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OUR
YOUNG FOLKS.
AN

Illustrated Magazine

FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE GAIL HAMILTON
LUCY LARCOM

BOSTON
Ticknor & Fields
124 TREMONT ST.
1866.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

1004

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE, GAIL HAMILTON, AND LUCY LARCOM.

VOL. II.



BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS,
124 TREMONT STREET.
1866.

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WRITING FOR "OUR YOUNG FOLKS."
AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF
MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE
AT HOME.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. II. JANUARY, 1866. No. I.

THE THREE LIGHTS.



WINDOW that looks down the west,
Where the cloud-thrones and islands rest,
One evening to my random sight
Showed forth this picture of delight.
The shifting glories were all gone,
The clear blue stillness coming on;
And the sweet shade 'twixt day and night,
Held the old earth in tender light.

Up in the ether hung the horn
Of a young moon; and, newly born
From out the shadows, trembled far
The shining of a single star.
Only a hand's-breadth was between:
They held the heaven, and burned serene.

Then my glance fell from that fair sky
A little down, yet very nigh,
And from the earth-dark twinkled clear
One other spark — of human cheer.
A home-smile, telling where there stood
A farmer's house, beneath the wood.

Only these three in all the space, —
Far telegraphs of various place.
Which seeing, this glad thought was mine:
Be it but little candle-shine,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Or golden disk of moon that swings
 Nearest of all the heavenly things,
 Or world in awful distance small,
 One Light doth feed and liken all!

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.



THE TWO CHRISTMAS EVENINGS.

IT was a beautiful Christmas Eve. A light snow had fallen just before night, and made the city streets look clean. Icicles hanging from the roofs glittered in the moonlight, and the trees on the Common looked as if they had put on white feathers for a festival.

Mrs. Rich's parlor was brighter than the moonlight splendor without. The folding-doors were open. A clear flame rose from the cannell-coal as it split and crackled in the grate; the gas burned brilliantly in the chandeliers; at the upper end of the room was an Evergreen Tree, with a sparkling crown of little lamps, and gay with festoons of ribbons and trinkets; the carpet was like a meadow enamelled with flowers; the crimson damask curtains glowed in the brilliant light; and the gilded paper on the walls gleamed here and there, like the bright edges of little sunset clouds. Mrs. Rich was just putting some finishing touches to the Tree, when the great clock on the staircase struck seven, and the pattering of feet was heard. The door opened, and Papa entered with a group of children. There was Frank, in all the dignity of his fourteen years; earnest-looking Isabel, who was about twelve; Ellen, not much over nine, whose honest face had an expression of thoughtfulness beyond her years; and little Alice, whom they named Pet Poodle, because she had such a quantity of soft, light curls falling about her face. In her first stammering of this name she called herself Petty Poo, and they all adopted her infantile abbreviation.

The Evergreen Tree and the treasures with which it was covered produced but slight excitement in the minds of the older children. As they approached it, they said, "How tastefully you have arranged it, mamma!" and they quietly awaited the distribution of the gifts, like well-trained young ladies and gentlemen. But little Alice, who opened her blue eyes on the world only four years before, had not done wondering yet. She capered up to the tree, and, pointing to one thing after another, said, "Is n't dat pooty?" A large doll had been sent to her last Christmas, and when she spied one seated among the green boughs, she gave a little shout, and cried out, "Dare is nudder dolly for Petty Poo!" She was told Aunt Jane had sent it to her, and she received it with unalloyed satisfaction. "Tank Aunt Jane," said she. "Dis dolly's eyes is b'oo, and tudder dolly's is b'ack." Well pleased with this variety in her family, she hugged it up, and seated herself on the carpet to examine the little blue rosettes on the shoes.



When Mr. Rich handed his son a handsomely illustrated copy of "The Arabian Nights," he received it with a bow, and, turning over the leaves carelessly, said, "I wonder what Uncle Joe sent me this for! I have one edition, and I don't want another." Isabel took a gold bracelet that was offered her, and, slipping it on her wrist, remarked to her brother, "I don't think this bracelet Cousin Emma has sent me cost so much as the one I sent her last Christmas." "And see this gutta-percha watch-chain that Cousin Joe has sent me," rejoined Frank. "You know I sent him a gold one last year." "If you read what is written on the card," said his father, "you will see that it was made in the Hospital, by his brave brother, Captain George." Frank glanced over the writing, and replied, "Yes, sir; but I should rather have had a gold one." Mary received a handsome French work-box, filled with elegant implements for sewing. She said, "I am much obliged to Aunt Jane"; but she set it aside after a slight examination, and returned to the tree again. Many more presents were distributed,—beaded nets for the hair, books, photographs, bronze dogs, Parian images, and all sorts of things. But Petty Poo was the only one who seemed to take a very lively interest. She stood by the table hugging her doll, expressing her admiration of everything by little shouts, and holding out her hand now and then to receive a paper of sugared almonds, a china lamb, or a little horse

