheep with their little white lambs was just what went past the window. Then Rosy Lips began to laugh, and to say, "Baa, baa"; and Blue Eyes helped them laugh, and watched the sheep and lambs till they had passed by; and as for Nimble Fingers, they clapped as fast as they could, because Dilly was so pleased.

Then said she to Ten Toes, "Bestir yourselves now, for I must run and see where the sheep are going with their white lambs this fine day. And I shall ask the man to sell me the very smallest one of all for my ten-cent piece and my five-cent piece and my bright cent. And if he does, I shall tie a pink ribbon round its neck, and name it Angelina."

Then Ten Toes bestirred themselves gladly enough, for they had been quiet nearly a whole hour. And in two minutes Dilly had opened the gate, and was running off bareheaded after the sheep.

But her father, who was in the yard tying up a rose-bush, called out, "Where now, Dilly?"

"To catch the sheep," said she.

"O no, no," said her father, "it won't do to run after the sheep. You'll get lost."

"O dear!" said Dilly.

"What shall we do?" said Blue Eyes; "shall we cry?"

"Yes," said she, "cry; for now I can't have any little lamb, and can't tie a ribbon round its neck and call it Angelina. O dear!"

Then the tears came gushing out, and wet Blue Eyes all over; and it was just as much as Nimble Fingers could do to wipe them away.

Just then there came along a beautiful coach drawn by four white horses, with silver upon their harness. And somebody on the top was playing a tune. It was too bad, but Dilly could not find out what was painted on the coach door. She could n't see through her tears; and though Nimble Fingers hurried as fast as they could to wipe them, yet the coach had gone by before she could tell whether what was painted on the coach door was a bunch of roses with a stalk of green leaves, or a lady in a red dress carrying a green parasol. And she does n't know to this day, nor what the man on top was playing his tune upon.

While Dilly stood at the gate, watching what a cloud of dust the coach left behind, there came along somebody whom the children called the funny man. He loved all the little folks, and was always talking with them just for the fun of it, to see what they would say; and was always feeling in his pockets for something to give them, but never had anything there.

When the funny man saw Dilly standing there so sober, his eyes began to twinkle; and he began to scratch his head, and to feel in his vest-pocket with his thumb and finger.

"Is that you, Dilly?" said he. "O yes, that's you, — is n't it? So 't is. Don't you want some shiny shoes?"

"I have a pair," said Dilly. "My mother keeps them in her shoe-bag."

"Oh!" said the funny man. "Well, don't you want a new hat with pink feathers in it?"

"Yes, sir," said Dilly.

"Turned up, or turned down?" said the funny man.

"Turned up."

"And don't you want a spangled dress?"

"Yes, sir," said Dilly.

"Silver spangles, or gold?"

"Silver," said Dilly.

"Well," said he, "when my ship comes you shall have them. Let me see — if I can find anything — in my other pocket."

So he felt in every one of his pockets, but all he found was a piece of chalk.

"Here," said he, "go and ask your mother to make a man on the door with this nice chalk, — a man with a tall hat, and a kitten chasing him home."

Then said Blue Eyes and Rosy Lips, "What shall we do? shall we laugh?"

"Yes, laugh," said Dilly, "for it will be such a funny picture!"

Then she ran to tell her mother, and began to pick out the door for her to mark on.

But her mother said, "I don't know how to make a man with a tall hat, neither do I know how to make a kitten chasing him home. Besides, chalking on the door is not a nice thing to do. The door will not look clean."

"What shall we do?" said Blue Eyes; "shall we cry?"

"Yes, cry," said Dilly; "for now I can't see the kitten chasing home a man with a tall hat."

"Here are some cross words," said Rosy Lips; "shall we let them out?"

"Let them come," said Dilly.

And the cross words came, but I don't like to say what they were.

"Heigh, Dilly! ho, Dilly!" cried Eddy, bursting into the room. "What's to pay? And how many times have you cried to-day? Do you know that something is going to happen? It is something that you will like very much, and I shall like it a hundred times more."

But Dilly did not answer, for Rosy Lips had no pleasant words ready. So Eddy gave a loud whistle, and ran off to jump on the hay. The grass in the yard had been mown down.

After he had gone, Dilly began to wonder what it was that was going to happen. She wondered so much that she forgot to cry. At last she peeped out of the window, thinking it might happen in the yard. But she only saw Eddy jumping on the hay. Dilly liked to play in the hay herself; most little girls do. She ran down, hoping Eddy would tell her what was going to happen.

"Come here, little Sissy Dilly," said he, "and jump in the hay. It smells nice."

"I wish you would tell me what is going to happen," said Dilly.

"Wait till I've jumped over this haycock three times," said Eddy, "and then I'll tell you."

And when he had jumped three times over the haycock, he said, "Now, little Sissy Dilly, what is going to happen is this. I am going to have a live pony! And when I get my pony, I shall get also a whip, — quite a small, cunning whip, with a snapper to it. And when I am on his back, I shall snap my whip, and say, 'Get up, pony.' No, I sha'n't say, 'Get up, pony.' He must have a name. Pony isn't a name. Suppose that when I wanted you I should say, 'Girl, come here a minute.' You would laugh."

"And what will your pony be named?" asked Dilly.

"I shall name him Jumper," said Eddy, "because I mean to jump him over fences."

"Do girls have ponies?" asked Dilly.

Eddy burst out laughing. "O dear!" said he, "how funny it would be for a girl to have a pony! Boys don't have dolls, — do they? But I'll tell you what you can have," said he, for he saw that Dilly looked very sober.

"What can I have?" she asked.

"You can have a ride behind me."

"Can I hold on?"

"Yes, you can hold round my waist."

"And what if you should fall off?"

Eddy burst out laughing again. "I fall off?" said he. "How can I fall off? I'm a boy."

"Oh!" said Dilly, and she began to feel quite happy again.

"We are going to smile," said Rosy Lips.

"We will help you," said Blue Eyes.

"There's a little song behind us, that wants to come out," said Rosy Lips.

"Let it come out," said Dilly. And a merry song it was, with a "tra la la" to every line.

"We want to dance," said Ten Toes.

"Dance away," said Dilly, "there's nothing to hinder."

So she went clapping and dancing through the yard, and through the entry, and never stopped till she came to a nice cool room, where the people were eating supper.

And they had biscuits, and honey, and strawberries, and little sugar cakes; and in the middle of the table was a vase of flowers.

After supper, the day was almost done. The sun was low down in the west. The birds had nearly all done singing, and were getting their little birds to sleep. The flowers that could n't keep awake all night were shutting up their eyes. Dilly sat a long time, watching the blue and crimson clouds.

At last Blue Eyes said, "We are tired; we want to let our little fringed curtains fall over us, and go to sleep."

And Ten Toes said, "We are tired. Let us rest upon the soft bed. Let us carry you now to your crib."

Then came Dilly's mother with a nice white nightgown. She undressed Dilly, and then took her up in her lap; for the baby was asleep long before.

And she held Dilly close in her arms, and sang to her beautiful evening songs.

And when she had sung many sweet songs, she said to her in a low voice, almost in a whisper, "Dilly, dear, do you know how many times you have cried to-day?"

"No," said Dilly, "I can't remember."

But just then she felt the black string on her finger, and she said, "O, when I broke off the lily I cried."

"Yes," said her mother, "that was once. Now think again."

"When I couldn't chase the sheep was twice," said Dilly. "And when you would n't chalk a man and a kitten on the door was three. I guess I've cried three times."

"And the lump of sugar?" asked her mother.

"Four times that makes," said Dilly.

"And you cried before breakfast, because you could n't wear your new shoes. That makes five times. If you cry five times a day, in a week you would cry thirty-five times."

"O dear!" said Dilly. "I don't want to cry thirty-five times!"

"Did crying get you the sugar?" asked her mother.

"No," said Dilly.

"Did crying make your father let you run after the sheep?"

"No, mother."

"Did it put back the lily upon its stem?"

"No, mother."

"Did it put the new shoes on your feet?"

"No."

"Then what good did it do?"

"No good."

"And what do you cry for, if it does no good?"

"I don't know," said Dilly, "but I think it is because the tears come."

"And what else comes besides tears?" asked her mother.

"I don't know," said Dilly. "What does come?"

"Cross looks and naughty words came to-day, almost every time you cried," said her mother.

"I sha' n't cry any more after Eddy's pony comes," said Dilly.

"I hope not," said her mother, "but I'm afraid you'll forget." And then she whispered in Dilly's ear this question:—

"Do you know who will help you be a good girl, if you ask him?"

"God," said Dilly, very softly.

"Yes," said her mother; "but you must ask very often, and you must try, yourself, all the time. You may say your hymn now, Dilly."

Dilly said one verse, and it was this:—

“Lord, I have passed another day,  
And come to thank thee for thy care ;  
Forgive me all my sins, I pray,  
And listen to my evening prayer.”

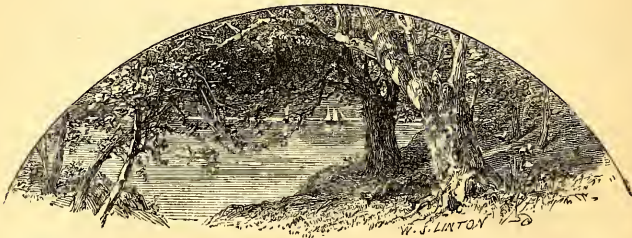
Then Rosy Lips said, “We have a little kiss.”

So her mother stooped down, and took the little kiss from Rosy Lips, and gave one of her own in return.

And when Dilly's mother saw that her eyes were almost shut, so that she could only see just a little bit of the blue, she laid her down upon her little bed, and covered her over with a nice white bed-cover, made on purpose for it, with a fringe around the edge.

As soon as she had fallen fast asleep, Eddy came in on tiptoe, and whispered to his mother that the pony had come, and was named Jumper, and he wanted her to come and see him before he was put in the barn. So she left Dilly sleeping, and went out softly to see Eddy's pony.

*Mrs. A. M. Diaz*



## MARJORIE'S ALMANAC.

### I.

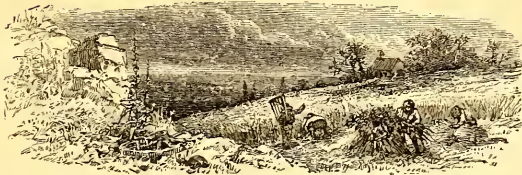
ROBINS in the tree-tops,  
Blossoms in the grass ;  
Green things a-growing  
Everywhere you pass ;  
Sudden little breezes ;  
Showers of silver dew ;  
Black bough and bent twig  
Budding out anew !  
Pine-tree and willow-tree,  
Fringed elm, and larch, —  
Don't you think that May-time 's  
Pleasanter than March ?





## II.

Apples in the orchard,  
 Mellowing one by one ;  
 Strawberries upturning  
 Soft cheeks to the sun ;  
 Roses, faint with sweetness ;  
 Lilies, fair of face ;  
 Drowsy scents and murmurs  
 Haunting every place ;  
 Lengths of golden sunshine ;  
 Moonlight bright as day, —  
 Don't you think that Summer's  
 Pleasanter than May ?



## III.

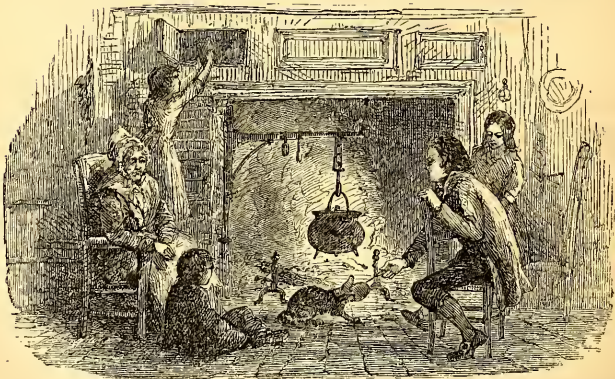
Roger in the corn-patch,  
 Whistling negro-songs ;  
 Pussy by the hearth-side  
 Romping with the tongs ;  
 Chestnuts in the ashes  
 Bursting through the rind ;  
 Red-leaf, and gold-leaf  
 Rustling down the wind ;  
 Mother "doin' peaches"  
 All the afternoon, —  
 Don't you think that Autumn's  
 Pleasanter than June ?



## IV.

Little fairy snow-flakes  
 Dancing in the flue :  
 Old Mr. Santa Claus,  
 What is keeping you ?  
 Twilight and firelight ;  
 Shadows come and go ;  
 Merry chime of sleigh-bells,  
 Tinkling through the snow ;  
 Mother knitting stockings,  
 (Pussy's got the ball !)—  
 Don't you think that Winter's  
 Pleasanter than all ?

*T. B. Aldrich.*



## LESSONS IN MAGIC.

## XII.

OF all the tricks in a conjurer's programme, there are, according to my idea, none so interesting, beautiful, or wonderful, as those which owe their effects to electricity, or rather to electro-magnetism. Owing, however, to the expense attending them, they are unsuited to any but a "professional"; and yet, being my "pets," I have ventured, in this my concluding Lesson, to introduce one, and I think my readers will admit it to be as mysterious as any I have yet explained. What, for instance, can be more wonderful than a drum which beats of itself whilst suspended by cords from the ceiling? There is some motive power, no doubt; but what is it? It cannot be clock-work, for that, when once started, keeps going until run down; whereas this power has an intelligence moving and stopping at command. What is it then? Well, my gracious reader, the motive-power *is* clock-work, controlled, however, by an electro-magnet. But what is an electro-magnet? Ah! I fear much you have slighted your lessons in natural philosophy, or you would know that "an electro-magnet is made by coiling copper wire around a bar of soft iron,"—the most powerful ones are made by bending a thick, cylindrical bar of soft iron into the form of a horseshoe,—the wire must be insulated by being wound with some non-conducting material, as silk, so that the electric current may pass through the whole length of the wire. With the instrument thus prepared, if the two ends of the wire be connected with the poles of a voltaic battery which is in action, the bar will be magnetized, and will hold up a heavy weight so long as the current is passing through the wire. Whenever the current is cut off by disconnecting the wires, the weight will fall, as the bar has lost its magnetic power."

Now that you understand this, I will explain to you in detail

## THE DRUM TRICK.

A small drum is suspended from the ceiling by two cords, and, at the word of command, it begins beating, although untouched by human hands, and without the aid of drumsticks.

Suddenly the performer orders it to stop, and it immediately obeys. To convince the audience that it is not moved by clock-work, he desires them to say when it shall recommence drumming, and when stop. The audience, of course, are astonished, until one sagacious gentleman suggests that "it is not the drum which is hanging there that we hear, but another directly beneath it, under the stage." This idea is immediately seized upon by the rest of the company, who are thoroughly convinced of its truth, when, of a sudden, the performer detaches the wonderful drum from the cords by which it is hung, and carries it up into the aisle of the hall.

It is now silent; but, picking it up, he approaches the incredulous gentleman, and, begging him to place his ear close to the drum, orders it to begin

beating. This it does in the most deafening manner, much to the mortification of the listener.

The performer then carries it back to and off the stage, the drumming still continuing.

From what I have already said, my readers partly understand the trick; but there is still a great deal to explain.

Inside the drum is an arrangement of clock-work very similar to a common clock alarum, placed so that, when it is set in motion, the hammer will just touch the head of the drum.

Over the pallet of the alarum is fixed a lever working on a pivot; one end of this lever is made to press against the pallet by means of a spring, and to the other end is fastened a small piece of iron. Directly under this iron piece is placed an electro-magnet, the wires of which lead outside the drum. The cords by which the drum is held, and which appear to be merely silken ones, are, in fact, insulated wires, which lead from the battery, which is behind the stage. Now, if these wires are connected with the wires of the magnet which is inside the drum, and the battery be set in action, the magnet will attract the piece of iron which is opposite it, the lever will be raised, the pallet of the alarum set at liberty, the clock-work commence running, and the drum begin to play.

To stop it, the assistant who works the battery has only to break the connection, when, of course, the lever will fall again on the pallets, the clock-work stop, and the drum cease to beat. So much for the electrical part. There is also a connection from the outside of the drum, by which the lever which holds the pallet is raised; and it is in this way, by merely pressing with the fingers, that the drum is set beating, when disconnected from the wires and carried through the house.

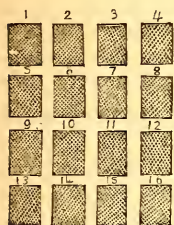
Some magicians, when exhibiting this trick, have a drummer under the stage, who keeps time with his drum to the music of a piano, whilst *the* drum, which is hanging from the ceiling in full view of the audience, merely beats a sort of reveille.

There are a number of electrical tricks, but in all of them an electro-magnet is the motive power; amongst the best of them are The Crystal Casket, The Wonderful Clock, The Obedient Bell, The Patent Fire-arm, and The Electrical Tripod. This last, I believe, is only exhibited by one magician, — Mr. Wiseman, — and was, I understand, made by the Messrs. Chester, the electrical and telegraph instrument-makers, of New York, from designs furnished by him.

The following little card trick, though extremely simple, has a very mysterious appearance, and, when shown before a circle of friends, will at once establish the performer's reputation as a great "prestidigitateur."

Let a person draw a card from the pack, and, when he replaces it, manage to keep your eye on it, or, what is still better, get the little finger of your right hand on it. Now shuffle the cards well, but all the time keep in sight (or keep your finger on) the one that was drawn. Now take a number of cards

from the pack, and amongst them the one that was drawn, and lay them out in four rows, four in a row, with their backs up. In one of these rows you place the card that was drawn. I annex an illustration, showing the manner in which the



cards are laid. I will suppose that No. 6 is the one that was drawn. Request the person who drew it to choose four cards. If he chooses the bottom row, you pick it up. Ask him to choose four more, and four more, and so on until there remains but the row in which the drawn card is. Now ask him to "choose two from those four." If he says "seven and five," you take those up. There are now but two remaining; "Choose one of these two, if you please." Say that he chooses No. 6, which

is the one he drew; in that case you pick up No. 7, saying, "You have chosen the other, so we will dispense with this: now what was the card you drew?" And, when he has answered, you blow mysteriously on the remaining card (which is his), and, turning it over, you show him his card, —making it appear as if by wonderful skill you had changed another into his card.

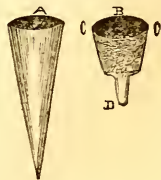
Do my readers understand? The whole trick consists in *misunderstanding* your audience, so that if they *choose*, in the first instance, the card that was drawn, you pick up all the rest, leaving that alone; whereas, if they select another, you take it up; *in all cases leaving the card that was drawn on the table until the last.*

I will now *conclude* my LESSONS IN MAGIC, by explaining

#### THE HORN OF PLENTY.

This is a tin horn, about two feet in length, shaped like a "candy horn," and painted black both outside and in. The outside, however, is generally ornamented; but this is mere fancy. The performer shows that it is empty by holding the mouth of it to the audience, and rattling his "wand" in it; and yet the next moment he brings from it a bouquet of flowers, large enough of itself to fill the inside of the horn, and follows this by *boubons*, toys, &c.

In the accompanying illustration, A represents the horn, and B a piece of tin which goes inside it, — being of such a circumference that the top of it, marked C C, just fits inside the top of the horn; the inside of this lining is painted black, so that the audience, who are at a distance, suppose they see the inside of the horn, whilst the outside is painted to represent a bouquet, and the end of it, marked "D," is white, for the paper with which the bouquet is wrapped.



To show the trick, the horn is filled to within a short distance of the top with toys and candies, and then the lining is placed inside. When exhibiting the trick, care is taken that the audience only see the sides of the lining, which they imagine is a large bouquet, the horn being held high up, so that they may not see that this bunch of flowers is hollow. The lining being out, of course all that remains to be done is to take out the other articles, and dis-

tribute them amongst the audience,—this part being the most attractive feature of the trick.

I must now bid my young readers good by, and only hope that they have been as much pleased in reading as I have been in writing *LESSONS IN MAGIC*.

*P. H. C.*



## OUR LITTLE PRINCE.

“**L**ITTLE Charley is a prince,”—  
 So we said in joyous pride,  
 As we loitered side by side  
 Where the roses bloomed and died  
 Half a dozen summers since.

He was rustling through the leaves  
 Where the golden tassels swayed,  
 Half in pleasure, half afraid;  
 Hiding in the furrowed shade  
 Where the August cricket grieves.

Silken tassels on the corn,  
 Silken curls about his head.  
 “Which is which?” we laughing said,  
 While the sun a glory shed  
 On the curls and tasselled corn.

Saxon eyes and Saxon hair,  
 Saxon blood in every vein,  
 Cheeks like roses after rain;  
 Never shall we see again  
 Childish loveliness so rare.

When the apple and the quince  
 All their summer fragrance shed,  
 How we miss our darling dead!  
 How we miss the curly head  
 Of our darling little prince!

*G. W. Seares.*

## CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S ADVENTURES.

## XV.

“ I HAVE not latterly said much about the Dean ; but you may be very sure that such a fine fellow could not fail to be greatly delighted with the change that had come about, as it not only led us away from our desolate life on the desert island, but gave us the promise at least of the rescue which we had so earnestly prayed for. ‘ We ought to be very thankful,’ said the Dean to me one day, ‘ very thankful indeed for this deliverance.’ But as I did not much relish the habits and customs of these savages, I did not find myself in the same thankful spirit ; so I replied to the Dean, that the change looked much like that of the fish who fell out of the frying-pan into the fire. ‘ You should not say so,’ replied the Dean. ‘ I see the hand of God in it ; and he who has mercifully preserved us through so many trials and dangers will not desert us now.’

“ The Dean said no more at that time, but he became very thoughtful, while, as for myself, I felt quite ashamed that I had spoken so slightly of the savages, and had shown so much impatience with their rather disagreeable company ; for, to tell the truth, their ways were somewhat offensive, as they never washed their faces, and were altogether rather a filthy set.

“ The Dean, however, did not stop with preaching about them, but, on the contrary, did everything he could for them. One of the hunters had gone to catch seals, and, the ice breaking up, he was drifted out to sea, where he took refuge on an iceberg, upon which he managed to drag his dogs and sledge. Here he lived through terrible storms and cold for a whole moon (that being the way they reckon time), and he only escaped finally by the iceberg drifting in near the land, when the sea froze around it. After great trouble he got ashore, with both of his feet dreadfully frozen, which is easily accounted for when you know that the poor fellow had no shelter at all while on the iceberg, and had nothing to eat but his dogs, all of which died of starvation. This savage had no wife, and the Dean took care of him, and dressed his frost-bites, and was so good to him that the savages all called him ‘ *Paw-wei,*’ which means ‘ Little Good-heart.’ So the Dean got on famously ; but the poor frozen savage that he had been so kind to died at last, and was buried in the snow.

“ A child fell on the ice, and broke its arm, and the Dean set it, and made it all right, and to other people he did many things to show his sympathy for them ; but, when he began to tell them about our religion, they did not understand him, and had no mind to listen. This very much grieved the Dean ; for he wanted to convert the whole of them, and thought, if he only knew their language better, he could persuade them all to be Christians, — which I think very likely, for nobody could resist him.

“We remained at the snow village several weeks, but we did not do much more hunting, as the savages seemed to think they had enough for their present wants ; and since they are almost constantly moving about from place to place in search of food, they never store up much for the future. Having enough to eat for the present, they let the future take care of itself ; and, sure of a good meal, they amuse themselves mostly by telling stories, usually about each other, — that is, when they are not eating or sleeping, which I must say occupies most of their time.

“They had a singular custom in their story-telling which I have never seen among any other people. One person recites the story, and the listeners break in, every now and then, with a laughing chorus, that is nothing more than a repetition of the meaningless words, ‘*anna aya,*’ which are sung over and over to any extent. The women generally enjoy it the most, and sing the loudest, especially when a man is concerned. I will give you a specimen of this kind of song, — translated, of course, as I have long since forgotten how to speak their language.

“Eatun is telling the story of a bear-hunt, improvising it as he goes along ; and as you will see that it is a kind of song, I will sing it for you, and you can join in the chorus just as well as if you were all little savages yourselves. We will call it

“THE SONG OF KARSUK’S BEAR-HUNT.

“A bear is seen upon the ice,  
*Anna aya ;*  
 Karsuk goes out to hunt the bear,  
*Anna, anna aya.*

“The dogs get quick upon the trail,  
*Anna aya ;*  
 The dogs are pulling all they can,  
*Anna, anna aya.*

“The bear is running all he can,  
*Anna aya ;*  
 The bear gets tired and cannot run,  
*Anna, anna aya.*

“He turns around to charge Karsuk,  
*Anna aya ;*  
 Karsuk jumps off and runs away,  
*Anna, anna aya.*

“He runs away all full of fright,  
*Anna aya ;*  
 So full of fright he tumbles down,  
*Anna, anna aya.*

“Bear kills the dogs and breaks the sledge,  
*Anna aya ;*  
 What girl will marry such a man ?  
*Anna, anna aya.”*

and so on, after that, they keep *ayaing*, *ayaing*, and *anna-ayaing* uproariously, until they are entirely broken down with shouting and laughing, in the midst of which Karsuk is pretty sure to run away.



“In the same manner I have heard the story of Metak’s love adventure sung, or rather recited, or *amna-aya*-ed, as one might say.

“They use the same *amna-aya* chorus when they sing over the dead, or sing praises of the dead, only, instead of being lively, then it is sung in a solemn tone. I will repeat one called

“THE GRAVE-SONG OF MERAKUT.

“Merakut, Merakut, Merakut dead!

*Amna aya;*

Merakut dead, her lamp is smoking,

*Amna, amna aya.*

“Her children are crying, her baby is freezing,

*Amna aya;*

O, her hut and our hearts are all cold!

*Amna, amna aya.”*

and after that, as in the other song, they keep on *amna-ayaing* for a long while, but with a very doleful voice and manner. Indeed, it is quite as distressing to hear them *amna-aya* the dead as it is amusing to hear them *amna-aya* the living.

“The Dean and I very much wanted to go on another bear-hunt, but the savages said it was too late in the season for that, as the ice had many cracks in it, and there was no use chasing a bear, as he would jump into the first crack he came to, and swim over it to the other side, and there he would be safe enough. And, indeed, when I climbed one day to the top of a tall iceberg, and looked out in the direction of our solitary island, I could see several cracks from a yard to a hundred yards wide, so that it was very fortunate we escaped from the island when we did.

“The savages now said it was time to be moving, or a crack might come between us and the shore. Indeed, the season was getting well advanced; the snow was melting a little, and in places it was quite sloppy; so everything in and about the snow huts, including our own property, was packed upon the sledges, and away we went to the main-land, which was not more than ten miles distant. Here we came upon a village of three huts, built in the hillside very near the sea, and in many respects fitted up as our own had been; only they had regularly constructed walls of stones and turf, which, tapering in from either side, joined at the top, making a space large enough to accommodate two or three families in each hut. Into these three huts were crowded all the men, women, and children that had been in the snow village.

“There we lived five days, after which we took up our march again, keeping along near the shore, where the ice was most solid and safe. Then we came to a deep, broad bay, where the hillside, which was exposed to the south, was quite free from snow, the snow having melted and run down to the sea. Here we halted, and the savages went to some great piles of stones, and brought out from under them a number of seal-skins, which were spread over some narwhal horns that were just like ‘Old Crumpley,’ and in a few

hours they had pitched two comfortable tents, under which we all slept soundly, being very tired. The next day they got more seal-skins, and pitched three more tents, and a few days afterward other people came along, and put up two other tents, making in all seven,— quite a little seal-skin village, and a much more comfortable-looking one than the snow village had been.

“Here it seemed to be the intention of the savages to remain for some time, as they went regularly to work to prepare for hunting various kinds of game, chiefly walruses and seals, and besides these, among others, an animal I had not seen before,— a beautiful rabbit, or hare, rather, very large and pure white. These were quite numerous, and fed upon the buds and bark of the willow-bushes, and were caught by stretching a very long line across the tops of a great number of stones, or piles of stones, rather, which are placed about six feet apart, the line itself being about a foot from the ground. To this line they tied a great number of loops, and then all the people, going out, surrounded the rabbits and drove them under the line, and several of them found themselves noosed when they least expected it. I saw there also a beautiful white bird called a ptarmigan, which is a grouse, but it could not be caught.

“By this time we had become quite domesticated among the savages. They called me *Annorak*, which meant that I resembled the wind when I talked,— that is, I talked when I liked and where I liked, and nothing could stop me, while the Dean was much more sober. Him they finally called *Aupadleit*, which means ‘Little Red-head,’ though the Dean’s hair was not exactly red, but very bright, and the savages admired it very much; so the Dean, to humor them, cut off great locks of it, and gave it to them all round, just as I have known some girls to do when their coquettish fancies got the better of their discretion.

“I took a great interest in Eatum’s children, and this further inclined Mr. and Mrs. Eatum to have a good opinion of me. As they were people of much consequence in their tribe, this was a matter of great importance; and, in truth, the juvenile Eatums were quite an interesting pair of savages, and were fond of play, like any other children. One was a boy and the other a girl. I cannot remember their right names, but the Dean and I christened the boy, *Mop-head*, because of the great quantity of dirty black hair that he had, and the girl we called *Gimlet-eyes*. Mop-head had a little sledge made of bones, just like his father’s; and with this the two children used to play at travelling and other games. Gimlet-eyes had little dolls carved out of bones, which she used to dress up in furs and put on the sledge for Mop-head to drag when they went on their journeys; and he had little spears, and she had little pots and lamps, and they used to make excursions over the snow that you could hardly throw a stone to the end of; and then they would build little snow houses and put the dolls in them, and, while Mop-head went off to hunt, Gimlet-eyes would *anna-aya* them to sleep. Thus you see little children are much alike all the world over.

“In these playful exercises we used to amuse ourselves with the

children ; and when we were travelling about in earnest, the Dean and I pulled Mop-head's sledge for him sometimes, when we were going slow : and he thought it great fun to have the white-faced strangers drag his sister's lamps and pots and dolls along.

“ And now the summer was fairly come. The snow was melting very rapidly, and first in small and then in large streams the water came rushing and roaring down into the sea. The birds soon afterward came back from the south, — the eider-ducks and the little auks, which we had caught in the summer-time when upon the island ; and then, as soon as the snow was all gone, the moss and stunted grass grew green, and plants sprouted up here and there, and the butterflies with bright yellow wings went gathering the honey from flower to flower, and you cannot imagine how glad we were once more to come out of the dreary winter into this bright sunshine and this pleasant summer.

“ It was apparent now why the savages had come to this place, for the little auks arrived in much greater numbers than on our island ; and they lived among the stones on the hillside for miles and miles. There must have been millions on millions of them, and the savages caught them, as we had done, in nets. There were some reindeer too, but these were not often caught. When the savages went on this kind of hunting, two always went together, walking so close, one behind the other, as to appear like one man. As soon as the deer saw the hunters, the latter would turn round and go back the other way, and the deer, being very curious, would follow them. Thus a deer may sometimes be enticed a long distance, and if through a narrow defile, there is then a chance of catching him ; for one of the hunters drops down suddenly behind a rock, while the other goes on as if nothing had happened. The deer, thus cheated, keeps following the single hunter, where he had before followed a double one all unknown to himself, and at length approaches very near to the hunter lying behind the rock. As soon as the deer comes within a few yards of him, this concealed hunter rises, and throws his harpoon, the line of which he has previously made fast to a rock. If fortunate enough to hit the deer, and the harpoon to hold, the animal is easily killed by the two hunters, who attack it with their spears.

“ Besides the birds that I have told you of, there came a great many snipes, and different varieties of sea-gulls, and ducks of various species, and gerfalcons, and ravens, — also some little sparrows.

“ I was very desirous to know how they managed to make their harpoon and spear heads, as I observed that they were all tipped with iron. So one day they took us over to a place they call *Savisavick*, which means ‘ The Iron Place,’ — the name being derived from a large block of meteoric iron, from which the savages chipped small scales ; and these were set in the edges and tips of their harpoon and spear heads, just as I had done with my brass buttons. They also made knives in the same way. Many of their spear-handles were nothing more than narwhal horns, just like ‘ Old Crumpley ’ ; and so you see how the Lord provides for all his creatures, endowing them all, whether white or black or copper-colored, with the same instinct of self-preservation,

which leads them to seek and obtain for the security of their lives the materials that He places within their reach. How beautiful are all His works ! and how constantly He watches over the rich and the poor, the savage and the Christian, the just and the unjust, alike !

“ Thus occupied, we drifted on (as nearly as we could keep our reckoning) into the final week of July. There was scarcely any snow left on the hill-sides by this time ; the air was filled with the incessant cry of birds and the constant splash of falling waters. We could sleep well enough once more on the green grass in the open air ; and another period of watching now began, for here it was that the vessels passed nearly every year, as the savages told us. Sometimes, however, they did not stop ; but, when the ships appeared, the savages always went to a valley facing the sea, from one side of which the snow never melted, and, running to and fro over the white snow, endeavored to attract the attention of the people on the ships.

“ We were much alarmed to find the ice holding very firmly along the shore ; and, as far away as the eye could reach, there was not much water to be seen. At last, however, a strong wind came, and started the ice. Some cracks were soon opened, and then a long lead or lane of water was seen stretching away to the south, and running close in by the land.

“ The savages said that the *Oomeksuaks* (big ships) would come very soon now, if at all, so we watched very carefully for them. The Dean and I did not hunt any more, as the savages, seeing how anxious we were, and how our hearts yearned for our own homes and kindred, provided us with food in abundance ; and, besides this, they sent some of their women and young lads to aid us in looking out for the ships.

“ Thus the time wore on, and we were becoming very fearful that the ships would not come at all. This was a dreadful thought to us, for, although the savages were very kind, yet we looked forward with great dread to living long with them. Besides this and our longing to get home, we had had quite enough of this cold, desolate part of the world, where the sun never sets in summer nor rises in winter.

“ While reflecting in this way, we heard one of the savages cry out ‘ *Oomeksuak, oomeksuak !* ’ several times ; and, running a little higher up the hill-side whence the cry proceeded, our eyes were gladdened by seeing far off, with the hull yet hidden below the horizon, a ship under full sail, bearing directly towards us. At first the Dean, who had been so often cheated, thought it might be an iceberg ; but it was clearly a ship that we saw this time. From fear that it might be an iceberg, we passed now to fear that it might hold off from the land, and not discover us, which would be even harder to bear.

“ After a while the hull of the ship was plainly to be seen, and soon afterward we discovered that the ship was not alone, but that another was following only a few miles behind it ; and by and by two more were seen, making four, and then a fifth hove in sight some hours later.

“ You will see directly how fortunate it was for us that there were so many of these ships ; for, as we had feared, the first ship held so far away

from the land that it was hopeless to think of being seen from her. But the lead through which this first ship had sailed off from the land was closed up before the others could enter it; and now these other ships were forced to come nearer to us. Seeing this, we hastened to the white hillside I have spoken of before, all the savages accompanying us, and we all began running up and down; but the next ship was still too far away to discover us. And the same with another, and still another. Thus had four ships gone by without any soul on board being aware that two poor shipwrecked boys were so near, calling to them, and praying with all their might that they might see or hear.

“But there was yet a fifth ship, a long way behind all the others, and we still had hope. If this failed us, all was over, and we must be content to live with the savages. We had observed one thing which gave us great encouragement. Each ship that had passed us came a little nearer to the land; and this we saw was in consequence of the ice drifting steadily in before the wind. Indeed, by the time the last ship came along, the ice had pushed in ahead of her, and had touched the land, while the other ships had run through just in time.

“When the people on board saw what was ahead of them, and that they could not pass, they tacked ship, and stood right away from us; but we saw clearly enough, from our elevated position on the hill, that they were not likely to get through in that direction,—which was, no doubt, a much more pleasant thing for us than for the people on board. This prediction proved true; for presently they tacked again, and stood straight in towards where we were standing. Coming very near the shore, we did everything we could to attract their attention. We shouted, we threw up our caps, and waved them round our heads, and we ran here and there across the white snow,—all the savages doing the same.

“The ship is so near, at last, that we can faintly see the people on the deck; why can they not see us?

“The sails are shivering; the ship is coming to the wind! Have they seen us? are they heaving the vessel to? will they send a boat ashore to fetch us off?

“We hear the creaking of the blocks; the yards are swinging round; the braces are hauled taut; the other tack is aboard; they *are not* heaving to!

“The vessel fills away again; the sails are bulging out; the vessel drives ahead; they have not seen us!

“Shout again! Up and down, up and down once more across the snow,—shout! shout all in chorus! but it is of no use.

“The bows fall off; the vessel turns back upon her course. Where is she going now? is she homeward bound?

“O no! she steers for the land; she nears it; she passes beyond a point below us, and is out of sight! Where has she gone?

“We follow after her, hurrying all we can. Miles of rough travelling over rocks and through deep gorges,—climbing down one side and up the other,—in breathless haste hurrying on. The savages are with us.

“What is our hope? It is that the vessel, failing to get through the ice, has sought the land for shelter.

“Soon we round a lofty cliff, that rises almost squarely from the sea, with only a narrow, rugged track between it and the water, and we come upon a narrow bay. A little farther, and there the vessel lies before us, — quietly at anchor, with her sails all snugly furled.

“Again we see the men upon the deck, — faintly, but still we see them.

“Again we shout.

“We see a man halting by the bulwarks ; something glitters in his hand. Is it a spy-glass ?

“No ; he moves away.

“Is that a man mounting to the mizzen cross-trees ?

“Yes, it is a man.

“Is that a spy-glass glittering in his hand ? Yes, surely it must be.

“He waves his cap ; he shouts to those below ; he descends ; all is bustle on the deck ; a boat is lowered to the water ; men spring into it ; the oars are dropped ; the men give way ; the boat heads for the spot where we are standing ; we are discovered ! O, God be praised ! at last, at last !

“The boat cuts through the water quickly ; it nears us ; again we see white human faces ; again we hear human speech in a familiar tongue.

“‘In oars !’ — the boat touches the rocks, and we are there to take the painter, and to make her fast.

“Two of the men spring out ; a man rises in the stern ; he shades his eyes with his hands, as if to protect them from the glaring sun, and stares at us, and then at the savages, who — of both sexes, and of every age and size — surround us. Then he calls out, ‘Is there a white man in that crowd ?’

“‘Yes, sir ; two of them.’

“He paused a moment, and his boat’s crew all seemed startled by the answer. Then he stared at me again, and cried : ‘Is that the lubber Hardy, of the Blackbird ?’

“‘Yes, sir ; it is.’

“‘Is that other chap the cabin-boy ? — him they called the Dean ?’

“‘Yes, sir,’ spoke up the Dean.

“In an instant the man was on the rocks, and had us by the hands ; and now we recognized *him*. He was the master of a ship that lay alongside the Blackbird when we first went among the ice, catching seals. His ship was the Rob Roy, of Aberdeen.

“He told us that, the Blackbird not having been heard from in all this time, it was thought that she must have gone down somewhere among the ice, with all on board ; and he told us further, that he was on a whaling-voyage now, and then he said, ‘The Rob Roy will give you a bonny welcome, lads.’

“All this time the savages were *yeh-yehing* round us, greatly to the amusement of the captain of the Rob Roy and his boat’s crew. Then, when I told the captain how good they had been to us, he sent his boat right back to the ship, and had fetched for them wood and knives and iron and needles in such great abundance that they set up a *yeh, yeh*, in consequence, which, for anything I know, may be, as it ought to be, going on even to this present time.

“We kept our promise to give Eatum all our property; but the captain of the Rob Roy wanted ‘Old Crumpley’ and ‘The Dean’s Delight,’ and our pot and lamp, and some other things; so he gave the savage other valuables in place of them. Then we said good-by to our savage friends, which we of course did not do without some feelings of sorrow and regret at parting from them, remembering as we did how kind they had been to us, and how they had rescued us from our unhappy situation; and the savages seemed a little sorry too. First came Eatum and Mrs. Eatum, and then the two little Eatums (Mop-head and Gimlet-eyes) that I had so often played with; then Old Grim, and Big-toes and Little-nose; and Awak, the walrus; and Kossuit; and the two young ladies who might have been our wives; and then all the rest of them, big and little, old and young.

“Then off we started for the Rob Roy; and, a fair wind coming soon, the ice began to move away from the land, the Rob Roy’s sails were unfurled to the fresh breeze, and now, with hearts turned thankfully to Heaven for our deliverance, we are again afloat upon blue water, — whither bound we do not know, but *homeward* in the end.”

“O, how glad you must have been!” said Fred.

“How splendidly the rescue and all that comes round!” said William; “just like it does in all the printed books. Why, Captain Hardy, it could n’t have been better if you’d made the story up, it sounds so *real*!”

While, as for little Alice, she never said a word, but only looked upon the old man wonderingly.

#### CONCLUSION.

Again the Mariner’s Rest receives the little people; again the Ancient Mariner is there to welcome them. But a shade of sadness is upon the old man’s face, and the children are not so gay as is their wont; for all things must have an end, and holidays are no exception to the rule.

“Is n’t it too bad,” said William, looking very sober, — “is n’t it too bad that this is to be the last of it?”

“Not so bad for you as for me,” replied the Ancient Mariner; and the old man looked as gloomy and forsaken as if he had been cast away in the cold again. But he soon cheered up, and in a much livelier way he said, “Well now, my hearties, since this *is* to be the last of it, suppose we close the story in the ‘Crow’s Nest,’ where we first began it; for you see, if the Dean and I were rescued from the desolate island and the savages, we were not home yet. Now, what do you say to that, my dears?”