on rollers. The last thing that was taken from the tree was a small basket, containing a doll's nightgown and nightcap. This furnished her with delightful employment. She seated herself on the carpet and undressed her doll, and when she had made her ready for the night, she said, "Now Petty Poo will go to bed, and take all her tings wid her; and dolly wid de b'ack eyes may s'leep in de drawer." When she had been kissed all round, she was carried up stairs, and mamma followed, to have another kiss from the little darling before her blue eyes closed for the night.

When Mrs. Rich returned to the parlor, Isabel said archly, "Are you *sure*, mamma, that you took everything from the Christmas Tree?" and mamma, who knew she was about to be surprised, replied, "I believe so; but I will go and look, dear." Among the boughs she found a rustic watch-case, an embroidered ottoman-cover, and a pretty worsted shawl, on which Frank and Isabel and Ellen had each written their names, and added, "For my dear mother." Mrs. Rich smiled lovingly, as she wrapped the shawl about her, and put her watch in the case, and spread the cover on the ottoman, and said the colors were beautifully arranged.

"We made them entirely ourselves," said the young folks; "and we had *such* a job to keep you from finding out what we were doing!"

"Thank you, my dear children," replied the happy mother. She kissed them all, and they clung about her, and asked again and again if she really thought the things were pretty.

"Perhaps you have not found *all* yet," said Ellen. "Please look again."

After diligent search, which was purposely prolonged a little, a box was found hidden away under the boughs. It contained a set of chessmen, a crocheted purse, and a worsted comforter for the neck, on which Frank and Isabel and Ellen had written, "For my dear father," with the names of each appended; and again they said, exultingly, "We made them all ourselves, papa."

"Thank you, my children," replied Mr. Rich. "So, Frank, these chessmen are what you have so long been busy about at Uncle John's turning-lathe." He smiled as he added, "I will not say I had rather have gold ones; for such neat workmanship done by my son is more valuable to me than gold could be. And Isabel, dear, I don't know whether this handsome purse cost so much as the skates I gave you for a Christmas present; but I certainly like it better than any purse I could buy." The brother and sister blushed a little, for they understood the rebuke conveyed in his words. But he patted their heads and kissed them, and, as they nestled close up to him, he folded them all in his arms. "So my little Ellen has made me a red, white, and blue comforter," said he. "How grand I shall feel walking down State Street with this round my neck!"

"Then you *will* wear it, papa?" said Ellen, with a glad little jump.

"Wear it? Indeed I will," replied her father; "and proud I shall be of the loyal colors, and of my little daughter's work."

"Ellen is very patriotic," said her mother. "I think papa would like to hear her play 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

The little girl ran eagerly to the music-stool; for she had been practising

the tune very diligently, in hopes she should be invited to play. Frank and Isabel kept their fingers moving to the music, and when it ceased, papa exclaimed, "Bravo!" He was really pleased with his little daughter's improvement, and that made her as light-hearted as a bird.

While they were deciding what Isabel should play, the door-bell rang, and one cousin after another came in to talk over the Christmas gifts. Isabel glanced shyly at her father, when she said, "I am much obliged to you, Cousin Emma, for the bracelet you sent me. It is very handsome." And Frank was as red as a turkey's gills when he thanked Cousin Joe for the gutta-percha chain, and said it would be a valuable souvenir of his brave Cousin George. Cousin Max, who always thought whatever he had was better than other people could have, remarked that their presents were very handsome, but he did not think they were equal to what they had on their tree at home.

"The worst of it is, I have so many duplicates," said Cousin Emma. "Last year I had three bracelets, and this year I had two. When I put them all on, they reach almost up to my elbow."

"My aunts and cousins, and particular friends, all take to sending me books in blue and gold," said Cousin Jane. "I get so tired of seeing those little volumes, all just alike! There they are always standing on my shelf, like 'four and twenty little dogs all in a row.'"