“The Crow’s Nest! Yes, yes, the Crow’s Nest!” cried the children all at once; and away they scampered to it, as light and merry as if they had never for an instant been sad at thought of the parting that was so soon to come.

And now once more our little party are together in the dear old rustic vine-clad arbor, and, as on the first day of meeting there, the old man takes his long clay pipe out of his mouth, and sticks it in a rafter overhead; and then around little Alice he puts his great big arm, and he draws the fair-

haired, bright-eyed child close to his side, and thus "ballasted," as he says, he "bears away for port."

"Now, to bring our story to an end," ran on the Captain, "I must say first that the Rob Roy was a good stout ship; the master a bluff, good-hearted Scotchman; the mate a kindly man, and altogether different from the red-faced mate that was on the Blackbird; and the people were all just as good and kind to us as the savages had been. But they gave us right away so much coffee to drink and ship's biscuit to eat (neither of which had we tasted for three years, you know), that we got a dreadful colic, and were like to die. 'Nearly killed with kindness,' as the Dean said, as soon as he had strength to speak.

"The worst was, they would make us tell our story over and over again, as I have been telling it to you, until we almost wished we had never been rescued at all. It is, indeed, a fearful thing in anybody's life ever to have met with any adventure that is at all peculiar; for to the end of his days people will never get done asking him about it; and most likely their questions are of the most ridiculous kind, like, 'Hardy, was n't it cold there?' just as if anybody could be cast away in the cold, and find it anything else; or, 'How did you feel, Hardy?' as if *feeling* has anything at all to do with you when you are trying to save your life.

"The captain of the Rob Roy took a great fancy to our odd-looking fur clothes, especially our undershirts, which were made of birds' skins; and he gave us in place of them some fine new clothes out of the ship's stores. You may be sure that we were glad enough to get these nasty fur clothes off, and be rid of them forever.' The captain offered to keep them for us, but we said 'No, no,' for we had had quite enough of them.

"So we went after whales, and made a 'good catch,' as the whale-fishers call a good ship-load of oil, and then we bore away for Aberdeen, only stopping on the way at two or three half-savage places.

"When we reached Aberdeen, there was a great talk made about us, and, when we walked through the streets, people stuck out their fingers, and said, 'There they go! look!' so we were great lions there, and had to tell our story so much that we found out what they liked most to hear, which we repeated over and over again; and by this system we saved much time and talk.

"The very first thing the Dean did, after landing, was to write a letter to his mother, sending it off right away by post. It was just like the little fellow to do it, and like him what he said. It began thus: 'Through the mercy of Providence I have been saved, and am coming back to you, mother dear.'

"Then we were shipped on board an American vessel, by the American Consul, for New York, where we arrived, after a prosperous voyage, in good health, and without anything happening to us worth mentioning.

As soon as we had landed, we set out for the hospital, to find the Dean's mother. The Dean had directed his letter there, thinking that if she had got well, and gone away, they would know where; and this they did, so we



took down the address, and hurried on. It was in a little by-street, and we had no easy work finding it; but by and by we came upon a tumble-down old house, and were shown into a little tumble-down old room, with a tumble-down old bed in it, and a tumble-down box for a chair, and a small tumble-down table, and right in the middle of the floor stood a little woman that was more tumble-down than all. It was the Dean's poor mother. She stood beside a tub, in which she had been washing clothes, and she held a scrap of paper in both her hands, which, bony, and hard with work, work, work, and scrub, scrub, scrub, were trembling violently, while she tried to puzzle out the contents of the Dean's letter (for this it was), that she held up before a face the deep wrinkles on which told of many sorrows and much suffering. The letter had arrived only a few minutes before we did, and she had only just made out that it was from the Dean, and we could see that this had started great tears rolling down her cheeks.



“But there was no use to puzzle more now. There was her darling, bright-haired boy, whom she ‘always felt sure,’ she said, ‘would come back again,’ — never losing hope; and now you can imagine how she was not long in recognizing him, and how she greeted him, and cried over him, and called him pretty names, and all that, — or, rather, I mean to say, you can’t imagine it at all, for I never saw the like of it. It seemed to me as if she would never let him go out of her arms again, for fear she should lose him; and, seeing how matters stood, I went outside, where, after a while, the Dean joined me, and, having some money in our pockets, that we had earned on

board the Rob Roy and the American packet-ship, we went right off and bought the best supper we could get, and had it brought into the tumble-down room and spread out upon the tumble-down table ; and never was any poor woman so glad in all the world as the Dean's mother, and never were any two boys so happy as the Dean and I. The Dean's mother would sometimes laugh for joy, and sometimes cry for the same excellent reason ; and, when neither of these would do, nor both together even, she would fly at the Dean with open arms, and hug and kiss him until she was quite exhausted, and temporarily quieted down. Meanwhile the Dean, besides eating his supper, was trying to tell his mother what he had been doing all the time, — to neither of which purposes were these maternal interruptions peculiarly favorable.

“ So now you see we were at home at last, safe in body and thankful in spirit. Transported with delight, we could hardly believe our senses. After so many years' absence, and such hardships and dangers as we had passed through, New York seemed like another world. So accustomed had we been to exposure that we could hardly sleep in-doors. The confined air of the house greatly troubled us. Everything we saw seemed new, and we were in a constant state of wonder. We did not, however, forget the obligation we owed to our Heavenly Father for our deliverance ; and we lost no time in going to a church, and there, in secret, pouring out our hearts to Him who rules the winds and the waves, and never forgets any of the creatures he has made.

“ ‘ And now,’ said the Dean, ‘ I am going to further show my gratitude by making my mother comfortable for the rest of her days,’ — which he did by getting her into a better house, where she did not have to work any more, — the Dean declaring that he could hereafter make all the money that was necessary for her support. As for the ready money the Dean had when we came home, that was soon all gone, and mine too, for that matter, as I helped the Dean, of course. Then we looked about us for a good ship to go to sea in, as we felt that we should make better sailors now than anything else ; indeed, neither of us knew what else to do.

“ The story of our remarkable adventures getting abroad, we found many friends, so you may be sure, when we shipped again, it was not in such a crazy old hulk as the Blackbird, nor did we go any more whale or seal fishing, having got enough of that to last us for the remainder of our lives. Still, I have been back to the Arctic regions once since then ; but it was not with a red-faced mate to torment me.

“ I did not feel like coming up to Rockdale yet, being still very much ashamed, not having made anything, as I could see, by running away. Besides, I learned that my father had given me up for dead long ago, and had moved with all my brothers and sisters to Ohio, where I wrote to him, telling all about my voyage and shipwreck, — the best I could, that is ; for, having neglected my studies when at school, I could not write very well.

“ And now, my dears, that ends the story of how I was *cast away in the cold*, and it is high time too ; for, as you have said, the holidays are at an end,

and see there ! the sun is sinking down behind the trees, and once more, as on the first day we met and parted in this pleasant little arbor, the shadows trail their ghostly length across the fields. But to me the shadows have another meaning now. They will lie there heavy on the ground until you come to lift them, and I shall be very, very sad and lonely now without my little friends. The night is closing in, my dears, as if it were a curtain dropped purposely to hide what we would gladly see again ; and the dew is falling heavy on the grass, my dears, and so 'good by' is the word."

The Captain paused and bent his eyes upon the golden light that lay far off behind the trees, as if he would divine something of the future that was before himself and the little children by his side, and which he thought the golden sunlight held ; but, while he looked, it seemed as if some tender chord within his gentle heart had snapped asunder and had been badly tied again, for he said quite hurriedly, ' Well, well, my hearties, we must pass the word, and get it over. Good by, — there it is ! God bless you, and good by ! "

" Good by, dear Captain Hardy," said William, putting out his hand, — a hand that promised to be a very manly one indeed some day, — " good by, and thank you for all your goodness to us," and the little fellow could not keep a tear from coming out upon his plump and rosy cheek.

" Good by," said Fred, and, as he said it, there were two tears at the very least on his.

" Good by," dear little Alice would have said, though she did n't ; but instead she threw her arms about the old man's neck and kissed his sun-burnt cheek.

" Good by," the Captain was about to say again, but (he was always good at getting out of scrapes) at that very moment he contracted a suspicion that something moist was getting up into his own big hazel eyes ; and so he began to whistle briskly, and then, to cry out loud enough to call all hands to close reef the top-sails in a gale of wind : ' Port and Starboard ! Port and Starboard ! come here, old curs and land-lubbers that you are, — come, bear a hand and be lively there, and say 'good by.' "

And along Port and Starboard came, bounding at a tremendous rate, barking "good by" at every bound, and with their great bushy tails wagging "good by" besides.

The foreign ducks stopped shovelling and spattering mud, and quacked "good by."

The chickens stopped stuffing themselves with grasshoppers, and, while the hens cackled "good by," the roosters crowed it.

And, lastly, Main Brace came waddling along on his sausage legs, and from his plum-duff head let off "good by" at intervals, as a revolving gun lets off its balls, without appearing to have any more idea of what it was all about than the gun itself, until he reached the arbor, when he broke out into a loud "boo-hoo," which was the only "good by" he was now equal to ; and as the first "boo-hoo" let loose a second, and the second a third, and

the third a deluge and an earthquake all in one, there is no knowing what might have happened, had not the children scampered off and stopped the outburst, — Fred running on ahead, and William following after, leading his sister Alice by the hand, while the gentle little girl turned every dozen steps to throw back through the tender evening air, from her dainty little fingertips, a loving kiss (there was no laughing now) to the Ancient Mariner, whose face beamed brightly on her from the arbor door, and whose lips were saying plainly, “Good by, and God bless you till you come again !”

*Isaac I. Hayes.*



## OUR FANNY.

ONCE for a whole fortnight it was very still at The Maples. Everything was in a dreadful state of order and precision. Not a chair was out of place. The rug lay undisturbed upon the hearth, and the tables did not need dusting or rearranging from one day's end to another. Even the horses of divers colors and dimensions that inhabited the stable under the *étagère* kept as quiet as the painted steeds in your picture-books ; and the carts and wagons that bore them company entirely forgot that their party-colored wheels were made to revolve.

The truth was, that Lulu and Willie and Harry, with their papa and their big brother, had gone to visit uncles and aunts and cousins a great way off, and that is the reason there was so little commotion at The Maples.

Mamma was quite an invalid, not well enough to go on a journey with such a party of little people. So she helped pack the trunks and the lunch-basket, buttoned up coats and cloaks, tied down caps and hoods, and wrapped the shawls about the eager, dancing figures that could scarcely keep still the while, kissed all the little faces, — and the big ones too, for the matter of that, — said good by to everybody, and then seated herself at the little table in the library to write a story. Doubtless she thought this would be a capital time for such business, — not a soul to interrupt, not a single piping voice to ask questions ! But, dear me !

“The best-laid schemes o' mice and men  
Gang aft a-gley,”

and she found the unwonted stillness more distracting than the patter of tiny feet and the murmur of childish voices. The brain children, both little and big, with whom she had to deal, proved very unmanageable, and would do and say just the things they should not have done and said. So at last she closed her portfolio in despair, and, hunting up her knitting-work, determined to “possess her soul in patience,” until her own real flesh-and-blood children, with their bright eyes and rosy cheeks, their noise and their mischief-making, should come home again.

The fortnight came to an end at last, and, one chilly evening in March, Mick drove to the depot to meet the returning travellers. The train was on time, and ere long carriage wheels slowly ascended the hill. Presently there was a rush, a confused murmur, a bursting open of the door; and a small whirlwind of coats, cloaks, and skirts, extended arms and laughing faces, came in with the night air. What a tumult, to be sure, with the kisses and the questions, and all the glad confusion of the coming home!

After all, it was a great deal better than the going away.

"Is n't it funny?" said Willie. "We were so glad to go, and now we are ever so much gladder to come back!"

"O mamma! we've got her! we've got her!" shouted little Harry, trying to disengage himself from his muffler.

"Yes, and she's just the dearest little thing!" said Lulu, tossing her muff on the sofa.

"That's so!" cried Willie. "Mamma, you never saw such a pretty little creature in all your life."

"Just about as tall as I," added Harry, in his turn.

"And not a bit cross," chimed in Lulu. "O mamma! I'm so glad!"

"A brown coat," continued Willie.

"The tiniest little feet," persisted Harry.

"You'll want to put your arms right round her neck and pet her," cried Lulu. "Cousin Jule did."

"Her name is Fanny," said they all in one breath.

"And all her things are coming! She's got—"

Here Master Will paused, for papa began to laugh, — partly at the hubbub, and partly at mamma's look of mute bewilderment.

"Whatever are you all talking about?" the latter asked at length. "Name Fanny; brown coat; tiny feet; as tall as Harry, and all her clothes coming! What—"

"O mamma! I did n't say *clothes*, I said *things*," cried Willie, with a scream of laughter. "O dear, dear!"

"Well, what's the difference?" asked mamma. "You say that girls always call their clothes their things."

"No, mamma," said Lulu, gravely. "Only their hats and sacks and shawls. We don't call dresses and aprons *things*. But she's coming to-morrow, truly."

"Who? What are you talking about? Has Lulu found the little sister she has been hunting for for so many years?"

"Why, mamma! don't you know, really?" shouted one and all. "We thought papa had written you all about it."

Mamma shook her head. A momentary hush fell upon the laughing group.

Then Lulu said, "Don't let us tell her, boys, and she will be so surprised to-morrow."

"Agreed," said Willie. "But then there's Harry. He's so little, he'll be sure to tell. He can't keep a secret."

"Ho! see if I can't," interrupted Harry, straightening himself up in his indignation. "I can keep a secret just as well as if I was bigger."

"I'll trust Harry," said Lulu, laying her hand lovingly upon his head. Then, with a mischievous glance at her father, she added: "The real trouble is, that papa always tells mamma everything."

Papa laughed. "Too true, little daughter. But I won't betray you this time."

"Won't you tell, truly now, papa?" and the light figures clustered about him like — to use an entirely new simile — bees about a flower.

"Truly I won't tell," answered papa. "What is it that you children always say? 'True as I live and breathe and draw —'"

"O papa!" exclaimed Harry, with a horrified face. "Don't say *that!* Mamma says it is wrong, and foolish too."

The last words were very faintly uttered, and the blushing face was half hidden; for the idea dawned upon the little boy's mind, that perhaps he had overstepped the bounds, and that it was not for him to correct his father. But papa lifted him to his knee, kissed the downcast cheek, and said, "Papa won't say it, my boy. He thinks it *is* rather silly himself."

Then Harry brightened up.

"But you won't tell?"

"Not a word; not a syllable. Mamma shall be surprised to-morrow."

"But, mamma," whispered Lulu, as she came for her good-night kiss, "it is n't the little sister. I only wish it was."

The next morning, at least three children in this world were up betimes.

"Is the clock right, mamma?" asked Willie, as he rose from the breakfast-table. "Seems to me it is ever so much too slow. Only eight o'clock."

"Perfectly right, my son. Why do you think it too slow?"

"I guess he is in a hurry to surprise you, mamma," said little Harry. "Papa says he is to go to the depot at eleven o'clock."

"To meet your new friend?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the hesitating reply; and Harry ran off to Lulu, as if afraid of being questioned. But he need not have been uneasy. Mamma was quite willing to be surprised, though, to tell the truth, a shrewd suspicion or two were beginning to light up the dark corners of her mind.

Half past eight. Nine. Half past nine. Ten. How slowly the hours passed! Somebody had surely been meddling with that pendulum. But at length it was half past ten.

"There, mamma! now it is really time for Willie to go to the depot," cried Lulu. "Here, Will, here are your cap and mittens. Where's your comforter?"

With a spring and a half-stifed "hurrah!" Willie bounded down the hill, and was out of sight in a trice.

Lulu and Harry stationed themselves at the parlor window.

"There's the train! I hear the whistle," said Lulu, clasping her hands impulsively. "O, I do hope Willie has got there! Fanny will be so frightened if—" then with a quick glance at mamma, who was quietly reading in

the next room, she inclined her head to Harry's, and finished the sentence in a whisper.

In about half an hour there was a great clapping of hands.

"There they come! there they come! But, O mamma, don't come to the window yet, — not quite yet, please!"

"Never you fear. I'll be blind and deaf as long as it is necessary," was the laughing reply. "You can call me when you want me."

So Lulu and Harry went out to meet Willie. There were exclamations of delight, little shouts of laughter, hurried whispers, a great deal of brushing, and multiplied sounds of preparation. But mamma never so much as glanced toward the window. She was bound to be surprised for once in her life, if such a thing were possible. Presently Lulu entered.

"Now, mamma, we want you to come and be introduced to Fanny. She is here waiting."

"Why did n't you bring her in and take off her bonnet first?" asked mamma, demurely. "She must be cold."

Harry clapped his hands over his mouth, but in spite of that a smothered laugh found its way out between his fingers.

But they led mamma out on the piazza, and there stood Willie holding Fanny, not by the hand, but by the — bridle!

"Now, did n't we tell you so, mamma?" the children began all at once. There was no such thing as telling which was which. "Is n't she just the dearest little thing? and has n't she a brown coat? and tiny little feet? And see, her head is just as high as Harry's, and she is as good-natured as a kitten. Not a bit afraid of the cars, — O you dear little Fanny!"

Mamma did not wonder that the young folks were delighted. There the new-comer stood, — a dear little Shetland pony about as large as a sheep, brown as a berry, with a long mane and tail, lifting her small feet daintily, but so gentle, withal, that even wee Harry might caress her freely without fear of a kick or a bite. The dear mother *was* astonished, and she praised and admired the pretty creature until the children were entirely satisfied.

"But where are her 'things'?" she asked at length. "Did not the young lady bring her effects with her?"

"They are all at the depot," Willie explained, triumphantly, "but you see I could not bring them. Mamma! there's a real buggy, painted red, white, and blue, with such funny little wheels! and a harness, and a saddle, and a whip, and everything! O dear! I really am afraid I shall go crazy!" and, dropping the bridle, the boy turned a somerset in the exuberance of his delight. Fanny viewed the procedure quite coolly, and then rubbed her nose against Harry as if to say, "Take care of me, little master; my first friend has left me to my own devices."

A world of new delights was opened to the children at The Maples by Fanny's advent. The next summer was one never to be forgotten. Long before the June roses faded, the little people had become quite familiar with the art of horsemanship. Very early in the morning, mamma would hear

light footsteps and cautious movements in the chamber overhead ; and, more than half asleep herself, she would turn over, and say, " Lulu is preparing for a ride this morning."

Soon she would be aware that some one was softly stealing down stairs, and would hear the low click as the front door was unlocked ; and, if she rose and went to the window, she would see a little figure flying over the grass in the direction of the stables.

" Lulu is going to saddle the pony herself, this morning," would be the next thought ; and, sure enough, in a very short time Fanny would appear, " all saddled, all bridled, all fit for the " ride, every strap in the right place, and every buckle fastened by her young mistress's own small fingers.

Lulu would mount and away ! Cantering fearlessly over the quiet country roads, — now following the windings of our beautiful Otter, now pausing for a moment beneath the dark shadow of the pines, now looking up with awe and wonder at majestic Killington, mantled with rosy purple and crowned with golden glory. Then she would come home to breakfast, as bright and happy as the summer day.

Then there was the buggy, with two seats, just large enough to hold four children. Glory McWhirk, with all her capacity for dreaming, never once dreamed of more " beautiful times " than Willie and Harry were " in " when they had permission to take Cousin Bessie and her little brother, or lovely, blue-eyed, motherless Nellie, out for a drive. It was almost better than riding, because, unfortunately, Fanny, willing as she was to oblige her playmates, could not carry double, and each little rider must go alone ; and sometimes it happened that they all wanted to ride at once.

One day, when Fanny had been a member of the family about three months, mamma sat with her work at the window in the back parlor. Suddenly she heard a queer little tread upon the piazza floor, and, lifting her head, she found a delicate brown nose in close proximity to her own ; with Master Harry upon her back, Miss Fanny was taking a deliberate survey of matters and things in-doors.

" O mamma ! may n't I ride right into the house ? The pony is so little, — do let me, please ! "

Mamma reflected ! It was not quite as bad as the pigs we read of in Irish cabins, and she had actually heard of a hencoop in a bedroom. So, after due consideration, she said, " Yes, come in."

So in they came at the kitchen door, — the little hoofs making a strange " tramp, tramp," upon the painted floor, — through the dining-room and into the parlor, followed by Katy and Margaret, laughing at the unwonted spectacle. Do you think Miss Fanny was abashed by her unaccustomed position and surroundings ? Not a bit of it. She was as nonchalant, as much at ease, as her young master himself. Very quietly she marched about, caring for carpets as little as for straw. Evidently she was no respecter of places. A piano was rather a new thing, to be sure ; but what of that ? It was no better, and, from her stand-point, not half as useful as her manger. She snuffed at the books on the table, cast a critical glance at the statuettes on



the mantel, viewed the other pretty things with an air of wise indifference, walked into the hall and examined the hat-stand for a minute or so, then came back, retraced her steps through dining-room and kitchen, marched down the steps with a sort of slow dignity, and betook herself to nibbling grass as unconcernedly as ever, — wise little Fanny!

If our Fanny ever dies, — which may the gods forbid! — the children at The Maples will sit in sackcloth and ashes. But love is never lost, even that which is lavished upon a poor dumb beast. And, when the parting hour arrives, they may feel, as others have felt before them, that it is

“Better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.”

*Julia C. R. Dorr.*





MELODY FROM THE OPERA OF "LES HUGUENOTS."

MEYERBEER.

*Allegro moderato.*

Arranged by ALBERTI.

*Più lento.*

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef. The treble clef has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass clef has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble clef includes fingerings 1, 2, 3, 1, 6, 1, 3, 2. The bass clef has a fingering of 6. Dynamics include *f* and *p* *espress.*

*Andantino cantabile.*

Musical notation for the second system. The treble clef has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass clef has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble clef includes fingerings 1, 1, 1, 4, 3, 2, 1, 2. The bass clef has a fingering of 1. Dynamics include *riten.* and *dol.*

Musical notation for the third system. The treble clef has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass clef has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble clef includes fingerings 3, 5, 3, 1, 3, 5, 2, 5, 3, 3, 3. The bass clef has a fingering of 3.

First system of the musical score. The treble clef staff begins with a measure marked '53'. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1, 2, 3, and 5 above notes in the treble staff.

Second system of the musical score. The treble clef staff features a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above. The word *espress.* is written below the treble staff. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment.

Third system of the musical score. The treble clef staff contains two triplet markings above eighth notes, each marked with a '3'. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment.

Fourth system of the musical score. The treble clef staff ends with a measure marked *sf* (sforzando). The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment.

Fifth system of the musical score. The treble clef staff features a complex melodic line with fingerings 5, 4, 3, 1, 5, 2, 3, 1 indicated above. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' below. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment.

Sixth system of the musical score. The treble clef staff features a melodic line with a fourth finger marking above. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment.

First system of the musical score, featuring a treble and bass clef. The treble clef contains a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes and a descending eighth-note scale. The bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of the musical score. The tempo marking *Piu Mosso.* is placed above the treble clef. The treble clef features a triplet of eighth notes and a melodic phrase. The bass clef includes dynamic markings *sf* and *mf*, and a fingering of 1-3.

Third system of the musical score. The treble clef shows a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes and a sequence of notes with fingerings 1, 2, 3, 5, and 3. The bass clef includes dynamic markings *f*, *dim.*, and *dol.*

Fourth system of the musical score. The treble clef contains a complex melodic line with multiple triplets and a sequence of notes with fingerings 3, 5, 3, 3, 5, 2. The bass clef continues the accompaniment.

Fifth system of the musical score. The tempo marking *vivo.* is placed above the treble clef. The treble clef features a melodic line with a sequence of notes and fingerings 5, 3, 1, 2, 4, 5. The bass clef includes a dynamic marking *mf*.

Sixth system of the musical score. The treble clef contains a melodic line with a sequence of notes and fingerings 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. The bass clef includes dynamic markings *f* and *ff*.

*Allegretto.*

*fz* *mf*

*cresc.*

*f*

2 1 2 3 5 1

3



CHARADES.

No. 66.

ALWAYS roaming round the earth,  
 Sometimes here and sometimes there,  
 None can tell where I had birth,  
 Or ever see me anywhere.

I sometimes glide in through your doors,  
 And, if in gentle mood I come,  
 And sing soft airs to while the hours,  
 I'm welcome in your quiet home.

But when I come with sighs and moans,  
 And hint of peril and distress,  
 You, shudd'ring, wish me to begone,  
 And I'm no more a welcome guest.

BECKY.

No. 67.

My *first*, a learned Jewish scribe,  
 Some eighteen hundred years ago,

Stood before Cæsar's judgment-bar,  
 Complaint against the Greeks to show.  
 And many books this wise man wrote,  
 Far from the scenes of noise and strife;  
 The Jewish Plato he was styled,  
 And famed for contemplative life.

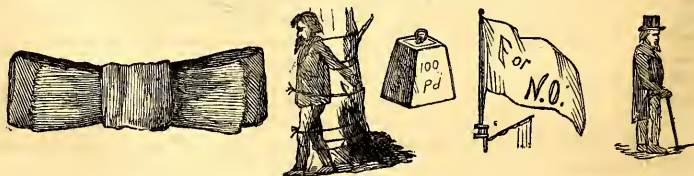
My *second* is a name derived  
 From the same source the scribe had  
 drawn,

Though often borne by those who fail  
 To show it forth at eve or dawn.  
 I think of one who bears it now, —  
 A merry, apple-faced old maid,  
 Full of her pranks and sportive glee,  
 But very far from learned or staid.

For they who ever would succeed  
 In winning at the world's best goal,  
 Must surely have no little share  
 Of sweetness, patience, and my *whole*.

EX. ALT.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 68.



A. H. S.

## ENIGMAS.

No. 69.

I am composed of 72 letters.

- My 1, 6, 15, 7, is a metal.  
 My 37, 2, 29, 20, 9, 35, is a type for printing.  
 My 25, 27, 8, 54, 17, 3, is a valuable gem.  
 My 46, 34, 18, 4, 24, 26, is an order of knighthood in England.  
 My 5, 31, 28, 18, 40, is a river in France.  
 My 10, 42, 20, 19, 45, 61, is a boy's name.  
 My 11, 2, 30, 16, 52, 26, is a relative.  
 My 12, 56, 45, 50, 67, is a garden vegetable.  
 My 13, 38, 49, is a kind of fairy.  
 My 14, 53, 65, 61, is an insect.  
 My 21, 60, 71, 22, is a kind of pavilion.  
 My 44, 55, 54, 46, 50, is an Eastern fruit.  
 My 23, 49, 18, 43, is a stringed musical instrument.  
 My 32, 62, 9, 8, 64, was the goddess of flowers.  
 My 33, 66, 18, 70, 47, is a girl's name.  
 My 41, 63, 55, 39, is an East Indian tree.  
 My 48, 60, 66, 69, is a water-fowl.  
 My 58, 2, 36, 6, is a motion of the sea.  
 My 59, 40, 70, 57, is a part of the body.  
 My 72, 55, 68, 6, is a tropical fruit.  
 My 51, 50, is an abbreviation.  
 My whole is a short verse which all would do well to remember, as it teaches a good lesson.

L. F. H.

No. 70.

I am composed of 21 letters.

- My 11, 1, 21, 6, 17, 10, is an American poet.  
 My 3, 13, 14, 15, 2, 8, was an English poet.  
 My 11, 12, 8, 21, 18, 17, was a celebrated English writer and poet.  
 My 7, 10, 4, 19, 3, 20, 8, is an American poet.  
 My 6, 19, 19, 16, 7, 2, 8, was an English poet.  
 My 5, 4, 7, 14, 4, 21, was a great religious poet.  
 My whole is a proverb often seen in copy-books.

LEILA ROCKWOOD.

NO. 71. — FRENCH.

JE suis composé de 24 lettres.

- Mon 16, 6, 11, 2, 16, est tyran romain.  
 Mon 11, 23, 18, 6, est la reine des fleurs.  
 Mon 13, 9, 23, 16, est du règne animal.  
 Mon 10, 23, 18, 19, 2, 16, est une ville d'Amérique.  
 Mon 24, 2, 22, 18, 9, 16, 12, est un des grands musiciens.  
 Mon 5, 21, 24, 2, 1, 17, est un légume.  
 Mon 5, 23, 7, 3, 12, 13, 14, 6, est trouvé sur le rivage de la mer.  
 Mon 4, 8, 13, 9, 20, 17, est une fleur brillante.  
 Mon tout est un proverbe français.

F. R. B. B.

## ANSWERS.

57. Early to bed and early to rise,  
 Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.  
 [(Ear) (L) Y (toe) (bed) & (ear) ly II (rye) Z  
 M (ache) (Sam Ann) (heel) (thigh) (well) thy  
 & y z.]
58. RoW,  
 ElizA,  
 VictualS,  
 OH,  
 LevI,  
 UnioN,  
 ThronG,  
 Invent,  
 OhIO,  
 NuN.
59. Indians often attack white men. [(Indians)  
 O F (ten) (a tack) (white men).]
60. Not-ice.
61. The letter A.
62. Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,  
 Through which the living Homer begged his  
 bread.
63. Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps.
64. M-o-us-e.
65. For Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
 The only throb she gives  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still she lives.  
 [(IV) (f) (re) (dome) Now (sow) S (L) (dome)  
 W (ache) S (tea) (he on L Y) (T H robs he)  
 (g iv) (sis) W (hen) (sum) (heart in D I G N)  
 (ant) (bee) (rake) (stew) (show) (tea) (hats) (till)  
 S (heel) (ivy) E S.]



*Gypsy.* The *o* in song, long, dog, and gone should be pronounced like the *o* in on.

*L. L.* You should try to be right, although you are only children.

*H. W. B. B.* A spy-glass, to be really serviceable, should cost not much less than five dollars. Cheap ones can be bought at a very much less price, but they are not accurate, and the workmanship will not prove strong and good.

*Emma.* We have used that subject once or twice.

*W. J. B.* Your rebus might just as well read "last and least." Always *prove* a rebus as you would a sum.

*Linnie.* Certainly it would be proper for you to ask "to be excused" from remaining at the table, if the meal had ended, and your elders kept their seats only to continue their own conversation more conveniently. But if the meal were still unfinished, you should wait quietly, although your own wants might have been satisfied.

*Ward.* Did your enigma have answers to each question, as well as a final solution? Pray remember that we receive enigmas by the hundred.

*Nelle.* "Aunt Fanny" would rather not tell her "real name" just now. — Spectacles were first used about the end of the thirteenth century.

*Ella Constance P.* No, thank you.

*Kitty & Frank, Jr.* Will you try again? Your rebuses are almost good enough; they are certainly well sketched.

*Nina.* It is not polite to whisper in company, and there is seldom any occasion for so doing. Almost any communication will *keep* until there is a favorable opportunity for making it.

*F. B.* sends this :—

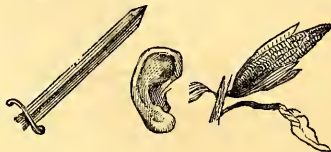
"LITTLE WARRIORS.

"Little blue eyes, black, or brown,  
In the country or the town,  
Can you fight?  
Not with gleaming sword or gun,  
Not in mimic fray for 'fun,'  
But in earnest, sturdy strife  
For the right  
On the battle-field of life?

"You were born to strive, and do  
Something for the good and true,  
And you can!  
Will you, then, stand by and see  
Others fighting manfully  
With the hosts of wrong and sin?  
Like a man  
Help the right and true to win!

"Deal oppression blow on blow,  
Let deceit and error know  
Where you stand!  
Fight intemperance, cruelty,  
Wickedness, and bigotry!  
Ever to the cause of right  
Lend a hand,  
And be *foremost* in the fight!"

"An ounce of discretion equals (*or* is worth) a pound of wit." That's it exactly, and a very good proverb it is for all people who are tempted to say just what comes to their tongue's end, without stopping to consider what is best to be said. But another puzzle waits below.









GINGER-SNAPS.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.]

[See *More about Trotty*, page 649.

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

No. XI.

## HOW QUERCUS ALBA WENT TO EXPLORE THE UNDER-WORLD, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.



QUERCUS ALBA lay on the ground, looking up at the sky. He lay in a little, brown, rustic cradle which would be pretty for any baby, but was specially becoming to his shining, bronzed complexion; for although his name, Alba, is the Latin word for white, he did not belong to the white race. He was trying to play with his cousins, Coccinea and Rubra, but they were two or three yards away from him, and not one of the three dared to roll any distance for fear of rolling out of his cradle; so it was n't a lively play, as you may easily imagine. Presently, Rubra, who was a sturdy little fellow, hardly afraid of anything, summoned courage to roll full half a yard, and, having come within speaking distance, began to tell how his elder brother had, that very morning, started on the grand underground tour, which to the Quercus family is what going to Europe would be for you and me. Coccinea thought the account very stupid, said his brothers had all been, and he should go too sometime he supposed, and, giving a little shrug of his shoulders which set his cradle rocking, fell asleep in the very face of his visitors. Not so

Alba; this was all news to him, — grand news. He was young and inexperienced, and, moreover, full of roving fancies; so he lifted his head as far as he dared, nodded delightedly as Rubra described the departure, and, when his cousin ceased speaking, asked eagerly, “And what will he do there?”

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

“Do?” said Rubra, — “do? why, he will do just what everybody else does who goes on the grand tour. What a foolish fellow you are to ask such a question!”

Now this was no answer at all, as you see plainly, and yet little Alba was quite abashed by it, and dared not push the question further for fear of displaying his ignorance; never thinking that we children are not born with our heads full of information on all subjects, and that the only way to fill them is to push our questions until we are utterly satisfied with the answers; and that no one has reason to feel ashamed of ignorance which is not now his own fault, but will soon become so if he hushes his questions for fear of showing it.

Here Alba made his first mistake. There is only one way to correct a mistake of this kind, and it is so excellent a way that it even brings you out at the end wiser than the other course could have done. Alba, I am happy to say, resolved at once on this course. “If,” said he, “Rubra does not choose to tell me about the grand tour, I will go and see for myself.” It was a brave resolve for a little fellow like him. He lost no time in preparing to carry it out; but, on pushing against the gate that led to the underground road, he found that the frost had fastened it securely, and he must wait for a warmer day. In the mean time, afraid to ask any more questions, he yet kept his ears open to gather any scraps of information that might be useful for his journey.

Listening ears can always hear; and Alba very soon began to learn, from the old trees overhead, from the dry rustling leaves around him, and from the little chipping-birds that chatted together in the sunshine. Some said the only advantage of the grand tour was to make one a perfect and accomplished gentleman; others, that all the useful arts were taught abroad, and no one who wished to improve the world in which he lived would stay at home another year. Old grandfather Rubra, standing tall and grand, and stretching his knotty arms, as if to give force to his words, said, “Of all arts, the art of building is the noblest, and that can only be learned by those who take the grand tour; therefore all my boys have been sent long ago, and already many of my grandsons have followed them.”

Then there was a whisper among the leaves: “All very well, old Rubra, but did any of your sons or grandsons ever *come back* from the grand tour?”

There was no answer; indeed, the leaves had n't spoken loudly enough for the old gentleman to hear, for he was known to have a fiery temper, and it was scarcely safe to offend him; but the little brown chipping-birds said, one to another, “No, no, no, they never came back! they never came back!”

All this sent a chill through Alba's heart, but he still held to his purpose; and in the night a warm and friendly rain melted the frozen gateway, and he boldly rolled out of his cradle forever, and, slipping through the portal, was lost to sight.

His mother looked for her baby; his brothers and cousins rolled over and about in search for him. Rubra began to feel sorry for the last scornful words he had said, and would have petted his little cousin with all his heart, if he could only have had him once again; but Alba was never again seen by his old friends and companions.

## THE UNDER-WORLD.

“How dark it is here, and how difficult for one to make his way through the thick atmosphere!” so thought little Alba, as he pushed and pushed slowly into the soft mud. Presently, a busy hum sounded all about him, and, becoming accustomed to the darkness, he could see little forms moving swiftly and industriously to and fro.

You children who live above, and play about on the hillsides and in the woods, have no idea what is going on all the while under your feet; how the dwarfs and the fairies are working there, weaving moss carpets and grass-blades, forming and painting flowers and scarlet mushrooms, tending and nursing all manner of delicate things which have yet to grow strong enough to push up and see the outside life, and learn to bear its cold winds and rejoice in its sunshine.

While Alba was seeing all this, he was still struggling on, but very slowly; for first he ran against the strong root of an old tree, then knocked his head upon a sharp stone, and finally, bruised and sore, tired, and quite in despair, he sighed a great sigh, and declared he could go no further. At that two odd little beings sprang to his side, — the one brown as the earth itself, with eyes like diamonds for brightness, and deft little fingers, cunning in all works of skill. Pulling off his wisp of a cap, and making a grotesque little bow, he asked, “Will you take a guide for the under-world tour?” “That I will,” said Alba, “for I no longer find myself able to move a step.” “Ha, ha!” laughed the dwarf, “of course you can’t move in that great body, the ways are too narrow; you must come out of yourself before you can get on in this journey. Put out your foot now, and I will show you where to step.” “Out of myself!” cried Alba, “why that is to die! My foot, did you say? I have n’t any feet; I was born in a cradle, and always lived in it until now, and could never do anything but rock and roll.”

“Ha, ha ha!” again laughed the dwarf, “hear him talk! This is the way with all of them. No feet, does he say? Why, he has a thousand, if he only knew it; hands too, more than he can count. Ask him, sister, and see what he will say to you.”

With that a soft little voice said cheerfully, “Give me your hand, that I may lead you on the upward part of your journey; for, poor little fellow! it is indeed true that you do not know how to live out of your cradle, and we must show you the way.”

Encouraged by this kindly speech, Alba turned a little towards the speaker, and was about to say (as his mother had long ago taught him that he should in all difficulties) “I’ll try,” when a little cracking noise startled the whole company, and, hardly knowing what he did, Alba thrust out, through a slit in his shiny brown skin, a little foot reaching downward to follow the dwarf’s lead, and a little hand, extending upward, quickly clasped by that of the fairy, who stood smiling and lovely in her fair green garments, with a tender, tiny grass-blade binding back her golden hair. O, what a thrill went through Alba, as he felt this new possession! a hand and a foot, — a thousand such,

had they not said? What it all meant he could only wonder; but the one real possession was at least certain, and in that he began to feel that all things were possible.

And now shall we see where the dwarf led him, and where the fairy? and what was actually done in the underground tour?

The dwarf had need of his bright eyes and his skilful hands; for the soft, tiny foot intrusted to him was a mere baby that had to find its way through a strange dark world, and, what was more, it must not only be guided, but also fed and tended carefully; so the bright eyes go before, and the brown fingers dig out a road-way, and the foot that has learned to trust its guide utterly follows on. There is no longer any danger; he runs against no rocks, he loses his way among no tangled roots; and the hard earth seems to open gently before him, leading him to the fields where his own best food lies, and to hidden springs of sweet fresh water.

Do you wonder when I say the foot must be fed? Are n't your feet fed? To be sure, your feet have no mouths of their own; but does n't the mouth in your face eat for your whole body, hands and feet, ears and eyes, and all the rest? else how do they grow? The only difference here between you and Alba is that his foot has mouths of its own, and as it wanders on through the earth, and finds anything good for food, eats both for itself and for the rest of the body; for I must tell you that, as the little foot progresses, it does not take the body with it, but only grows longer and longer and longer, until, while one end remains at home, fastened to the body, the other end has travelled a distance such as would be counted miles by the atoms of people who live in the under-world. And, moreover, the foot no longer goes on alone; others have come, by tens, even by hundreds, to join it, and Alba begins to understand what the dwarf meant by thousands. Thus the feet travel on, running some to this side, some to that; here digging through a bed of clay, and there burying themselves in a soft sand-hill; taking a mouthful of carbon here and of nitrogen there. But what are these two strange articles of food? Nothing at all like bread and butter, you think. Different, indeed, they seem; but you will one day learn that bread and butter are made in part of these very same things, and they are just as useful to Alba as your breakfast, dinner, and supper are to you; for just as bread and butter, and other food, build your body, so carbon and nitrogen are going to build his; and you will presently see what a fine, large, strong body they can make; then, perhaps, you will be better able to understand what they are.

Shall we leave the feet to travel their own way for a while, and see where the fairy has led the little hand?

#### QUERCUS ALBA'S NEW SIGHT OF THE UPPER-WORLD.

It was a soft, helpless, little baby hand. Its folded fingers lay listlessly in the fairy's gentle grasp. "Now we will go up," she said. He had thought he was going down, and he had heard the chipping-birds say he would never come back again; but he had no will to resist the gentle motion, which

seemed, after all, to be exactly what he wanted ; so he presently found himself lifted out of the dark earth, feeling the sunshine again, and stirred by the breeze that rustled the dry leaves that lay all about him. Here again were all his old companions, — the chipping-birds, his cousins, old grandfather Rubra, and, best of all, his dear mother ; but the odd thing about it all was that nobody seemed to know him ; even his mother, although she stretched her arms towards him, turned her head away, looking here and there for her lost baby, and never seeing how he stood gazing up into her face. Now he began to understand why the chipping-birds said, “ They never came back ! they never came back ! ” for they truly came in so new a form that none of their old friends recognized them.