"But they are not all alike *inside*," remarked Uncle Rich.

"I suppose not," she replied; "but I am so tired of 'em, I never read 'em."

"Here are some new charades," said Mrs. Rich, who wished to change the conversation. They were soon laughing over the charades, and then they sang some funny catches, and bade each other "Good night."

The next evening, when little Alice went away with her nurse, after kissing them all "Good night," she peeped into the door again to say, "Dolly wid de b'oo eyes is going to s'leep in de drawer, and dolly wid de b'ack eyes is going to s'leep wid Petty Poo." They smiled upon her, and threw her kisses, and when the door closed after her, Mr. Rich remarked, "Even with Petty Poo the novelty of Christmas gifts don't last long. What part of your Christmas evening did you enjoy most, my children?"

"When I was playing to you, and you liked it," replied Ellen.

"When you and mamma seemed so pleased with the things we made for you," said Isabel.

"And you, my son?" inquired Mr. Rich.

Frank replied, that was the only part of the evening he cared much about.

"I thought so," rejoined his father. "Have any of you thought what might be the reason?"

The young folks were silent, each one trying to think what their father expected them to say.

"I will tell you how I explain it," continued Mr. Rich. "I learned long ago that it is not the *having* things, but the *doing* things, which makes people happy. You enjoyed the presents you gave us, because you had expended ingenuity and industry upon them. Nothing you could have bought for us would have given either you or us half the pleasure."

“And they were working for *others*, not for *themselves*,” added their mother. “That greatly increased the charm.”

Her husband smiled approvingly, as he rejoined, “You have said the best word, my dear.”

The children looked in the fire thoughtfully. At last, Isabel broke the silence by saying, “When we went to bed last night, Ellen and I said we did n’t know what was the reason we felt so little pleasure, when so many had tried to please us.”

Their father rejoined, “The trouble is, you have so many handsome things that the charm of novelty is lost. A poor child would feel as rich as Cræsus with one of the many things you think so little of.”

Isabel looked up eagerly and exclaimed, “Papa, that makes me think of something. We will agree with our uncles and aunts and cousins, not to exchange Christmas gifts next year. We will do something else.”

“What can we do?” asked Ellen. “I should admire to do something different.

“We’ll give dolls and picture-books and tops to the children in the Orphan Asylum,” replied her sister.

“That is a very good thought,” said their mother.

“And, papa, you said it made folks happy to do things themselves,” remarked Ellen. “So we’ll make up the dolls and dress them ourselves; and we’ll knit comforters and mittens and hoods for the poor children; and we’ll make balls for the boys; and ever so many things. Won’t we, Issy?”

“Where are you going to get money enough to buy the dolls’ heads, and stuff to make the hoods and comforters of?” inquired Frank.

His sisters looked puzzled. Mr. and Mrs. Rich said nothing; for they wanted the children to work out their own plan and depend on their own resources. After a little reflection, Isabel said, “We could have a Fair. Not a public fair, mamma; but a sort of a pleasant party for our uncles and aunts and cousins and particular friends. We’ve got ever so many things laid up in our drawers, that we might sell as well as not.”

“O, but that would never do,” rejoined Ellen; “for they were given to us, and we could n’t sell people their own things. But if they will agree not to give us any presents next Christmas, we can buy worsted and dolls’ heads with our money, instead of buying bracelets and vases for them; and they have so many they don’t want them.”

“That’s true,” answered Isabel; “and we could do without many of the things that we are buying every week.”

Their father looked highly pleased, and said, “That will be another good thing, to have a generous motive for practising economy. I will buy ten dollars’ worth of whatever things you make yourselves.”

“And so will I,” said their mother.

“You might lend us the twenty dollars beforehand, and take your pay in the things we make,” said Frank. “I will make some cups and balls for the girls, and some bats for the boys.”

His father looked at him with a significant smile, and said, “One thing you

may be sure of, my son. The poor boys will be too glad of their wooden bats to complain because they are not gold ones."

"Please, father, don't remind me of that again," replied Frank, coloring.

"And please, father," said Isabel, "not to tell me I shall have nothing given me that costs so much as what I give away; for that was a mean little speech of mine, and I am ashamed of it."

"Very well; I won't allude to it again," rejoined their father.

Ellen, who always liked to apologize for any fault of her brother or sister, remarked, "If they had n't have said it, I suppose they would have thought it; and you and mamma say you like to have us speak right out before you whatever we think."

"That is true, my child," replied her mother. "We never want you to feel restrained before us. But I noticed that you made no complaint about your handsome work-box."

"That was not because I was any better than Issy," said the sincere little girl; "for I did think that I had two work-boxes, and I did wish it had been something else. I did n't say so, because I thought what Frank and Issy said made you and papa look sober."

"We do not blame any of you for your thoughts, or for speaking them openly before us," said Mrs. Rich; "though I cannot deny that Frank's and Issy's remarks seemed to me in a wrong and mean spirit. But your indifference to the presents you receive is not your fault; and certainly it is not the fault of the kind relatives and friends who take so much pains to please you. The trouble is, both with you and your cousins, that you have too many things to care very much about anything. I am glad you are going to try the experiment of giving without receiving."

It was a pleasure to the parents to see how the planning of things and the doing of things waked up the energies of their young folks. Almost every morning Isabel and Ellen would bound into the breakfast-room, with eager faces, saying, "Good morning, papa and mamma. We've got a new idea." The phrase became a family joke.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Rich, when they came jumping in as usual one morning. "What's coming on the carpet next? Some new idea I suppose. What a privilege it is to have a family so full of ideas!"

"Why, papa," replied Ellen, "you know Issy acts charades beautifully. Frank has written one, and she's going to act it at the Fair, and charge the visitors five cents apiece. Perhaps we shall get as much as five dollars; and that would buy a good many dolls' heads or picture-books for the orphans."

Another morning, Isabel was in great ecstasy over a plan Ellen had suggested. "O papa, it is such a bright idea!" exclaimed she. "We are going to have a Tableau of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Petty Poo is going to be Europe, with some pearl beads on her neck and arms, and Frank's miniature ship beside her. We are going to paint little Cousin Joe yellowish brown, and dress him up like a Chinese Mandarin, and seat him on a tea-chest. That's for Asia, you know. We are going to paint little John reddish brown, with a coronet of feathers on his head; and Frank is

going to make a bow and arrow for him. That 's for America. You remember that bright-looking little black girl, Kitty Jones? We 're going to ask her mother to lend her to us, and we 'll dress her up for Africa. Frank says she ought to be leaning on an elephant's tusk, but I don't know where we could get one."

"What 's the child thinking of!" exclaimed Mr. Rich. "Why, you might as well give me a meeting-house steeple for a cane. What could such a little creature do with an elephant's tusk, five or six feet long; taller than I am?"

"Perhaps we can find a baby elephant's tusk," replied Isabel. "We shall have to charge ten cents apiece for the Tableau, it will be so much trouble."

The weeks passed on, bringing with them a succession of new projects. Many of them were nipped in the bud by adverse circumstances; but whether they ripened or not, they occupied the young brains of the children and gave their bodies healthy exercise. They were impatient for spring to come, that they might remove to their country-house in Dorchester. There they could pick up hen's feathers, and color them pink with cochineal, and blue with indigo, for ornamenting the dolls' hats. Sometimes the cockerel dropped a gaudy feather that needed no coloring, and great was their joy over the prize. Then they wanted autumn to come, that they might find moss-acorns; for mamma had given them some pieces of her brown silk dress, and promised to show them how to make little emery-balls, that would look like real acorns when they were fastened in the mossy cups. An unthought-of value was imparted to every scrap of pretty ribbon or calico, and to broken strings of beads that had long been rolling about. Even little Alice caught the prevailing spirit, and was every day bringing a doll's sash, or some other of her little treasures, saying, "Dis is for de orfins." The children of this wealthy family had never before experienced the great pleasure of turning everything to some good use; and the novelty was very delightful to them.

When relatives and friends heard the proposal not to exchange Christmas presents, they were very much surprised, and some were half disposed to be offended. The children soon reconciled them, however, by saying, "It is not because we are ungrateful for your presents, or unwilling to send presents to you. But we have thought of a new plan, and when you come to know about it, we hope you will like it." They of course perceived that something uncommonly engrossing was going forward, but could not find out exactly what; and this little air of mystery added a new charm to the enterprise.