Everything that has hands wants to work, — that is, hands are such excellent tools that no one who is the happy possessor of a pair is quite happy until he uses them ; so Alba began to have a longing desire to build a stem and lift himself up among his neighbors. But what should he build with ? Here the little feet answered promptly, “ You want to build, — do you ? Well, here is carbon, the very best material ; there is nothing like it for walls ; it makes the most beautiful, firm wood ; wait a minute, and we will send up some that we have been storing for your use.”

And the busy hands go to work, and the child grows day by day. His body and limbs are brown now, but his hands of a fine shining green. And, having learned the use of carbon, these busy hands undertake to gather it for themselves out of the air about them, which is a great storehouse full of many materials that our eyes cannot see. And he has also learned that to grow and to build are indeed the same thing ; for his body is taking the form of a strong young tree ; his branches are spreading for a roof over the heads of a hundred delicate flowers, making a home for many a bushy-tailed squirrel and pleasant-voiced wood-bird ; for, you see, whoever builds cannot build for himself alone ; all his neighbors have the benefit of his work, and all enjoy it together.

What at the first was so hard to attempt became grand and beautiful in the doing ; and little Alba, instead of serving merely for a squirrel’s breakfast, as he might have done had he not bravely ventured on his journey, stands before us a noble tree, which is to live a hundred years or more.

Do you want to know what kind of a tree ?

Well, Lillie, who studies Latin, will tell you that *Quercus* means oak. And now can you tell me what Alba’s rustic cradle was, and who were his cousins Rubra and Coccinea ?

*Author of “ The Seven Little Sisters.”*



## MORE ABOUT TROTTY.

IN fact, there is so much more about him that I hardly know where to begin; but, after having devoted just about a year's study to the subject, I am inclined to take the Ginger-snap Story.

If it had not been ironing-day, there never would have been such a story to tell.

But then it *was* ironing-day, so it is of no use to say anything about that.

Trotty was sitting on the ironing-table too.

Trotty felt the responsibilities of ironing-day. Nobody knows how he felt them. The labors of his mother and Bidy were nothing in comparison. In the first place, there were his "pocky-hankychers" to be ironed. O those poor little pocky-hankychers! He used to crawl up behind the clothes-basket, and pull them out of his pockets (Trotty had two pockets) one by one till he came to the end, and there were always *at least* three or four. Such a sight as they were! All rolled up, and twisted up, and tied up, and squeezed up, — and as for the color! Well, Trotty picked all his dandelions, and all his fox-berries, and all his flagroot in them; watered his flowers, fed his chickens, brushed his shoes, and made his mud-pies with them, so perhaps you can have some idea of the color. I don't believe you can, though. Nothing would do but that Bidy must heat his little iron, — it was n't much larger than a table-spoon, nor hotter than fresh milk, — and let him iron every one of those handkerchiefs to his entire satisfaction. A washed one, fresh from the pile on the window-sill, did not answer the purpose at all.

Then he must always have his shoe-strings pressed out.

Then there was Jerusalem. Jerusalem must, I think, have been remotely connected with the Flat-head Indians, though he was in skin an Ethiopian, and in temper quite harmless. Compounded from one of grandmother's ravelled stockings, Lill's old black silk apron, and the cotton-wool bag, Jerusalem possessed, in the beginning, an ample supply of brains; but Trotty bored a gimlet-hole in the top of his head one day, and pulled them out. Jerusalem, however, did not appear to suffer seriously from this treatment; and the little black silk bag which was left answered the purpose of a head to him quite as well as some fuller ones have done in the course of this world's history. The only inconvenience about it was the slight one of having your face lop down on your neck whenever anybody shook you a little. Jerusalem felt it quite a comfort to be flattened out.

So Trotty ironed him every Tuesday afternoon.

On this afternoon, he had finished the handkerchiefs and the shoe-strings, and was ready to devote all his energies to Jerusalem, when Bidy dropped her flat-iron and jumped.

"Ow!" said Trotty; for the iron fell plump upon Jerusalem's face, and scorched it to a delicate, smoky brown from forehead to chin. Jerusalem



bore it manfully, and did not so much as wink. Trotty compassionately stuck him head-first into the sprinkling-bowl, and left him there to cool.

“Shure an’ it’s the baker goin’ by on me up the street,” said Bidy running to the window; “there ’s not a crumb of cake in the house for supper the night, an’ it’s your mother as told me to stop him, bless my soul! Rin out now, Trotty, and holler afther him, there ’s a good boy!”

Trotty, never loath to “rin out and holler” for any cause, prepared to obey; but the baker’s cart had turned the corner, and the jingling of his bells was growing faint. Bidy went to report to her mistress, and Trotty, having hung Jerusalem on the door-latch by his head, trotted along after her, to find out what was going to happen.

“Well,” said his mother, “there is no way now but to send to the Deacon’s for some ginger-snaps.”

Trotty beat a soft retreat. But his shoes squeaked,—Trotty’s shoes always *did* squeak,—so everybody heard him.

“Come, Trotty!”

“O, I don’t want to,” said Trotty, briskly, backing off.

“But mother wants you to. Come! see how quick you can be. You would n’t want to go without any cake for supper, you know.”

“Bidy can bake me some cake. I should like to know if that is n’t what God made her for!” said Trotty, with decision.

“No; Bidy can’t bake cake on ironing-days; she has too much else to do. Now, which would you rather do,—go without the ginger-snaps, or go to the Deacon’s?”

“Have Lill go,” said Trotty, looking bright.

As Trotty’s mother had a habit of meaning what she said, Lill did not go, and Trotty did. He jammed his little straw hat over his curls in a melancholy manner, back side in front, with the blue ribbons hanging down into his eyes, took Jerusalem down from the door-latch, looked unutterable things at Bidy, slammed the door severely, and trudged away through the dust to call for Nat, talking impressively to himself: “Now I don’t care! She need n’t have went and made me get her old ginger—”

“One pound, remember!” called his mother from the house; “and you and Nat may have *one* apiece.”

Trotty’s spirits rose. He called Nat out, and told him about that; and Nat said that it was “bully,” and Trotty thought so too. On the whole he began to be very glad that he was not at home ironing Jerusalem. Jerusalem himself seemed to be quite of the opinion that he had had ironing enough for one week; what with the scorching, and the drowning, and the hanging, he was in rather a depressed state of mind. Thinking to encourage him, Trotty carried him by the head awhile.

It took Trotty and Nat a long time to go to the Deacon’s. It never took Trotty and Nat anything but a long time to go anywhere. They dug wells in every sand-bank, and sailed chips on every mud-puddle, and knocked the stones off from every wall, and covered themselves with pitch on every wood-pile, and made friends with every kitty, and ran away from every

puppy, and picked *every* dandelion that they came across, — to say nothing of Jerusalem ; for Jerusalem could be an elephant, and Jerusalem could be a mouse, and Jerusalem excelled in the character of a horse-car or a steam-boat. Jerusalem was unequalled as a telegraph-wire and a fish-hook ; he could be buried, could be married, could be a minister and an apple-pie ; made such a Daniel in the den of lions that the lions never would have known the difference ; and in the capacity of Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree has never been thought, by more impartial minds than Trotty's, to have a rival.

Much to Jerusalem's relief, they came to the Deacon's at last, and Trotty climbed the high wooden steps, and stood on tiptoe, so that the end of his nose and the top of his curls just showed above the counter, and hammered away for a while with his little brown fists, till the Deacon heard him. *How* he opened his eyes and mouth, while the Deacon's boy weighed out a pound of brown, round, crisp, fresh, sweet ginger-snaps !

"O my!" said Nat.

"Wait a minute," said Trotty ; "mother told me to sharge 'em."

So Trotty took the ginger-snaps, and waited about ; and the Deacon's boy was busy, and did not notice him.

"What does it mean to have 'em charged?" asked Nat, in a hungry whisper, after they had walked drearily about the store for five minutes. Trotty shook his head. He had an idea of his own, — I'm sure I do not know how he came by it, — that he was to carry home a paper with something written on it, and that the Deacon was to write it for him, but he did not feel quite sure, and did not dare to ask. So he and Nat walked back and forth, and began to feel very hungry and very homesick.

"Hulloa!" said the Deacon, presently, "why, what's the matter?"

"Mother wants 'em sharged," said Trotty, half ready to cry, but looking as important as he knew how.

"O," said the Deacon, "they're all 'sharged' long ago. Run along!"

Trotty ran along in some perplexity. He had a vague impression that either he or the Deacon had made a mistake, but I doubt if he knows which, to this day.

Out again in the sunlight and the yellow dust, among the stone walls and the dandelions, he and Nat opened the paper.

Think of it, — a pound of ginger-snaps, and nobody to be seen among the stone walls and dandelions but Trotty and Nat! Nobody to look on, all the way home, and nothing but ginger-snaps away down to the bottom of that big paper bag! O you great grown-up people who talk about "temptations," think of it!

"J-j-j-est look a there!" stammered excited Nat, hardly able to put one word straight after the other ; for Nat did not have a ginger-snap very often.

"Mother said I might have one, and you might have one, an' we might bof two of us have one," said Trotty, graciously. So he put in his dainty, dimpled fingers, and felt all about till he found the largest two ginger-snaps in the brown bag.

O, well, to think how they tasted! Trotty nibbled his up in little bites about as big as a canary's, and felt the sunshine all about, and heard a blue-bird singing as she hopped along on the wall, and wondered in his secret heart—though this he did not say to Nat—whether there would be any Deacon's, up in heaven; if he would keep ginger-snaps; if you could go down there some afternoon, and just eat all you wanted.

By and by the ginger-snap was all nibbled away.

“O, see here!” said Trotty, abstractly; “don't you wish peoples had n't any mammas, Nat?”

“Let's look in and see if they're all safe, you know,” suggested Nat, after some thought.

Trotty opened the paper in a vague way, and peeped in.

“I'd like to look and see how safe they are,” said Nat. So Nat looked to see how safe they were.

“Wonder if there's a hundred of 'em,” observed Nat, putting just the tips of his fingers over just the edge of the paper.

“O, I guess there's more'n that; there's as many as fifteen, I should n't wonder,” said Trotty.

Presently he opened the bag again, and took out two ginger-snaps again.

“I don't b'lieve she'd care if we had *two* ones, Nat.”

“That must 'a' been what she meant,” explained Nat.

But something was the matter with that ginger-snap; Trotty thought that it did not taste as good as the other.

“I guess this one'll taste better, you see. Free is n't a great many more'n one, is it, Nat?”

Nat felt positive on that point. He did n't think that four were a great many more, either.

“Look here,” said Trotty, after a while, “I'm glad mamma is n't God.”

“Why?” asked Nat.

“'Cause then she'd just have to be round everywhere looking on.”

The bluebird had stopped singing, and the sunshine ran away, as fast as it could, to hide behind a cloud.

“Where's Trotty?” asked everybody, when supper-time came; for nobody ever knew Trotty to fail of being on hand at supper-time.

“Trotty, Trotty! Trotty Tyrrol! Kitty Clover! Little pink Dai-sy! Trotty Teaser!”

Lill went up stairs and down, shouting a few dozen of Trotty's names; to tell you all the names that Trotty had would take a separate number of Our Young Folks.

Lill looked in the attic; she looked in the cellar; she searched the woodshed; she peered into the refrigerator.

“Why, what *has* become of the child?”

“I'll look myself,” said his mother, coming up. “Trotty!”

“*Yes 'um!*” said Trotty, faintly, from somewhere. And where do you suppose it was? His mother came into the entry by the linen-closet, and went

up to the tall clothes-basket that stood in the corner, and peeped in. There sat Trotty, all curled up in a little heap at the bottom, with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands.

"Could n't get out," said Trotty, meekly, looking up from the depths.

"But what did you get in for?"

"O, I was a fish, and fell down the well, I guess," said Trotty, stopping to think; "don't want any supper. I think you must be hungry, mamma; you'd better go down, you know."

But mamma did not know. She fished him out somewhat gravely, and put him down upon the floor.

"We are all at supper now, and waiting for Trotty. Where are the ginger-snaps? Did you forget them?"

"No 'um."

"Well, show me where they are, Come, dear."

But Trotty hung back. They were "in the shina-closet," he said, on the lowest shelf.

So somebody went to the "shina-closet." There on the shelf lay a little, a very little, roll of brown paper. It had been a bag once; it was torn now, and twisted up.

They brought it to Trotty's mother, and she opened it.

*Just five ginger-snaps!* Everybody looked at everybody else.

"They've eaten — why, did you ever in all your life? — *they've eaten A POUND!*"

Lill laughed till the tears came; grandmother said that they would die before morning; mamma went sadly up stairs, and found her little fish sitting on the floor beside his well, head hanging, and dimple gone.

She took him up in her arms, and looked at him. Trotty lifted his great yellow eyelashes just enough to peep through and get an idea of the state of affairs; then dropped them down — down.

"Trotty, where are the rest of mother's ginger-snaps?"

"The Deacon's pounds ain't — well, they ain't so big as they used to be," said Trotty, twisting his fingers into each other. "Sumfin 's the matter with his weighing-thing, I guess."

"No, Trotty; the Deacon gave you a great many more than you have brought home, and somebody has eaten the rest. Was it Trotty and Nat?"

"Me and Nat, we eat free," said Trotty, very low.

"Only three? But who ate the rest, Trotty?"

"Jerusalem!" said Trotty, after some consideration.

"Very well; whoever ate the ginger-snaps can't go down stairs any more to-night, but must go to bed and stay alone. Shall I put Jerusalem to bed?"

Trotty opened his eyes rather wide, but said nothing. His mother put Jerusalem into Trotty's bed, and covered him up, and tucked him in; Jerusalem folded his head quite over on the counterpane for shame and sorrow.

"O, see here!" said Trotty, with a little jump. "It — it was n't Jerusalem, either."

Trotty cried himself to sleep that night. But, before he had cried himself to sleep, his mother came up with his mug of milk, and sat down on the bed. She looked very sober, and said nothing, nor did she kiss him.

"Mamma," faltered Trotty, presently.

"What?"

"Trotty!"

Why, you would have thought his little heart was broken! He had never spent ten unnoticed, unpetted minutes in all his life before; and I suppose he had settled it in his wretched little thoughts that he never was going to be noticed or petted or kissed or forgiven.

"Too bad!" moaned Trotty. "O, it's too bad!"

So he crept up into his mother's arms,—he looked like a little tinted statue, with his nightgown, and bare feet, and wet curls, and grieving, red mouth,—and they talked it all over.

"Will I die?" asked he, by and by, very sorry and a little frightened.

O no, not now, his mother hoped; but she was afraid he would be sick to-morrow. Indeed, she had sent Lill to ask the doctor to stop in a moment on his way home; though that she did not tell Trotty.

Trotty called her back after she had started to go down stairs, and wanted to know "Which would be died first,—me or you or Jerusalem?"

"O, I presume I shall die first; I am the oldest. Come, Trotty, go to sleep now, it is very late."

"Mamma—" when she had stepped on the very last stair: and up she must climb again, wearily.

"Look here, mamma. I should just like to know about it. If you go to heaven first, *who'll shoot me?*"

You see, all the dead people that the poor little philosopher knew anything about, were two in number. One was his father, whose great, blue brave eyes looked down out of the picture up stairs, and who lay with a bullet in his heart among the solemn shadows of Gettysburg. The other was the Good President. Consequently, he had inferred that the only means of translation from this world to another was by pistol.

"And, O dear!" cried his mother, afterwards, "to think that *I* should have to be the one to do it!"

"A pound of ginger-snaps! A pound of ginger-snaps!" repeated grandmother at intervals throughout the evening. "He certainly *will* die before morning."

Trotty did not, however, die before morning. And, what is more,—I do not expect to be believed, but it is true,—they never hurt him a bit.

The next Sunday he preached a sermon to Lill and Bidly. If you had only heard it! It began—

. . . . A telegram just received from the Editors, (who are not of a theologic turn of mind) mildly but decidedly hints that I may go on writing as long as I choose, if it is any comfort to me; but that young folks have sensibilities, and the Magazine has covers, and not another line will they print for me this time.

*E. Stuart Phelps.*

## THE BURGOMASTER GULL.

THE old-wives sit on the heaving brine,  
 White-breasted in the sun,  
 Preening and smoothing their feathers fine,  
 And scolding, every one.

The snowy kittiwakes overhead,  
 With beautiful beaks of gold,  
 And wings of delicate gray outspread,  
 Float, listening while they scold.

And a foolish guillemot, swimming by,  
 Though heavy and clumsy and dull,  
 Joins in with a will when he hears their cry  
 'Gainst the Burgomaster Gull.

For every sea-bird, far and near,  
 With an atom of brains in its skull,  
 Knows plenty of reasons for hate and fear  
 Of the Burgomaster Gull.

The black ducks gather, with plumes so rich,  
 And the coots in twinkling lines ;  
 And the swift and slender water-witch,  
 Whose neck like silver shines ;

Big eider-ducks, with their caps pale green  
 And their salmon-colored vests ;  
 And gay mergansers, sailing between,  
 With their long and glittering crests.

But the loon aloof on the outer edge  
 Of the noisy meeting keeps,  
 And laughs to watch them behind the ledge  
 Where the lazy breaker sweeps.

They scream and wheel, and dive and fret,  
 And flutter in the foam ;  
 And fish and mussels blue they get  
 To feed their young at home :

Till, hurrying in, the little auk  
 Brings tidings that benumbs,  
 And stops at once their clamorous talk, —  
 “The Burgomaster comes !”

And up he sails ! a splendid sight,  
With "wings like banners" wide,  
And eager eyes, both big and bright,  
That peer on every side.

A lovely kittiwake flying past  
With a slippery pollock fine,  
Quoth the Burgomaster, "Not so fast,  
My beauty ! This is mine !"

His strong wing strikes with a dizzying shock ;  
Poor kittiwake, shrieking, flees ;  
His booty he takes to the nearest rock,  
To devour it at his ease.

The scared birds scatter to left and right,  
But the bold buccaneer, in his glee,  
Cares little enough for their woe and their fright, —  
"T will be *your* turn next !" cries he.

He sees not, hidden behind the rock,  
In the sea-weed, a small boat's hull,  
Nor dreams he the gunners have spared the flock  
For the Burgomaster Gull.

So proudly his dusky wings are spread,  
And he launches out on the breeze, —  
When lo ! what thunder of wrath and dread !  
What deadly pangs are these !

The red blood drips and the feathers fly,  
Down drop the pinions wide ;  
The robber-chief, with a bitter cry,  
Falls headlong in the tide !

They bear him off with laugh and shout ;  
The wary birds return, —  
From the clove-brown feathers that float about  
The glorious news they learn.

Then such a tumult fills the place  
As never was sung or said ;  
And all cry, wild with joy, "The base,  
Bad Burgomaster's dead !"

And the old-wives sit with their caps so white,  
And their pretty beaks so red,  
And swing on the billows, and scream with delight,  
For the Burgomaster's dead !

*Celia Thaxter.*



## I C I L I U S .

THE intolerable oppression of the patricians, to which was now added the tyranny of the Decemvirs, had excited a spirit of rancor in the breasts of the Roman commons, which was gradually extending itself to the entire army that now lay encamped in a strong position within sight of the enemy. But so sullen was their temper that the generals feared to lead them from their intrenchments, and the only barrier to open mutiny seemed to be the absence of special provocation, or the lack of a leader.

Upon the slopes of Crustumeria hung the dark masses of the Roman [their]\* legions, while the watch-fires of their enemy, gleaming through heavy masses of foliage, lit up the vales below. But the haughty joy with which these stern warriors were wont to hail the hour of conflict no longer thrilled the soldiers' breasts. By the dim light of stars, men spake in whispers; and murmurs, waxing louder as the night wore on, like the hollow moan of surf before the gathering tempest, rose on the midnight air.

Just as the red light, tinged the mountain summits, a warrior, clad in a gory mantle from which the blood, slow dripping, had stained his armor and clotted upon his horse's mane, rode down the sentry, and, bursting into the midst of the camp, shouted, "Soldiers, protect a tribune of the people!" Those pregnant words, associated with all of liberty the commons

\* If the first paragraph be spoken, the speaker will here use the reading in brackets, instead of "the Roman."



had ever known, were to the chafed spirits of the soldiery as fire to the flax. From every quarter of the camp trumpets sounded to arms, the clash of steel mingled with the tramp of hurrying feet, and, marshalled by self-elected commanders, the gleaming cohorts closed around him. But when the helmet, lifted, revealed a face of wondrous beauty, stained by the traces of recent grief, the eyes flashing with the light of incipient madness, tears trembled on the cheeks of that stern soldiery, and "Icilius!" ran in a low wail through their ranks.

"Comradés," he cried, "you behold no more that young Icilius who, foot to foot and shield to shield with you, has borne the brunt of many a bloody day, and whose life was like a summer's morning, rich with the fragrance of the opening buds, while every morn gave promise of new joys, and twilight hours were in their lingering glories dressed, — but a man sore broken, made ruthless by oppression, and so beset with horrors that this reeling brain, just tottering on the verge of madness, is steadied only by the purpose of revenge.

"Yesterday, Virginia, my betrothed, was by her father slain, to thwart the lust of Appius Claudius, a guardian of the public virtue and a ruler of the State.

"As she crosses the forum, on her way to school, that she may take leave of her mates and invite them to her bridal, some ruffians set on by Appius Claudius lay ho'd upon her, averring that she is not the daughter of Virginius, but of a slave-woman, the property of Marcus, his client. The matter is brought to public trial; Appius, failing to obtain in this manner the custody of her, that he may gratify his evil passions, commands his soldiers to take her by force. Her friends, apprehending no violence at a legal tribunal, are without arms. Soldiers are tearing her from her father's embrace, when the stern parent, preferring death to dishonor, catches a knife from the butcher's stall, and crying, 'Thus only can I restore thee untainted to thy ancestors,' stabs her to the heart.

"The purple torrent gushing from her breast, she falls upon my neck, — her arms embrace me, — her lips close pressed to mine, murmuring in death my name, she dies.

"In childhood we were lovers; from her father's door to mine was but a javelin's cast. We sought the nests of birds, — played in the brooks, — chased butterflies, — we clapped our hands in childish wonder when the great eagle from the Apennines plunged headlong to the vale, or skimmed with level wing along the flood, — and I, adventurous boy, risked life and limb upon the jutting crag, to pluck some wild-flower that her fancy pleased.

"As generous wine by age becomes more potent, thus fared it with our loves. For her I kept myself unstained, rushed to the battle's front, and honors gained, that I might lay them at her feet, and, by her love inspired, press on to worthier deeds. Like flowers whose kindred roots intertwine, whose perfume mingles on the morning air, did our affections blend. 'T was but three nights ago that we sat hand in hand beside the Tiber, and listened to the song of nightingales among the elms. The purple twilight quivering

through the leaves streamed o'er her brow, and bathed in heavenly hues her lovely form.

"There we talked of our approaching nuptials. Love ripened into rapture. I kissed her lips, and chid the slow-paced hours that kept us from our bliss. The marriage day was fixed. With curtains richly wrought, and coverings of finest linen, spun by her own hands and by her maidens, my mother had adorned the couch.

"To that sweet home where I had hoped through happy years to cherish her a wife, I bore her mangled corpse, gashed by a father's hand. Her blood bedewed the bed decked with those nuptial gifts.

"To you, mates of my boyhood, brethren in battle tried, I stretch my hands; not in the petty interest of a private wrong, but in the sacred right of Roman liberty, of virgin purity, sweet household joys, and in the name of those whose fair forms mingle with your dreams, in the fierce shock of battle nerve your arms, the fragrance of whose parting kiss yet lingers on your lips.

"The blood of age creeps slowly, and in its timid counsels interest and fear bear sway. Shall youthful swords lie rusting in the scabbard, and young men count the odds, when slaughtered beauty from its bloody grave clamors for vengeance?

"Behold this mantle, drenched in the blood of her whose fingers wove it as a gift of love, — each precious drop a tongue to shame your lingering courage. Led by the father with his bloody knife, your comrades thunder at the gates of Rome, while you, unworthy sons of sires who banished Tarquin and expelled the kings, sit here deliberating whether the virgin's sanctity, the wife's fair virtue, and all that men and gods hold sacred, are worth the striking for. Consume your youth in hunger, cold, and vigils, with spoils of conquered realms to pamper tyrants, till, waxing wanton on your bounty, they desolate your homes; and ye, hedged in by mercenary spears, revile your misery."

His words were drowned in the clash of steel and the cries of multitudes calling to arms. Tearing the bloody garment in pieces, he flung them among the thronging battalions. "Be these your eagles! Bind them to your helmets; and, in the spirit they inspire, strike down the oppressor, that sweet Virginia's unquiet ghost no more may wander shrieking for vengeance on the midnight air, but to the silent shades appeased return."

*Elijah Kellogg.*

NOTE. — The Publishers of "Our Young Folks" are obliged, by their arrangement with the author of the foregoing declamation, positively to prohibit its republication.



## MARY'S FIRST TRIAL.

SMALL events and trials in the life of a young child have more effect upon after life than we always know.

The following, which among other family and nursery records I remember, is a true story.

Little Mary sat alone in the parlor, "sewing a weary seam"; and she sighed once or twice as the breeze came soft and sweet through the open window, and she thought how very, very pleasant it was out there, where the lilacs were in bloom and the trees in full blossom.

Presently a door opened, and her mother came from the adjoining bedroom. Mary's mother — a grave, stately-looking lady — was dressed for going out. We should smile to meet any one in our streets apparelled in like manner, but it was the fashion of that time. Her dress was a bright-patterned chintz sack, long, and open in front; the corners drawn back and fastened up behind, so displaying a flower-quilted petticoat beneath. Fifty years ago a young girl took that dress from the bottom of an old trunk, where it had lain for nearly thirty, and appropriated it to private theatricals. Over the lady's shoulders lay a black mantle, and on her arms she wore long black mits, reaching to the bare elbows. A black silk hat was set low over the forehead, and raised behind so as not to crumple the starched high crown, clear and delicate, of her muslin cap; and she carried an open green fan, larger than some of the sunshades now in use. The pointed toes and high heels of her prunella, paste-buckled slippers clicked daintily as she walked, and left slight trace upon the sanded floor.

At the opposite door she paused, with her hand upon the lock, and looked back at the child, who, prim and silent, sat upon a low stool near the window. There was a flush of excitement on the pale little face, for she had hoped to be the companion of her mother's walk; but the strict discipline of those days forbade much freedom of speech in children, so Mary could not dream of *asking* excuse from a task unaccomplished, however industrious she might have been; but her dark eyes looked so wistful there was no mistaking their language.

"Go fetch your hat, Mary," said the lady, at length; and with pleased smiles the little maiden folded her work, replaced the square, oaken stool in exact angle with the lion-clawed table, and obeyed the welcome summons.

With careful steps the mother and daughter walked along the unpaved streets of Glostown, — I give it that name, though the four first letters alone belong to it. They stopped at a square wooden house, which was approached by two very low flat steps, and entered through a pair of red folding-doors, having a brass knocker on the one and a brass handle on the other. Blinds had not yet come into general use; but the windows of this house were hung with curtains, and four thickly leafed poplars shaded them outwardly. Here lived the parish clergyman, Parson Fordes.

The town of Glostown has now its six or eight places of public worship, perhaps more ; but at that time the one old meeting-house — which, if it had ever been painted, retained no trace of it — stood solitary, with its belfry and pointed steeple, overlooking the whole parish.

The little fishing-town has since become a thickly settled place. Hotels and rows of stores have displaced all the pretty gardens ; and railroad tracks stretch along where Mary and her mother walked that afternoon so quietly.

The two visitors were received in the parlor of Madam Fordes, the wife of the clergyman. This lady, well advanced in years, sat in a white dimity-covered easy-chair, dressed all in white herself ; her Bible and spectacles lying on a three-footed light-stand beside her, and her favorite cat on a cushion near by. The floor was carpeted, — a rare thing in those days. This carpet was home-made ; industry and ingenuity had slowly accomplished it. Bits of woollen cloth — black, red, gray, green, and yellow — cut to the width of common tape, and sewed together in long variegated strips, braided and interwoven, had produced a durable fabric, a carpet, giving to this room a look of cheerful comfort.

Between the windows stood a small table with raised edges, bow-legged and curiously carved, supporting a tea-service of china with cups almost toy-like in size. If a lady has only one such now she holds it precious, and gives it place among curiosities.

On the opposite side of the room was a high chest of drawers, kept in shining nicety ; and beside it — close beside it — there stood, unfortunately as it proved, a child's arm-chair, — the only chair among the high, stiff-backed ones that stood round the room on which the little girl could have seated herself in comfort.

The two ladies conversed of their dairies, their gardens, their spinning and knitting, their quiltings and weavings, and in more serious tones of the Dark Day which had very recently occurred, filling people's hearts with terror while it lasted, and leaving them impressed with awe and solemnity ; for the Dark Day of the year 1780 was not an eclipse, and many looked upon it as a forewarning that the world was coming to an end. Up to the present time it has not been satisfactorily accounted for. It lasted from early forenoon to near sunset ; candles were lighted, for it was like night ; the fowls went to roost, the birds to their nests, and when the sun reappeared, just before its setting, they awoke as to a new day.

Engaged upon so serious a subject, they thought not of little Mary, sitting unnoticed and silent in her low chair apart ; but although she had studied the blue tiles round the fireplace several times over, and gazed, till her fancy was more than satisfied, upon the picture of Queen Anne with a string of beads round her throat, she was neither weary nor inactive. Her curiosity and her admiration had become strongly excited by an object that fixed her gaze with a magical charm.

One of the drawers of the great shining chest was a little — a very little — way open, and from it peeped forth a bit of pink sarcenet ; it was but a small bit, — not much larger than the pink surface of Mary's own little hand ; but it

was triangular, just the shape and size for a doll's shawl ; so suitable to supply the scant wardrobe of that beloved, wooden-faced Mehitable at home. Mary longed to examine it more nearly ; after a while she ventured just to touch the end of it. It was hanging so that a slight movement would cause it to fall.

Mary sighed ; she sat up a little straighter in her chair ; she turned away her head ; she stared again at the staring Queen Anne ; she looked this way and that ; but there was nothing in the whole room so interesting, so altogether lovely, as that bit of sarcenet, and her eye reverted still, in side-long glances, to its first allurements. Again her soul was fascinated. Eve's temptation was not stronger. Suddenly, she scarcely knew how or when, she had withdrawn the silken treasure ; it was in her hand, but ah, its charm was gone ! She hardly dared to look at it ; she trembled, and felt flushed as with fever. Now could she but replace it in the drawer, — but no ; it was the narrowest crack through which the fatal silk had escaped, and it could not be put back.

She sat behind her mother, and was thus screened also from the observation of Madam Fordes ; but her mother would rise ; she would turn towards her daughter ; the eyes of both would be upon her, and then, — where could she hide her shame ? At length the dreaded moment came ; the conversation had closed, the ladies were exchanging the ceremonies of taking leave ; from an impulse of terror, Mary hastily crushed the silk into her pocket, made her courtesy with downcast eyes, and, sick at heart, returned home.

A sleepless night had the child, and morning brought no relief. She knew nothing about moral courage ; she had that yet to learn. She dared not go to her mother for counsel or comfort, as you, dear young friends, would do, not because love was lacking between them, but because in those old days it was thought right to check all familiarity in children, and to inculcate fear quite as much as love, — so different was home education then from now ; so Mary kept her secret, and was miserable.

A week had passed when, one night, as she repeated her Lord's Prayer, and asked to be *delivered from evil*, a good angel whispered to her — so she believed, for the thought came suddenly to her, like the sun breaking through a cloud — that the detested bit of sarcenet might be carried back.

Next day was the Sabbath, and Mary's mother was glad to see her little one repairing to church with her usual cheerful step. After morning service the children stayed for catechism ; after this, too, Mary still lingered. The good clergyman observed her, and, thinking she might wish to speak to him, came and took her hand.

“What, Mary, left behind ? Well, so am I. Shall we walk along together ?”

Mary could not reply, but she unclasped her fingers, and Mr. Fordes felt that something was slipped from them, and left in his hand.

“What is this ?” he asked, smiling, and looked inquiringly at the sarcenet and at Mary.

“It is yours, sir, — I mean — it is Madam's. I — I took it away, sir.”

“Took it ?”

“Yes, sir, from your house when I was there. Oh! oh! *I stole it, sir,*” and the child burst into tears.

“Did your mother tell you to bring it to me, Mary, dear?”

“No, sir, I think it was an angel.”

The effort was made, — the first great effort, which makes all after effort easier. Mary’s heart unburdened itself to her kind friend, whose gentle admonitions sent her home strengthened and comforted.

It was a lesson that she never forgot; and I believe that the eloquence with which my dear, long-since-departed mother — for she it was — used to picture to us children the happiness of the good, and the misery of doing wrong, may be traced back to this trial of her childhood.

“Listen, children,” she would say, — “listen always for the angel voices.”

*Mrs. A. M. Wells.*



## S Y M P A T H Y .

I N the glow of the rosy western light  
I met two children walking;  
Each clasped the waist of the other tight,  
And the faces that touched were fond and bright,  
But no sound was there of talking.

Four pretty bare feet in the quiet street  
Rang a faint, sweet chime in perfect time;  
Two forms lithe and round were gracefully crowned  
By pretty heads bare save of sunny hair;  
Crossed behind two arms, clasped in front two palms;  
On the setting light so ruddy bright  
Gazed four full eyes, clear as June’s calm skies.

And as lilies blooming in lowly grace,  
Dashed by the soil in showers,  
Despite every stain reveal Beauty’s trace,  
So these, low in circumstance of place,  
Were lovely, though sullied flowers, —

Lovely, through many a marring trace  
Of human apathy;  
While fragrance stole out of that holy grace  
Which draws two hearts in one embrace,  
Sweet human sympathy.

*Charlotte F. Bates.*

## THIRD LECTURE ON HEAT.

BY MY LORD HIGH FIDDLESTICK.

WHEN the little Traveller again came before the court and the Lord High Fiddlestick, it was with a face of wicked glee ; and before my lord could open his mouth, he took a tall wax taper and a candlestick out of his pocket, and, lighting it, set it on the table, saying, —

“ My Lord High Fiddlestick, here is a flame, and of course *your* friend Heat ; but will you show me where is the force, or motion, in this candle ? ”

“ Why, it is all in motion,” answered my Lord High Fiddlestick. “ This candle is simply a stick of wax, with a cotton wick drawn through it. You light the wick. It melts the wax just below it. The cotton wick is full of tiny tubes, called capillary tubes, because they are as fine as a hair. The heat which has pulled apart the stiff wax atoms, so that we call them melted, drives and pulls them up through these hair-like tubes, and makes them into vapor, as it turns water into steam. This vapor is made of two gases, one called carbon, and the other hydrogen ; and the air around the vapor is full of another substance, that we call oxygen. Now, sir, atoms of oxygen, and atoms of hydrogen and carbon, are fond of each other ; so fond, though I can’t tell why, that, wherever they find each other, they are sure to rush together. They are too much in earnest to come gently and quietly, and Heat gives them so much more motion, and brings them together with such a clash, that they burst into flame. It is the swiftness and violence with which these atoms meet and struggle that makes the flame. So, you see, there is a prodigious force and motion, to strike out a white heat by their violence ; and now, your Majesty, I should like to explain what I have here,” pointing to something that looked like a large wash-bowl of iron, mounted on a tall iron stick. Doubtless your Highness remembers a miserable little country called Iceland, in which are horrible ice-mountains, and great caves, from which steam rushes roaring and hissing ; and pools of mud which send up bubbles of slime ; and ice-fields from which streams of water spread out over the country in dreadful swamps, so that your Majesty declined to consider Iceland as part of your kingdom, because it was too sloppy. Probably you must remember also that wonderful boiling spring called the Geyser. This spring has a tube more than seventy feet deep, and a beautiful wide basin lined with something like hard, smooth plaster. Regularly the ground shakes with a noise like thunder, the water struggles in the basin, and at last it is lifted, and, mixed with clouds of steam, is thrown high in the air.”

“ I remember all about it,” exclaimed the little Prince Imperial. “ That is the boiling spring where the water does n’t boil. Our wise man said so.”

“ He ! he ! he ! ” tittered the little Traveller.

“His Highness is quite right,” answered the Lord High Fiddlestick. “Water and steam burst out, and yet our wisest man discovered that the water in the tube was nowhere at what we call the boiling-point.”

“See here !” observed the King, looking with great round eyes at the Lord High Fiddlestick. “What is the Great Geyser’s receipt for that? Here we can never get our tea till the water boils.”

“I must explain first what we mean by the boiling-point,” returned the Lord High Fiddlestick. “Your Majesty will observe the water boiling in this glass vessel. You see rising through the water thin bubbles of film. These are steam bubbles. On each of these thin films the air above it is pressing. The air presses very hard : though we can neither see nor feel it, there is as much air as would weigh fifteen pounds pressing on every square inch. Why does not such a weight of air break in through these films? Simply because the steam atoms are pushing out, just as strongly as the air atoms are pushing in : so when these steam atoms that are struggling up grow just as strong as the air atoms that are pressing them down, we see the steam bubbles ; and the water boils, or it is at its boiling-point. Do I make it clear, your Majesty ?”

“Perfectly,” mumbled the King, growing very red, for, to tell the truth, he was taking a sly bite at a ginger-snap.

“Then you see,” continued my Lord High Fiddlestick, “that all the world has not the same boiling-point. It takes more heat to make water boil in your Majesty’s palace than on the top of a mountain ; because on the mountain the air, as it rises higher, stretches out, and grows lighter ; so the air atoms do not press so hard, and the steam bubbles are not obliged to make so long a fight of it. Now we can come back to the Geyser. I have here a basin of iron, on top of a long tube of iron. I have filled the tube with water. Under it, as you see, is a fire. Just so the tube of the great Geyser is filled with hot water, that rushes in from a warm spring, down deep in the earth. The water is very warm towards the bottom of the tube, but it is not quite ready to boil ; that is, the steam bubbles are not strong enough to push their way up against the water above and the air which presses heavily down there. More steam rushes in at the bottom ; and being cooled, or made to draw together suddenly in water-drops by rushing into water cooler than itself, it makes the thundering noise of which I spoke. But before it is quite cooled, it pushes and presses for more room, as usual. You know how strong steam is. It pushes so hard, that it lifts the water that could not quite boil up higher, where the air does not press so heavily. The steam atoms are as strong as the new air atoms, and they burst out ; and the water below has a lighter weight to lift. More steam comes in at the bottom of the tube, and lifts the water still higher, where the air is lighter yet, till the steam grows so strong that it throws the water above it high in the air. See ! here goes our little Geyser, and sends the water almost to the ceiling. Is it clear, Mr. Traveller ?”

“Clear as mud,” growled the Traveller.

“It is a beautiful experiment,” said the Lord High Fiddlestick, looking as



pink as his slippers with pleasure ; “ but the credit of it belongs to our wisest man. We should never have found it out, but for him.”



“ If he finds out anything like that again, I will have him hung,” growled the King ; “ that is, if I am obliged to hear about it.”

“ Before concluding,” said my Lord High Fiddlestick, “ I have something more to tell you about Heat. When air is heated, it grows larger and lighter. It gets more motion, and it rises. In this way, Heat makes the winds. The sun’s rays strike on the earth, and heat it. The air just above the earth is heated, and, as I have said, it rises. You know that the earth is round, and that it turns from west to east. Your Majesty remembers, also, that the middle of the earth is called the Tropics ; for when we proposed to your Majesty to settle there, your Majesty answered, that you liked the bananas and oranges, but you objected to the lions and tarantulas. On this happy country of the tarantulas the sun shines straight down. Naturally there the earth and the air are most heated. Our earth is turning around, like a wheel, from west to east, and we keep up a good rate of speed. Where this warm air rises, the earth advances a thousand miles an hour. This warm air flows

out, sideways, towards the ends of the earth, called the Poles, where they only have sun six months in the year, and where the rate of speed is nothing. Now if a man should jump out of a train that was moving, you know what would happen. He would be pitched forward, in the direction that the train was going. Just so this air is pitched forward with the earth, and makes what we call a westerly wind. The warm air leaves an empty place behind it, and into this place drops the cold heavy air from the Poles. This goes on continually, and we have the two great winds called the Trades, continually sliding over each other, one going out, and the other coming in. But this is not all."

"Sorry to hear it," muttered the King.

"With this warm air rises the vapor of water, which Heat has drawn up from the brooks, the rivers, and the oceans. It is not mist, or anything that you can see, but is as transparent as air. As the air and the vapor rise, they stretch out, and push on every side; but by this time you know what does the work. It is Heat. The vapor atoms use all their Heat. They find themselves high in what we call space. There is no air there, and space has no heat to give them back. Their nearest neighbors are the mountain-tops, but the mountain-tops are as poor as the vapor atoms. They have given all their Heat to space, too. The chilled atoms huddle together in water drops; the water drops cling together in clouds, and come down in rain. On the high mountain peaks it is so cold, that they get a second chill, and, drawing closer yet together, come down in snow. Much of this snow falls on the sides of the mountains, where it is so cold that snow can never melt. But if this snow always remained there, by and by Heat would have drawn up all the rivers and oceans, and we should have no water, and mountains of snow, greater than our earth mountains. The snow, however, does not remain there. It slips and slides, very slowly, but steadily, towards the earth; and it pushes and packs itself together. You know how hard you can make a snowball. If you could squeeze it hard enough, you could make it into ice. Well, we have here the mountain's snowball, sliding and packing till it turns into ice, and makes those great ice-fields called the glaciers. The glaciers slip and slide also, like the snow above them, scratching the hard rock with deep lines, and dragging along under them earth and stones. After a time, they find Heat that is strong enough to set their atoms free, and melt them into water; and this water swells the brooks, and rushes down to swell the rivers, and carries with it some of that fresh mountain earth, that the glaciers dragged along, to the fields below, where it is needed. But there is more yet to be said about Heat. This world—"

The King groaned. To commence with the world, looks as if you might talk to the end of time.