What with lessons in English and French, and music and dancing, and all their plans for the Fair, December came round again without the children's ever having had occasion to say, "I wish I knew what to do." The large drawing-room was arranged for their accommodation on the eventful evening. At one extremity, English ivy was trained round a large hoop to form a frame-work for the Tableau. When the screen was removed, and pearl-white Alice, and yellowish-brown Joe, and reddish-brown John, and brown-black Kitty were seen grouped behind the ivy, they really made a very pretty picture. Little Joe looked very funny in his Chinese cap, with a peacock's feather in it, a little round button atop, and a long braid of hair tied on be-



hind. Alice was charming in white muslin, with some small blue flowers and strings of pearl beads hanging among her flaxen curls. John had a coronet of turkey's feathers, and a short beaver-skin skirt, fastened round the waist with a gaudy belt of many-colored wampum. Bead-embroidered moccasins covered his feet. In one hand he carried a bow and arrow, trimmed with red and yellow ribbon, and in the other a stuffed squirrel, to represent the fur trade. Kitty Jones wore a short skirt of yellow merino. Her arms and feet were bare, with the exception of strips of gilt paper on wrists and ankles. On her head was a crown of gilt paper surmounted by an ostrich-feather. Frank had fashioned a piece of wood into the resemblance of a small tusk, and painted it suitably, that she might represent the trade of Africa in gold and ivory and ostrich-feathers. The little ones behaved very properly, till Alice spied out her white poodle snuffing round the room in search of her. Then she forgot all the instructions she had received, and called out, "Poody! Poody!" That was a very improper proceeding for Europe, with a ship by her side to represent the commerce of the world. And it made Asia laugh out loud; which was an unheard of want of dignity in a Mandarin upon a state occasion. America grinned rather too broadly for a sedate Indian chief. Africa was perfectly motionless in every muscle, and looked a little bit afraid; which Frank said was very natural, consider-

ing Europe was so near with her ship, and still carrying on the slave-trade; a remark which his sisters and cousins thought quite witty. After the little ones were dismissed with kisses and candy, Frank came tottering in, bent half double, with a white wig on his head, an hour-glass in one hand and a scythe in the other. He was followed by Isabel, handsomely dressed in the newest mode. Afterward Ellen and her mother appeared, dressed just as women and little girls dressed forty years ago. "O how funny they look! Did you ever see such frights?" shouted the young folks. They all agreed that it was very easy to guess the first, and the second, and the whole of the charade that had been acted. When they had taken off their disguises, friends and relatives began to compliment them. Ellen, who was always ready to praise her sister, because she really thought her something uncommon, replied, "Isabel acted her part beautifully; flirting her fan, courtesying, and swinging her crinoline; but I did n't do anything only walk round with an old bonnet on my head. I never *could* act charades well."

"There is one thing she can do well," said Isabel. "She preaches beautifully."

"O Isabel! How *can* you say so?" exclaimed Ellen, blushing scarlet.

"It's nothing more than the truth," persisted Isabel. "I heard you preach a beautiful sermon at Carry Rice's party."

The company, amused at her confusion, began to say, "Ellen, you must let us hear you preach. We will give you ten cents apiece for a sermon."

This offer tempted her; for she thought of the dolls and tops the money would buy. She allowed them to place her on a stool, but when she found herself there, with all of them looking at her, she felt very much heated, and said, bashfully, "Ladies and gentlemen, I don't know what to preach about. When I was at Carry Rice's, some of the girls and boys got into a quarrel, and I preached to them from the text, 'Return good for evil.' But you are not quarrelling. Besides, everybody preaches about the war now, and I do want the Rebels to be beaten; so that text won't do; and I don't know what text to take."

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof," said her father, in a loud, clear voice.

"That's a good text," said Ellen, brightening up. "Liberty ought to be proclaimed to all, because it ought to be. They say they used to whip the slaves down in Dixie for trying to learn to read and write. That was very wrong. There's little Kitty Jones, that was Africa to-night; she's as bright as a steel button. She learns her letters a great deal faster than our Alice; and it would be a sin and a shame to whip her for it. The slaveholders would n't like to have their children whipped for learning, and they ought to do to others as they would be done by. Besides, it would be better for the white folks down there if liberty was proclaimed to all. They would n't be so violent-tempered, and go round stabbing folks with bowie-knives, if they had n't been used to beating and banging slaves about when they were boys. And if they had n't slaves to wait upon 'em, they would find out what a great pleasure it is to learn how to do things, and to help themselves. So you see,

if we beat the Rebels, and proclaim liberty to all, we *shall* return good for evil; and that text would have done for my sermon, if I had thought about it. But then I think the greatest reason why we ought to proclaim liberty to all is because we ought to. And I don't know as I have anything more to say to-night."

As she descended from her eminence, all in a flutter, her friends came up to offer their money; and Uncle Joe patted her on the head as he said, "I've heard some sermons that were not so well worth ten cents."

There was a short recess, and Isabel played lively tunes while the guests walked about and ate ice-creams, which the girls had made, under their mother's directions. Over the refreshment-table Frank had printed, in large letters, "Home Manufacture." All the articles were sold before ten o'clock; for the secret was discovered, and everybody wanted to help on the good work. The children were a little impatient to have the guests go, that they might count their money. They were greatly surprised and delighted to find they had received more than two hundred dollars. They kissed papa and mamma, and kissed each other, and said, over and over again, "Did n't we have a good time?"

When they had sobered down a little, Isabel, looking up archly, said, "Papa and mamma, I've got a new idea."

"I dare say she has," said Ellen; "she's always having new ideas."

"And what is it now?" asked their mother.

"We have got so much more money than we expected," replied Isabel, "that I think we can do two things. You know that slave woman down South, who hid Cousin George when the Rebels were after him? He wrote to us that she had a very pretty, bright little girl. Seeing Kitty Jones to-night has made me think about her. I should like to spend half our money in picture-books and toys for the freed children."

"Good! good!" exclaimed Ellen, clapping her hands.

They all agreed with her, and when their articles were collected together, they were divided into two parcels, one of which was immediately sent off to the islands of South Carolina; the other half was reserved till the day before Christmas, when they were conveyed to the Orphan Asylum. Frank procured a pretty evergreen tree, and they all went to help the Superintendent arrange the articles upon it. The little inmates of the asylum were kept in the dark about the whole affair till evening, when they were marched into the room in procession, two and two. They were very shy in presence of the strangers. A few of them gazed with wonder on the lighted Christmas Tree, and some little laughs were heard; but most of them stood with fingers on their mouths, looking down. When hoods and mittens, and balls and bats, and tops and skates, and dolls and picture-books were distributed among them, a few jumped and laughed; but most of them made little formal bows and courtesies, and said, "Thank 'ee, ma'am," "Thank 'ee, sir," as they had been taught to do. When the articles were all distributed, the Superintendent conducted them to the play-room. She returned a few minutes afterward, and said to Mr. Rich and his family, "They were constrained before stran-

gers ; but I have left the door of the play-room ajar, and I should like to have you peep in."

Such a merry scene ! The orphans were jumping and skipping about, tossing up their balls and dancing their dolls. " See how high my ball goes ! " shouted one. " See what a pretty dolly I 've got ! " said another.

" O mamma ! this pays us for all our work," said Isabel.

" I thought you were paid in doing the work," rejoined her mother.

" So we were," said Ellen ; " but this pays us over again."

While they were putting on their cloaks to return home, a chubby little orphan asked the Superintendent for a "flower." When asked what she wanted it for, she answered, " For de lady dat did give me de dolly." When she had received a geranium blossom, she went to Isabella and bashfully held up her flower. Isabella thanked her and kissed her, and she trotted off in a state of high satisfaction.

When the family returned to their elegant parlor, there was only ashes in the grate, the gas burned low, with a seething sound, and the gleams of the gilded paper were hidden by a veil of shadow. But the cheeks of the children glowed as they had not glowed under the brilliancy of the last year's Christmas Eve.

" O, what a pleasant world this is ! " exclaimed Ellen.

Isabel took up a graceful Parian vase for one flower, and said, " Mamma, won't this geranium keep longer if I put salt in the water ? "

Her mother smiled as she replied, " You are not apt to be so very careful of the flowers that are given you. But I see, my dear child, that you are learning by experience how much more blessed it is to give than to receive."

The water in the vase was changed every day ; and when the blossom fell, the petals were pressed in a book, and under them was written, " The Little Orphan's Gift, on Christmas Eve."

The Fair and the visit to the Asylum furnished topics for household conversation many a day afterward. When Petty Poo was asked what she did at the Fair, she answered, " Oo-up."

" O, but you naughty little puss, you made Asia laugh," said Isabel.

" And what did sister Ellen do ? " asked her father.

" Made booful preach," answered Petty Poo ; and they all laughed, as if they had not heard their little darling say it twenty times before.

" And where did you send your black dolly, with the two babies in her arms ? " inquired her mother ; and again they laughed when she lisped out, " To ittle conty-ban."