"The world," said my Lord High Fiddlestick, "is a great Heat-market. Every body and vapor gives Heat away, and gets back Heat from other bodies and vapors. But some bodies and vapors are wholesale dealers, and some are retail dealers. A tree is a retail dealer. Its wood gives away very little of the Heat that it gets from the ground, and its bark takes in very little

Heat ; so that it is not likely to be injured by sudden changes in the weather. The feathers and down of a bird are small dealers. They let in, and let out, very little Heat, so that birds can wear their winter coats all summer without suffering. Dry air, that is, air without the vapor of water, is only a sales-agent in the Heat-market. It takes in vast quantities of Heat, but it lets it all out again. For instance : In the Great Desert of Sahara, the sun beats down on miles of sand, where there is no water. The sand fairly burns, and the air is like flame ; but when the sun sets, the sand, which never keeps Heat long on hand, makes over its Heat to the dry air ; the dry air, as usual, lets all the Heat slip through it, and the consequence is, that the nights are often painfully cold, and ice is formed. Water, on the contrary, is a wholesale dealer. It drinks in all the Heat it can get. The ocean may be called the earth's storehouse of Heat, for it takes in Heat all the summer, and gives it out through the winter ; and the vapor of water, that clings about the earth, is the earth's blanket. All day long, it takes Heat from everything that will give it. All night long, it gives Heat to whatever needs it ; otherwise, after a burning summer day, we should give away all our Heat, like the sands of Sahara, and then, having none given back, would be pinched with frost and cold. Grass is also a dealer in Heat, and at night, like the vapor of water, it commences to give away its Heat ; but as the grass has a smaller stock of Heat than the water vapor, it gets through first. Of course, when it has given all its Heat away, the grass is chilled. It chills the water vapor just above it. You know what vapor atoms do when they are chilled: they huddle together in water drops, and fall on the grass, in what we call dew."

The little Traveller was noticed here nearly double in a fit of laughter.

"The world a great Heat-market!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak. "Ha! ha! he! he! So Heat runs the world, does it, my Lord High Fiddlestick? Hoo! hoo! hoo!"

"Precisely," answered my Lord High Fiddlestick. "Heat is God's magician. He comes down to earth, almost without shape or body that we can see. He enters the air, and comes out as our old friends, the north, south, east, and west winds. He packs his bag with water vapor, and sends us down clouds, rain, snow, and glaciers. He pulls the train, and turns the factory-wheels, and prints the papers —"

"And fries the cakes," murmured the King.

My Lord High Fiddlestick stopped in astonishment. The King was talking in his sleep. The courtiers were all nodding, too. Not a soul was awake but the little Traveller.

Exit my Lord High Fiddlestick, his nose in the air, his green satin gown under one arm, and the iron basin under the other.

*Louise E. Chollet.*

## "T O O D L E S ."

"DEAR SIR, — It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of your pet, left in my keeping. A lady very carelessly left him on the piano, and in his playfulness he jumped down and broke his neck."

The above is an extract from a letter I received during a little visit to Washington, last winter. It came in a black-edged envelope, was written on black-edged paper, and was handed to me at the breakfast-table ; so, taken all in all, it might have been said to be the mourning news.

It was an announcement of the death of "Toodles."

You do not know who "Toodles" is, perhaps? Ah, well, "Toodles" is a dog, one of the prettiest little dogs that ever were seen, with white curly hair, soft as silk, and eyes bright and black as beads, — black beads of course. He got his name from a funny trick he has of pawing at the bow of his ribbon when it slips round to one side of his neck, just as Toodles does at the ends of his cravat in the play. You have never seen the play, of course, but perhaps your papa has, and, if you ask him, it may be that he'll show you what Toodles does, and then you will understand how funny it must be when done by a little dog.

To explain how "Toodles" came into my possession would be to tell a long story, and in this busy world of ours long stories are out of place. But I may say that he was a philopena from a little girl with whom I was eating almonds one evening. "Give and take" was agreed on. You will readily imagine the various stratagems we practised on each other ; how queer things, that under other circumstances would have been seized with eagerness, were offered for examination and refused ; how my curiously contrived pencil-case, that could be transformed at pleasure into a pen, a knife, a pair of scissors, — almost anything, in fact, but a boot-jack, — suddenly lost its charms for my little friend, while a wonderful doll, that would open its eyes, and cry "mamma," and attempt to kick the clothes off on being laid in its cradle, extended its arms to me in vain, though I had long been anxious for a closer acquaintance with the flaxen-haired young lady than Miss Carrie, in her jealous care, would allow me. At last I won the day with a silkworm's cocoon. An opportunity to see "how silk aprons grew" was not to be neglected, and Miss Carrie fell a victim to her curiosity. The next morning a little basket came to me half filled with cotton-wool. At first I thought it contained nothing but cotton-wool, and that the whole thing was one of Carrie's famous jokes ; but closer examination revealed a black nose and a pair of pink ears peeping out, and I knew what the present was. What to do with it was the next question. I was really afraid to take it out of the basket for fear of breaking it. *Such* a little dog I do believe was never before seen ; it might almost have been sent to me in an envelope like a letter. You could take it up in your thumb and finger, as you may have seen an old lady take a pinch of snuff. I called it a watch-dog, because I could carry it

around in my pocket like a watch. Indeed, — this is no exaggeration, — I often took it out, to make calls on little ladies of my acquaintance, comfortably tucked away in the inner breast-pocket of my coat.

"Toodles" was very funny in those infant days, — the days when he was an "it." His bark was but a loud breath. You could scarcely believe that it was a *real* dog, — he seemed a toy-dog, or at least a burlesque on dogs generally. When he reared up on his hind legs, in real or pretended anger, we almost rolled out of our chairs with laughter. On these terrible occasions he would go over to the other side of the room, and crouch down like a lion, to suddenly spring up and rush at us, with mouth so wide open, that one could almost thrust a peanut into it, trying to utter a ferocious roar, but only accomplishing a faint whistle. Indeed, you could not believe that he was a dog, — he seemed to be something else, only playing dog. Now Toodles is larger. I have to carry him in an overcoat-pocket when I take him out of evenings, and Katy, the chambermaid, tells me that yesterday he got out two real barks. Rolling around on the floor, you would formerly have mistaken him for a ball of white wool; now, in his caperings, he looks like an animated muff, and we warn visitors against teasing him or making him angry, lest he should tear them in pieces.

To return to the beginning of my story, and proceed in regular order. When "Toodles" first arrived at my domicile, I wrote a note to the donor (if my little friends find any words here they do not understand, they must look them up in the dictionary, for they'll have to read Carlyle and Miss Evans some day), thanking her for the gift, but asking what she expected me to do with it, and how and where I could keep it. She replied that she expected me to feed the little baby regularly, wash and comb him every day, and see that he always had a nice ribbon round his neck; and as for keeping him, if I had no other place, I must do with him what "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater," did with his wife.

By diligent inquiry, I learned that the said Peter put his wife "in a pumpkin-shell," and the rhyme went on to say that "there he kept her very well." But unfortunately I had no pumpkin-shell; and a nut-shell not seeming likely to answer the purpose, I had to bargain for a box. So "Toodles" had his private box, and enjoyed himself in it quite as much as he could have done at the opera.

Just as things got comfortably settled, and working well in their grooves, business called me to Washington. The period of my absence was indefinite; it might be ten days, or ten weeks, or ten months. What to do with "Toodles" became a matter of serious consideration. I could not take him with me, for he did not know any more about reconstruction than members of Congress do, and he could not make noise enough to be a successful politician. In the midst of my trouble, a woman who lived in the same house with "Toodles" and me suddenly appeared and said she would take care of him while I was gone.

I did not then know that the woman was a witch, or I should not have accepted so readily what seemed a kind offer. She said he should be fed on

rose-leaves and chicken-bones, — an excellent diet for little dogs, — that his hair should be combed and curled every day, that he should have his ears pierced and gold rings put in them, that he should have a velvet collar, too, with a gold buckle, and that she would take him out in her carriage every day to ride in Central Park.

Not knowing that she was a witch, I of course did n't know that her only carriage was a broomstick, and that she only wanted "Toodles" to keep her company and bark at the moon when she went careering through the sky. So I innocently accepted her offer, and thanked her for the kindness, — and went to Washington.

I'm wiser now, and know witches when I see them. They have black hair, and bold features, and wear a good many rings on their fingers, and talk loudly, and find fault with everything on the table, and scold the servants, and are always finding out things about others that none but a witch could find out, and telling things about others that none but a witch or a wicked woman would tell. "Toodles" knows witches too, now, and tries to bark and bite and tear their dresses, when they come into the room. Some day he'll eat one of them up, perhaps, and then she'll be rather sorry, I guess, that she was a witch.

As I was saying, I went to Washington. Some two or three days after my arrival there, before I had got the national difficulties half settled, or determined what it would be best to do with the President, the letter from which the extract which begins this story is taken was brought to me at the breakfast-table. It did n't take away my appetite, because I was already through; but it made me feel very bad indeed, and a little provoked.

"Jumped from the piano," did he? How came he to be playing on the piano? He was not musically educated, he had no bad habits of that kind, he was not a young lady! Nor could I exactly see how, in jumping off a piano, he could break his neck, — unless he jumped from an extraordinarily high note. Had he even fallen, so much was he like a bag of wool, that beyond bounding two or three times, and bumping a little against the ceiling, no harm could have happened to him. Altogether the affair was so mysterious that I determined to investigate it on my return.

On my return, I found that the witch had flown. One morning she got on her broomstick and whisked away to Boston. But before going she told others in the house a story similar to the one she wrote to me. She sent the little dog down to her daughter's, she said, to see something of society, and a lady left him on the piano, and he jumped off and broke his neck, and was buried in Washington Park. There was great mourning in our house; and one of the young ladies wanted to put crape on the door, and muffle the knocker, for "Toodles" was a favorite.

Some way my suspicions were excited; the piano story seemed scarcely in tune, — there was a false note somewhere, and it occurred to me that the letter I received in Washington was the one. So one day, in passing Washington Park, I stopped and asked the keeper if there had been any dog-funerals there lately. No. I then discussed the subject in all its bearings, and

learned that dogs were sometimes buried there in summer ; for a small consideration he dug green little graves under the trees, and planted poodles and other pets. If I examined the trees carefully, he thought I could easily discover the ones under which dogs had been buried, — by their bark. But there had been no burials since last August ; that was the funeral of a fat old lady dog, a black and tan, that had been in some family for a long while, and was followed to the grave by her mistress and several descendants. The coffin was of oak, with a little silver plate inscribed "Lady Jane" ; and in compliment to the greatness of the occasion and the race to which the deceased dog belonged, — he called it "breed," I think, — the sexton-keeper filled in the grave with tan-bark instead of common earth. He would have used black and tan bark, he said, but it could not be procured. He was sure that since that illustrious interment none other had taken place ; it was impossible, in fact, that one could come off without his knowledge, especially when the ground was so hard frozen that digging the grave would be the work not of a moment, but of hours.

Now it so happened that I knew a great and good magician, named Leonard, who dwells in a castle on Mulberry Street, and is potent in punishing evil-doers and bringing offenders to justice. His myrmidons (that's a long word for you, but I could n't find a shorter one that would *do me*) are out night and day, walking up and down the city, carrying in their hands wands of singular efficacy in persuading persons to do as they want them to. You might think these wands were base-ball clubs, but they are not. An "inning" when they are played is rather a serious matter. Well, to this magician I went, and told just what the wicked witch had done, and how I suspected her of having spirited away "Toodles." He sympathized with me, and promised to assist me in sifting the mystery. So next day, one of the myrmidons came to my house with a note from my magician, stating that the name of the bearer was McGowan, that he could transform himself into a dozen different things at pleasure, track lightning after it had vanished, and smell out thunder before it broke ; that he was at my bidding night and day, and would not leave me until the wicked witch was routed, and "Toodles" restored to his happy home. It seemed to me that McGowan was a funny name for such a chap, and that he might better have been christened Swiftfoot, or Sharpeye, or Hammerclaw, or Catchrogue ; but that was something which concerned his fairy godmother only : I was glad to know him by any name. He took a seat on the sofa, and asked me a great many questions, — how old "Toodles" was, and what he looked like ; where the witch was, and what she looked like ; where her daughter lived, and what time it was. After asking this last question, he said it was time to go. I looked to see him go whirling up the chimney in a cloud of blue smoke, scattering the ashes all over the hearth, and leaving a smell of matches in the room ; but instead of all that he put on his hat and said good afternoon, and went down stairs, as though he were only a common visitor, instead of the great McGowan, who could track lightning after it had vanished, and hear thunder before it broke, and at whose coming evil witches bustle off on their broomsticks.

The next morning, a queer-looking man called at the house where the witch's daughter lived. He had an old shooting-jacket on, and a frowzy red handkerchief was tied round his neck, and his boot-legs were outside of his pantaloons, and his hat was jammed in, and altogether he was just the kind of a man you would n't like to see coming into your back yard when Dash was there playing ball by himself, or there were many clothes hanging on the lines to dry. A servant came to the door when he rang, and he asked if a Mrs. Thompson lived there.

"No," said the servant.

That was very strange. He was a dog-doctor, and had got a note from a lady of that name, asking him to call there and see a sick dog.

"What kind of a dog was it?" asked the servant.

A big black dog, with long hair, — a Newfoundland, he thought.

It could n't be there, she said; there was only one dog in the house, — a little white dog, curly-haired, — and that belonged to a Mrs. Johnson.

But was n't that dog sick, or had n't he been? — Thompson and Johnson were very much alike, and he might have mistaken the description of the dog.

No; Mrs. Johnson had only had the dog a few days; it was a present from her mother who had lately gone to Boston; but if he called in the afternoon again, he could see Mrs. Johnson herself, and perhaps she might know something about it.

So in the afternoon two dog-doctors — I was along this time — rung the bell, and, when the servant went to see if Mrs. Johnson was in, followed her to the door of the room, stepping inside immediately it was opened. The action was scarcely polite, but dog-doctors are not dancing-masters. There on the floor was "Toodles," large as life, rolling over and over in an ecstasy of delight at having succeeded in getting hold of the piano cover, and shaking a valuable vase to the floor. For all his famous fall he did not seem to hold pianos in mortal dread. On seeing me, he indulged in the most extraordinary demonstrations, tumbling end over end in his wild anxiety to get into my overcoat-pocket, evidently thinking that he had made a pretty long call there already.

The witch's daughter was in a terrible way, but seemed to feel more concern at losing the dog than shame at having her mother's wickedness found out. And at first she declared that part with "Toodles" she would not; that her mother had left him in her keeping, and would gallop everybody off on a broomstick if he were not there when she returned. But Sorcerer McGowan was neither to be coaxed nor frightened; displaying a talisman which he wore on his breast, — a sign of such awful power and significance that evil-doers grow pale the moment they set eyes on it, — he declared that he was commissioned by his chief to gallop all parties off to the Station House, if we were not permitted to depart in peace with "Toodles," and thereafter there was no remonstrance. We bore "Toodles" away triumphantly, his white tail whipping in the wind like a royal banner, and the wicked witch was routed.



Do you not think that she was a naughty woman, and deserved to be put in a coal-hole? I said he was as large as life when we found him; he was larger in fact, for he had grown considerably.

Having known so much about "Toodles," it may interest you to know a little more. He is very intelligent, moreover, and learns with astonishing rapidity, being already able to balance successfully on his hind legs, which with dogs is about equal to knowing the alphabet. To callers he is very polite, and stands up to shake hands with them, becoming very demonstrative in his bows, — and wows, — if they bring him a bonbon. He likes quiet, however, and knows no greater happiness than to be stretched out on the rug, pillowing his head on the feet of any one who will allow him the privilege. He is a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions, I discover; for very often he starts suddenly from sleep with an inarticulate bark, looking wildly round the room for something which is not there. And he mutters to himself continually in his sleep, holding conversations with imaginary companions, and catching invisible rats in utterly impossible corners. I regret to record that he is a greedy dog. Not in the common acceptation of the phrase, for he eats gracefully and daintily, and a piece of beefsteak the size of a postage-stamp, or the half of a chicken's wing, is quite as much as he can manage at a meal. But he seems to regret that he cannot eat more. Yesterday, for the fun of it, I thought I'd feed him to the very full of his wishes. At first he rose eagerly for the morsels of meat, like a trout at flies in June, but very soon he got up reluctantly, and encouragement was necessary. Finally he turned to leave the field. "See here, Toodles!" I said, cutting off a particularly nice and juicy-looking bit. Turning back he gazed at it a moment longingly and regretfully; then uttering a short, sharp yelp, expressive of all manner of indignation, he trotted away to his corner and lay down with a determined air, nor could I coax him out by any inducement. Whether he meant to reprove me for holding out temptation after having learned his weakness, or merely intended to indicate his sense of the injustice which nature did him in not making him a stomach as large as other dogs, so that he could eat more, I do not know. But certain it is that he fled from the danger, and refused to ever trust himself within reach of a savory smell. There's a lesson for little boys!

Now you know who "Toodles" is, and how he was dead and buried and resurrected. While I write, he lies at my feet, looking as though he knew that his biography is being written, and mutely pleading with me to say nothing bad about him.

*C. H. Webb.*



## WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

THE world has grown a great piece since I was a little girl, and I am not a hundred years old either. Jamie's children are not big enough yet for anything but "this little pig, and that little pig"; and so, by way of brushing up beforehand, and lest my memory, when it begins to drop things, should let slip some of these recollections that may be useful by and by, I will try and rehearse them for the readers of Our Young Folks, and set down some few fragments in black and white, where they can at least "be kept till called for."

The city that I was born in has grown, since then, away out into the country; and the country has grown away out over the wilderness and the mountains, till it stands thinking awhile what is to be done next on the shores of another ocean. It is a good thing that the world is round. What would have become of us all, and of our travels, if there *had* been a "jumping-off place"?

When I was a little girl, born in a city, there were n't half so many cities to be born in as there are now. Dozens of them have been born, since then, themselves.

There were no gas-lights, in those nights, in the streets or in the houses. The lamplighters used to come round in the mornings, with their ladders and oil-cans, and trim and fill the lanterns; running up the rungs, and sliding down the posts. Then at evening they came again with their torches, and lit them up. It was great amusement for the city children to watch them from the windows; they had grown so quick, so elf-like, so shiny from head to foot with their employ. In the parlors we had astral lamps, giving the starlike light that their name signifies. Then there were mantel lamps, and hanging lamps in the chandeliers, which were like the children, sure to behave their worst if there was company.

We had n't any furnaces then; and I remember when there were no cooking-ranges, and very few coal-grates; and how the old gentlemen grumbled when the new inventions first came, and could n't eat their roast-beef that was no longer cooked by a wood-blaze, or reconcile themselves at all to "sitting round a hole in the carpet."

Ways of living were different. There was n't half so much cloth wanted, nor half so much sewing or housekeeping to be done; and yet they all thought they were pretty busy too. Very nice people were contented to have haircloth-covered chairs and sofas, and plain white blinds to their windows, and they only put five widths into their silk dresses. There were pictures of women in hoops in the histories we studied at school; and we wondered at them, as we did at the costumes of the Turks and the Japanese.

When I was a very little girl, there were no omnibuses even. At least not in our city. Street cars had never been dreamed of. There were no

enormous distances to traverse, such as there are now. The street we lived in, which is to-day quite in the old part of the town, had but one house, then, below our own, which stood little more than half-way down. A great square of elegant dwellings opposite was then a vacant ground, where boys played ball and marbles, and flew kites, and built snow forts in winter. Brick by brick, we children, as we grew, saw all these stately mansions grow up likewise, only faster, as is the nature of things contrasted with souls.

When we went out of town, we drove in carriages or travelled in stages. The steam-whistle, that shrieks from end to end of the great metropolis to-day, had never lifted up its eldritch voice. The sweet country roads wound still and green out from the paved thoroughfares, crossed by no iron tracks, and bestridden by no warning signboard bidding "Beware of the Engine!" It was something, then, to go out of town!

Country was country in those days, — not merely inconvenient city. Twenty miles was a journey. And when you got there there was a new atmosphere and look to things. City contrivances and fashions did n't appear simultaneously in the farmhouses. They had asparagus branches in the fireplaces, and peacocks' feathers over the looking-glasses. You did n't find the same patterns of paper on the walls, or carpets on the floors. And there were n't any photograph albums lying about, or novels and magazines on the tables. Who had ever heard of a sun-picture then? You might see an ancient portrait or two in the best parlor, and you might find *The Scottish Chiefs*, or *The Romance of the Forest*, or *The Spectator*, or *Paradise Lost*, or *Thomson's Seasons*, if you looked for books. But these would n't be lying about; they would be safely put away on shelf or in cupboard, and you would have to look for them. Country was countrified; it was n't brackish with a mixture of city airs; it was sweet, and pure, and simple, and distinct, with ways of its own.

I am going to tell you a story: that was what I began for. Children like particular memories better than general retrospections. It was to be a story, or, rather, a bit of that inexhaustible story from which old ladies draw, of "When I was a little girl."

It shall be a story of a summer journey.

There were two of us, my brother and I. We were sent to bed early, because we were to set off early in the morning. We put our shoes and clean stockings beside our beds, ready-for the feet to pop into; the clothes were laid out for each of us on chairs. Fresh pantalets, with their triple ruffles; the fine flannel petticoat with its brier-stitched hem, and the dimity overskirt, edged with tiny points, — for my mother was dainty of her little ones' apparel; the frock of French print and the nankeen coat, braided with white, — these were for me. Jamie had his blue suit with the eagle buttons, and his new straw hat with dark blue ribbon to match.

Two queer things came, or seemed to come, close together. A restless toss upon my pillow, with a word to Jamie lying in the little open room adjoining, "O dear, Jamie! this night never will be gone! I can't go to sleep, and it won't be morning till I do!" And then — our mother's bright,

sweet look above me, and the sun making golden bars across the chamber through the blinds, and her call, "Wake up, little sleepers! We've got a journey to begin!" Just in a wink the night was gone, after all.

I suppose, if you could see a picture of our mother, she would look to you very like the queer mammas in the old editions of Rosamond, and Harry and Lucy. That is one reason I like those old story-books so much to this day. But I know, from my childish memory, and because I have been told, that there was hardly a lovelier lady to be seen in those days than she, with her dark hair gathered up in knots and bows and bands about the delicately wrought high-topped tortoise-shell comb, and the soft little curls lying lightly upon her temples. I have a picture of her so, with a short-waisted dress, and a broad belt and gold buckle, and great sleeves that look odd, to be sure, but somehow stately, rounding out their airy swell from shoulder to elbow.

She had on her gray pongee travelling-habit when she came to wake us that morning,—a dress such as ladies wore in those days upon journeys; turned away in front from a white habit-shirt with little crimped ruffles, and the great sleeves coming in small and close at the wrists, finished with the same nice cambric crimpings. Her hair, except the little curls upon the temples, was wound smoothly around the comb in one great glossy band, which it was my delight always to see her brush when she dressed it, holding it with some difficulty in the grasp of one hand, while with the other she swept out its splendid length away down to her knees as she sat before her toilet-glass. Such hair as that is hardly to be seen now, except sewed to wires, so that anybody can buy it and tie it on.

We woke wide up in a minute, Jamie and I; and mother laughed to see us scramble on our stockings, heels before, in our hurry, asking questions, and chattering like newly wakened swallows.

"O mother, have you been to breakfast? Why did n't you call us sooner?"

"Who cares for breakfast? Are the horses come?"

"O Jamie! how many stockings have you got on?"

"I'm most ready; but it always takes girls so long!"

"I'm glad my hair's just cut. Snarls are the worst things. There, Jamie, I'm most ready too. O, just think, it really *has* come,—to-day! And we're going to Ridgeley!"

"Not to-day. We shall ride all day to-day, and part of to-morrow. And I shall drive. That's the best of it. Are they gray horses or black ones? O mother, these eagle buttons are so new! they won't go through the holes! Please just come and fasten this."

And, after all, I was ready as soon as Jamie.

Table rules had to be suspended that morning. Jamie was at the window half a dozen times with his biscuit in his hand, watching for the horses that were driven up at last,—a pale cream-colored and a gray one,—beauties, with long tails. Jamie went then and finished his biscuit sitting upon the front seat with the driver. I sat on the doorstep, looking alternately at him and at something on the opposite side the street that had been a childish

mystery and wonder to me ever since I could remember, and that I could hardly reason myself out of my first thought of, though I knew better now. There was an old gate, seldom used, that led into a garden ; and on this gate was a streak that had precisely the effect of a black cat's tail shut in. How many weary minutes I had watched it from the nursery window above, wondering if I should ever see the gate opened, and find out if there were really a black cat there or not ! To this day I never have. The illusion was always complete. There was the tail, curved up from the crack as if in pain, and the cat must be on the other side of it. I could not help looking at it and thinking of it so, even after my mother had led me over and shown me that it was only a dash of black paint.

When my father and mother had finished their breakfast, and mother had put on the Leghorn bonnet with its high crown that went over the great comb, and its wide brim that shaded her face and held, away back against the soft curls, gauze bows and flowers, I helped Martha bring out the bags and shawls. I had also my doll and three picture-books. There were pockets to the carriage, and a great box under the driver's seat. It was great fun to pack these, — to put in first the little parcels that would not be wanted till night, and then the books and the cakes and the paper of sugar-plums which were to be wanted first, and were to console the tediousness of the journey when the hours began to grow long in the heat of the day.

There was an excellent place for Dolly ; a seat by herself, formed by the steps of the carriage on the farther side, where they were folded up within the door. You don't see carriages made so now. They are hung low, and there is just one iron step that is never folded in ; but in those days, when Jamie and I went to Ridgeley in the summers, it was a great part of the ceremony and delight, — the letting down of the steps with a rattle, the ascending them to the high body of the vehicle, and the shutting them up with a slam by the driver after we were in.

So at last the trunks were strapped behind, and we were off, in the fresh, sparkling summer morning. The man from the stable gave up the long white reins to my father when he was seated, touched his hat, and walked away down the sidewalk, putting one hand in his pocket, as he had doubtless had pleasant occasion given him to do ; the little children playing in the sand where the new house was building down the street looked up as we went by, and I was very sorry for them that they were to have no better time to-day, when Jamie and I were going off on a journey ; the wheels clattered merrily over the round paving-stones till we got upon the "soft street," as we children called it, where the new macadamizing had been done ; and presently we drove over a long bridge with a wide blue river running below, and came really and truly out into the beginning of the country.

"Now, father, let me drive," said Jamie.

"By and by," said father.

"It's nice and level here," said Jamie, with as strong suggestion of argument as he was apt to venture upon. He did not say "Why not now, father ?" as some boys would, — not by any means naughty boys either. He

knew that when father said "by and by," he meant by and by, and that the "why not now?" of persistence was never tolerated.

"Yes, it's nice and level," replied my father, who was, on his part, never unnecessarily short or peremptory in his denials; "but I have two very good reasons for not letting you drive just yet. I wonder if you can guess what they are."

"Perhaps there's a hill coming."

"We might be coming to a hill, possibly; I don't think the hills will put themselves at all out of their way to meet us; that *would* be something frightful, and require a man at the reins! No, that is n't it."

"Perhaps you think we'll meet a drove of sheep."

"If we did, I could relieve your responsibility. No, that is n't it, either."

"Well, father," said Jamie, looking with his bright blue eyes all around and forward upon the unobstructed way, "I don't think I see any *great* reason at all."

Father laughed.

"You discriminate wisely between 'I don't think I see' and 'I don't think there is.' Well, I'll tell you. In the first place, the horses are fresh."

"Fresh?"

"Yes; not at all tired, and inclined to go pretty fast."

"I guess I could hold them," said Jamie, straightening up his little person, and looking very mighty indeed with squared elbows and closed fists that made little back and forth movements as if grasping the tugging reins. "But what is the other reason?"

"You are fresh too," said father.

Jamie looked a little uncomprehending.

"You have just begun your day, and the pleasure of it. You have n't used any of it up. By and by you will begin to get a little tired of sitting still and merely looking about. It will be a good plan, then, to have the pleasure of the driving in reserve. The best for the last, Jamie,—like the mince-pie."

"Only I did n't get that, after all," said Jamie. "It's a bad plan to save up too long."

"If I did n't understand better than Miss Eunice," said father, laughing.

Miss Eunice was an elderly lady-friend, to whose house our mother had taken Jamie and me some time before. There were two kinds of pie at dinner, and we had given us a small piece of each. Jamie had carefully set aside his mince-pie on his plate, and eaten all the apple-pie first, on the principle of keeping the best until the last; when, to his great consternation, before he could touch his knife to his favorite morsel, Miss Eunice interposed.

"You don't like the mince-pie, do you, dear? Well, here's another bit of apple." And in a twinkling the substitution was made, and the mince-pie laid back upon its own dish. Jamie did n't cry, though he came pretty near it for a second; but he told me privately, afterward, that Miss Eunice was a "gump," and I think the lady never regained her former place in his estimation.

Poor Jamie ! I don't remember that ever in his life he lost anything again by saving it up too long !

"There's a cow in the road, father !" cried Jamie, suddenly, a minute after ; "and she looks cross, or something. What is the matter with her?"

Mother and I looked out, then, at the front, between father's elbow and Jamie's shoulder, and saw, directly before us, at some rods' distance, a white cow, in apparently a very agitated state of mind, moving to and fro with uncertain air, and a sort of plunge in her quickened gait ; giving an excited toss of her head every now and then, accompanied by a short and anxious "moo."

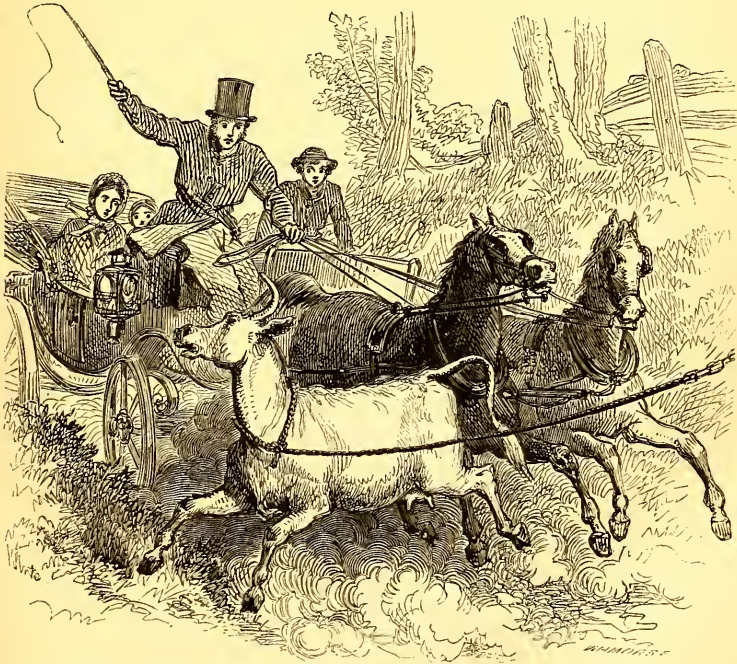
"She's crazy, I guess," said Jamie.

"She's in some trouble," said my father. "Strayed away from her pasture, probably, and lost herself."

"Is it quite safe to pass her?" asked my mother, anxiously. She was a little timid in a carriage. "Won't she frighten the horses?"

"Or hook them?" asked I, who had a special terror of horned beasts.

"O no," answered father, quite calmly. "There'll be no danger. She'll move aside as we come up. She's only astray, as I said," he added, as we approached her nearer. "I can see the rope about her neck. She has been tied, and broken away."



We could all see it now, hanging from her neck and swaying about, dragging one end in the dust as she moved.

She was heading toward the right-hand side of the road as we came up, and father took the left.

Suddenly a queer thing happened, that really threw us into danger.

As we approached the cow, and were about to pass, she hastened her steps across the road, at the same time turning down toward us on our right. With this movement, her rope, that had been dragging on the ground, lifted, and showed itself attached to a heavy chain, which in its turn reached up the steep bank on our left, and was fastened to a post in the rail-fence. A gap in this fence, close by, and furrows in the bank, made it evident, at a glance, how she had got into her present position, and what was her trouble, and ours as well.

It was a peril, though a strange and ludicrous one, for an instant. Blundering Mooly all but had us in a frightful noose. The horses would have been entangled and thrown down, and the cow, perhaps, tumbled into the carriage, with three more forward steps of either. My father turned short round to the right, striking with his whip, at the same instant, toward Mooly, to check her advance. The carriage gave a whirl and a tilt,—for the forward wheels were not made to run under; the cow tossed her horns under the very noses of the horses, and fell back; the horses sprang past her and dashed on, my father drawing the reins tightly; and for another two or three rods it was a question of a run. But they were curb-bitted, and the hands upon them were steady; and in a minute more the danger was over, and we caught our breaths.

Mother was very pale, leaning back in her corner of the carriage. As soon as father could transfer the reins to one hand again, he leaned back anxiously toward her.

“Are you faint, Susie?”

“O no,” answered my mother with a smile, the color coming back a little to her cheeks; “but it was a great fright.”

“It has proved our horses. They were less startled than most animals would have been, and I have them perfectly under control.”

Father always found something to say which was just the assurance mother needed. He never told her not to be afraid; he always gave her a reason why she should feel that fear was uncalled for. She smiled again, in reply; and, though she did not say much for some minutes, the color kept creeping back to her face, and the expression of anxiety relaxed, and I could see that her first day's pleasure was not going to be spoiled by the accident.

*Author of “Leslie Goldthwaite.”*







## HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES.

## X.

“YOU ’re the hero of the day, Grant!” cried Emma Reverdy, as he pulled the bow of the boat up on the shore. “I would n’t be in a hurry about going back for those scapegraces. It will do them good to wait.”

“I shall keep my appointment with them, if they did n’t keep theirs with you,” replied Grant; and, having helped Father Bright hopes to land, he returned, and brought over Burt and Jason.

“What a delightful place for a picnic!” said Father Bright hopes, entering the cool grove.

“Goodie good!” exclaimed Laura Follet; “we’re in time for a dance before dinner!”—for, as they climbed the bank, the music, which had ceased for a while, struck up again, and they had glimpses of children dancing, half in sun and half in shade, on the smoothly swept ground among the trees.

There must have been nearly a hundred children in the grove, besides a number of grown people. The long dinner-tables, covered with white cloths, and loaded with good things, were set in the open air, and spotted with the sunshine that dropped its beautiful golden leaves down through the green leaves of the trees. The snowy pitchers, the dishes of yellow oranges, and the vases of flowers placed at intervals among the plates of bread, butter,

cakes, pies, and cold meats, made a charming picture. The new-comers ran with their baskets to the ladies who were arranging the banquet, and then looked around to see what sports they should join.

All the hundred children seemed to be delightfully employed; their laughing voices fell like silver rain upon the stream of music from the band. About thirty were dancing. Others were playing "Copenhagen." Some were in the swings, — the great swings suspended from the tall trunks, — enjoying a pleasure which was almost a terror, flying through the air so swiftly that it blew their hair back and took their breath away. There were two little girls in one swing, and they went so fast that the colors in their dresses almost made an inverted rainbow under the trees.

Father Brighthopes sat on a bench and watched these sports, and listened to the mingled music of the instruments and of the glad young voices.

"How beautiful it is! how beautiful!" he repeated many times, his joy gushing up from a deep fountain of love and gratitude in his soul. "I thank thee, I thank thee, O Heavenly Father, for the happiness of these dear children!"

He had sent all his young friends from him, saying, "Play while you can; play will give you an appetite, my darlings"; and all had joined the sports except Emma, who now came running to him with her arms loaded with shawls.

"You are not to get tired, you know; and, for fear you should, I am going to make such a nice lounge for you of this bench, and let you rest till dinner-time."

"How thoughtful you are, my child!" said Father Brighthopes, stretching himself out upon the shawls, and closing his eyes. "Now go and play, for I shall not rest if I think you are giving up your pleasure for me."

Emma spread her handkerchief over his face, and remained near, to prevent any rude youngsters from coming too close and disturbing him. He was soon asleep; and it was an hour before he awoke.

Emma was at his side the moment she saw him take the handkerchief from his face.

"Don't you think," she said, "dinner was ready almost as soon as you fell asleep. I thought I would n't wake you, but we've saved some good things for you. You need n't stir; we'll bring them to you here on the bench."

She ran away, and presently returned with a dozen of her young companions, each bringing to him some portion of the banquet, — cold chicken, cold lamb, bread and butter, crackers, milk, iced lemonade, a cup of tea, and all sorts of pies, — lemon-pie, Washington-pie, cream-pie, apple-pie, berry-pie, and I don't know what else.

"Have I waked in fairy-land? or am I still dreaming? Thank you, thank you a thousand times, my children!" And he ate and drank, while they stood around, urging him to partake of what they had brought, or ran back to the table for something they imagined might tempt him.

This pleasing scene attracted a group of spectators, old and young; to

whom the old clergyman, sipping his tea, and breaking his bread, but eating little, talked a good deal. I am indebted to Emma Reverdy for the following account of a few of the things he said.

He began by telling them how vividly the scenes of that day reminded him of an incident in his own childhood, so many, many years ago.

"It was the sight of Grant rowing away alone in the boat which first reminded me of it; and your sports have been like sweet winds, blowing my thoughts back to the days of that childish joy.

"My own boyhood was, I think, a very happy one; but there is one day in particular which I remember as the most wonderfully bright of all.

"It was a summer afternoon, — I might almost say evening, for I think the sun was already set, — when, as I stood on the shore of a little pond which made a looking-glass for the sky behind my father's house, I saw a most surprising object coming towards me across the water.

"It appeared to be a little man in a little boat. Had they been of any size, the sight would have been nothing extraordinary. But they were both so very small that I was filled with astonishment. The boat was not more than two feet long, and the man was not more than ten or twelve inches tall. He was rowing very fast, and the two little paddles rose and fell with perfect regularity; the water plashed, and the skiff left a little wake behind it.

"'True as the world,' I exclaimed, in an ecstasy of wonder and delight, 'it is a fairy in a fairy canoe!'"

"Ah, it is not a true story you are telling us!" said Margaret Grover, her sweet face smiling in its frame of golden curls. "I hoped it was going to be a true story; but fairy stories are not true."

"But this is a true story, every word and syllable of it," replied the old clergyman. "Everything happened to me just as I tell you."

This serious assertion filled all the children with the liveliest curiosity to know who and what the fairy and the fairy boat could be, and they gathered more closely around him.

He ate a piece of cold chicken, tasted the iced lemonade, and continued: —

"The rower was dressed in a blue sailor's jacket, and had a jaunty little hat on his head. With every stroke of the oars he threw his head and shoulders back, never looking around, and pulling as if he was very much in earnest. The boat, instead of coming straight across to me, as I hoped it would, turned, and went around in a wide circle between the shore and the centre of the pond. I would have rushed in after it, but the pond was deep, and I could never have got it by swimming. In the wildness of my excitement, I ran home, and told my mother that there was a real fairy rowing his canoe on our pond.

"'O no,' she said, 'I don't think it is a real fairy, my son; there are no fairies nowadays, at least around here.'

"But she went with me to the pond-side, to see what the strange thing was; when, to my utter disappointment, it had disappeared, and the water was as still as if no ripple had been upon its surface. I dreaded lest my mother should think I had been deceiving her; and I ran around the

shores, thinking to find the fairy pulling his skiff somewhere up into the bushes ; but I found nobody except my uncle, walking behind the alders, who laughed at me, and said he had not seen any fairy, and never expected to see one.

“ ‘ But, if there was one, go back to the spot where you saw him first, and wait, and you ’ll very likely see him again, ’ he said.

“ So I went back and sat down on the bank, and watched, and watched, until by and by — O, wonderful ! — there he was again ; I had not been mistaken, I had not been dreaming, as I was a moment before half convinced I had been.

“ The same little man in the same little boat rowing towards me ! He came on by the alders behind which I had seen my uncle, and this time rowed straight across the pond. Nearer, nearer, nearer he came. ‘ O, I shall have you this time sure ! ’ I said. He did not look over his shoulder, and I kept perfectly still, determined that, if he did not see me, he certainly should not hear me. Dip, dip, dip went the little oars, no larger than table-spoons ; and in a few minutes he ran his canoe ashore on the very bank where I was sitting.

“ I crept softly towards it, and saw that the oars kept going, and that the oarsman never looked around, not appearing to know that anything was the matter. So I stepped down to the edge of the water, and seized fast hold of the canoe, before he could get away. I was so much excited that I hardly knew what I did, but I held fast.”

“ What was it ? ” the children cried. “ Was it really a canoe ? Was it really a fairy ? ”

“ It was really a canoe, hollowed out of a block of wood. But the industrious little oarsman, — ah, my children, he was wood too ! — a little image my uncle had made, and painted and dressed up to look like a sailor.”

“ How could a wooden man row ? ” asked Jason Jones.

“ He thinks it ’s hard enough for bones and muscles to row sometimes ! ” — whispered Grant Eastman, alluding to Jason’s adventure in the morning.