In a few weeks they received a letter from Cousin George, in which he wrote : " Dear cousins, your box arrived safely, and the teachers distributed the things on New Year's Eve. I would have given fifty dollars if you could have looked upon the scene. Such uproarious joy I never witnessed. Such singing and shouting are never heard among white folks. I wrote to you that the slave-woman, who saved me from the horrors of a Rebel prison by hiding me under some straw in her hut, was here at work for wages. Her little Chloe is not much older than Petty Poo, and is as pretty, in a different

way. Such glorious brown eyes you never saw. When the doll with two babies was given her, she jumped and capered, and danced and sung, till my sides ached with laughing. All these people naturally express their feelings in music; and little Chloe, small as she is, has the gift. She sings whatever tune comes into her head, and makes words to suit it as she goes along. It would have done your hearts good to hear her sing:

How kind de Yankee ladies is !
 So kind I nebber see !
 How kind de Yankee ladies is,
 To gib dese tings to me !

I made a sketch of her merry little face on a leaf of my pocket-book, while she was singing, and if I had colored crayons here I think I could make you a pretty picture. It is a pity you could not have had her for your Tableau; though I have no doubt she would have laughed when the white poodle appeared on the stage, and in all probability she would have jumped down to catch him."

Not long afterward Captain George came home on a fortnight's leave of absence. And, hurried as he was, he found time to make a picture of little Chloe in colored crayons. The yellow cheeks and the great brown eyes made it look like a coreopsis blossom in the sunshine; and the face had such a happy, merry expression, that everybody laughed who looked at it. Isabel printed under it: "From Cousin George. A Souvenir of our Useful Christmas." It was framed and hung in the breakfast-room; and one day they found that Frank had pasted on the back the following inscription: "This is a commentary on the 'booful preach' Ellen made at our Fair, from the text, 'Proclaim Liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof.'"

L. Maria Child.



FROM COUSIN GEORGE.
 A SOUVENIR OF OUR USEFUL CHRISTMAS.

THE INEQUALITIES OF FORTUNE.

THIS is an abstract subject, my little friends, if you look at it simply as a subject; but the things which the words stand for are things which most of you have doubtless seen and felt, and, I fear, mourned and wondered over. At least I have known so many young people disturbed by the difference between their own lot and that of others, that I have thought a little talk about it might be useful to all our young folks.

In the first place, little friends, let us accept the facts as they are. The leg of an old bedstead is not so good to bat a ball with as a real bat, broad where the ball is to be hit, and narrow and slender where you are to take hold of it; and if your well-shaped bat is also polished and carved and marked with your name in gay letters, why, it may not win you the game, but it is prettier to look at and easier to keep.

You, little girls, love to adorn yourselves with whimsical devices. You delight in stabbing your hair with long pins, whose great, round white heads your envious brothers tease you by calling eggs and cannon-balls. You fasten white beads around your necks, with red, white, and blue streamers fluttering behind you, "a large cloth-yerde and more." All right, young people, stream away as much as you like. Your brothers will soon get tired of teasing you, and doubtless you can find something equally absurd to tease them about. Nothing is more harmless than beads and bows. I regret that there are some little girls who can only look with wistful eyes at the fluttering ribbons of their friends, without hope of attaining any such delights themselves. Not that I think they would be more beautiful with them than without them, — but I like to see children have what they want when their wants are innocent. Here is a little boy who read the prospectus of the "Young Folks," and scarcely gave it a thought. He knew he could have it by saying a word; his mother would be only too glad at the slightest symptom that he was developing a taste for reading. Another boy lay awake nights, trying to think whether there could be any hope of his subscribing for it, and considers himself very happy in clubbing with three other boys and taking it together. He does not mind that he gets it a week after it is out, and slightly battered at that. When a little girl who wears calico and walks to church is playing with a little girl who wears silk and rides in her carriage, and a third little girl comes by and invites the latter into her garden and says nothing to the former, she feels slighted and unhappy, and it is quite natural she should.

But, little friends, be comforted. You who see the fashions come and go, and are not able to follow them, you who cannot get "a-quarter" just for the asking, you whose clothes are a little faded, and perhaps patched here and there, you who see the toys and the candies in the hands of other children and not in yours, you who live in the plain, small, and perhaps unattractive houses, let not your hearts be troubled.

There are many reasons why they need not be, some of which you can understand and some you cannot. I will begin with one that you cannot understand, and you must simply take my word for it.