“ I drew the toy ashore, — for it was nothing but a toy, contrived for my gratification by my uncle, — and found that the whole thing was moved by a sort of clock-work. There was a little machine that turned a crank which worked the oars, and set the little sailor’s body in motion at the same time. My uncle came around to me with a key, and wound it up after it had run down. Then we put it in the water again ; and, ah, my children, I doubt if ever there was a happier boy than I, as I watched the wonderful little sailor in his skiff, and was told by my good, kind uncle that the toy was a present for me.

“ I dreamed of it that night, and was up early the next morning, you may be sure, to wind it up and put it again in the water. Those were golden days, — just such days, my children, as many of you are enjoying now. But soon I had other things besides my fairy boat to think of. I was sent to school ; and, as I grew strong, I had work to do, for my parents were poor. At length I gave the toy to another boy, younger than I.

“So it is with us all, my children. Our youthful sports cannot last always. The time comes when they must be put away, and the business of life begun. Some of you have already begun that serious business, and all of you are, I hope, preparing for it.

“My children, to be happy, you must have two things, — first, love ; next, occupation. No person was ever blessed whose heart was barren of affection. It is even less important to you that your parents, brothers and sisters, and friends, should love you, than that you should love them. A man who cares for nobody’s welfare but his own, who thinks only of himself, can no more have happiness than you can raise beautiful flowers like these” — Father Brighthopes held up a bouquet one of the girls had brought him — “on a bare rock. Love, my children, is the soil in which alone that blessed flower, happiness, can grow. Though you should gain all knowledge, and have wealth and honor and station, without love you will find life but a dreary desert.

“But with love you must have occupation. Our fairy canoes will not always satisfy us. I hope you will never become so engaged in the business of the world that the woods and fields, and sunshiny leisure, and honest fun, will have lost their charms for you. But your enjoyment of these things, to be pure and refreshing, must be sustained by the sense of duties done. Recreation shines like a rainbow before the eyes of him who has done earnest work, and his heart leaps up to meet it ; but pleasure becomes a weariness to the idle man.

“My children, amid all your sports you must prepare for the serious things of life. First of all, acquire knowledge ; cultivate your minds, so that your future choice of occupations and the exercise of your faculties may be varied and enlarged. He who knows only one thing can do only one thing, whether he is fitted for it or not. But to the person of knowledge and culture all avenues seem open.

“Some of you, I am aware, have but poor opportunities for learning. But make the most of such opportunities as you have, and you will find that a little knowledge acquired under difficulties is often of more value than all that careless students get in the schools. It is the development of the faculties by action, and not mere book-learning, which is the true education.

“And there is a learning of more practical value to all of us than anything in the books. I mean a skill in the ordinary duties of life. Every boy should know all about the farm, the garden, or the shop. And as for you, my dear little girls, let me persuade you, whatever is to be your position in life, to learn, by practice under your mother’s care, all the arts of housekeeping.

“I prize the accomplishments of the parlor, but I think I prize those of the kitchen still more. I do not relish quite so well the good music with which a lady favors me at her piano, if at her table she gives me poor bread. She may blame the cook for this, but the blame reflects back upon her. If she is a thorough cook and housekeeper herself, she will find it easy to make her servants what they should be.

“Besides, my dear children, very likely many of you who expect now to be

wealthy and to have servants will be poor and have no servants. If you are prepared for that condition, and have gentle and well-trained hearts for it, you will be just as happy in it as you would be in any other.

“But the musicians are taking their places and tuning their instruments, and to-day is to be a day of sport for you. I have told you a story, and I have preached you a sermon; and I will keep you no longer. Return to your games, my dear young friends, but remember what I have said as if they were the last words a loving old father were to speak to you, — that there is no true happiness in life without love and work.”

*J. T. Trowbridge.*



## LITTLE DILLY; OR, THE USE OF TEARS.

### II.

EDDY'S pony was black and shiny.

As soon as Dilly awoke in the morning, and knew that he had come, she was in such a hurry to see him that she ran right out in her nightgown.

“O, the grass will wet us!” said Ten Toes.

“No matter for that,” said Dilly.

“But the stones will hurt us,” said Ten Toes.

“No matter for that,” said Dilly, and away she ran.

But her mother called, and said, “Dilly, you must come back and be dressed.”

“Shall we cry?” asked Blue Eyes.

“Yes, cry,” said Dilly. “O, how I want to see Eddy's pony!”

For she forgot what she told her mother the night before.

And she forgot many times. She ought to have tried harder to remember.

I have told you about one of her crying days. I don't believe you will want to hear about another. That was when she was six years old. I will now tell you what happened one day when she was seven.

You must know that Dilly had two servants which I have not mentioned. I mean her Two Ears. It was their business to let her know when she was spoken to, and also when the birds were singing, and when the school-bell rang.

One day, when she was seven years old, she had leave to eat raspberries in the garden. The bushes were so high that they almost covered her over. She was sitting behind them. Nimble Fingers were resting, for they had been working hard among the bushes. Rosy Lips were quite purple. They were resting too.

But Two Ears were listening. That was their business. Two ladies were standing on the other side of the bushes, and talking quite loud. These two

ladies were making a visit at the house, and were just the kind of ladies that Dilly liked. They often told her stories or took her to walk with them. She was glad when they came to see her mother.

Now they were talking to each other, and Dilly could not help hearing, for they spoke loud, and her Two Ears were very good ones.

"What a pleasant place this is!" said one lady.

"Yes," said the other. "It would be the very nicest place I know of, to visit, if it were not for one thing."

"Do you mean the way Dilly behaves?" said the first lady.

"Yes. She frets so much, and teases and cries so often, and is such a meddler, that she really spoils my visit. I don't think I shall stay long."

"It will be too bad," said the first lady, "to leave such a nice place, such beautiful flowers, and such a pleasant lady as Dilly's mother."

"I know it," said the other. "But I had rather go to Mrs. Lane's. She has no fruit, and hardly any flowers, and her house is not so pleasant; but her little girl has a bright, smiling face, and knows how to behave well. She is a very gentle little girl."

The two ladies then passed along to another row of bushes.

O, how bad Dilly did feel, to think that such a little girl as herself should spoil the visit of the two kind ladies! She kept thinking about it all the rest of the day. Many times she said to herself, "They will go away because I am cross."

At night, when her mother took her in her arms, after the baby was asleep, she said, "Dilly, you have been quite a good girl to-day."

"I am going to be good all the time," said Dilly.

"I hope so," said her mother, "but I'm afraid you'll forget."

Dilly kept very still. She was thinking how often she had forgotten. At last she said, "How can I keep from crying when I feel so badly?"

"Shut your eyes up tight," said her mother, "to keep the tears from coming, and your lips too, that the cross words may be kept back. Then think of something pretty and pleasant. Let me see. What is there pretty and pleasant? A humming-bird. You can think of a humming-bird, dipping his bill into the flowers, — or anything else. What else can you think of that is pretty and pleasant?"

"Of a squirrel," said Dilly.

"O yes," said her mother, — "of a squirrel with his bushy tail curled over his back, cracking nuts. What else?"

"Of a gold-fish."

"So you could. A gold-fish swimming about in his glass globe. Now, when you feel the tears or cross words coming, shut your eyes and your lips close, and hurry as fast as you can to think of 'humming-bird, squirrel, gold-fish.'"

"I mean to," said Dilly.

But she had so long been used to crying and to speaking cross that it was not easy leaving off. She tried very hard, though, to be good. She wanted so much to be like Mrs. Lane's little girl, who had a bright, smiling face, like

a sunny summer's day. Should you like to know how much better she grew before she was eight years old? I will tell you.

One pleasant day in June, when the roses were in bloom, Eddy mounted his pony and set off for a ride. Dilly stood still and watched him till he was out of sight.

"O, how I wish I had a pony!" said she.

"I will make you a pony," said Ben.

Ben was a big boy who worked for her father.

"You can't make a pony," said Dilly.

"See now," said Ben. Then he sawed a piece from an old beam which was lying there, and put two round sticks of wood in each end for legs.

"There's a pony for you," said he, — "safe one, too. He won't kick."

"But he has no head," says Dilly.

Then Ben nailed a stick at one end, and put a man's hat upon it.

"That will do for a head," said he. "There's a pony in the almanac with a man's head."

"Is there?" said Dilly; "well, he has no tail."

Ben looked all around, — in the barn, and the woodhouse, and in the workshop, — and came out at last with a paint-brush.

"Some ponies have bobtails," said he, and he nailed it on behind; "and here's a real bridle, and you shall have my whip. There now! Isn't this a nice pony?"



Dilly's mother lent her a dark skirt for a riding-dress, and one of Eddy's caps.

"What is all this hanging about us?" said Ten Toes. "We can't go."



So Dilly held up her riding-dress in front, and said she thought it would be proper for her to have a feather in her cap.

Ben said he had heard that hens' feathers were all the fashion, and he stuck one in front, and turned the visor round behind so as to shade the back of her neck.

While she was riding, the funny man came along, and looked over the fence.

"Is that you?" said he. "O yes. That's you, — is n't it? So 't is, I declare. What are you doing?"

He had quite a long nose, and he pinched the end of it, to keep from laughing, and puffed his cheeks out.

"Well, I declare!" said he, "that is a nice pony. I wish you'd let my little girl play in your yard. Her name begins with M. Why can't you let her ride on your pony once?"

"I will," said Dilly.

"I'll go after her," said the funny man. "Do you want she should bring anything?"

"Yes, sir," said Dilly.

"What shall she bring?"

"I don't know," said Dilly. "I don't know what she's got."

Then the funny man scratched his head and twinkled his eyes. "I'll go see," said he.

So Dilly kept on riding and watching for the little girl whose name began with M.

But presently her mother came to the window, and said, "Dilly, it is time for you to come in now and do your sewing."

Now Dilly had just started for Boston, — playing so, you know, — to see the boys sail boats on the Frog Pond, and was thinking what she should buy, and what she should say to her Boston cousin, and she thought it was too bad to be called in.

"What shall we do?" said Blue Eyes; "shall we cry?"

"No, no," said Dilly. "'Humming-bird, squirrel,' — don't cry. 'Humming-bird, squirrel, gold-fish.' Have the tears gone back?"

"No, they are wetting us all over, and they want to come out. What shall we do?"

"Shut up tight," said Dilly. "Don't let them out."

"What shall we do?" said Rosy Lips; "shall we pout?"

"No. Don't pout. Try to smile if you can."

"But we can't. There are some cross words behind us. They want to get out."

"Hush, hush," said Dilly. "Keep close, — 'Humming-bird, squirrel, gold-fish.'"

And the cross words did not get out; and when the tears found that Blue Eyes would not let them run past, they went back where they belonged.

Then Dilly sat down by her mother to sew. Her cap and riding-dress were on the sofa, and while Nimble Fingers were drawing out the thread

Blue Eyes got a chance to look that way. She was thinking what a nice time she should have riding after tea, when the sun was gone from the yard.

While Dilly was sitting with her mother, there came in a boy with a glass dish. He wanted to get a little jelly for Alice. Alice was a sick girl who lived near.

After the boy was gone, Dilly asked her mother what made Alice sick so long.

"Poor Alice!" said her mother; "I pity her."

"Because she is sick?" asked Dilly.

"Partly because she is sick," said her mother, "and partly for other reasons. You will know, when I have told you about her, why I pity her."

"Once Alice had a little sister named Mabel. That was her name, but almost everybody called her Bluebird; for even when she was a very little child, hardly more than a baby, she liked blue better than any other color. She liked blue flowers, blue ribbons, blue dresses, the blue water, and she had blue eyes. So she was called Bluebird, or, sometimes, Birdie. Alice took all the care of her, for their father and mother were dead. Alice was grown up.

"Little Bluebird had a sweet, lovely face, with soft curls and laughing eyes. Her neck was white as snow, with pretty, round shoulders. She had nice fat arms to throw round anybody's neck when she wanted to give anybody a good hug and kiss, and that was pretty often.

"And one day Alice put upon her little sister her blue muslin frock that had lace round the neck, and short sleeves with ruffles to them, and her best shoes, and her straw hat with a wreath around the crown of it, and took her out to walk.

"It was after tea, in the cool of the day.

"Little Bluebird ran on ahead to catch a butterfly. She took off her hat to catch him with, as she had seen boys do. Perhaps, if she had not taken off her hat, the sad thing which I am going to tell would not have happened.

"She ran a great way. So far that she could not hear Alice calling her to come back. So Alice sat down upon the grass to wait for her.

"But she did not come. The sun set, and she did not come. Then Alice went to look for her."

"Did she find her?" asked Dilly,

"I will tell you," said her mother.

"Alice walked on and on. She looked among the bushes and behind the rocks, calling, all the time, 'Little Bluebird,' 'Birdie,' 'Birdie.'

"But all the sound she heard was the dismal noise of the frogs. At last she came to the pond, and floating there was the straw hat of little Bluebird with the wreath about the crown.

"Alice screamed so loud that a man heard her, who was going home with a load of hay. He jumped into the pond, but he could not find little Mabel."

"And did n't they ever find her?" asked Dilly, almost crying.

"I will tell you," said her mother.

“The man went for a great many more men, and after a long time, when it was in the middle of the night, they found her. But she was drowned. They supposed that she stood on a rock, and stooped over so far to pick some blue flags that she fell in; for the flags were all bent and broken. She had her hat in one hand, so that she could not catch hold of anything to save herself.

“Then poor Alice had no little sister on earth, for she had gone to be an angel.

“And soon Alice began to grow sick from staying out of doors till the middle of the night, when the grass was wet and the air was chilly. And people say she will never be well again, she weeps so much because her little sister was drowned.”

Dilly sat very still. She could hardly speak, she felt so bad.

“O, we want to cry so much,” whispered Blue Eyes. “We think our tears must come.”

And Dilly said, “It is no harm to cry now, — is it, mother?”

“No,” said her mother, “it is no harm to cry now. I feel like crying too. Tears were given us that we might weep for our friends when they are in trouble.”

And, all the while her mother was saying this, Dilly’s head lay in her lap, — in her mother’s lap. And she cried, for she could not help it, thinking about poor Alice so lonely without any little Mabel!

After supper, Dilly’s mother said that, now the sun had left the yard, she might go out riding. So she hurried to put on her riding-dress and cap, thinking what a nice time she should have.

But something had happened to the pony! It was too bad, but, while they were eating supper, something had happened to the pony! Dilly did not find it out till she got into the yard.

A big boy, named Jim, — a big, ragged boy named Jim, — while they were at supper, came along with an axe, and smashed it; split it up, and cut off its legs, and threw the hat into the duck pond.

Dilly knew it was he that did it, for he sat upon a high post, swinging his legs, with the paint-brush stuck in his hat. When he saw Dilly coming, he ran away. I can’t think what he wanted to do so for.

When Dilly saw her pony all smashed up, she felt bad enough. Any little girl would.

“O dear!” said she, “O dear me!”

“Shall we cry now?” said Blue Eyes.

“No, I guess not. O dear. No. Don’t cry. Shut up tight. ‘Humming-bird, squirrel, gold-fish.’ ‘Humming-bird in the flowers.’ Don’t cry. ‘Squirrel in a glass — No, Squirrel cracking nuts.’ Don’t cry. O dear!”

“But,” said Blue Eyes, “here are two tears that must come, because we did n’t shut up soon enough.”

And two big tears rolled down.

But Nimble Fingers had wiped away so many in their lives that they

thought it a very easy matter to take care of two. They were out of sight in a twinkling.

"What shall we do? shall we pout?" said Rosy Lips; "shall we say something cross?"

"O no, no," said Dilly. "'Humming-bird dipping his bill.' 'Squirrel with a bushy tail.' 'Gold-fish swimming about in the sun,'—no, don't pout."

Her mother thought it was too bad about the pony, but said she was very, very glad that Dilly could keep from crying. She was really a good girl, and growing better every day.

Afterwards Dilly went up stairs to find something to play with. Upon her sister's table were boxes and baskets full of pretty things. There were wax flowers, and sugar strawberries, and shining rings, and a cologne bottle half full, and a little white-handled penknife that looked very smooth.

Her mother passed by the door.

"Where are your Fingers, Dilly?" said she.

"All right," said Dilly, "they are good Fingers now. They don't meddle. They have n't touched one of sister's things!"

"But I know they want something to do," said her mother. "Fingers don't like to keep still. I know of something very pleasant they might do."

"What is it?" asked Dilly.

"Here are some scissors. You may cut some damask and some white roses, and take them to Alice. That will be a very pleasant thing for Fingers to do."

It was almost sunset when Dilly came back from carrying the roses. Just as she went through the gate, the funny man came along, leading his little girl,—the one whose name began with M.

"Is that you?" says he. "O yes, that's you,—is n't it? So 't is, I declare. Well, sis has come. She has brought two sugar hearts and a flag for pony's head. You know when the circus horses come to town, drawing the chariot, the great golden chariot, with the band a playing, they have flags at their heads."

"My pony is broken in pieces," said Dilly.

"Broke in pieces? Who broke it?"

"Big Jim, with his axe."

"Well, I declare!" said the funny man. And he took off his hat, and puffed out his cheeks, and scratched his head, and felt in his pockets more than ever. Pretty soon he pinched the end of his nose, and his eyes began to twinkle.

"I know what I'll do," says he, "if he ever comes in my yard, I'll set my rooster at him. And when my ship comes you shall have a live pony, and the very first one I take out of her."

Dilly laughed, and asked him when his ship was coming.

"Do you care how long the tails are?" said he.

"No," said Dilly. "I like long tails to ponies."

"I'm glad of that," says he, "for I guess they'll all have long tails."

Keep the flag for him. Come, sis, let's go home." But before he went he handed Dilly the handle of a jack-knife, which he found in his last pocket; and his little girl gave her one of the sugar hearts.

When Dilly went into the house, she could not find her father or mother, or anybody else. She was afraid all the people had gone out. But she knew somebody must have stayed with the baby. She ran up into her mother's room. Baby was in the cradle, fast asleep, with one fat arm thrown over his head. Nobody was in the room, but she thought she heard talking somewhere, and thought, too, that she heard something which sounded like crying.

The sounds seemed to come from Eddy's room. She went there, and found her father and mother and Ellen. Eddy was lying on the bed, with his face in the pillow. He was crying. They all were crying.

Dilly went up to her sister, and said in a whisper, "What are they all crying for?"

Her sister bent her head down and whispered, very softly, "Hush, Dilly! Eddy has told a lie!"

"O dear!" said Dilly to herself.

"Shall we cry?" said Blue Eyes.

"Yes," said Dilly, "the tears must come now. It is so sad to have a brother who has told a lie. My father and mother are crying too. They would not cry if it were not something very bad. O, I am so sorry!" And Dilly laid her head in her sister's lap, and cried.

That night, when her mother undressed her, she said, "Dilly, you have grown quite a good girl, — a pleasant, gentle girl. I think you have found out something which is very good to know."

"What is it?" asked Dilly.

"Why," said her mother, "you have found out what tears are for."

"Tears are made to cry with," said Dilly.

"Yes, but I mean you have learned when it is right to cry. See if you can tell me."

"I know," said Dilly, "but I can't say it. You say it, please."

"Well," said her mother, "we must not cry because we cannot do as we want to."

"No," said Dilly.

"Nor because we cannot have what we want."

"No," said Dilly.

"But when we feel sorry for anybody, when we pity them very much, then we may let the tears come."

"Yes," said Dilly.

"But for our own troubles we must not let them come. We must be brave, and bear our own troubles without crying."

"Yes," said Dilly.

"And when our friends do something wrong, when a little boy that we love very much tells a lie, we must let the tears come, we can't help it."

And her mother's tears began to fall, for she was thinking about Eddy.

“Mother,” whispered Dilly, “I wish you would tell me how Eddy came to do so.”

Her mother told her, but I cannot write it down now. I have not the time, and, besides, it is not a pleasant thing to write about.

But there is one thing more about Dilly which I think you would like to know.

One morning her sister Ellen came into her room before she was up, and stood by her bed. She had in her hand a small square box, — a very small one. And when she had opened the box, she took out of it a little gold ring with a bright stone in it.

“Which is the black-string Finger,” said she. “Which is the white-lily, black-string Finger?”

Dilly held up her hand.

“You are good Fingers now,” said Ellen, “you deserve a ring, and you shall have one.” Then she slipped on the ring, and it fitted exactly.

“We are going to smile,” said Rosy Lips.

“We will help you,” said Blue Eyes.

“We want to do something else,” said Rosy Lips. “We ’ve got a kiss.”

So Dilly put up her lips, and they kissed Ellen, and thanked her, and said it was a dear, darling little ring.

Are you not glad that Nimble Fingers grew so good? And are you not glad that Blue Eyes knew when to keep the tears back? Are you not glad that Rosy Lips could keep the cross words from coming out?

Don’t you think it was a good plan for Dilly to think of something pleasant, when anything happened to make her feel cross?

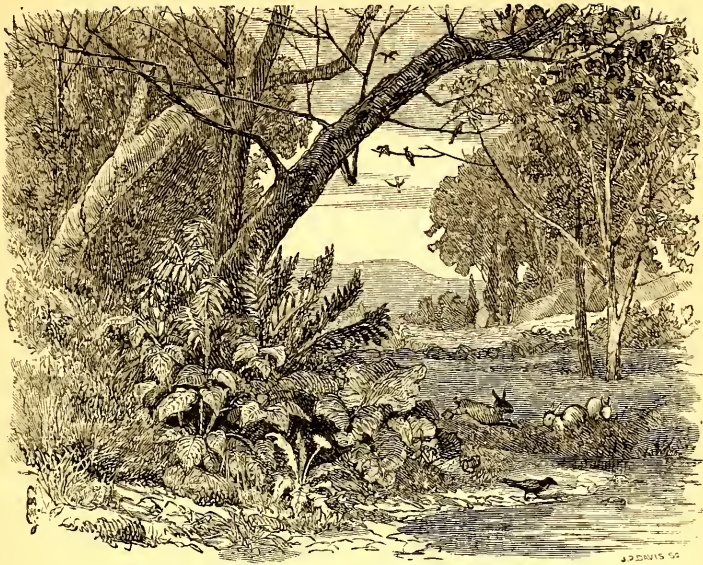
“Humming-bird, squirrel, gold-fish!” I don’t believe they ever looked cross in their lives.

Why don’t you try to make *your* little servants do right? *your* Blue Eyes, *your* Rosy Lips, *your* Nimble Fingers?

Perhaps you have n’t blue eyes, but black ones will mind just as well as blue ones.

*Mrs. A. M. Diaz.*





### LITTLE DANDELION'S GRIEF.

THE Summer was going on a long, long journey ; no one knew where, no one knew why, only that she was surely going, — that every one knew. The trees said it over and over to the birds, and the birds told it again directly to the brook ; while the brook, half laughing, half crying, did nothing all day long but run as fast as it could from stone to stone, telling the news to every bunch of fern, to every clump of reeds and bulrushes along his bank, and to the old gentlemen frogs who sat in the cool, wet places, trying to look as young as possible in their fresh green surtouts, and refusing to believe anything they heard about anything whatever, even if the minister himself should tell them it was true.

In the woods, the crow is the minister ; you may see him on Sundays sitting in a high tree, preaching his sermon, “Caw, caw !” while all the birds come from far and near to listen, and the poor trees and flowers, who cannot stir from their places, look very serious, and all through the wood everything is still. What the crow says is very wise indeed, and the little flowers and grasses listen so hard, in order not to lose a word, that you would think them fast asleep, — as, in truth, I am afraid they sometimes are.

The news made a great commotion in the wood. Everybody had something to say about it, and if the kind heart of the Summer could have taken pleasure in seeing any one sad, she might have been made vain to know that all these mournful sighs of the wind in the branches, all these murmurs of

the long grass in the meadows, all these faint cries of the little birds nestling close together in the chilly mornings and evenings; were for sorrow that she was going to leave them. But, far from making her vain, she only looked sorrowful, and wished that she could stay; and all night long she wept till the grass and the rocks and the ground were covered with her tears, so that, when the old rabbit looked out at the house door early in the morning, she said to the little ones, who were lying in bed telling stories, "Children, you need n't get up yet, but wait till the sun is higher; for either it has rained in the night or there has been an astonishing dew-fall. Really, I must just skip over to Neighbor White-Nose, and ask her opinion; and mind you don't stir out till I come home!" So off she skipped; and you may be sure that, the minute their good little mother was gone, those two mischievous ones in the bed began such capers! They turned heels over head, buried one another in the leaves their bed was made of, and played at leap-frog, until they were out of breath; and their mother, coming home softly, caught them, boxed their ears, and sent them out to pick up their breakfast.

Mother Rabbit had met her neighbor White-Nose in the wood, and, as the two scampered home together over the dead leaves, she learned that, while she was sleeping soundly early in the morning, all the little wood-people had met together at the big rock in the middle of the forest; and that the Owl had made a speech to them, — and a very wise speech too, — all about the Summer's going; and that he had advised every one to bring something the next day to the wood, — something, no matter what, only let each one bring what he could, — as a parting gift to their dear friend the Summer, whom many of them might never see again.

Among the little wood-people sadness cannot last long; and after a few tears and sighs the sky came blue again, the leaves rustled cheerfully in the brisk morning air, loud and clear sang the birds, and every one thought cheerfully and busily on what he should give the Summer as his parting gift. So tenderly did they love her that every one wished to give her the prettiest gift he could find, and through the whole of that day the wood was noisy enough with their scampering to and fro, — the older ones putting their heads together to contrive something handsome and surprising for their friend; and all the younger people talking together by the hour, first proposing this thing, then that, and at last giving it up, and running to father and mother to help them in their trouble. Such a noisy wood as it was that morning!

But all day long poor Dandelion sat by the edge of the wood, sad and alone, thinking and thinking what she could give, but in vain! Of all the little wood-people there was none who loved the dear Summer more than she, none who was sorrier that she must go; and yet here she must sit, dusty and forlorn, while her best friend passed her by; and, while everybody else had a pretty present to lay at her feet, she had nothing, — no, not the least thing in the world. So she sat quite down-hearted, hearing the bustle and noise about her, and the sly whispers and merry laughter; and at last, worst of all, an envious thought stole into her soul as she heard a little wren in the sumach-bush behind her trying over and over the merry song he was to sing as his gift to the Summer on the morrow.



“Every one has something,” said poor, dusty Dandelion, — “even this little brown wren! O, if I could only give her the least thing in the world!”

And now it was night, and everywhere in the wood there was silence, except when, now and then, a light-headed breeze that had no talent for sleeping, and consequently liked to keep everybody else awake, came sauntering along, touching here a tree, and there a bush or rock covered with moss and trailing vines, causing them to stir uneasily in their sleep, and dream that it was morning, and so time to get up and make ready for the coming of their friend the Summer!

All night the sky was dark blue overhead, and in the middle stood the moon like a silver bee-hive, while all about her swarmed the stars in and out among the clouds like golden bees. And the poor tired little Dandelion, who could not sleep for thinking, said to herself, “O, if I could only catch one of those pretty bees, and keep him till morning, what a present that would make!”

But the golden bees kept up in the sky far away, far away! and, though she watched nearly all night, never one flew down to the earth, although once or twice the poor Dandelion thought her watching was to be rewarded, for a star would seem to start from its place and sail down across the sky; but just as Dandelion reached out her hands, hoping to catch it, it would disappear as if it had melted away. At last, toward morning, tired out, she fell sound asleep, and had a dream.

She dreamed that one of the stars came sailing slowly down, just as a bee would, and steered straight to where she lay in the grass, and as it came nearer she saw that it was no bee, but a large golden Dandelion-flower, brighter and yellower than she had ever brought forth; and down it came, nearer, nearer, and landed safely, all bright and sparkling, directly in the middle of her little circle of dry, dusty leaves! And with that Dandelion woke up, and O how sorry she was to find it only a dream!

At last the morning came, and the sun shone through the mist on the mountains like a great red rose; and little by little the wood began to stir with life, and presently it was as noisy as yesterday. In the tallest trees sat the crows, dressed in span-new clothes, shining and dapper; for one of them was to make a speech that day, bidding the Summer “good by,” — and when one has to speak in public he must be well dressed, mind you, especially if he have as little to say as the crow had. Then there were the spiders. How fine they had made the grass look! for they had covered it all over with a delicate net, and the dew had fallen, and every thread was strung with the smallest crystal beads, that sparkled like so many diamonds! The little brook came rushing by, whirling a small round ball of foam, which it said was a fine frosted cake for the dear Summer; so to work it went, spinning it round and round to make it as large and handsome as possible.

All day the birds practised their songs, trilling and quavering; the brown bees flew about busily, getting ready their best honey-comb; the striped squirrels scampered hither and thither, like small streaks of red lightning, picking up the best nuts that the trees could throw down; the yellow butterflies, with here and there a red one, gathered together from far and near to

arrange a dance in honor of their friend. And poor Dandelion saw all this merry bustle, and grew sadder and sadder every minute of the day.

Then there came into her mind, all at once, a bright thought, and she said: "If I could only have one of my little yellow flowers to give the Summer, that would be something, and perhaps she might take it kindly, seeing I have nothing else to give. But, O dear me!, it is so late in the year, I am afraid I can hardly hope to have a flower, certainly not a fine full one, such as I have in May!" Then she thought of her dream, and suddenly it seemed to her as if she might yet have a flower, if only she thought about it hard enough, and wished it in good earnest; and with that there came into her soul a warm thought of love for the Summer, and a yearning to tell her how much she loved her; and, as she thought, up from the middle of the nest of half-dried dusty leaves there pushed itself a fresh green stem, and at the top a small plume-like bud, just as in the old time! and as the bright sunshine streamed down upon it through the half-bare trees, Dandelion felt that the bud became a flower, and her poor little heart was happy.

In the afternoon came a few loitering snow-flakes, and told the wood-people that the Summer was on her way. Presently there was a sound as of harps and flutes, which, in fact, was a concert got up by two or three young orphan northwest winds who had been adopted by the Winter to amuse him, and run errands for him, while he was getting up snow-storms and gales, but who had nothing better to do until he came than to be civil to the lady Summer. And when the wood-people heard this sad music, which, in truth, was more like children's crying than anything else, they ran out to meet their friend, and each one, with a smile in one eye and a tear in the other, gave her his gift. The trees, as she passed, strewed her way with their many-colored leaves — green, yellow, purple, and scarlet — for a splendid carpet; the squirrel brought his nuts; the humming-bees their honey; before her danced the gay butterflies; the wren shook out his song in the sumach-bush, and, when he ended, all the birds joined in chorus.

On the top of the tallest tree stood Mr. Crow, making his speech with flourish and gesture, and thinking himself a very great personage indeed. But all you could hear was nothing but the same old "Caw, caw!" that he had said over and over for a hundred years.

Then the Summer came to where poor Dandelion waited for her, sad and alone, and as she came her heart beat and shook the flower that glimmered like a star in the warm twilight of the dusky wood, and the sky burst forth into crimson and gold, as if it were Autumn among the clouds as in the wood; and while the rosy flame touched the Summer's cheek, she looked down, and spied the trembling yellow flower, and instantly a tear sprang to her eye as, stooping over it, she cried: "O, all the other gifts were sweet and dear to me, for love is always so; but this is the sweetest gift of all, for it minds me of the days when I was young!"

So the Summer passed away in smiles and tears, the bright sky faded, and the music died on the dying western wind. And who slept and dreamed she was a happy heavenly star that night, but poor little dusty Dandelion!

*Clarence Cook.*



## THEME AND VARIATIONS.

J. N. HUMMEL.

*Allegretto.*

*p dol.*

4 1 4 3 4 3 2 1 5 1

8va.....

cres. p leggieramente.

8va.....

loco. cres.

8va.....

p

f cres. ben marcato il Basso.

18va.....

p riten. f

*loco.*

*cres.*

*8va*.....

*8va*.....

*Walse.*

*p*

*8va*.....

*pizz. f*

*8va*..... *loco.*

*pizz. f*

*pizz. f*

8va.....

8va..... loco.

8va.....

8va.....

8va..... loco.

m. g.

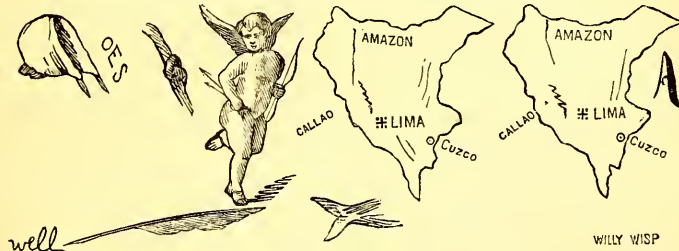
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# ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



## A TREASURY OF CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS, & Things

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 72.



### ENIGMAS.

No. 73.

I am a word of four letters.

My 1, 4, 3, 2, is a man's name in the Old Testament.

My 3, 4, 2, 1, is an article of dress.

My 4, 3, 2, 1, is a synonyme of my 3, 2, 1, 4.

My whole you do every day.

R.

No. 74.

I am a word of four letters.

My 2, 3, 1, is an animal.

My 1, 2, 4, is a nickname.

My 1, 2, 4, in another sense is a synonyme of my 4, 2, 1.

My 3, 2, 1, is a part of a tree.

My whole is no longer in existence.

R.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 75.

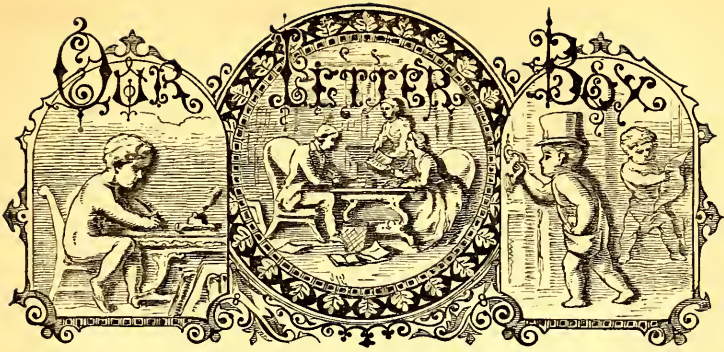
THOSE  
PAPER  
MARY  
TOOL  
ACHE



D.C.







"DEAR EDITORS, —

"In the July number this question is asked, 'Who was Caspar Hauser, and for what crime was he imprisoned?' As that subject has been brought before my notice a great deal of late, I undertake to answer it.

"The origin of Caspar Hauser is very uncertain. He was found near the gate of the city of Nuremberg, seemingly very much frightened at everything he saw, and not understanding a word that was spoken. The city authorities took him in charge and educated him, always keeping him carefully guarded, lest any attempt should be made to take him away. He had no recollection whatever of his former life, except that he was always in the dark, and never saw any one, — his food being put through a hole by an invisible hand.

"After a time attempts were made to assassinate him. On one occasion a man rushed in at the front door of his dwelling, stabbed him on the stairs, and fled again through the open door. The wound proved slight, and he recovered. Not long afterward he received a note saying, that, if on a certain day he would meet the writer at a place specified, he would be told of his birth and parentage. Of course he was eager to learn all he could of himself, and he succeeded, on the day appointed, in bringing the walk with his tutor toward the place mentioned in the note. Here, after some trouble, he separated himself from his guard, and turned the corner; suddenly his attendants were startled by a loud cry, and, rushing after him, found him lying dead, with a wound near his heart. In the distance a man, covered with a large black cloak, was flying, with a dagger in his hand.

"It was supposed that Caspar Hauser was the heir to the throne of some neighboring kingdom, or stood in somebody's way; and it was always a mystery why he was not earlier put out of that somebody's way privately, — which could easily have been done, as no one knew of his existence.

"I hope this simple statement of facts will meet your approval as my first attempt to do anything for 'Our Young Folks.'

"Ever your most interested reader,

"M. L."

*Charles B. K.* We think Mr. Foster's new articles, which are soon to begin, will suit you. — We know of no trustworthy dealer in postage-stamps.

*Issa.* You are doubtless unaware of it, but your verses entitled "Baby Belle" are simply an imitation of some contained in Aldrich's beautiful "Ballad of Babie Bell." Have you not been in the habit of reading that poem?

*Maggie H.* There is no need of asking whether certain things you mention are morally wrong or not. No lady would do them, or allow them to be done, — no more needs be said.

*Hautboy.* We accept No. 1.

*St. Clair* supplies satisfactory answers to some questions, as follows: —

"Yo Semite is pronounced, Yo Sem'-i-te. — The balloon was first invented by the brothers Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier. — Beethoven died March 26, 1827. — Astrachan fur is so called from the Russian province of Astrachan, where it is manufactured, though the skin itself is taken from a sheep, native of Bokhara, and other Asiatic countries. — The best way to make an Æolian harp is, — Make a rectangular box of very thin deal, as long as the window in which it is placed is wide, about five inches deep, and six inches wide. Over the upper surface of the box, which is pierced with sounding-holes, like the sounding-board of a fiddle, stretch several catgut or wire strings, with a slight degree of tension, and the harp will be completed. — Windmills were known among the ancient Romans; and they were also familiar with ink, as were the Chinese and early Jews; while as to fire-arms, according to Chinese chronicles, they were known among the Chinese as early as 618 years B. C. It does not seem probable to me, that among two dead nations, as the Jews and Romans, the name of inventors, and the time when the inventions were first made public, could have been transmitted down from generation to generation till the present time; and the well-known jealousy of the Chinese in not allowing any of the other nations to partake of their knowledge would certainly prevent it."

It is hard to resist such a touching appeal as the following, but our Box is too full, and the season is too late, for us to admit the lively description of their New Hampshire nook which our charming correspondents have sent us. But we atone for our rejection by printing their lively letter complete.

"For *mercy's* sake have pity upon our first gushings for the press, and don't nip our expectations in the bud! Neither suffocate us beneath a pile of literary lore that may have collected upon your table for the 'Young Folks.'

"Give us an *early* airing, before the mountain breezes have died out of our effusion, leaving it 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' Its present shortness is sufficient plea against any pruning by editorial shears; so *please* spare our sentences and—feelings!

"'Brevity is the soul of wit.' Believing this, and acting thereon, we glide gracefully from your 'sanctum sanctorum,' leaving, on which to feast your eyes, our cards, bearing the names,

"NELLIE C.  
"ANNIE C.  
"MARIE C."

*Eva Leigh.* Your "little piece" is pretty. Read and consider what we have said in former numbers to others who wished to have "a career," or who wanted to be authors.

*W. N. G.* says that in his butterfly hunting he finds that ether only stupefies, and does not kill, the insect. Probably either the ether is not pure and strong, or he does not skilfully apply it so as to cover the breathing apparatus completely and cause suffocation.

*G. V. R.* A little too hard, — that rebus.

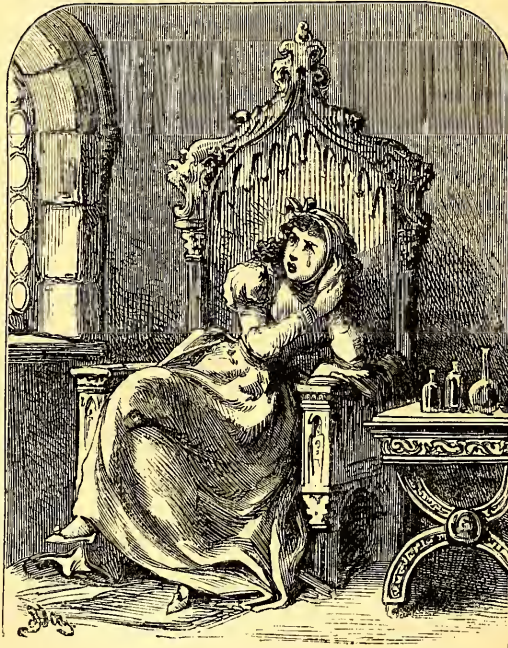
*Hickety.* You should not write letters in pencil; our eyes and time are more valuable than your ink, we fancy.

*Birdie.* We must lay aside your sketch with those of so many other young authors. Thank you for trying, you know.

*Warren.* Like all other arts, phonography has made much advance in twenty years. If you wish to study it, get the latest books you can.

*Red Wing.* You did not send the complete answer, after all.

"FIRST the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." That is the solution of the picture proverb we gave you last month. This time we return to our Shakespearian puzzles, and give you a very nice subject here. See if you can find the line to match it in the second scene of the second act of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."







THE PICTURE'S STORY.

DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.]

[See page 717.

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

*An Illustrated Magazine*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1868.

No. XII.

## ODD AND EVEN.



ONCE upon a time a great king reigned in the land; a king so great and despotic, that not a courtier of all the court dared say his soul was his own without the king's consent. He was an unbelieving old fellow as well; and when the people came to him with tales of fairy-folk who stole all the corn-silk to embroider their trappings, and kept the corn from coming to ear; who drew the wine off the grapes, ran away with the maple-syrup, and left only the stones on the cherry-trees,—he sent them off in a passion. “Nonsense! I don't believe a word of it. Good for the fairies! Humbug!” and all that sort of encouragement. But as time went on the fairies became so mischievous, and the peasantry complained so often, that he was induced to publish an edict, sending all fairies, kith or kin, into exile, forbidding them the land then and thereafter.

I think that he would hardly have been brought to such a pass, but that, being out in the forest hunting one day, he wounded a beautiful wood-pigeon, and was just considering how deliciously it would savor, delicately dressed and served with salads and sauces, when it paused in mid-air, and behold, there was only a saucy little fairy clown swinging in a spider's web, and pulling off his cap-and-bells to the disappointed monarch! He went straight home, and wrote the edict.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

He could very well endure the loss of corn while wheat was plenty, and, as for the grape-wine, he could import it for himself; but when it came to poaching on his own hunting-grounds, — why, it was time to see to things, and find who was master.

“We ’ll be even with you,” said the fairies, laughing in their sleeves at the King’s spite, while they sent an embassy to make terms.

“Make terms with such minikins?” quoth his Majesty; “we ’ll make game of you sooner!”

“Your Highness tried that the other day in the forest, and with what success?”

“Hem! yes, — well, — what terms do you propose?”

“Only the gracious privilege of naming your son and heir when he shall arrive, and we leave your kingdom forever.”

So the King agreed, — it was such a little thing to ask; and the fairies packed their moth’s-down cloaks, their mantles of silver mist, and their court-dresses, woven of gossamer and dewdrops, into a nutshell, and chartered a sea-breeze which carried them over to Ireland, where one Edmund Spenser owned an estate somewhat later.

After they were well away, the King began to wonder what his son’s name would be. He thought of Zerubbabel and Sennacherib, of Cheops and Rameses, and pleased himself with going over all the high-sounding names he had ever heard; and he used to wake the Queen, when she nodded in her throne chair, to know if there was anything to choose between Adonijah and Shalmaneser. This made her a little testy.

“You have no choice, if there is,” she reminded him. “Don’t set your heart on high things; it ’ll prove a commonplace name enough.”

“Stuff and nonsense,” cried the Monarch; “a Prince of the house of Great Grandiose with a peasant’s name!”

Thus time sped, and the King and Queen began to rejoice in the prosperity of the land; and one day, when they were already quite weary of waiting for him, their son and heir looked in on them, — the baldest, roly-polyist little image that was ever expected to fill a throne with dignity or strike awe into a nation. He was destined to give them all the cold shoulder instead.

Before he could creep, he began to show what an inquiring mind a Prince can possess; and, before five years had passed over his head, he had snuffed out the royal candles to know what it was like; had smashed most of the crown glass with his princely hammer, to make sure it would break; and had punched a hole in the ancestral drum which had celebrated all the victories of the house of Great Grandiose time out of mind, just to see where the noise came from. When they thought him sound asleep, ten to one but he was down in the cellar letting the costly wines run to waste, or up in the pantry filling the King’s pasty with wormwood, and mixing salt with the honey.

And all this time he had no name! The King grew impatient; he sent a telegram to the fairies by the Flying-Spider, but there was no reply; he despatched a message by the Sunbeam Express, but the express was overtaken by a band of wandering Cumuli, and never heard from; and the King,

growing tired of it all, embarked for Ireland himself at last, only to find the fairies making merry on the banks of the Liffey, as if they had never dreamed of such a great monarch.

“What’s the meaning of all this folderol,” he cried, breaking in upon them, “and a Prince of the house of Great Grandiose waiting ten years for a name?”

But all he could get from them was, —

“What’s the Prince’s name?  
Hold! it is not Flame  
You shall have it soon, —  
Have the precious boon;  
And if it should n’t please you,  
It’s pretty sure to freeze you.”

This puzzled the King mightily. “It is n’t Flame,” he repeated; “of course not; we should be distressed if it were”; — and he went off in great wrath.

When he drew near his own kingdom, all the court came down to meet him.

“What’s up?” said he.



“Gold, your Highness,” they answered. “Your son has been behaving so ill that gold has risen as high as nine.”

“What has he done now? How dare you?”

“He has desolated the land,” they cried in chorus, since numbers inspire courage.

“Rigmarole!” observed the King, with brevity. “Where is he?”

“Here I am, your Majesty,” answered the Prince, bending to kiss his father’s hand; the King drew it away with a sharp howl.

“You bit it, you rascal!”

“Indeed, no; I merely saluted thus,” returned the bold Prince, again touching his lips to the fatherly hand.

“We tell you that you bit again, and you bit harder; none of your tricks, sir, or we’ll have you in irons in a trice.”

“That’s it,” sang out all the courtiers.

“No, it isn’t it!” broke in the King. “We won’t do anything of the sort, since you are so set upon it.”

“But the Prince has bitten your Majesty.”

“Who dares say it?” questioned the tyrant. “Send our physician,” — wringing his hand in pain.

“Your Highness is — frost-bitten,” declared the doctor, coining a word for the occasion, since it had proved unwise to say “Prince-bitten.”

“There!” exclaimed the King, turning to the courtiers who had assembled to hear the decision, “who said it was our son? We are frost-bitten, — nothing more”; and, although he had n’t the least idea what it meant, he ordered the instant arrest of the subject who had dared assert the contrary.

But it was very touching when the King sat down to dine. None of the dishes sent forth smoking savors.

“What’s up now?” said he. “Are there to be no hot meats?”

“Your Majesty,” began the butler, “the Prince — at least — they are all frost-bitten!” he ended, struck with a happy thought; for the fact was that the Prince had stolen into the kitchen while the cook talked out of the scullery window with her wooer, and he had turned the spit, and turned it, roast and all, into an icicle.

“Ah!” groaned the unsatisfied King. “We’ll have a bunch of grapes, then.”

“Hem!” said the butler. “Would n’t your Majesty like to try the new pudding?”

“We abominate puddings.”

“But this one is very rich and delicate; none of the household have been able to swallow more than a mouthful; why, your Majesty, it gave the Prime Minister a cramp for half an hour.”

“Let me have it, by all means,” returned the King, ready to make the court ashamed of its digestion. “How did you come by the receipt?” Anything, no matter what, which would give the Prime Minister — with whom he was sometimes at odds — a cramp, was n’t to be sneezed at.

“It’s the Prince’s receipt,” answered the wily butler; for while the cook had been making custards his small Highness put in a finger, and ice-cream resulted.



Before night the King was as sick as the Prime Minister, and frightened out of his wits besides ; but when he had gotten quite over it, he requested a bunch of grapes.

“Grapes,” repeated the butler ; “they — that is — the young Prince — I mean to say that — in point of fact, they are frost-bitten.”

“And the bananas ?”

“Frost-bitten, your Majesty.”

“And the pomegranates ?”

“Frost-bitten, your Majesty.”

And having enumerated the most delicate fruits of the country, and receiving the same reply, he gravely said, “Send us a slice of bread and butter, and the Prime Minister ; we are on the eve of a revolution.”

The Prime Minister came to the point at once. “It’s the Prince,” he said.

“What’s the Prince ?” demanded the monarch. “Do you mean to declare that the Prince gave us the cramp ? By our crown, if we thought so, we’d disinherit him ! Frost-bitten, — what does it mean ?”

“It means,” said the Minister, “that the fairies have named your son and heir —”

“And named him — ?” cried the King, eagerly, nothing doubting to hear Abimelech or some rolling syllables, — “and named him — ?”

“*Jack Frost.*”

We will draw a veil over the King’s distress, provided there is one in the market (owing to the demand caused by so many troublesome scenes) ; suffice it to say that the King refused to believe in this misfortune, and the Prime Minister supped sorrow.

But all the same the Prince went on desolating the land, blighting the crops, shrivelling the foliage, making one shiver at his mere presence. Wherever he roamed abroad he carried destruction ; one could see his fatal footsteps along the highways and hedges, and the laborers, seeking the vineyards in the gray of the morning, would mutter, under their breath : “Jack Frost has given us a call ; he does more mischief than the whole fairy-folk.”

Whatever he touched turned to ice ; there was skating on the meadows before the salt hay was reaped, and if a body but sneezed, the Prince was pretty sure to be at the bottom of it. If he took to the chase, the entire court, in hunting-green, took to its heels, and every housekeeper in the land shut her door on him without remorse. Thus he became, in fact, Jack Frost, just as a sailor becomes Jack Tar, a handy fellow, Jack-at-all-trades.

In the mean while the kingdom was in arms ; a famine threatened. The monarch himself was growing gray, and *such* an heir ! The people rose in hungry herds, and demanded that the Prince should be exiled and disinherited.

So the King, being, as I said, a dreadful despot, banished Jack Frost.

“May I never return ?” asked the wretched Prince.

“Well,” deliberated the Monarch, “perhaps — when the crops are all in, the grapes pressed, the foliage ripened — you may come — and spend — the holidays.”

Jack took his leave, and, journeying towards the pole, founded for himself a mighty empire of Frost, of bergs and fields of glittering ice. But now and again he returns a little unseasonably. Just when the peaches promise finely, when the grapes grow tempting, when farmers calculate their crops and their incomes, he pays a flying visit, and destroys both hopes and harvests. The holidays bring him, without fail, ready for mischief and malice prepen-  
se; he nips the children going out to buy New Year’s gifts; he tingles their toes on Christmas mornings when they troop, barefooted, across the nursery floor for the plump stockings showing dimly in the dawning light against the chimney-piece; he twinges the poulterer’s ears till this worthy is glad to give himself a *Christmas-box*; and, according to Mother Goose, he hangs a long icicle on the milkman’s nose.

While you are sound asleep he executes marvellous etchings on the window-pane, breaks the best china bowl with a tap, and pays up old scores by decking the naked trees with fine laces and fleeting gems.

Think of him travelling from the far Northland, and no one to give him welcome now that the King and his court have been a fable these many years. Yet there will always be a few who rejoice at his presence so long as he brings good coasting and freezes the pond to perfection. And this was how the fairy-folk made it even with the King.

*Mary N. Prescott.*



## COOSIE COO.

SUCH an odd name! but I will tell you now why every one called Alice so. When she was a tiny child, her mamma used to repeat to her many jingling rhymes, and one especially pleased Alice. I do not know the whole, but the closing line was “Coosie, coosie, coodlie coo.”

After she could repeat it herself, one might hear her sweet voice half the day singing “Coosie Coo,” as she gathered clover blossoms in the orchard, or rocked her doll to sleep; and she told those who asked her name that it was Coosie Coo. Gradually her friends adopted it for her pet name, and at six years of age she was seldom called by any other.

Coosie’s papa died when she was a baby, and, as her mamma was poor, Coosie had never known many pleasures which some children have every day of their lives. She could not dress finely, nor ride in a carriage when she went out, and she had no grandparents nor aunts to give her costly toys; but she was a sweet-tempered child, and felt much happier as she played with the battered old doll which her papa gave her, or set a tiny table with

acorn cups and saucers, under the oak-tree, than many little girls with elegant wax dolls and china tea-sets, who are peevish and ungrateful.

Coosie and her sister Eveline, who was ten years the elder, did all they could to assist their mamma ; but they earned so very little money that sometimes there were sad faces and anxious hearts in the little brown cottage.

One day it was decided that Evy should go to a distant city, and get employment in a factory, and thus earn money for her mother and sister.

Coosie was too young to understand much of the trouble that made her mother weep and saddened Evy's sweet face ; but she knew her darling sister was to go away, and that, if they had plenty of money, she need not leave them.

Where could money be got ? Coosie went to consult Floy, her dolly, who usually helped her settle hard questions ; but Floy, although so experienced, had no reply to make. Indeed, as Floy had lost her nose and one arm, and both her eyes had been removed by Coosie's frequent washings, she might plead old age and infirmity as an excuse for not seeing into the subject.

Getting no answer from Floy, Coosie took her in her arms and sauntered down the lane, with her dog Trot following, to see if any wild roses yet bloomed by the old stone wall.

Old Rambler — a white horse pastured in the adjoining field — put his head over the wall and looked at the little girl ; and she thought, "Dear me ! if Rambler could speak, I think he could tell me where to get money, he travels to so many places with his rich master." And she climbed upon the bank to give Rambler a handful of clover, for which he neighed his thanks, but she was no wiser for all that.

A few roses still brightened the lane, and gathering them, with some pretty grasses and pigeon-berries from the vines that overhung the wall, she sat down upon the grass to arrange them in the prettiest manner for her sister, who loved wild flowers. Sitting there, with Floy by her side, and Trot capering after the butterflies and barking for joy, her mind was still occupied with the sad thought of separation from Evy, and the remedy which she sought in vain.

Humble-bees buzzed about her flowers, and slender wasps stopped to sip their sweets ; golden butterflies with brilliant eyes, and glorious brown ones with large black spots like velvet upon their wings, fluttered about her head, — mistaking her perhaps for a bright little rosebud ; and a lovely striped snake curled round and round in a sunny spot by the wall, and ran his slender tongue in and out of his tiny head, hoping to catch a foolish insect.

Brown sparrows chirped long stories to her as they stood upon the wall ; all about their family affairs, and their saucy neighbors, the robins, who lived in the apple-tree, while lazy crows, calling to her a friendly "Caw, caw !" sailed slowly over her head ; and once a humming-bird, so bright that Coosie thought he must be a bit of rainbow, hovered a moment over her flowers, and darted his tiny bill at them.

"How happy they all are !" thought our little girl, "while I, who love them so well, am sad, and they cannot tell me what I so long to know."

Soon dark clouds swept up the sky ; the wind bowed the tall trees and swayed the elm-branches hither and thither ; the birds and insects betook themselves to safe retreats, and all signs foretold a shower.

Coosie bethought herself of her new pets (and odd ones they were !)—Graybeard, a venerable-looking grasshopper which she had that morning captured, and placed with a beautiful caterpillar in a little pen built expressly for them. She did not fear getting wet, but she did not wish Graybeard and Muffy—the caterpillar—to suffer from exposure ; so she ran quickly homeward, reaching the house in season to transfer her pets to a box before the first great drops fell heavily.

With flushed cheeks she stood in the doorway, her hand clasped in Evy's, and watched the clouds chase each other across the sky, and wreath into fantastic shapes of mountains, castles, and huge birds ; then the lightning blazing with blinding glory across the heavens, followed by solemn thunder, that echoed and re-echoed from cloud mountains and castles, like the voice of God. Soon the rain fell more gently ; then, ceasing entirely, the clouds drifted away, and the sun burst forth with glad, warm smiles for the dripping roses which bent their heads before the wind and beating rain, but lifted them again with answering smiles to the sun. The maple-leaves and the bright grass were as soft and fresh after their bath as though newly created ; and insects came from their hiding-places to dance up and down in the soft air, glistening like jewels.

Suddenly Coosie clapped her hands, and cried, "Look, Evy, a rainbow ! See, it touches the ground !" and indeed the glorious arch seemed to rest at one end upon a hill in the distance, called Tumble-down-Dick.

They looked at the rainbow until it faded quite away, and then Evy said, "I wish I could find the pot of gold."

"What pot of gold ?" asked Coosie, with widely opened eyes.

"Don't you know," said her sister, "that, if you could reach the end of the rainbow, you would find a pot of gold beneath it ?"

"Well," said Coosie, excitedly, "I saw just where the end touched. It was right on top of Tumble-down-Dick. Do you think we could get there to-night ?"

"No, love," replied her sister ; "and we should have to dig so deep for the gold, I think we will not try."

Coosie said no more, but, seating herself upon the doorstep, continued to think about the pot of gold, for she had resolved to go in search of it ; but, fearing her sister would oppose her, she said nothing of her plan ; and what a joy it would be to come home carrying that great pot of gold ! for of course so large a bow would have a pot of large size. Concluding that she would not have time to go and return before sunset, she decided to go to bed with the sun, that she might awake in season to feed all her pets before starting the following morning.

Her mind was so full of joyful thoughts that she could not fall asleep at once, and her dreams were of pots of gold, fairies, and all pleasant things.

Rising with the sun, she carried milk to the kittens, and flowers and green leaves to Graybeard and Muffy.

Soon after breakfast, Coosie asked leave to spend the day in the fields, as she often did ; and, after obtaining permission, she put some slices of buttered bread and a cup to drink from into a small basket, and taking also a small shovel with which to dig, if the pot should not, as she hoped, be sitting upon the ground, she started upon her journey.

At first she went down the lane, but soon turned into the fields, climbing fences and jumping over brooks with a light heart, often laughing aloud for joy as she fancied how pleased her mamma and Evy would look to see the treasure, and how they would live happily ever after, like the story-book people. "One thing is certain," thought Coosie, "we will live in a marble house, and mamma shall eat cake all the time, and Evy shall wear a white silk dress and a diamond comb."

After a time, she turned into the road that led to the mountain. Trot leaped about her, overjoyed at the prospect of a long ramble with his little mistress.

Occasionally she met a farmer with a load of hay or other farm produce, and they all looked with surprise at the little child with her shovel. She felt so afraid some one would question and detain her, that she walked quickly, often running, until she was compelled by heat and fatigue to rest awhile in the shade of a great elm in one of the fields. When she reached the spot, she heard a brook babbling near, and she hurried to fill her cup with water, and then returned to the tree, and sat in the shade, and ate her lunch. When the last crumbs were thrown to a little distance, that some stray bird might chance to find them, she still felt so very tired that she thought she would lay her head for a few moments upon a soft, mossy hillock at the foot of the elm, and listen for a few moments to the twittering birds that fed their young above her head, and swung upon the hanging branches. The rippling waters of the brook sounded so pleasant as she lay and listened to the lulling murmur, that unconsciously her eyes closed and the little adventurer fell asleep.

Trot kept faithful watch by her side, and when she awoke, after a long and refreshing slumber, she could not at first think why she was lying under a tree. She soon was quite awake, and started up, vexed to find she had lost so much time in sleep ; for she saw with dismay that the shadows lay long and aslant upon the grass, and the sun hung low on the distant western hills. Coosie could hardly keep the tears from falling when she thought of her stupidity in falling asleep. At first she had half a mind to go home, and try again on the morrow ; for she feared she might not get to the top of the mountain before dark, it still seemed so far away ; but she felt so afraid some one else would in that case get the gold, that she jumped over the wall and continued her walk. But she was foot-sore and stiff, and found it hard work to feel much enthusiasm about anything. "I think," said Coosie to herself, "I had best turn a few somersaults on the grass, and get back the happy,"—this was a peculiar plan of hers for driving away ill-natured feelings, but her recipe proved a failure in this instance, and she went on with lagging steps, a very sober little girl.

Slowly the sun sank behind the hills, the evening star gleamed brightly in the sky, and seemed, as it twinkled, to nod encouragingly to the wanderer, and soon the moon arose shedding her friendly light over the hills and valleys, and revealing plainly the path Coosie was to take ; but the child found herself yet a long way from Tumble-down-Dick, and too much exhausted to return home. For a long time she had met no person, and now quite worn with fatigue and disappointment, and a little alarmed by the solemn stillness that prevailed now that the birds and insects had gone to sleep, she sat down upon a stone and burst into tears. She thought of the story in the "Young Reader" of the poor squirrel, who, starting out to see the world, found, when he reached the top of the hill from whence he expected to behold it spread out before him, that hills still higher than the ones he had climbed lay before him, and, abandoning his journey, was pursued and caught by a kite on his way home.

"I am like the squirrel," thought Coosie ; "and there may be bears in these woods who will eat me up."

Poor Trot was greatly disturbed by Coosie's sobs, and tried by barking and jumping to attract her attention. His caresses comforted her, and she patted his head, as she said, "I am not alone, darling Trot, while I have you, and I do hope God will send an angel to take care of us. We must sleep here, I suppose."

After drying her eyes, she selected a large tree in a grove by the roadside, and prepared to lie down at its foot. First seating herself upon the grass, she softly sang a hymn of praise to God, and then, kneeling, prayed him to protect her, and not let her mamma and sister feel troubled.

It chanced that, as Coosie entered the grove, a traveller on horseback was ascending the hill upon whose top the woods grew ; and as the way was steep his horse walked slowly, and made but little noise.

The traveller was an old gentleman with gray hair and a pleasant face, which seemed by the moonlight sad and thoughtful. He had wandered during many years in foreign lands, and had lately come to his birthplace to find his brothers and sisters all dead, and the friends of his childhood gone from his early home ; so he was without any dear friend to welcome him.

He had become a rich man years before, but he thought, as his horse toiled up the hill, how very poor his life was with all his wealth, and that, when he should die, no one would sorrow, when suddenly he heard a child singing. Surprised, for he knew there was no house for a long distance, he dismounted at the top of the hill, and left his horse to rest, while he walked toward the singer.

He listened, and was yet more astonished to hear a child's voice repeat these words : "God, my dear Father, will you please send a strong angel to keep the bears from eating me up ; and please tell him to take good care of Trot and me, and take care of my mamma and sister ; and O, do let the angel stop in the morning and help me find a pot of gold ! I know you will, because you love little children, and I love you. Amen."

The gentleman, who had smiled at the first of her childish prayer, felt the

tears come in his eyes on hearing her expressions of faith in God's love ; and when she had ended, he walked in among the trees to search for her.



Trot heard his footsteps, and barked angrily, while Coosie, who had laid her head upon him for a pillow, started up, exclaiming, "Who is it? Is it the angel?"

"No, my child, but a friend who will take care of you," said the gentleman. He lifted Coosie in his arms as he spoke, and carried her to his horse, where he placed her before him upon the saddle, and asked, as they rode along, "My dear child, what are you doing in this lonely wood so late at night? and why are you so far from home?"

Coosie looked in his face for a moment, and, reading there nothing but kindness, she drew a sigh, as though relieved to have found a protector, and simply said, "I came for a pot of gold, sir. I came away from home this morning, and I had not time to find it to-night, so I was going to sleep in the wood, and I am afraid mamma will feel frightened because I do not go home."

"And where is the pot of gold?" asked her friend.

"On top of Tumble-down-Dick, sir, under the rainbow; and O, you won't tell, will you? for I *must* get it, or my darling Evy will have to go away from us and work very hard."

The gentleman kissed her, and telling her that perhaps he could help her on the morrow, but that now he must take her home, he rode rapidly onward.

They were not long in reaching the cottage, where they found people just starting to seek the lost child, and her friends, who had looked in vain for her in her usual play-places, in great trouble. Words would fail to describe their joy at seeing her, and their astonishment at the story of her wanderings and her belief in the idle tale of a pot of gold beneath the bow.

Coosie was far too weary to remember Graybeard and Muffy, but she paid them an early visit next morning, when she found them dead, and, as the food she provided was untouched, it is probable they starved to death. She buried them under a rose-bush, and placed a stone to mark the grave, upon which she hung a tiny garland of flowers every day for a week, and then, as children are apt to do, she forgot them in some new interest.

The gentleman kept his promise about the pot of gold, although not in the manner Coosie expected. He married Coosie's mamma, and took as kind care of Coosie and her sister as though they had been his own children, so that Evy had no need to leave her home, and Coosie concluded that the gold served as good a purpose as though found under a rainbow.

I should like to tell you of the swift-winged years that bore our little heroine swiftly from childhood to maidenhood, and ripened her early promise into a fulness of love and beauty; how she grew to be a lovely and beloved woman, a sunbeam of joy to all about her, — but I can only hint at these things.

While Coosie yet lingered in the charming borders of childhood, the dear Evy, for whose sake she sought the treasure, journeyed to a brighter world, and left her sisterless. Slowly but surely she faded away, and one lovely spring-time, while the winds were sweet with the breath of violets and anemones, — while the fields and meadows were yet ablaze with dandelions and buttercups, and the gardens began to blush with opening roses, — while the birds warbled love-notes among the flickering leaves, and the whole earth rejoiced in its fresh life, Evy gave her willing hands to the waiting angels, and was borne gently across the dark river, upon whose farther shore is the land of endless life.

Coosie's new papa had many pet names for her, but the one by which he oftenest called her was Rainbow; and often when they looked together at the glorious bow, he would ask her if she was ready to start with her shovel for Tumble-down-Dick, and she would reply that she met her Tumble-down-Dick by the way. And no one need laugh at her, as she *did* get the gold, and she got it because of the rainbow.

*Exie.*





## THE PICTURE'S STORY.

## I.

DOES she read of a little bird that flew  
 Out, far out, o'er the waters blue,  
 To be the pet of a good ship's crew,  
 And to eat from a sailor's hand,  
 On board of a ship that sailed away, —  
 Sailed and sailed for many a day;  
 And whither she sailed no tongue can say,  
 But she came no more to land?

## II.

Or does she read of a rose that fell  
 From its mother stem in a forest dell,  
 And lit on a tiny streamlet's swell,  
 And floated away with its tide, —  
 On and on in shadow and sun,  
 On till the streamlet's course was run,  
 On till the wandering deep was won,  
 Where it shrunk, and withered, and died?

## III.

Or does she read of a May-day cloud,  
 When skies were brilliant and winds were loud,  
 White and fleecy, and slow and proud,  
 As it sailed through the upper air, —  
 Stately as thought, and light as glee,  
 And bright as the sun, and grand as the sea,  
 But never, ah, never again to be  
 Thus noble and gentle and fair?

## IV.

Or does she read of a snow-flake light,  
 That floated down through a moonless night,  
 Still, and peaceful, and cold, and white,  
 To its rest on a sleeping stone, —  
 Where, many a brother and sister nigh,  
 Weeping sadly to see it die,  
 When the sun came back to the noonday sky,  
 It wasted without a moan?

## v.

But, whatsoever she reads, it 'is sure  
 That bird, rose, cloud, and snow-flake pure  
 Are types of beauty that cannot endure,  
     And are therefore types of this, —  
 Childhood sweet, in the morn of its days,  
 Innocence, dreaming in quiet ways,  
 Purity, living its hymn of praise  
     For youth's unspeakable bliss.

## vi.

O, murmur on, sweet childish voice !  
 Whatever your story, she loves the choice,  
 Who listens, and feels her heart rejoice.  
     May the brightest of fates be yours !  
 In loveliness grow, and in goodness too ;  
 Be gentle in all you say and do ;  
 And the emblem live, forever true,  
     Of the beauty that endures !

*William Winter.*



## WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

## II.

WE went on, through two or three suburban towns ; through reaches of wood where the road lay between the villages ; along the edges of lonely swamps, sometimes, where we heard the cry of strange birds, or the croak of great frogs sitting half in, half out of the water, on mossy stones or stumps, and could see the tall, stately cat-o'-nine-tails standing in still ranks, with their close-fitting brown velvet uniform jackets, always prim and orderly, and drawn up in the same array, as if they had stood there from year to year, though no one might pass by for days or weeks together to see. I always had peculiar fancies about these plants. They were not flowers, — they had no leaves, — they were different from any other growing thing. I always saw them on these summer journeys, and never at any other time. They seemed to wait, like elfin sentinels, by the wayside, or to stand spell-bound, like enchanted things, in motionless groups, away back among green shadows.

Then there were roadside brooks that we drove through to wet the wheels and cool the horses' feet, and sometimes to let down their heads for a long, delicious drink. We had our mugs, too, in the carriage pockets, and it

was great pleasure to get out and dip up from among the shining pebbles the cool running water that came away down from the far hills, bringing with it the sweet flavor of the rocks and moss, and the purity that only open streams, trickling along in the fresh air, under sunshine and forest-shadow, can ever have.

Then I unpacked some nice parcel, and handed round to father and mother and Jamie the cakes that tasted so good after our ride of hours since the early and half-eaten breakfast. And then we began to "take sides and guess houses," — a travellers' game invented by ourselves, that whiled away a good piece of the long stretch of time and way between morning and noon.

We made our guesses as we wound along a wild and solitary piece of road where no house was visible ; yet that, being a road, we knew must lead, at last, among habitations.

"I guess red," would be the first cry, from Jamie or me, eager to claim the color that in these regions gave the broadest chance.

"Well, I guess yellow," would be the reply, taking the alternative. "What do you guess, mother?"

"O, I don't know, — black, perhaps." Black stood with us for the weather-beaten tint of the many buildings that had never known the touch of paint at all.

And once in a while father would say, decidedly, "I guess white."

Then there would be great haste between us to take his side, which we had good reason to suspect the strongest ; and presently, out of the four nominated colors, we settled down to two parties only, each standing by its own, — the canvass greatly affected by the apparent comparative reliance of individuals upon their separate conjectures, which varied according as they rested more on memory or chance.

Then what an eager watching for the first glimpse, at a turn in the road, of some distant farm-house, or the showing of its chimney among the trees ! And what glee and triumph for two of us, if a color we had chosen turned out to be the right ! Sometimes, of course, we were all wrong ; but this only proved that father and mother did n't *always* know of a surety what should come next, and gave fresh zest of uncertainty to future ventures.

We had drawn upon each of these resources successively, and we had been four hours upon the road, when Jamie said, "I think, father, it's all used up, now, but the driving." And father, smiling, gave the reins into his hands.

We were upon a long, even reach of turnpike road, that lay between level fields of grass and corn. It was a pretty thing to see Jamie, in his bright new suit and eagle buttons, sitting so upright and firm and manly, with the broad reins in his little hands, and such a look of glad daring in his handsome face, as his blue eyes looked straight forward, with a glow of light in them, at the great free-stepping horses, and the wind blew back the brown curls and waves of his hair and the blue ribbon of his hat. It was my pleasure to watch him then ; I never thought that my resources were used up. Besides, if he had the driving, I had always Dolly ; and this was a pleasure boys knew nothing about.

"Shall we have dinner at Nishaway?" asked Jamie, as father resumed the reins at the brow of a long hill, at last.

"Yes, at Nutt's tavern," said father, with an anticipation of good cheer in his tone. Jamie just opened and shut his lips in a satisfied way. Nutt's tavern was an enjoyment of itself.

There were no great, clattering hotels then, with fusty, pinchbeck style and vulgar hurry; we stopped at quiet, roomy country inns, with broad, clean, homely porticos, and smooth slopes of turf rolling away from these to the roadside over which we came up to the door, under the swinging signboard.

Nutt's tavern was a fair and pleasant specimen of such. We arrived there to-day, as usual, at a little past noon; and the easy rumble of our city equipage brought "Cap'n Nutt" himself to the entrance, to make us welcome.

"Ben thinkin' 't was time to expect you, Squire, for a week back." All along the road, every year, people expected the "Squire," from the Fourth of July "out," as our Irish brethren say.

There was a great cackling in the farm-yard, for the hens were proclaiming their own "well done" for the day, and the bountiful sweetness of the hay smell came from the great barn that stretched out at right angles from the tavern at a few paces' distance. A couple of hostlers had loosened our horses' traces, and looped up the harnesses, while we were alighting and looking round; and in two minutes Jamie was running on before father to the barn to see them cared for, and mother and I had gone into the little low-ceiled, shaded best parlor, where the bright brasses and asparagus in the wide brick fireplace and the striped rag-carpet on the floor looked just as they had done last year, and every year since I could remember Nutt's.

Here mother laid aside her high bonnet, and rolled her curls smoothly over her fingers by the little tilted glass against the wall that had a gay lady on a green bank painted at the top, and a gilt eagle with two chains of bright balls festooning from his beak to the corners of the frame above. My bonnet and coat were quickly off also; and then we walked out together along the wide hall that opened through the house, and led upon a great, square, sloping platform at the back. Here we found Mrs. Nutt, round and jolly and tidy, and smiling at us with that especially benignant smile of an old lady innocent of teeth, and gone back, so, to a certain infantile simplicity and sweetness of expression.

It would be difficult to describe our country dinner; impossible to convey an idea of our relish for it. There were the eggs the hens had just been cackling about; there was broiled chicken, deliciously tender, and hearty beefsteak, the least bit tough. There was apple-pie and mince-pie and custard-pie, and cheese, and cider, and plum-cake, and smoking tea, and yellow cream, and brown bread as good as cake, and butter that looked like gold and smelt like a nosegay; and there was a great plate — without which a country tavern table is never set — of doughnuts. And we ate what we liked best, and all we wanted; for all was light and sweet and fresh, and daintily cooked by Mrs. Nutt's own hands; and we were travelling, and nothing ever hurt us on a journey.

After dinner, mother went up stairs, and had a little nap ; and Jamie and I went all over the yards and barns, and made acquaintance with a dog that would roll over, and beg, and speak, and with a great, beautiful brood of yellow ducks which had an old hen for a step-mother ; and we drove the peacock round, and tried to make him spread his tail, which no peacock that I ever saw would ever do for me until I was old enough to have outgrown my eagerness for its fabulous glories. And Captain Nutt tried to hunt up his famous rooster, of a new breed, that he said had been out of sight for some days, and show him to father ; and when Moses, the hostler, finally went down a trap-door under the barn, and routed him out with a great scurry, we had such a laugh as never was ! It was a good while before he would come at all ; and then such a poor, pitiful, sneaking creature, with his comb hanging, and his tail-feathers draggled and broken and half pulled out, and his skin picked bare in spots, as showed himself under protest, and made an instant rush across the corner of the yard, and hid himself under a pile of boards, you would n't believe !

"He's sheddin' his feathers," said Captain Nutt, almost as much mortified in his turn. "I did n't know he'd got to look so bad. The hens must have been a peckin' of him too ; and I guess that air rampageous old red rooster of Danforth's has ben over, an' hed a fight. But it's a famous breed, for all that."

"A bran-new breed, squire," said Moses to my father, with a twinkle of fun. "All meat and no feathers."

Captain Nutt and father had a hearty laugh then, and went off together to look at the oxen.

We could have stayed at Nutt's tavern a whole week happily, but in a couple of hours from our arrival the horses were put to again and driven round ; and mother and I had on our bonnets, and Jamie was on the front seat, and we all got in, and Mrs. Nutt smiled, and the Captain bowed, and Moses went off with a pleased face and his hand in his pocket, and we rolled away again over the turf and into the high-road, as Jamie said, to "renew our journey."

This feeling of freshness and renewal, and of more pleasantness farther on, is the great charm of a journey, as it is of our life.

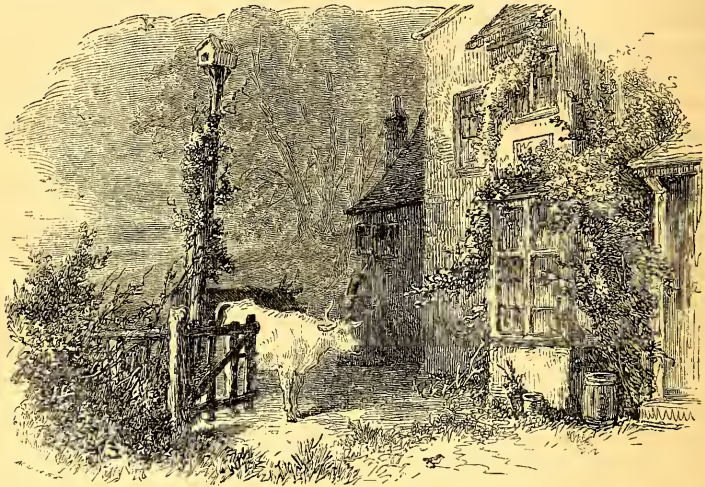
It had been nice to get out of the carriage, and rest ourselves, and run about, and eat a good dinner ; it was nicer yet to set off anew, with the great green hills rising up before us, among which lay our road ; the horses feeling, like ourselves, quite ready and glad to go on, — with other villages and people to see, other brooks to water at, and a tea-table as bountiful in its way as the dinner to be ready for us when we were hungry again, somewhere, we did not know yet where, perhaps at the tavern in Anniton ; perhaps, as last year, at the "House Beautiful."

"May n't we stop at the House Beautiful ?" I begged, when we had travelled three hours more, and the sun began to slide down the west.

Now at the House Beautiful we had found ourselves accidentally the year before, when we had been delayed by the casting of a horse's shoe, and it had

grown too late to reach Anniton by tea-time. It had opened its doors to us while we waited, and we had been made welcome, and had stayed all night, and had seen wonderful things, and I had given a name out of my dear Pilgrim's Progress to the house of our entertainment.

Two maiden ladies lived there; their grandfather had kept it as a tavern before Anniton became the stage stopping-place. It was a great rambling mansion, with a pole before the door, from which the sign had long been taken down; and on this, now, a beautiful wren-house perched itself instead, and woodbine climbed up, and hung long wreaths and streamers about it to the very top.



“Suppose we do stop at the House Beautiful,” said my mother, “and then keep on to Anniton to spend the night?”

“O, do, father! I want to see if Adam and Eve have fell down yet.”

“Or the apples.”

“Or a bird; or only just a few of the little red berries.”

All this we said in one breath.

“I think that great accident happened, once for all, a good many thousand years ago,” said my father. “But you should say ‘fallen,’ not ‘fell.’”

“Well, fallen. O, I do hope they have!”

“I’m afraid that’s a little touch of the old coveting serpent,” said mother.

We were conscious of no harm, Jamie and I; and I don’t think mother meant that we were very wicked, after all.

“Miss Perie was real good, — was n’t she?” said Jamie.

“And Miss Persie too,” quoth I.

“It’ll be prime to go there again!” That is what boys said, then, to express completeness of pleasure. Now it would be “jolly” or “bully.” There are fashions of slang, as of everything else.

“You’ll stop, — won’t you, father?”

"Perhaps we will," said my father; and this decision led to a bit of an adventure, to close this day, which had begun, also, with something very near one. This is just why I have chosen it to tell you of.

It was half past five when we drove up in front of "Radd's." It was so the country people spoke, to this day, of what had been, long ago, Radd's Tavern.

The ladies Radd, Miss Experience and Miss Perseverance, came to the door. Miss Perie was altogether the "old lady" in her style; wearing a cap and a false front of little curls, with a band of black velvet ambushed among them, hiding its edge, and holding it on. Miss Persie, some years younger, kept to her own natural front of grayish locks, *frisée*, and wore a great many bows and notched ends of brown satin ribbon about her comb, where my mother had the bows and bands of her beautiful hair. But they had placid and lovely faces, both of them; and there was genial, honest gladness of welcome in them now, as they met us at the steps of the carriage, and hastened us in.

"Now, this is real clever of you," said Miss Perie. "I should have took it hard if you had drove by without stopping."

"They would n't have thought of doing that, Sister Perie," said Miss Persie, reproachful of the admission of possibility. She had me by the hand, leading me down the long hall to the sitting-room; and with the words she suddenly picked me up by the arms, and kissed me.

"We wanted to see Adam and Eve," said I, without a bit of concealing tact.

"Has n't it tumbled down yet?" cried Jamie, eagerly.

"No," said Miss Persie, laughing; "but when it *does* —"

"I'm to have Adam and the horse," said Jamie.

"And I'm to have Eve and the barberry-bush," said I.

They took us into the sitting-room, which was oak-panelled, and had an old-fashioned square carpet with a border on the floor, of which it covered only the middle, and beyond it the dark oak boards shone like a rich framework. And the wonderful fireplace was there; set with painted tiles; wide and open, to hold a generous blaze in winter; but decked now with a summer garniture such as I never beheld elsewhere. In the first place, upon the deep brick hearth had been placed garden earth, heaped and moulded into undulations of mound and hollow, — I might say, almost, hill and dale; on this, again, a covering of bright green moss, carefully fitted and kept fresh with water; bits of pine branch and little trails of winterberry vine diversifying it; and a china shepherdess with her dog, and a numerous flock of milk-white sheep, grouped about among it all.

We sat right down before it, Jamie and I, and would have found enough in it to amuse us for hours, if presently the thought of Adam and Eve had not recurred. Miss Perie said she would take us up to see it while Miss Persie should lay the table and put the kettle on for tea. *Their* tea, good souls, had been over and cleared away by five.

Then we went, well pleased, up the broad staircase of shallow steps, and

trotted after Miss Perie along the gallery above. At the far end she opened a door into a kind of state-chamber, and went in to roll up the paper shades, and set open a blind, while Jamie and I stood just within the entrance, trying to accustom our eyes to the dimness of the shut-up room. Then suddenly it shone upon us, as the light was let in. Over the mantel, in a great frame or case, projecting six or seven inches and glassed in front, and occupying the whole width and half the height of the chimney, — the glory of the old mansion, — Adam and Eve in waxwork, done by Miss Perie and Miss Persie at a boarding-school forty years before.

In truth, it was a marvel. The whole right of the scene was occupied by forest trees and interlacing vines, made of wax foliage, fashioned bit by bit, and stuck in according to the taste of the artists. Among these, astonishing birds in rare companionships, a robin-redbreast and a poll-parrot on the same branch ; yellow-birds and bluebirds and gorgeous nondescripts ; fruits, also, as curiously grouped ; crimson apples and pink peaches, purple grapes and golden oranges. Then, below, and scattered throughout the whole, the animals ; sheep in abundance ; cows ; goats, — much like the sheep, with the addition of horns ; hens and chickens ; a cat, a dog, a lion, and a leopard ; and a green snake lying in the grass. Close by Adam, a red-brown horse, with enormous tail and mane. But, above all, there were Adam and Eve ! Two little wax figures, like dolls ! Eve's light, flossy hair — of silk, or real, I don't know which — hanging in waves about her, nearly enveloping her ; her face turned toward us and away from Adam, who stood beyond, slightly turned away also : perhaps there had been already a little paradisiacal tiff. At Eve's feet, the barberry-bush with its glowing pendules of scarlet berries ; this was what I coveted.

We stood in breathless delight and awe before it ; it was minutes before we spoke. Then Jamie said, timidly, " I wonder if it ever *will* tumble down ! "

" Perhaps if we were to jump — " whispered I.

" That would n't be fair ! " said the boy, with a proud, indignant honor in his tone. I shrunk back, abashed.

We looked, and looked, and drew long breaths of relief now and then ; and pretty soon Miss Perie said, " Now we will go and see the peacock. "

So she led us, down three steps, into a narrow passage diverging from the first, and along this till we came to a tiny door in an angle of the wall, — a bit of a door, just wide enough to pass through, and so low that Miss Perie had to stoop. This led upon a flight of ten narrow steps, which brought us up into a little railed balcony with a recessed alcove at the back, and looking down in front into a long, empty hall, — the ball-room of the old inn. This that we were in was the musicians' gallery. Back in the alcove stood what we came to see, — a magnificent stuffed peacock, with very full and perfect tail at its utmost spread. No live bird ever did as much for me, as I said before ; and I doubt if any live bird ever had such a tail to spread, which accounts for it.

It was like a dream or a fairy story, — this queer old house with its curi-



ous things, and its many rooms, its steps up and steps down, and unexpected doors, and little galleries and "cubbies." We believed that there were scores of wonders within its walls yet unrevealed. But we were satisfied with Adam and Eve and the peacock. Then we went down, and had a race in the great, empty ball-room. Something of the old merriment that had clung to its walls when grandmothers were young touched and inspired us, and we frolicked up and down in pure glee of space and freedom, till we heard the tinkle of a bell at the foot of the great stairs.

"That's tea," said Miss Perie; and we went down.

It was tea, and a great many things beside. Brown bread and white bread, and butter, raspberries and cream, plum-cake, and gingerbread, and *doughnuts*.

It was after seven when we had finished, and were bidding Miss Perie and Miss Persie good by. We had eight miles to go to Annton; and in the west, where we had trusted to the long twilight and the young moon, there was a dark cloud that rolled itself into great, billowy edges, and kept swelling up the sky. We had had candles in the sitting-room, which was shaded by thick lilac-bushes close to the windows, and we had not guessed at this.

"O James!" cried my mother, "look there!"

"You'd better stay all night," said Miss Perie.

"O no, we're obliged to you," said my father. "It will go round, quite likely. We had better keep on."

Mother looked at him again, and hesitated, before she put her foot on the carriage-step. She never said so before us, but we knew quite well that she was afraid of thunder.

"It is only a wind-cloud, I think," said father.

"You will stop if it comes on to — storm?" she said, still hesitating.

"O yes, we'll get under cover somewhere. It won't amount to much."

And so we started. But before we crossed the Moonick bridge, and came into the woods that lay beyond, a little quivering thread of lightning ran down the black curtain of cloud, a few drops fell from its upper fringe, and our adventure began. There was a mile of woods before we should come out into the open road, and as much more distance to the nearest dwellings. The wind freshened, and the black cloud surged up higher, — faster. Father urged on his horses, and mother leaned back in her corner, and never spoke a word. In the heart of the wood we were in complete darkness. Father gave the horses their heads, and they kept the road. I could hear mother's quick breath, and feel a tremble of her hand as she held mine. Suddenly, on before us, straight down across the opening between the trees, shot a bolt of pale, intense purple fire: and crashing, rolling, splitting, hissing, all in one mingled sound, came the thunder-burst. The horses paused, half reared, and then sprang on; but my father held them firmly by the curb, and they quieted again, — quieted to a safe, but very rapid trot, which in a few hushed, fearful minutes brought us out into comparative light. Then the rain came down in great drops. Father drew up the boot, which he had unbuckled when the

first sprinkle fell. Mother wrapped a shawl around me, and did not let me go when she had done it, but held me tight in her arms.

"Jamie had better come back here," she said, speaking for the first time, with something very strange in her voice. Father knew what it meant.

"There's a little farm-house along here somewhere, in the edge of Rundlell; we can reach it in a few minutes, and perhaps they'll take us in."

Jamie climbed in over the back of the front seat, and we sat huddled together, — all three. There came no more such terrific bursts, but the lightning flashed in broad sheets at quickening intervals, and the thunder rolled in almost continuous accompaniment. We could see our road quite plainly now.

"Jacobs told me the truth in recommending these horses," said my father, in a cheery way, drawing the boot-leather higher toward his shoulders. "They will stand almost anything."

And then we said nothing more, but watched with dazzled eyes the flashes, and heard the rain-streams pour like shot upon the carriage-roof. Ten minutes of this glare and dash and silence brought us to a little long, low, red house on a grass slope by the roadside. Father turned the horses right up to the door, and gave one stroke with his whip-handle upon it. A woman opened it, — her husband and three children following her, and looking from behind to see who came.

"Can you —" began my father.

"Land's sake, yes!" cried the woman. "Come right along in. Jeb, open the kerridge door, and then help round with the hosses to the barn. Enoch, fetch the lantern!"

The oldest boy went to obey; and the farmer opened the door and let down the steps. I jumped right into his arms. Then came mother, very pale, and quite exhausted. As for Jamie, he had scrambled over the front seat again, to come out from his proper place like a man.

We had never been in a house like this before. It was a contrast to the House Beautiful, yet it had its charms. Jamie said it was prime fun. They wanted to set a tea-table for us, but we assured them we had had our tea an hour before, and could not eat. But the farmer would bring up a pitcher of strong cider, and his wife produced a plate of the inevitable doughnuts. Just to gratify them, we tasted; and then we children begged to be put to bed, partly from real weariness, partly because we were impatient for the fun of it.

"Anything will do; a shake-down in the same room with us," said father.

"O, there's plenty of room," replied the hostess, in the pride of her hospitality. "The little folks can have the eave-garrets, and our boys can go into the shed chamber. Ruthie can come down and sleep in the cot."

Mother let her arrange it in her own way; and presently, to our great delight, we were ushered up a broad, bare stairway of clean unpainted boards, into the open middle space under the house-roof. On each side were the "eave-garrets," — two nice little tidy bedrooms made up fresh for us with coarse, but very white, sheets and *pillow-beers*, as the good woman called them.

There was a savory smell of thyme and lavender and pennyroyal and all sorts of herbs, drying in the open room, mingled with the odor of the clean rough boards and rafters also, that had baked under the summer suns for years and years.

Mother tucked us in, and heard us say our prayers; and then went down to her own room, which was only just at the foot of the broad, short stairway. She left her door open, and we all seemed close together. Jamie and I talked across for a long time about what there might be in the open garret that lay between us, and how far it went, and where it led to. We made up quite a story about it, in the middle of which, at last, we fell asleep.

Well — that was our adventure. We thought it quite a considerable one. The morning sun came up grand and glorious, and shone into the great garret in little slender lines of light, here and there, between the boards and rafters. And it was very still, after the rain-music to which we had slept and dreamed. We wondered if father and mother and the horses were up. Very soon we were down stairs, looking out at the open door upon the green slope, where every blade was strung with shining drops. There were ducks and chickens about, and the horses were being curried at the barn door. There was a breakfast of hot cakes, and maple syrup, and fried pork and eggs, and potatoes, and *doughnuts*; and by seven o'clock, after many thanks and "welcomes," we were on our way. At twelve, coming to the top of a hill, just at the end of our journey, we spied grandpa's old chaise turning in to the green lane at the bottom; and as he got out at the barn, our horses trotted up to the door. So we got safely, at last, to Ridgeley. But the time we had at Ridgeley would be a story of itself.

It occurs to me just to tell you this before I finish. Years afterward, when we were man and woman, and Jamie and his wife and little child were at the old home in V—— Street to spend Christmas, and I was toasting Baby Susie's feet before the fire, and telling her "this little pig and that little pig," there came a great ring at the door, such as express-men and telegraph-boys and people after the doctor only give, and presently word was brought up to us of something that had come "in a big box." I rolled all the little pigs up in Susie's crimson flannel nightgown, and popped her into nurse's lap, and Jamie and Mrs. Jamie and I ran down to see.

A great case of boards had come by railroad, with this curious address: —

"TO THE CHILDREN OF JAMES THORNELL, ESQ.

"V—— STREET.

"B——."

Inside the lid was a letter, explaining. It was a bequest to Jamie and me. Miss Perie and Miss Persie were dead, and this was Adam and Eve.

*Author of "Leslie Goldthwaite."*



## THE CHILDREN OF THE YEAR.

“COME, come, come,  
 I am Spring ;—  
 Fair and blue  
 Violets I bring to you ;  
 April showers,  
 Pink May-flowers  
 Wet with crystal dew ;  
 Bursting from the brown earth’s heart,  
 How the tender grass-blades start ;  
 Twittering birds  
 Warble words  
 To the gurgling brooks.”

“Come, come, come,”  
 Summer sings, —  
 “White and red  
 Roses twine about my head ;  
 In the sun  
 Wild bees hum,  
 While I softly tread ;  
 Slowly through the dreamy day  
 To and fro the lilies sway,  
 Laurels bright  
 Fade to white  
 On the mountain’s slope.”

“Come, come, come,”  
 Autumn speeds ;  
 “Berries bright  
 Flush the russet leaves with light ;  
 Wealth untold,  
 Sheaves of gold,  
 Ripen in my sight ;  
 Clear and cool the mountain breeze  
 Fans to flame the maple-trees.  
 Asters blaze  
 Purple rays  
 From their glowing hearts.”

“Come, come, come,”  
 Winter speaks ;  
 “I am here.

See the diamonds cold and clear,  
 Flashing bright  
 In the light,  
 Glittering far and near.  
 Fluttering falls my downy dress,  
 Tenderly the earth to press,  
 Soft and close  
 Wrap the snows,  
 Safe to guard from harm."

*Perle Ley.*



## WHAT THE FROST GIANTS DID TO NANNIE'S RUN.

### THE FROST GIANTS.

**D**O you believe in giants? No, do you say? Well, listen to my story, which is a really true one, and then answer my question.

Many hundreds of years ago, certain people who lived in the North, and were therefore called Northmen, had a strange idea of the form and situation of the earth; they thought it was a flat circular piece of land surrounded by a great ocean, and that this ocean was again surrounded by a wall of snow-covered mountains, where lived the race of Frost Giants.

I have seen a pretty picture of this world of theirs with a lovely rainbow bridge arching up over the sea to the earth, and a great coiled serpent, holding his tail in his mouth, lying in mid-ocean like a ring around the land. Perhaps you will some day read about it all, but at present we have only to do with the Frost Giants; for I want to tell you that, although no one now thinks of believing about the serpent, or the flat earth, or the rainbow bridge, yet the Frost Giants still live, and their home is really among the mountains.

You may call them by what name you like, and we may all know certainly that they are not what the old Northmen believed them to be, but are God's workmen, a part of Nature's family, employed to work in the great garden of the world; but whenever we look at their work, we cannot fail to admit that to do it needed a giant's strength, and so they deserve their title.

Have you sometimes seen great boulder stones, as big as a small house, that stand alone by themselves in some field or on some sea-shore where no other rocks are near? Well, the Frost Giants carried these boulders about, and dropped them down miles away from their homes, as you might take a pocketful of pebbles, and drop them along the road as you walk. Sometimes they roll great rocks down the mountain-sides, playing a desperate game of ball with each other. Sometimes they are sent to make a bridge over Niag-

ara Falls, or to build a dam across a mountain torrent in an hour's time. Now and then they have to rake off a steep mountain-side as you might a garden bed, and sometimes to bury a whole village so quickly that the poor inhabitants do not know what strange hand brought such sudden destruction upon them. Their deeds often seem to be cruel, and we cannot understand their meaning; but we shall some time know that the loving Father who sent them orders nothing for our hurt, but has always a loving purpose, though it may be hidden.

While I thus introduce to you the Frost Giants, let me also present their tiny brethren and sisters, the Frost Fairies, who always accompany them on their expeditions; and, however terrible is the deed that has to be done, these little people adorn it with the most lovely handiwork, — tiny flowers, and crystals, and veils of delicate lace-work; fringes, and spangles, and star-work, and carving, so that nothing is so hard and ugly and bare that they cannot beautify it.

Now that you are introduced, you will perhaps like to join a Frost party that started out to work, one day in the early spring of 1861, from their homes among the Olympic Mountains.

#### NANNIE'S RUN.

CAN you imagine a beautiful oval-shaped bay, almost encircled by a long arm of sand stretching out from the main-land? In its deep water the largest vessels might ride at anchor, but at the time of my story a lonelier place could scarcely be found. Now and then Indian canoes glided over the water, and at long intervals some vessel from the great island away yonder to the north visited the little settlement upon the shore of the bay. It is indeed a very little settlement, — a few houses clustered together upon the sandy beach close to the blue water; behind the houses rises a cliff crowned with great fir-trees standing tall and dark in thick ranks, making a dense forest; and, beyond this forest, cold, snow-covered mountains lift their peaks against the sky, — a fitting home for the Frost Giants.

Three streams, straying from the far-away mountains, and fed by their melted snows and hidden springs, find their way through the forest, leap and tumble over the cliff, and, passing through the little settlement, reach the sea. The people who live here call these little streams *runs*, and one of them is Nannie's Run.

And, now, who is Nannie? Why, Nannie is Nannie Dwight, — a little girl not yet five years old, who lives in the small square house standing under the cliff. She sits even now on the door-step, and her red dress looks like one gay flower brightening the sombre shadow of the firs. Her father and mother came here to live when she was but a baby, and before there was a single house built in the place; and it is out of compliment to her that one of the streams has been named Nannie's Run.

While Nannie sits on the door-step, and looks out at the sea, watching for the vessel that will bring her father home from Victoria, we will go through

the forest, and up the mountain-sides till we find the home of the Frost Giants, and see what they are about to-day.

They have been working all winter, but not quite so busily as now ; for since yesterday they have cracked that big rock in two, and dug the great cave under the hill, and now they are gathered in council on the mountain-side that overlooks a dashing little stream. As we followed this stream from the sea-shore, we happen to know that it is no other than Nannie's Run. And as we have already begun to care for the little girl, and therefore for her namesake, we are anxious to know what the giants think of doing. We have not long to wait before we shall see, and hear too ; for a great creaking and cracking begins, and, while we gaze astonished, the mountain-side begins to slide, and presently, with a rush and a roar, dashes into the stream, and chokes it with a huge dam of earth and rocks and trees.

What will the stream do now ? For a moment the water leaps into the air, all foam and sparkle, as if it would jump over the barrier and find its way to the sea at any rate ; but this proves entirely unsuccessful, and at last, after whirling and tumbling, trying to creep under, trying to leap over, it settles itself quietly in its prison, as if to think about the matter.

Now, if you will stay and watch it day after day, you will see what good result will come from this waiting ; for every hour more and more water is running to its aid, and, as its forces increase, we begin to feel sure that, although it can neither pass over nor under, it will some day be strong enough to break through the Frost Giant's dam. And the day comes at last, when, summoning all its waters to the attack, it makes a breach in the great earth wall, and in a strong, grand column, as high as this room, marches away towards the sea.

As we have the wings of thought to travel with, let us hurry back to the settlement, and see where Nannie is now, and tell the people, if we only can, what a wall of water is marching down upon them ; for you see the little channel that used to hold Nannie's Run is not a quarter large enough for this torrent that was gathered so long behind the dam.

Peep in at the window, and see how Nannie stands at the kitchen table, cutting out little cakes from a bit of dough that her mother has given her ; she is all absorbed in her play, and her mother has gone to look into the oven at the nicely browning loaves.

O, don't we wish the house had been built up on the cliff among the fir-trees, safe above the reach of the water ! But, alas ! here it stands, just in the path that the torrent will take, and we have no power to tell of the danger that is approaching.

Mrs. Dwight turns from the oven, and, passing the window on her way to the table, suddenly sees the great wall of water only a few rods from her house. With one step she reaches the bedroom, seizes the blankets from the bed, wraps Nannie in them, and, with the little girl on one arm, grasps Frankie's hand, and, telling Harry to run beside her, opens the door nearest the cliff, and almost flies up its steep side.

Five minutes afterwards, sitting breathless on the roots of an old tree, with

her children safe beside her, she sees the whole shore covered with surging water, and the houses swept into the bay, tossing and drifting there like boats in a stormy sea. And this is what the Frost Giants did to Nannie's Run.

#### THE INDIANS.

WHAT will Nannie do now? Here in our New England towns it would seem hard enough to have one's house swept away before one's eyes; but then you know you could take the next train of cars and go to your aunt in Boston, or your uncle in New York, to stay until a new house could be prepared for you. But here is Nannie hundreds and thousands of miles away from any such help; for there are not only no railroads to travel upon, but not even common roads, nor horses, nor wagons; nevertheless there are neighbors who will bring help.

You remember reading in your history, how, when our great-great-grandfathers came to this country to live, they found it occupied by Indians. The Indians are all gone from our part of the country now, but out in the far northwest, where Nannie lives, they still have their wigwams and canoes, still dress in blankets and wear feathers on their heads; and in that particular part of the country lives a tribe called the Flatheads. They take this odd name because of a fashion they have of binding a board upon the top of a child's head, while he is yet very young, in order that he may grow up with a flattened head, which is considered a mark of beauty among these savages, just as small feet are so considered among the Chinese, you know.

The Flatheads are Nannie's only neighbors, and perhaps you would consider them rather undesirable friends; but when I tell you how they came at once with blankets, and food, and all sorts of friendly offers of shelter and help, you will think that some white people might well take a lesson from them.

They had been in the habit of bringing venison and salmon to the settlement for sale; and when Nannie's mother tells them that she has no longer any money to buy, they say, "O no, it is a potlach," which in their language means a present.

Happily the warm weather is approaching, and a little girl who has lived out of doors so much does not find it unsafe to sleep in the hammock which Hunter has slung for her among the trees, or even on the ground, rolled in an Indian blanket; and when her shoes wear out, she can safely run barefooted in the woods or on the sand.

Before many weeks have passed, some of the tall fir-trees are cut down, and a new house is built, this time safely perched on top of the cliff; and, so far as I know, the Frost Giants have never succeeded in touching it.

*Author of "The Seven Little Sisters."*



## P U S S .

THE hero of a hundred fights,  
He bore his scars about of nights,  
Reproaches to those luckless wights  
That had not fought a hundred fights.

His great green eyes alarmed his foes  
With splendor ; curdling blood they froze  
With their live emeralds, when he rose  
And laid about him mighty blows.

O'er his war-harness, grim and dire,  
A mantle worth a captain's hire  
He trailed ; and in his dreadful ire  
Its very fur struck sparks of fire.

He went on raids throughout the land ;  
He dared the cats on every hand  
Up to the scratch. The craven band  
Bit dust before his champion brand.

What rat but quaked when he drew near ?  
What caitiff mouse refused him cheer ?  
What clarion-call could give him fear  
Who cut the comb of chanticleer ?

His battle-cry's resounding din  
Taught music to the violin ;  
And, to wind-shaken harp-strings kin,  
His purr the listening ear would win.

He was a knight without a flaw ;  
In him both court and camp one saw ;  
For, bowing to the fireside law,  
What other ever gave his paw ?

But, jealous of his wide renown,  
Fate sent a monster thundering down,  
As erst some dragon raised his crown,  
Beleaguering an ancient town.

Its solid tread shook all the ground ;  
It scattered flames of fury round ;

Puss felt the heart within him bound  
To measure swords with this Mahound.

He gazed. He sprang with valor hot—  
Turn, turn!—nor view the fearful lot!  
A twisted tail, some hair, a spot,  
Were all there was,—for Puss was not.

*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*



## RUNNING AWAY.

### A SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY.

“WHO was my favorite pupil?” repeated the schoolmaster, his shrewd, firm face lighting up with a sparkle of kindly humor, — I think the people with most fun in them have very often the most kindness. “What say you to that, sister?”

The sister smiled. She was a delicate-looking person, — young, too, for a pedagoguess; but doubtless that was all the better for the boys. “I think my brother and I should be pretty well agreed as to which of all our pupils we liked best. Undoubtedly, Crabbe Waldron.”

“What a mouthful of a name!” I exclaimed.

“Crabbe was his original surname, and Waldron was added on his father’s succeeding to a large property. He had some queer Christian name, — Josephus, I think it was; but we never called him anything but Crabbe Waldron.”

“Was he as sour and rough as his name? or probably quite the contrary, — a sweet-faced youth, with rosy cheeks and curly hair, such as ladies make a pet of.”

“Certainly not,” said the schoolmaster’s sister. “I might as well have petted a mastiff dog. He was the roughest, ruggedest little fellow! And yet it was such a nice ugly face! that is, ugly until he smiled, when it beamed all over, and became the honestest, pleasantest boy’s face imaginable.”

“Ah! Lizzie always liked him, and always could manage him. And it was necessary, for he was always getting into trouble. Even the very first day he came to school something happened, — did n’t it, sister? — though I quite forget what.

“We never got rightly to the bottom of things, but I think it was because he came in with his eyes red with crying after his mother, from whom he had never before been parted, and he was just over ten years old. The boys teased him, and called him ‘baby,’ and so he ‘pitched into them’ all round.

Big and little, neither mattered to Crabbe Waldron when he was in one of his furies, — a perfect Berserk, if the fit seized him.”

“And what was the end of it?” asked I.

“We had to send him to bed, — him and Charlie Donne, who came the same day, — or they would have fought like two spiders under a tumbler. Very different boys they were,” added Miss Birch. (I will call her so, by way of contrast, for I am sure she never used it in her life.) “The contrast struck me forcibly when I went into their rooms with the bread-and-milk supper that was to soften their punishment. Crabbe lay exceedingly humble in his bed, to which he had obediently retired at 4 P. M. As I came in, he pushed a book, blushing, under his pillow; I afterwards found out it was his Bible. Now, though I suppress all cant, one cannot scold a child for surreptitiously reading his Bible. He turned upon me the most mournful eyes: ‘O Miss Birch, to think it should have come to this, and my first day too! Please don’t tell my mamma, that’s all. It would make her so miserable!’”

“Yes, his mother was his weak point, always,” said the schoolmaster.

“We are orphans, my brother and I,” continued Miss Birch, “and we have always good hopes of a boy whose weak point is his mother. Nor did I think the worse of Crabbe for grieving. Charlie Donne did n’t, apparently; I found him not gone to bed, but encamped cheerfully in a corner of his room, unpacking his box, and dividing his time between eating great lumps of cake, whistling, and reading Robinson Crusoe; — certainly his mother did not weigh much upon *his* mind!”

“But, Lizzie, in strict justice, — a schoolmaster must be just, or he is not worth twopence, — you should state that the mothers were not of the same sort. Lady Donne was a fashionable woman, who hardly saw her son except at meal-times; while Mrs. Waldron seldom let hers go out of her sight. His father was a soldier in foreign service, and Crabbe was an only child. Still, I grant you, there was something very peculiar in the lad’s devotion to his mother, — she being a confirmed invalid, who could give him no pleasure, only love. That she did, and he returned it. In his wildest, naughtiest moods, — and he was very naughty, in contradistinction to vicious, for there was no real wickedness in him, — the mere mention of her would rein him in. He rarely mentioned her himself, after the first day, for the other boys teased him so much; but the slightest reference to her would make his cheeks redden and his eyes flash. Certainly his love for his mother was the best thing in him, poor little scamp!”

“But was he a scamp?” I asked, becoming strongly interested in Crabbe Waldron.

“Speaking pedagogically, — if there is such a word, — I am afraid he was. He gave me no end of trouble in the school-room, for learn he neither could nor would. He was not stupid exactly; nay, he was clever in a sort of way, especially with his hands, and he had good common sense. But, as to putting Latin into him, you might as well pour it into a sieve; it all ran out the next day, nay, the next hour. And for arithmetic, though he is now twenty-one years old and six feet high, I doubt if he is always certain that

two and two really do make four. Then, out of school-hours, he had the most awful propensity for running away. But I am tiring you. I always do bore people when I get on the subject of my pupils," said Mr. Birch, who was quite the ideal schoolmaster, and ardently fond of his profession.

I protested and entreated; confessing that, once upon a time, I myself had cherished for years a pet scheme of "running away"; that to this day the idea of living in a hut of brushwood and sleeping under the stars was far more delicious than to a respectable lady of my time of life I suppose it ought to be. I assured him I could fully sympathize with the adventures of Crabbe Waldron.

"Tell them, brother, for I often thought they might be put into a book," said Miss Birch; then turning to me with the vague dread that many folks have of poor harmless authors, "Only, please, will you disguise name and all, for fear of hurting people's feelings?"—which I have accordingly done.

"Let me see," began the schoolmaster; "what was the first little episode the boy treated us with? O, I think it was his adventure with the railway porter, which obliged me to keep him as far as ever I could from that respectable functionary during the remainder of the half-year. This was how it happened:—

"He was always talking about running away; not that he had any special grudge against me,—on the contrary, I believe we were the best of friends, at least he tells me so now," said Mr. Birch, smiling; "but he had some sort of Robinson Crusoe notion that life in the woods was the grandest thing imaginable. The big boys taunted him with his projects, and dared him to carry them out; so one Saturday afternoon he boldly determined to run away.

"It was just after dinner when he slipped out, knowing that somewhere about that time was a train passing our station. But as he came up he saw it just gliding away. In despair lest he should be discovered, he applied to a porter to 'hide him somewhere' until the next train started. This man knew him for one of my boys, and, suspecting something amiss, pocketed Crabbe's offered shilling (which last proceeding I still consider as an instance of 'Punica fides' enough to exasperate any school-boy), and told him there was a dark room belonging to the parcel-office, where he might easily be locked in. Nobody could possibly get at him; indeed, he, the civil porter, would keep the key in his pocket.

"So my poor innocent little rascal jumped at the offer, crawled in, and curled himself up among the musty bags and parcels,—not quite comfortable, but most heroically happy; for he had the true adventurer's delight in enduring hardships. Meantime the porter hastened to me, and asked if any of my boys had run away. At first I stoutly denied this,—they were all gone, to the best of my knowledge, for their Saturday walk, the big ones in charge of the little ones, and nobody could possibly be missing,—till my sister recollected we had not seen them start, and that she had overheard Charles Donne taunting Crabbe Waldron about running away; then, comparing him with the man's description of his young prisoner, I thought it would be safest, at least, to go and look.

“‘He’s such a plucky little fellow, sir,’ said the porter, giving the key to me, ‘I think you’d better open the door yourself, and I’ll just step behind you,’ which was an instance of clever cautiousness on the part of my Punic friend.

“I opened the door of the parcel-room, and there, sure enough, with his cheeks flushed by the close heat, and his eyes dazzled by the sudden light, staring blindly out, was poor little Crabbe Waldron. He paused a minute, then his quick eye darted to the porter behind me. He seemed to comprehend all. Without taking the least notice of me, he sprang at his false friend, and seized him by the throat.

“‘You villain! you traitor! You took my shilling, and then betrayed me. If I had a knife here, I would stab you to the heart,’—and I really believe the poor maddened little scapegrace would.

“With some difficulty the big porter shook himself free from his small adversary, and justified his right to the title of traitor by quietly sneaking off; the shilling, however, safely remaining in his pocket,—whence, to the best of my belief, it has never been extracted. Poor Crabbe Waldron stood a minute, white and shaking with fury; then, before I had time to catch hold of him or to say one word to him, he darted off like a shot, and was away down the line of railway towards London. We had a hard run for it,—the porters and I,—and a locomotive on one side and a train on the other approached a little nearer than was quite convenient; but nobody came to harm, and we succeeded at last in catching the boy.”

“And what did you do with him?”

“Why, nothing; what could I do, considering the state of exhaustion and excitement he was in, but put him in my sister’s charge, to be got away to bed as quickly as possible? Sending to bed is not such a foolish punishment as you new-fangled reformers believe. Very often half a child’s naughtiness is simply illness, which quiet, solitude, and perhaps a little wholesome hunger, soon put right. Besides, Crabbe Waldron’s error was more folly than sin, and I hoped this hard experience, and the endless quizzing he got about it,—for, of course, in our village the whole story, with vast improvements, soon ran about like wildfire,—would have cured him of his nonsense ever after. But I was mistaken.

“His second running away, a much more serious matter than the first, was, I think, originated by a very amusing, harmless book which another boy had brought to school with him,—the ‘Narrative of Sir Edward Seaward.’ It became quite the rage with us. The lower class, of whom Crabbe, alas! was far the eldest and the leader,—all these little fellows studied it from morning till night! Endless were the questions put to Lizzie, and even the cook, as to the right method of lighting fires; and whether it would be possible to build in our English woods a hut of branches similar to the one in which Seaward and his wife lived so happily and so long in that lovely Pacific Island where they were so fortunately wrecked. Nay, Crabbe told my sister,—she being his confidante in most things,—that he had determined to go to sea, if only to get such another chance. In the mean time, he

practised himself in digging holes in the garden, — building fireplaces with brick ends, and cooking thereon apples or potatoes as imaginary yams ; in short, coming as near to the ideal Seaward and Crusoe life as was possible in — I flatter myself — my well-regulated modern establishment.

“The little rebels, — but let me not miscall them ; it was not exactly rebellion, since, no such exploit on their part having ever been contemplated by me, of course, I had not legislated against it, — the little adventurers laid their plans with considerable ingenuity. Excluding all doubtful allies, they confined their secret strictly to the four concerned in it, — Crabbe Waldron, as leader ; Charles Donne, his contemporary and rival in most things, as second in command ; and two little Calcutta lads, — half-castes, — named Ingledew, whom Crabbe patronized a good deal, as he did all weak and helpless and unprotected things, also because these two had the additional advantage of coming from foreign parts, of having actually crossed a jungle, seen a tiger, and ridden on an elephant. Whether they expected a similar good fortune now, I cannot tell ; but they were eager to join the party, and as eager to chatter about it afterwards.

“The four boys took a solemn vow of secrecy, which, I think, was administered over two crossed clasp-knives, in imitation of Highland crossed swords, and was kept, wonderful to relate ! for fully six days. During that time they occupied themselves in making preparations for their exploit.

“Food, of course, was an inevitable necessity ; but they were too honest to appropriate my food out of my house. So at various times they contrived to buy in the village a piece of ham, half a Dutch cheese, four penny loaves and two twopenny tarts. They also got, for accidental needs, a box of lucifers, a candle, a ball of twine, a mariner’s compass, a piece of soap and washing-flannel, and a prayer-book, — which last odd combination showed the value in which they held both cleanliness and godliness. These *impedimenta* they packed up in an old rug belonging to Charlie Donne ; but then, becoming doubtful of the risk of carrying so large and suspicious a bundle out at my front door, they decided to unpack it again, — and convey the things separately outside, or drop them by a string over the garden wall into a large furze-bush on the green.

“This was about dinner-time. At dinner the little conspirators behaved just as usual, — except that we afterwards noticed they were rather quiet, considering it was Saturday, — and declined cricket, saying they had planned a long walk. Then they marched composedly out, two and two, a little before the rest of the school started for the cricket-field.

“The rest all returned ; tea-time came ; but of the four juniors — alas ! Crabbe, though growing a big boy, was still in the junior class — there was no sign. However, we were not alarmed. Crabbe sometimes took his little friends rather too far. ‘They are sure to be back to supper,’ said my sister, composedly.

“But they were not ; and then, considering the strong compulsion of boyish appetites, we grew decidedly uneasy ; still more so when somebody suggested the idea of the four boys having ‘run away.’ When night began to

fall, we instituted inquiries, and found that the gardener's lad, while eating his dinner in an out-house, had noticed something tied up in brown paper dangling by a string from the top of the fruit wall; and the housemaid next door had seen one of my boys take a large bundle from under a furze-bush, and march off with it on his back.

"This looked very suspicious. I blamed myself severely for not having taken sharper notice of Crabbe Waldron's proclivities for running away. That he was at the bottom of it all, I was sure; equally sure that he did it out of no real badness, or discontent at school,—he was the happiest little fellow imaginable,—but out of pure love of adventure. However, it was useless shutting the stable-door after the steed was stolen; we must institute a search. The boys could not have got far, and would soon be found.

"They had not gone by the railway; I learned thus much, and then I started off various parties in all directions to look for them. It was a June evening. We should have a fairly long twilight, and then, after an interval, a midnight moon. Still, I own, when darkness fell, my sister and I grew seriously anxious. Not that we feared any accident; they were, we believed, four together,—sharp enough lads too; and, besides, ill news always travels fast enough,—but where could they be gone? We are sufficiently civilized about here to have no lurking-places for vagabonds, no wild moors or pathless woods. To-day was Saturday; they must certainly be found on Sunday. But even one night in the open air to boys unaccustomed to the life of tramps or gypsies might prove a dangerous thing.

"The searching parties came back, having traversed the roads for ten miles round, with no success whatever. I was just about to do what I was very loath to do, from the shame and humiliation it would be to the boys, and the joke it would be held against them for months to come,—to apply to the police,—when my eldest pupil suggested Holt Common.

"You know Holt Common,—our finest point of view about here, the bit of fresh breezy table-land which the clouds walk over in daytime and the stars at night,—bless me! am I growing poetical? but really it was enough to make one so, if I had not been so uncomfortable about my four boys,—that midnight when Merton and I reached it. I took Merton, for he was a big, sensible fellow, and he volunteered to go. But I took no one else, wishing to make as little fuss as possible.

"Holt village had long gone to bed; and even the two or three donkeys and shaggy colts that one usually finds grazing about had become invisible, except one old ass, which, when we accidentally disturbed her, startled the silence by a most unearthly bray. Then everything grew breathlessly quiet again, until, lifting herself up out of the horizon, the gibbous moon began to stare at us, and make the gloom more visible with her feeble light. It turned very cold too, and I thought with apprehension of my boys, and especially of the two little half-castes, in case they had been persuaded to encamp for the night in the place which Merton thought he remembered having once heard Crabbe Waldron suggest as a 'capital sleeping-place, like Robinson Crusoe's cave.'

“We had some difficulty in finding it out, the Common was so dark, and full of so many tortuous paths. We lost our way, and kept stumbling over furze-bushes and heather, — no bogs, luckily, it was too high ground. We dared not shout, both for fear of disturbing the village and of frightening still further from us the little runaways, in case they were obstinate. But at last, quite unexpectedly, and when we had nearly given up the hope of finding them, we came upon the four.



“A most forlorn little party they were, huddled in the hollow of a gravel-pit, several feet below the surface of the Common. They had lighted a fire, from the embers of which still came the nasty, rather than appetizing savor, of frizzled, not to say burnt, ham, and toasted cheese; fragments of newspaper were flitting about in the night-wind; and the last remnant of flaring candle, stuck in the neck of a bottle, illuminated a muddled heap of legs and arms, out of which appeared two dirty, blubbered faces, — the poor little Ingledews’.

“They had all four — as we afterwards discovered — begun their adventure in great glee; had walked some miles across country to that spot, waited



till dark, and then kindling this fire, had cooked their provisions in triumph. But they were so hungry that in one meal all were consumed. Then the younger boys grew exceedingly sleepy, and Crabbe proposed 'going to bed,' — rather an imaginative proceeding. However, he spread the rug in the gravelly hole, and then, to carry out his duties as head of the little family, he took out the prayer-book, and, in imitation of me, read solemnly the evening psalms. Afterwards he persuaded the little ones to go to sleep, and arranged a watch, turn and turn about, between himself and Charlie.

"But the donkey's bray had woke them all up; the Ingledews had begun to cry and want to go home; Charlie Donne had called them cowards and threatened to thrash them; Crabbe Waldron interfering, had found that there may be easier positions in life than heading an exploration party. Things were in this state when Merton and I suddenly appeared on the scene.

"A most dramatic scene it was! The younger boys, taking us for either ghosts or robbers, set up a loud scream; Charlie Donne started to his feet with a wild 'Hallo there!' and then — I would n't wish to insult him, but he dropped behind a furze-bush in a manner that gave reason for the supposition that he meant to 'cut and run' if possible. Crabbe Waldron alone stood to his arms, — which consisted of a thick knobbed walking-stick, — and, without saying a word, faced the foe like a man.

"'You simpletons!' cried Merton, bursting into a shout of laughter. 'Don't you see who we are? Are you all four here? What asses you have been!'

This view of the question at once took us down from the sublime to the ridiculous, and prevented anything like resistance, which, knowing Crabbe's rather desperate humor, I had half feared. But when he heard me laughing as loud as Merton, — I did it on purpose, — he hung his head, let his weapon drop, and looked excessively foolish.

"Well, lads, I hope you have had enough of it! Frightening Miss Birch, and dragging Mr. Birch across country at this time of night, just that you might have the pleasure of eating a half-raw supper on a nasty damp common! Faugh! I thought you had more sense. Get up and come along.'

"'Yes,' I added, really glad that big Merton took the matter out of my hands, for I was puzzled what to say. Of course I ought to have been severely dignified; but then I was so thankful to have found my young scapegraces, and, besides, they did look so ludicrously wretched and crestfallen! 'Come home now, and we'll discuss the matter afterwards.'

"It was fully two in the morning before we reached home, for they were all very tired, and Merton and I had to carry the youngest Ingledew, by turns, half the way. The other three boys scarcely spoke, but crawled after us as well as they could, tired and footsore, sleepy and cold, — in the wretchedest plight, indeed, though none of them would, of course, acknowledge it. Only Crabbe, when my sister met us in the hall, and took Ingledew minor at once to bed, saying, reproachfully, she only hoped he would not be seriously ill, answered pitifully, 'If he is, it will be all my fault,' and then crept off like a detected rebel and unsuccessful revolutionist. I said not a word; his punishment was sharp enough."

“But did you not punish him at all then?” inquired I, with some surprise.

“Should you be very much shocked if I said no? Well, in the first place, what was I to punish him for? He had broken no law, for none had ever been made against running away. And he had committed no moral crime. At the worst, it was only a piece of boyish folly, — yet a folly which might involve in most serious consequences both me and my school. At the same time, to exaggerate it into a heinous sin, and punish it as such, would be one of those glaring injustices which all boys see at once, and which ruin a schoolmaster’s authority forever. Still, the thing could not be passed by. Either Crabbe Waldron must be sent away home in disgrace, or this unfortunate propensity of his for running away must be stopped in some manner; else we should have no peace of our lives.”

“Certainly not. And what did you do?”

“I’ll tell you. Don’t laugh,” said the schoolmaster, with a queer twinkle of the eye. “I assure you I was as grave as a judge myself. The next day, fortunately, was Sunday, when everything went on as usual, but on Monday morning I sent for Crabbe Waldron into my study. He entered with a look on his ugly face which made it really ugly, — half sullen, half furious. There was certainly in him the making of a patriot or a rebel, a hero or a freebooter, according as he was treated. ‘Sit down,’ said I to him, and the boy sat down.

“‘Now, Crabbe Waldron,’ I continued, ‘there is no need for me to question you about that ridiculous proceeding of Saturday. I know perfectly well that you were at the root of it all.’

“‘Yes, I was,’ said he, boldly.

“‘And, may I ask, do you intend to try it again?’

“‘I don’t know, sir. That depends upon circumstances.’

“‘What circumstances? Are you unhappy here? Because, if so, I will write to your mother, and request her to fetch you home at once.’

“‘O no, sir, please don’t tell my mother. It’s not that indeed, sir.’

“‘What is it then? What did you run away for?’

“Crabbe scratched his head with a puzzled air. ‘Upon my word, sir, now you ask me, I really can’t tell. I suppose it was just for fun.’

“‘And have you had enough of it?’

“Crabbe was silent.

“‘Because, I assure you, I have. To say the least, such sort of “fun” is extremely inconvenient. Some masters might stop it by giving you a sound thrashing (here I saw the boy wince, and his bright eye glare), but you know thrashing is not the custom in our school. Or I might expel you, but that would half kill your mother. Still, this sort of thing cannot go on. You and I, as gentlemen and men of honor’ (here Crabbe looked up again), ‘must come to an understanding of some sort, or part company entirely. Please to read over this paper.’

“It was a sheet of lawyer’s foolscap, on which, in my most legible writing and most legal phraseology, I had drawn up a memorandum of agreement

between the Reverend Thomas Birch, on the one hand, and Crabbe Waldron, Gentleman, on the other, that the said Crabbe Waldron should make no attempt to run away, or urge any other person to run away, during his whole term of pupilage with the said Thomas Birch. And to this I had affixed four most imposing seals and signatures in pencil, one for him, one for me, and one for each of the two witnesses.

“Crabbe read it slowly over, and gave me back the paper.

“‘Are you prepared to execute this deed?’

“‘Yes, sir,’ said he, with an air of great importance. ‘Certainly, sir, if you wish it, with all my heart.’

“‘And you quite understand that it will be binding? — that, when a gentleman signs an agreement, he cannot break through it? He is upon honor.’

“‘Of course he is. Give me the pen, sir.’

“‘Stop a minute, we must do it properly.’ And I rang the bell, and desired two of the servants to come in. In their presence, and with great formality, the little fellow signed the document, which I tied up with red tape, and laid aside in the business-drawer of my desk. We then shook hands, both in ratification of the bond and to prove the restored good feeling between us, and my pupil left my study looking a bigger man, by an inch or two at least, than he was when he entered it. The minute his back was turned, I and Lizzie — who had been lying *perdue* in the next room — went into fits of laughing together, very glad that we had got so easily out of such a difficult matter.”

“And did he never attempt to run away again?”

“Never,” said Miss Birch. “My brother had found, as he always contrives to do with all his boys, the right key to Crabbe’s highest nature, his true sense of honor. All the punishments in the world would not have affected him so much as asking him to sign that deed, and trusting him to keep it inviolate. He never gave us any more trouble with his adventurous spirit; indeed, in many ways, after this exploit on Holt Common, he grew a much better boy than he had been before, — more humble, more obedient, more considerate and thoughtful of others. The sense of responsibility made him feel bound to act up to the confidence placed in him. And I think as he grew older, and found out what evil results might have come from his adventure, and how very leniently he had been dealt with in the matter, his gratitude to my brother knew no bounds. When, some years after, he left us, — and school altogether, — it was with grief unfeigned on both sides.”

“And what has become of him?” I inquired.

The schoolmaster and his sister smiled at one another. “I think, Lizzie, we’d better not say. What one does n’t know, one can’t tell. Only of this our friend may be quite sure, — that an honorable boy grows up into an honorable man. Consequently, whatever his career may be, — and I will confess thus much, that it is likely to be a hard, rather than an easy one, — the last thing Crabbe Waldron will ever again attempt will be the foolish proceeding of running away.”

*Author of “John Halifax, Gentleman.”*

## A BOY KING'S CHRISTMAS.

A ROAR of cannon, blare of trumpets, rattle of drums, and loud shouting from hundreds of throats, — so commenced the Christmas of 1550 at the royal palace of Greenwich.

A boy king reigned in England. Henry the Eighth — “Bluff King Hal,” as some people call him — had been dead nearly four years. His son, Edward the Sixth, now thirteen years old, had been nominally king since his father's death, — the actual ruler being his guardian, the Duke of Somerset. But now the Duke of Somerset was in disgrace. He had been deposed from his high place, tried and convicted of treason, and lay in the Tower of London under sentence of death. The new guardians of the young King, in order to divert his mind from his uncle's approaching death, decreed that Christmas should be kept at Greenwich, where the King held his court, with all the magnificence and hospitality that customarily belonged to that festal season.

A sober, quiet, reserved boy was King Edward the Sixth. He deeply loved his books, could write Latin with ease when but ten years old, composed grave essays on matters of state government, kept a diary of his own doings and of the principal occurrences in the nation, and had wisdom far beyond his years. At the same time he could play on different musical instruments, ride after the hounds, shoot with the long-bow, tilt with the lance, and run or leap with the most active. Moreover, grave as he might be, he was still a boy, and could enjoy sports and merriment. So the announcement that Christmas would be kept with all its accustomed glory was not an unpleasant one to the King, or to the people around his court.

There was roar of cannon without, and blare of trumpets, rattle of drums, and loud shouting from hundreds of throats within the great hall of Greenwich palace on Christmas Eve, as the King, standing on the dais, or raised floor at the upper end of the hall, announced that, in accordance with the advice of his council, Christmas should be kept with open household and frank resort to court; and that, for the greater pleasure of court and people, he had appointed Master George Ferrers, a wise and learned gentleman, Lord of Misrule, and Master of the King's Pastimes. “And now,” said the boy King, with a laugh, “into the hands of his Merry Majesty I commit the care of the court for the next twelve days.”

Grave and wise Master George Ferrers may have been in ordinary life, but gravity and wisdom formed no part of the office he was appointed to fill, and so he retained no trace of either. His garments were of rich material, but of marvellous oddity. Long feathers drooped from his fantastic hat. In his hand he carried a staff crowned with a fool's head. His ordinarily sober features were concealed by a mask, the mouth of which was twisted into a comical laugh; the ears large, to catch all the funny things said; the eyes round and staring, to watch that no one was dull or sorrowful; and the nose,

big and bunched, red as a boiled beet with excessive eating and drinking. By his side were his two pages, — little boys, all legs and head; not much of the former, and a great deal of the latter. His Orator, long-nosed, sharp in the chin, and with staring eyes, sawed the air, and gesticulated as if making a speech; occasionally breaking out in loud declamation, and immediately silenced by a blow from a bladder at the end of a wand carried by a fantastically dressed Fool, the Lord of Misrule's heir. There were also an Interpreter and Jailer, Counsellors, Gentlemen-ushers, Footmen, Pages, Jugglers, Messengers, Huntsmen, Heralds, and Trumpeters, — all clad in fantastic costumes, and grotesquely masked.

The Lord of Misrule mounted the dais, and smote the floor thrice with his staff. The Trumpeters blew with all their might, and the Drummers drummed until their arms ached, — to procure silence. The Heralds proclaimed "Oyez, oyez, oyez! The Lord of Misrule speaks!" The Orator opened his mouth to commence a speech, but it was instantly filled with the staff of the Fool, who at the same time seized the Orator by the nose, and led him back among his fellows. Then the Lord of Misrule said: —

"My loving subjects and dear fools, natural and otherwise, I hereby absolve you from all your wisdom, and allow you to be no wiser than to make fools of yourselves, in case you are not already fools. The one law to be obeyed in my kingdom is to laugh. To be grave is a serious offence against my privileges and dignities, and him who pulls a long face I sentence to be tickled every five minutes with a sharp joke. No one shall sit aside in his pride to laugh at the folly of others. All such, taken in the act, shall be condemned to play the merry fool, instead of the proud one. The magical power of my office enables me to change you all into children, and hey! presto! there you are, all young again; and look you do not merit the birch by being naughty or sulky children."

A loud shout from every one in the hall greeted the conclusion of the speech; there was another noise of trumpets and drums, and in an instant the stiffness and dignity of a royal court were at an end.

Amid the noise and merriment within the hall could be occasionally heard shouting and snatches of music without. The Lord of Misrule commanded silence, that he might listen. There was a moment's hush, and then with one voice they cried "Yule! Yule! The Yule log!"

"Away, my children!" said the merry master of the revels. "Let us do proper honor to the noble visitor."

In noisy, disorderly procession the laughing crowd hurried out of the great portal to meet the Christmas log, that had been dragged by scores of stalwart fellows from its home in the wood, and was now approaching the palace amid a merry crowd, in the glare and smoke of a hundred torches. Nearer came the noise. It was at the door, and in came men, women, and children; old men hobbling, and children screaming and tumbling over each other in their haste. After them came two or three score stout men, tugging at ropes fastened to the log; and in, too, came the Yule log itself, — an immense block cut from one of the largest trees in the neighboring wood.

Astride on its huge girth, as on a royal steed, rode the Lord of Misrule, bowing right and left to the shouting crowd. Standing behind him on the log was the Orator, making an excessively profound speech, the effect of which was marred by his endeavors to keep his footing as the log was dragged and bumped forward, and by the frequent belaborings administered by the Fool with a distended bladder. Across the rush-strewn floor, amid a discordant noise of trumpets, drums, and shouts, the log was drawn to the wide hearth. Those perched upon it dismounted, fagots of dry wood were piled high, and there was a temporary lull in the confusion, as the throng fell away from the hearth to give space for the proper ceremonies of the lighting of the Yule log.

An enormous candle in a massive stone socket, on the high table, was lit. Fire from the Yule candle was set to a piece of the charred remains of the last year's log, carefully preserved for the purpose of lighting its successor. As this burning charcoal was borne down the hall to the hearth, every man lifted his hat, and the minstrels chanted an ancient song in the chorus of which all present joined : —

“ Welcome be thou, heavenly King,  
Welcome, born in the morning,  
Welcome for whom we shall sing,  
Welcome Yule.

“ Welcome be ye that are here,  
Welcome all, and make good cheer,  
Welcome all, another year.  
Welcome Yule.”

The burning coal was blown into a flame by half a dozen lusty lungs. Then it was placed amid the dry fagots ; a bright flame leaped up, crackling and snapping around the great log, throwing a ruddy glow on the walls and roof, hung with holly, ivy, bay, and mistletoe ; on the boy King Edward and the nobles of his court seated on the dais ; and on the fantastically dressed throng that danced in the hall or gathered around the blazing fire, drinking strong ale from black leather bottles and mugs, and listening to the voices of a party of carol-singers, who had entered soon after the Yule fire was lighted.

First the men sung : —

“ As I rode out this enders night,  
Of three jolly shepherds I saw a sight,  
And all about their fold a star shone bright ;  
They sang *terli terlow* :  
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.”

Then the women sung : —

“ Lully, lulla, you little tiny child :  
By, by, lully, lullay, you little tiny child :  
By, by, lully, lullay.  
O sisters two, how may we do  
For to preserve this day  
This poor youngling, for whom we do sing  
By, by, lully, lullay ?

" Herod the king, in his raging,  
Charged he hath this day  
His men of might, in his own sight  
All young children to slay.

" That woe is me, poor child, for thee,  
And ever mourn and say,  
For thy parting neither say nor sing  
By, by, lully, lullay."

Then the men took up the song: —

" Down from heaven, from heaven so high,  
Of angels there came a great company,  
With mirth, and joy, and great solemnity:  
They sang terli, terlow:  
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow."

" And now to sleep, my children," said the Lord of Misrule, waving his staff. " Proclaim, Herald."

The Herald, whose tabard, or coat, was embroidered in front and back with a grinning fool's head, blew his trumpet thrice, and made proclamation: —

" Sleep and snore through the night,  
Wake with the first light,  
Rub your drowsy eyes bright,  
That you may feast your sight  
With each new delight.  
Away, take your flight!"

By this time King Edward and his nobles had gone to their sleeping-rooms; and soon there was no one in the great hall but the guards, some stretched on the rushes, and others sitting around the blazing Yule log, drinking ale, telling stories of the merry Christmases in the time of King Henry, and singing carols, the time to which was marked by the snores of the sleepers.

Early in the morning there was a stir throughout the palace. The sleepers stretched on the floor of the hall were awakened, and the watchers around the Yule fire, who had stopped both song and story, and were nodding drowsily at each other, stretched, yawned, and rubbed their eyes as they were called to duty. Fresh logs were thrown on the fire, a hasty meal of cold beef, bread, and ale taken, and the work of preparing the hall for the great Christmas feast was begun. Fresh rushes were strewed on the floor. On the dais, or raised floor at the upper end, a rich carpet of Turkish make was laid with great care. The walls around the dais were hung with silk tapestry, embroidered in gold and colored threads with the history of David. Instead of tapestry, the other portions of the walls were decorated with branches of holly, bay, and ivy, and from every point in the carved rafters depended boughs and garlands of holly and ivy. At either side of the front of the dais, surrounded with strong railings, were placed two high cupboards, one with four stages of shelves and the other with six. Then the tables were brought out. The high table on the raised platform, stretching nearly from side to side, was of massive oak, and was covered with a fine linen cloth. The other

tables, which ran the length of the hall, were plain boards on movable supports, and were uncovered.

By this time it was nearly noon, and the hurry became every moment greater. Stout men entered, bearing hampers under the weight of which they staggered, and which were carefully guarded by red-faced men in scarlet and gold uniforms, and carrying halberds. From out the baskets were taken massive gold and silver plate with which the cupboards were soon loaded; the gold being placed on one, and the silver on the other. Around these cupboards the red-faced men in scarlet and gold stood guard; for so much gold and silver might prove too strong a temptation for some men not over honest. More hampers were brought, and from these were taken plates and dishes of silver gilt for the high table, and trenchers of wood and pewter for the other tables.

Twelve o'clock. The hall was crowded with servants, retainers, and curious lookers-on. A flourish of trumpets, a shout to "clear the way for his Highness the King!" and there was much pushing and standing on their own toes, and on those of one another, to see King Edward and the nobles of his court enter at a side door and take their places at the high table.

The guests of less note took their seats at the lower tables, each in the order of his rank. Those who had no place at the tables gathered at the foot, watching the proceedings with hungry eyes, and licking their lips in expectation of their own time coming at last. A squire knelt before the King, and left the hall to give notice to the kitchen. Then an expectant silence reigned.

A noise of trumpets and kettle-drums sounded in the passages. The crowd fell back from the doorway. Twelve trumpeters and two drummers marched in with great din of brass and sheepskin. They were followed by the Lord of Misrule and his court, among whom were now a number of hobby-horses, prancing and kicking as though they were real chargers, instead of wood and cloth frames tied to the waists of jolly retainers. Behind this boisterous crew came the Sewer, the chief officer of the royal kitchen, bearing a white wand, and proudly marching before the great dish of the feast.

This was the Boar's Head.

An immense head it was, and a tremendous fellow must have been the boar from which it was cut; not an agreeable animal to meet when it was enraged and those enormous tusks could tear and rend. Now, skilfully cooked, decked with sprigs of evergreen, and with a gilt orange glittering in its mouth, it lay peacefully enough on the huge golden dish under which a stalwart man staggered. Behind walked a long procession of the chief officers of the palace, bearing other dishes, on which were great joints of meat, with swans, geese, fowls, and pheasants.

The trumpeters wiped their mouths, and the drummers rested their weary arms, as the Boar's Head was borne up the centre of the hall to the high table. A strong voice broke out in the ancient carol that for year after year had been sung on such occasions, and hundreds of lusty throats joined in the chorus.





*“Caput apri defero,  
Reddens laudes Domino.*

The boar's head in hand bring I  
With garlands gay and rosemary :  
I pray you all sing merrily,  
*Qui estis in convivio.*

“The boar's head, I understand,  
Is the chief service in this land :  
Look wherever it be found,  
*Servite cum cantico.*

“Be glad, both more and less,  
For this hath ordained our steward,  
To cheer you all this Christmas, —  
The boar's head, and mustard !  
*Caput apri defero  
Reddens laudes Domino.*”

The dishes were set down in order on the tables, the Boar's Head in front of the King. The Carver plunged his knife into the head, the thrust being accompanied with a flourish of trumpets. Then the feast began. The guests at the chief table were first served, the attendants kneeling on one knee when-

ever anything was presented to the King, whether of meat or drink. When these had been served, the dishes were sent down to the lower tables, and what remained was kept for the servants, and for the poor that thronged around the door.

When all had been supplied, the officers of the hall commenced removing the dishes, and there was a bustling about, and rushing here and there to make way for the next course. In a few minutes strains of music were heard, an officer cleared away the crowd from the door, and, with trumpets and drums at their head, marched in a long procession of richly dressed ladies, each carrying a dish with a choice bird skilfully cooked, and many of them ornamented with devices. The foremost lady of high rank bore a golden dish on which was a peacock; its body covered with gold leaf, its tail spread as in life, and its bill emitting fire. The King and all the guests raised their caps — for they sat with their heads covered — when the gilded peacock was placed on the table. The other dishes were taken from the ladies by the attendants, and ranged in order on the board. The chief lady, after making respectful obeisance, skilfully carved the peacock, and served a slice, with a portion of the spiced stuffing, to the King and each of the chief guests. Then the ladies retired in procession as they entered, the trumpeters and drummers blowing and drumming vigorously as they went.

That course finished, the tables were again cleared; and fruits, sweetmeats, cheese, and wine were served. The Lord of Misrule and his train arose and left the hall, presently returning in great state with trumpeters, harpers, and singers chanting a new song made for the occasion. Behind these came gentlemen in velvet and silk, bearing great trays, on which were displayed novel and beautiful devices in confectionery. A knight in armor caracoled on his war-horse. A church, with painted windows and tall steeples in which silver bells chimed sweetly, was borne along by four men. A castle with knights and men-at-arms on the walls followed. Then came birds and animals; a peacock, with its gaudy colors accurately counterfeited; a lion in the act of springing; and other beasts done to the life. Next was a model in sugar of Greenwich Palace, with the royal flag displayed; and the procession of sugared devices closed with an image of the King himself, in coronation robes, wearing the crown, and bearing the orb and sceptre. At the sight of this, the young King, who had been gazing in wonder on the different devices, could not restrain his delight, but clapped his hands in glee.

At last the feast was over. The tables were cleared. The guests retired. The broken victuals, thrown into great baskets, were carried out to the palace gate, and distributed to the crowd of poor in waiting; and soon night settled down on the first day of the Christmas festival.

Day after day during the Christmas-tide there was feasting in the hall, followed by sports and pastimes of various kinds, designed by the Lord of Misrule, and carried out by him and his train. On the third of January, in the Palace Yard, was a match at Tilt between three gentlemen of the court, and eighteen other gentlemen whom they challenged. An upright post with an arm was erected in the yard; and from this arm hung a ring, so fastened that

it could be carried off on the point of a lance. The gentlemen, mounted on their horses, galloped past the post, aiming their lances at the ring, and striving to bear it off on the lance-point. Each rode six courses, but the three challengers were not defeated, carrying off six rings each; whilst some of their rivals rode around six times, without winning a single ring, amid the laughter of the gay throng around the barriers. The match over, King Edward mounted his favorite horse,—a spirited black charger,—and rode around the course so gracefully that all admired his skill in horsemanship. Then he dashed forward, lance in hand, and bore off the ring, amid the applause of knights and ladies.

Next day the Lord of Misrule, and a gay train of lords and gentlemen in rich dresses, went in gorgeously decorated barges up the Thames to the Tower of London. There they landed, mounted horses awaiting them, and rode merrily through the streets. Towards night they returned in state to Greenwich, and went to bed early for a good night's sleep before the dawn of Twelfth Day, the last of the Christmas festival.

The sixth of January was a busy day. On that day Christmas ended, and it was crowded with feasts, games, and pageantry from morning to night. At early dawn, there was hammering and busy stir in the Palace Yard, for a Tourney was to be held, the same who had contested at Tilt now being opposed at the Jousts. A long barrier of wood, about breast-high, was erected; and, on either side, the ground cleared for the knights to ride. The King and the chief members of his council overlooked the scene from a window of the palace, and at other windows were gathered the ladies of the court.

The heralds sounded the challenge, and announced that Sir Henry Sidney, Sir Henry Nevel, and Sir Henry Gates, gentlemen of valor and prowess, were ready to break a lance with all comers. After the challenge had been proclaimed, the three knights rode slowly past the barriers, bowing low to the King and to the ladies. Down one side of the barrier and up the other they rode abreast, until they reached their starting-point, when they reined their steeds and waited an answer to the challenge.

Three times a trumpet sounded, and a herald announced that several valiant lords and gentlemen were willing to ride a course and break a lance with the challengers. The eighteen knights, some of them of high rank, and all richly clothed and armed, also rode down the course, bowing to the King, and acknowledging the smiles and greetings of the ladies, reining up their horses at the end of the barriers opposite to the challenging knights. The King lifted a gilded staff, and dropped it as a signal that the Tourney might begin. The heralds sounded the charge, and, like two thunderbolts, Sir Henry Sydney and the Lord Fitzwalter dashed towards each other, lance in rest, on opposite sides of the barrier. They met in the centre. The lance of Lord Fitzwalter struck his opponent full on the steel breastplate and was shivered to pieces. That of Sir Henry Sidney struck Lord Fitzwalter's helmet, and threw him from his horse to the ground. The ladies waved their scarfs and handkerchiefs, the King clapped his hands in delight, and the successful knight rode proudly back to his place.

Next came Sir Henry Nevel and Sir George Howard. The latter was also struck in the head, but his helmet fastenings gave way, and he rode on bareheaded. One after the other the three challengers met the defendants, and after much riding and many hard thrusts all were unhorsed except Sir Henry Sidney of the challengers and Sir William Stafford of the defendants. These were left to decide between them the honor of being the winner of the Tourney.

Great was the excitement as the trumpet sounded the charge for these two. The ladies crowded each other at the palace windows, and the King rose to his feet in feverish anxiety as the horses of the two knights dashed towards each other. There was a sudden crash. The two horses were thrown back on their haunches, but the riders sat unmoved, holding the stumps of their shattered lances. The King dropped his staff as a sign that the contest should cease. But the two knights rode up to the window, and begged permission for the Joust to continue until one or the other was defeated. The King was delighted, and at once gave the desired permission.

The knights rode back to their places. Again the trumpets sounded, and again they hurled themselves upon each other. But neither fell. The lance of one was shivered, the helmet of the other was broken from its fastenings; but both rode erect and firm.

The ladies were wild with excitement. The King could scarcely remain at the window. The crowd around the lists were noisy with cheers and praises of the two knights. In the mean time Sir William Stafford had his helmet new laced, fresh lances were supplied, and again the knights dashed towards each other. This time fortune favored Sir Henry Sidney. The lance of his rival struck the visor of his helmet, but glanced off. His lance struck his opponent full in the face, and bore him to the earth. Then the trumpets sounded a victory. Shouts went up from hundreds of throats. The ladies dropped scarfs and ribbons on the successful knight, as he passed under their windows; and when he made obeisance to the King, Edward drew from his finger a valuable ring and gave to Sir Henry.

The Tourney was over, and, it being now near noon, all hurried away to prepare for dinner. That meal was served with less ceremony, and more hurriedly eaten, than was the first dinner of the Christmas festival; for there was yet much to do and to be seen before night put an end to the Twelfth Day festivities. As soon as the dinner was eaten, the tables were removed, fresh rushes strewn, and the hall cleared for the pastimes of the afternoon.

First the Lord of Misrule advanced, at the command of the King, and was by Edward warmly thanked for the ingenuity and skill he had shown, during his twelve days' merry reign, in devising and executing diverting pastimes. To give weight to his compliments, King Edward presented him with a valuable jewel. The Lord of Misrule thanked the King, but said he was not yet prepared to abdicate his Christmas dignities, for he had more to show.

A trumpet sounded.

At one door entered an aged man, magnificently attired, and loaded with



THE WONDERFUL PUDDING.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.

*From the New Illustrated Edition of A CHRISTMAS CAROL, by CHARLES  
DICKENS.*



MOTHER'S BABY.

DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.

*From the New Illustrated Edition of LOCKSLEY HALL, by ALFRED  
TENNYSON.*

jewelry, but tottering with palsied decrepitude. In one hand he bore a bag of golden coin, the other hand rested on a staff.

At the other door, with light, elastic step, came a young man, soberly clad, ruddy-cheeked, and full of health and vigor. He bore in his hand a bow, in his girdle was thrust a sheaf of arrows, and around his neck hung a hunting-horn. This was Youth, the other Riches.

Gayly Youth tripped across the rush-strewn floor, on his way to the hunt. But Riches stayed him with his staff, and asked, "Whither away?" Youth answered, "To the chase." Then Riches rated him for his idleness, praised the merits of money-getting, and extolled the power of wealth. Youth jeered, and asked of what value was money, compared with strength and health. The dispute grew hot; at last Riches struck the floor with his staff, when six knights in complete armor, and with drawn swords, entered to attack Youth. But he blew a blast on his horn, and six other knights, ready for the fray, rushed in to his defence. The twelve knights attacked each other, and fought desperately, the sparks flying in showers from their heavy swords as they clashed. Down the hall they fought, and so out at the great door, Youth and his friends driving out Riches and his party, thus complimenting the King, who was young, and whose riches had been mostly spent by his former counsellors.

Another blast of a trumpet.

Two German merchants, in long robes, furred and hooded, came in, each walking with a staff, and with a heavy sword girded around his waist. On the other side came two friars, reading their books so intently that they did not see the Germans until they met them face to face. The monks sought to pass, but this was not permitted by the Germans, who dropped their sticks and drew swords. The monks immediately threw away their books, caught the sticks of the Germans, and with them desperately fought their way out of the hall.

Trumpets, drums, and harps mingled their notes as the closing display of the feast entered. A number of men clad in hairy skins of beasts, with their faces hid in masks to resemble savages, drew along a mount, on the top of which was a castle with the banner of the King displayed. When it reached the middle of the hall, the hairy savages dropped the ropes, ran around the hall with strange cries, and finished by advancing to the King and performing a savage dance. When they had ended, the castle opened, and from it came six men in robes of crimson velvet spangled with gold, the foremost wearing a crown. These descended the mount, and advanced to the savages, who ran off howling. The six danced in stately measure before the King, and were about to reascend the mount when it opened suddenly, and from it came six beautiful ladies, clad in crimson satin embroidered with gold and pearls. These danced before the King, at first alone, and afterwards with the six gentlemen. Then the ladies re-entered the mount, which closed upon them. The six gentlemen ascended and entered the castle, which also shut them from sight. The savages seized the ropes, and the whole pageant was borne out of the hall.

The Lord of Misrule advanced slowly to the middle of the dais, and, kneeling at the King's feet, broke his staff of office, and laid the pieces before the King, saying, "At the feet of your Highness I lay my title and my borrowed power. No longer the all-powerful Lord of Misrule, but plain George Ferrers, I humbly beg indulgence for the faults I may have committed, and rest me ever your loyal subject."

"By my faith!" said King Edward, raising Ferrers by the hand, "if my Youth had thy wisdom, I should be better fitted to be King of England. Alas! young as I am I can see that my rule is of worse order and gives less satisfaction than thy misrule. But come with us to the great chamber, where there is spread, they tell me, a rare banquet with which to finish Twelfth Night."

And thus closed the boy King's Christmas, the last "Merry" Christmas he ever enjoyed, for sickness and cares of state made his next two Christmas festivals cheerless enough. Before a third Christmas came he was dead.

*J. H. A. Bone.*



## A FEW PICTURES.



AS usual at this season, the Editors have borrowed from their publishers some engravings specially intended to illustrate the Christmas gift-books of the year, in order that the last number of "Our Young Folks," for 1868 may be as attractive as possible, and that their readers may know something about what is doing in the matter of books as well as of magazines.



And first there are to be presented some pictures taken from the new juvenile books, as they will possess most interest for the little people for whom the volumes are prepared. So here is given an illustration from the book which has been written by Mrs. Diaz, whose William Henry Letters have made her so great a favorite and friend of all readers of this magazine. Her subject is "The Entertaining Story of King Brondé, his Lily and his Rosebud," and while the form she has chosen is that of a kind of fairy tale, it will be found that there is much to be learned from it about the beauties and advantages of a patient, pleasant, helpful, generous life. The first picture represents the King's Lily,—that is, his wife;

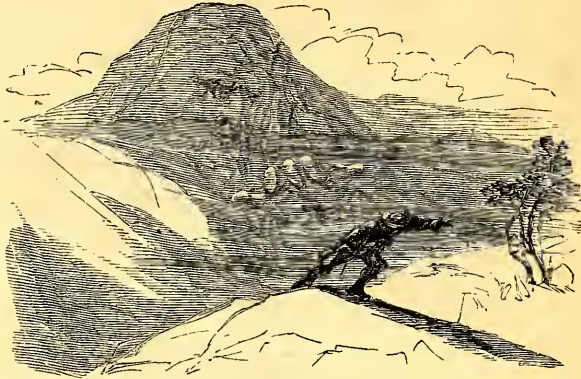


and the second shows his Rosebud,—that is, his daughter,—watching the sea with a fisher-boy who was her playmate; while in the third there is shown the Rosebud, now grown to be a woman, walking with the Prince her husband. Of course there are many more engravings in the book, and all are drawn as prettily as these, by Mr. W. L. Sheppard.



The next picture is from a little book of tales, called "The Flower and

the Star," by Mr. W. J. Linton, of whom the reader may have heard as having the greatest skill and power in engraving upon wood of all men now living. He has written the stories, drawn the pictures, and engraved them all himself; so that there can be no doubt, that for once, at least, the illustrator of a book has been able to do just what the writer of it wished him to do. See how quaint and ingenious this is. It illustrates a new story about Jack the Giant-Killer, and the bright eyes must look sharp



to find the head and hand of the old fellow who has scared Jack so dreadfully. The other picture is as beautiful as a dream,—indeed it represents part of a dream that came to a little boy, named Willie, who used to dream most delightful things,—apparently just for Mr. Linton to describe and adorn with his own fancies.

The large pictures on the separate leaf are taken from the illustrated books which have been made for grown-up people, but they can be understood and enjoyed by the smallest admirer of "Our Young Folks." The first one—drawn by Mr. Eytinge—shows a scene from Mr. Dickens's beautiful "Christmas Carol." The Cratchit family are poor, and they can hardly afford to have any extra cheer, even for Christmas; but they love one another so, and are so brave and contented, that a very little additional comfort seems to them as rich a blessing and as worthy of thanksgiving as the richest luxury in the world. See how eager and delighted they are over the little pudding, which is all that the good mother could make, and then read what Mr. Dickens says about it:—

"Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute, Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.



“O, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.”

Last December's number contained an illustration to Mr. Tennyson's "Bugle Song," accompanied by the verses; now another passage from that author is presented in pictorial form. Among his most famous poems is the one called "Locksley Hall," which is indeed, as a whole, beyond the understanding of children, but in its changes the poet has a sweet word to say about the tender yet mighty influence that a little fragile infant has over the life and love of its mother, and Mr. Hennessy has most touchingly expressed the sentiment of that mother's affection, which is stronger and truer and more enduring than any other earthly passion. Is there not a lesson for all the children here?—that they ought to value and return in every way of duty and affection this mother's care and love which they enjoy?



The first system of the score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a dynamic marking of *fp* (fortissimo piano) and a hairpin crescendo leading to a *p* (piano) dynamic. The music features a melodic line with triplets and slurs. A *ritard.* (ritardando) marking is placed above the final measure of the system. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns.

The second system continues the piece. It starts with a *p* (piano) dynamic. Above the first measure, the tempo is marked *Tempo 1. mo.* (Tempo primo). The upper staff contains a melodic line with various fingerings (1, 3, 5) and slurs. The lower staff continues the accompaniment with chords and rhythmic patterns.

The third system features a dynamic shift to *f* (fortissimo) at the beginning, followed by a hairpin crescendo and then a *fz* (fortissimo) marking. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. The system concludes with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking.

The fourth system is characterized by a consistent *f* (fortissimo) dynamic. The upper staff features a melodic line with slurs and fingerings. The lower staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

The fifth system shows a dynamic change to *p* (piano) in the middle, followed by a hairpin crescendo back to *f* (fortissimo). The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and fingerings. The lower staff provides a consistent accompaniment.

The sixth system concludes the piece. It begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic and features a melodic line with slurs and fingerings in the upper staff. The lower staff continues with the accompaniment. The system ends with a final chord in the lower staff.

First system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The music features a complex melodic line in the right hand with triplets and slurs, and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff continues the melodic line with slurs and dynamics like *f* and *fp*. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff features intricate fingerings (1-3, 2-4, 3-5) and dynamics like *p*. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff has slurs and dynamics like *f* and *p*. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. The upper staff has slurs and dynamics like *mf*. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation. The upper staff has slurs and dynamics like *fz* and *ff*. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

# ROUND THE EVENING LAMP



## CHARADES.

No. 79.

KING ARTHUR and the Table Round  
 In towered Camelot held revel,  
 And prince, and knight, and courtier found  
 That night upon the rush-strewn ground  
 A temporary level.

They pledged the king, and quenched their  
 thirst,

For loyalty and pleasure beckoned,  
 Sobriety was treason worst ;  
 So mirth and madness filled my *first*,  
 And serving-men my *second*.

A boisterous set, upon my soul,  
 And troubled more with thirst than  
 thinking ;

Ready for banquet and for bowl,  
 Or lance and helmet and my *whole*,  
 For drawing sword or drinking.

CARL.

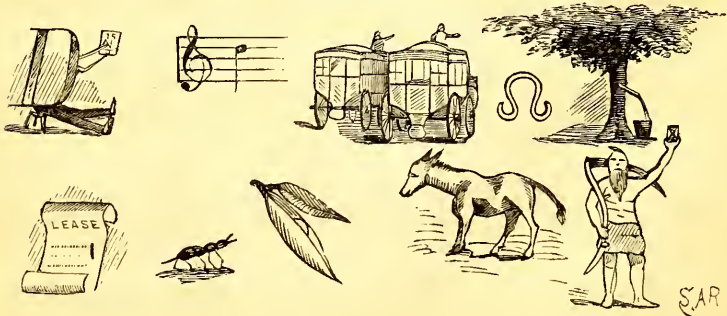
No. 80.

My *second* filled Cleopatra,  
 She shook her stately head ;  
 "They ne'er shall take me prisoner,  
 Bring me my *first*," she said.

And thus she died unwept for, —  
 For her no bell did toll, —  
 None mourned her, for, though world-  
 renowned,  
 She ever did my *whole*.

ODDO OSSETT.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 81.



## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 82.



## ENIGMAS.

No. 83.—FRENCH.

Je suis composé de 33 lettres.  
 Mon 13, 11, 6, 4, 27, 32, est un titre.  
 Mon 4, 25, 18, 10, est un mois.  
 Mon 19, 2, 21, tous les enfans aiment.  
 Mon 32, 30, vous parlez plusieurs fois  
 dans un jour, si,  
 Mon 27, 18, 7, 16, vous n'êtes pas.  
 Mon 13, 29, 33, 14, 5, 2, j'espère que vous  
 ne souffriez jamais.  
 Mon 1, 14, 3, 4, 22, 6, j'ai pour vous.  
 Mon 24, 20, 30, 8, 9, vous appartient.  
 Mon 28, 24, 17, 12, 15, est une verbe.  
 Mon 26, 12, 31, 7, est un titre.  
 Mon 26, 29, est très douteux.  
 Mon 4, 6, 12, 14. 18, il faut que je dise  
 maintenant.  
 Mon entier vous fera heureux dans l'école,  
 si vous le suivez.

EUGENE.

No. 84.

I am composed of 69 letters.  
 My 28, 35, 66, 62, 52, 63, was a wife of  
 Vulcan.  
 My 2, 24, 56, 43, was a mountain in Thes-  
 saly.  
 My 3, 47, 53, 11, 48, 38, 55, was the pa-  
 troness of slaves.

My 49, 26, 6, 34, 39, 13, was one of the  
 Hyades.  
 My 31, 30, 23, 28, 29, 5, was a beautiful  
 nymph, loved by Cupid.  
 My 58, 21, 41, 67, 2, 17, 57, presided over  
 war.  
 My 50, 51, 39, 19, 20, 60, was an intimate  
 friend of Ulysses.  
 My 69, 18, 14, 32, was the mother of a  
 certain pair of twins.  
 My 37, 31, 10, 68, 44, 16, was the god of  
 music and poetry.  
 My 66, 5, 15, 9, 20, 41, 37, was another  
 goddess of war.  
 My 64, 54, 36, 65, 1, was a giant killed by  
 Hercules.  
 My 33, 59, 31, 31, 40, is a letter of the  
 Greek alphabet.  
 My 12, 63, 45, 27, is a Hindoo goddess.  
 My 58, 7, 42, 23, 43, was a powerful sor-  
 cress.  
 My 3, 15, 20, 46, 21, 52, 8, were presided  
 over by Flora.  
 My 3, 32, 4, 21, 30, were three powerful  
 goddesses.  
 My whole is two lines of poetry which  
 are frequently quoted.

SWEET CLOVER.

## ANSWERS.

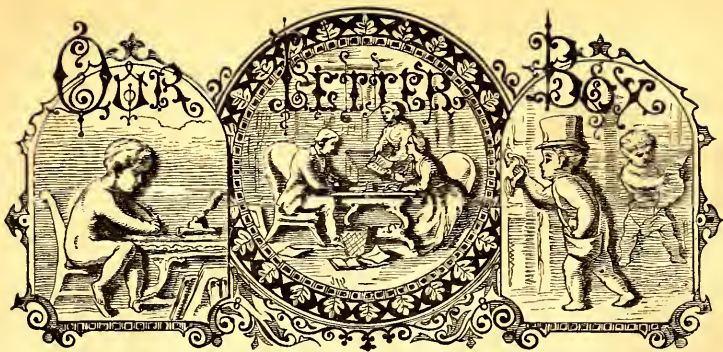
72. Who does not love to peruse a well-written  
 tale. [(Hood) OES (knot) Love (two Peru's)  
 A (well written) (tail).]  
 73. Live.  
 74. Past.  
 75. Words are but leaves, deeds are the fruit.  
 [(Words) R (butt) (leaves), (deed) S R (tea)  
 (he) (fruit).]

76. LeaH,  
 OperA,  
 VioleT,  
 EaglE.

77. CreaM,  
 RowenA,  
 Owl,  
 Quill,  
 UndinE,  
 Emmet,  
 Tantalus.

78. Fortune is none that reason cannot conquer.  
 [(IV) (tune) (eyes) (N on E) (t-hat) (re's on  
 can) (knot) (C on cur).]





HERE ends the fourth year of intercourse which we have held together through the pages of our Magazine, dear children and friends. That intercourse we have enjoyed most heartily, although we may have now and then grown a little weary with the constant thought and exertion necessary to prepare the numbers which succeed each other so rapidly, and which must be ever watched that they may be worthy of your regard and confidence. You too have been happy with us, as your almost innumerable letters have told us, and you have wished us from month to month more prosperity and length of days than are wont to fall to the lot of any in this world, where life and usefulness and happiness are only prepared for, or, at the most, are only begun. For all your interest and good-will we thank you; and we are sure that you will believe us when we tell you again, as we have told you before, that our chief pleasure in our work, and our chief reward for it, spring from your enjoyment and benefit in the result of our labors.

Our fifth volume, which begins with the next number, will be undoubtedly the best of all; and we shall expect to find you all gathering again about us, and bringing into the circle those of your friends with whom we are not yet acquainted.

In this place we cannot enter into the full particulars of the Prospectus for 1869, but we can give you an idea of the principal features.

To begin with, Mr. Aldrich will tell you "The Story of a Bad Boy." Not an "awfully bad boy," you know, but a boy like so many of our nephews and godsons, — with every-day faults, and every-day virtues too, who learns to work his way through naughtiness to goodness, and who comes, through some trouble and some "scrapes," to an honest and esteemed youth. We believe that this will be the first time that such a *real* boy has been put into a story, and we are sure that you will all be delighted with him.

For the girls we have a story too, — the companion to "Farming for Boys," a tale written by the daughter of the gentleman who wrote that most popular narrative, and who will give his attention and advice to the preparation of "Gardening for Girls."

The declaimers among you will find themselves well provided for in Mr. Kellogg's Declamations, and the Dialogues of Mr. Epes Sargent; while for evenings at home, or for any exhibitions at school or elsewhere, there will be the Acting Charades of Miss S. Annie Frost.

Instruction and information will be supplied you in the articles upon American History by Mr. Bone, Mr. Parton's stories of some of the world's great navigators, in Mr. Shanks's tales of man's strange occupations by land or sea, in the articles by different hands about the wonders of nature and the marvels of foreign lands, and in accounts of trades and manufactures by Mr. Trowbridge and others.

Lighter reading will not be forgotten, of course, and stories and poems by your favorites and by new writers will form a part of every number; so that with music, pictures, and your own departments, — "Round the Evening Lamp" and the "Letter Box," — there will be something within our covers for every day and hour.

And now that we have thus hastily sketched the outline of our plans for the next year, we must leave you to read the full Prospectus, and to get up your clubs (which we hope will be larger than ever), while we resume the regular course of our duties, wishing you, as we turn back to our desks, the merriest of Christmas-tides, the happiest and best of New Years, and the brightest, noblest, and most honorable of futures!

Your friends,

THE EDITORS.

G. V. R. desires us to call attention to a misspelling in puzzle No. 62; the third single answer should read *Wodæn*, not *Wodæn*. — He also thinks that we should have laid more stress upon Jo's correction to M. B. B.'s puzzle (No. 43), than we did, when we printed it in our September number. But it is to be borne in mind that the difficulty arises simply from an imperfection in M. B. B.'s statement. If he were to except from his challenge all sums ending with 0 or 9, he could make it good, according to our understanding, and Jo could only trip him up in just such a case. We therefore did not — and do not — consider it necessary to undervalue M. B. B.'s puzzle because he omitted to specify the one exception to it. — This paragraph of G. V. R.'s tells its own story: —

"Enigma No. 46 makes Cromwell the 'celebrated man who figured conspicuously in the time of the Reformation.' *The Reformation* was first set on foot by John Wickliffe in 1370, and was completed by Edward VI. in 1547. Lutheranism was introduced into Sweden in 1544, and established in Germany in 1625. Cromwell figured from 1643 to 1658, but never in the time of '*The Reformation*.' T. C. P.'s chronology is out of tune."

A. G. W., *Russite Rye*, *Laura*, *Alice E. B.*, *Clara A. H.*, *H. P. & C. G.*, *Lotie*, *Karl Thautful*, *Bessie W.*, *Bennie*, *Katydid*, *M. C. D.*, *Zobie*, *F. G. DuB*, thank you, although we cannot use your favors.

*Charly Wilder G.* Send on the names and get the premium.

*George A. S.* If you had read the contents-page of your Magazine, you would have found out what you now ask us to tell you.

*Edith E. H.* Your verses are very good. You have tried to do a little too much in some of them, however, and so there is an occasional confusion of images. You have a good command of language and a clear sense of rhythm.

*Penelope T.* We never begin correspondences between our subscribers.

*The Girls.* Mr. Whittier was himself one of the three friends in "The Tent on the Beach," and Bayard Taylor, the traveller, was another.

*Hickety Pickety.* The puzzles are not quite up to our mark, we are sorry to say.

*R. T.* "would like the job of writing peases for yong Folks." He had best undertake a little "job" with the spelling-book.

*F. O. N.* We do not know.

"*Ruth and Birdie* are very much interested in the story of the Peterkin Family, and want to know when it will be continued. The people in Canada who have read the story hope that the Lady from Philadelphia has not yet succeeded in making the Peterkin Family sensible."

The tale of the *Peterkins* is all told, and we can only hope that our readers may learn from their mishaps to use their own wits seasonably.

*A. S.* The verse you quote is from "The Bugle Song" in Tennyson's "Princess."

*Mary & Lizzie.* If a lady and gentleman are making a call, the lady gives the hint for leaving. — In a formal introduction, there is no need of shaking hands, for that act is an informality of itself.

*Tommy.* Your drawing is not a rebus; it is only a little sketch of some objects.

*Earl N. Y.* The subject shall be considered.

*Mary Ella C.* Please to send us your address, and we will write to you by mail.

*May F.* Planchette is well enough for fun, provided you don't believe any of the nonsense, or apparent sense, that is written by means of it.

*Alice L. E.* sent us, from Chicago, these words for the "Evening Prayer," which was published in our musical department last winter. They will be found to fit exactly, and now the "Prayer" can be sung as well as played: —

"As in the Shepherd's bosom  
Little lambs delight,  
So fold me, Heavenly Father,  
In thy arms to-night.  
Alone in the darkness,  
Alone in the world,  
I seek thy protection,  
A lamb of thy fold.  
Forgive me when I stray;  
O, love me when I pray,  
Father dear!"

*Many Letters* remain to be answered in our next volume.

THE explanation of last month's picture is, "See how she leans her cheek upon her hand." This month we give you, not a problem, but a puzzle; for our little picture is a contradiction, and we are half inclined to think that only the very shrewdest of you will guess it, although you will all say that it is a first-rate "catch," when you know the answer.