You should not be troubled, because, although you may miss many good things, you can always have the best things. Character is of more consequence than clothes. If you are a gentle little girl, if you speak in soft, pleasant tones, if you are kindly in your acts and generous in your feelings towards all, whether they are dressed better or worse than you, if you are respectful to your elders, and especially to your parents, if you are truthful and obedient, and do not talk when there is company, — why, it is not of the smallest consequence whether you have a string tied around your neck or not. If you are a brave, honest, manly boy, — if you are polite to your mother, and take good care of your sisters, even if you do tease them a little, as I am confident you do, — and not a very little either, — if you scorn a meanness, and are not afraid to apologize when you have, in a passion, said or done a wrong thing, — then you may consider yourself extremely well off in the world, although you have no pony, and are rather bashful, and must work when other boys are at play, and your jacket is short-waisted. Every good thing I have mentioned you may possess, whether you are rich or poor. If you have not these things, riches will do you no good, — and if you have them, poverty will do you no hurt. I mean, if a girl is rough in speech and coarse in manners, she will be disagreeable to all those whose good opinion is worth having, even though she wear a new hat every day with feathers floating all over it; and a well-bred boy will be liked, and favored, and helped on in the world, whether he wear broadcloth or blue overalls. This is not merely what the books say, but it is true in life.

Let me tell you a short story to illustrate another reason.

Two boys living next door to each other were playmates and friends. Henry's father was rich, and Robert's father was poor. Robert often used to wonder in his own mind why it was that Henry should have so many fine things and himself so few. When Henry rode by on his pony, Robert had hard work not to feel envious and unhappy. Time passed on, and Robert left his native city. He had been a good boy, and he became a good man, and a learned man, and a rich man. He drove his own horses, and lived in a handsome house, and associated with the best people. One day he was walking along the beach during a short visit at home, and he met a man whom he half recollected, and who half recollected him. "Is this Henry?" "Is this Robert?" And very glad they were to see each other.

"And how goes the world with you?" asked Robert.

"Miserably enough," replied Henry, sadly. "I am a pauper!"

Robert was shocked, and hardly knew what to say, but Henry went on frankly: "You had nothing but your energies to rely on. You went abroad, and have made yourself a name and a fortune. I had plenty of money. My friends were unwilling to have me leave them. I had no genius to impel me from within, and no necessity to force me from without. I led an aimless, useless life. I fell into extravagance from sheer listlessness. I was too lazy

to *rush* into anything. I had barely sense enough left to see that my property was disappearing while there was yet a pittance remaining. Then I turned upon my steps, took care of the rest, and am now subsisting upon it, with no hope in this life and but little interest in the next."

And yet, dear children, this boy gave apparently as fair promise as the other. And now I give you the second reason why you should not be over-much troubled if you are poor,—that poverty seems to be favorable to the best mental and moral training of a vast majority of persons. Remember that this is not universally true. Many who are the sons and daughters of rich men are eminently fit for you to follow, by the grace of their manners, the wisdom of their minds, and the goodness of their hearts. The beauty of their daily life cannot be surpassed. But I think you will find that a large majority of those who are eminent for their talents, their virtues, and their usefulness were not born in costly houses, did not wear rich clothes in their childhood, and were not provided with numerous servants, elegant carriages, and expensive toys.

Let me tell you also another thing. Your standing in the world is not going to be affected by these things. You will be appreciated when you are grown up according to what you are, and not according to what you have. Does your schoolmate slight you now because you dress plainly and have little money to spend? He is a silly child for doing it, and you are a silly child for minding it; but we do not blame either of you a great deal, because we do not expect children to be very wise. But when you shall be grown up, the time for such things will have gone by. No gentleman or lady will slight you for not possessing those things which are not essential to a gentleman or lady, and it is impossible to be slighted by any one else. When you are grown up, we expect you to know this, and if you could find a little comfort in it now I should be very glad.

Above all things, my little friends, do not be envious. Be as willing to see good traits in your rich companions as in your poor ones. Because your schoolmate comes with a new dress every week, do not try to make out that she is proud. Because a boy has a pony, do not insist that he tells lies. Be just and generous towards rich and poor. Think the best you can of every one, make the most of everything you do possess, enjoy the pretty things which your friends have, even though you cannot get them yourself, and you will be as happy and contented as if you owned all the silk-worms and ponies in the world.

Gail Hamilton.





NCE upon a time the world rang from zone to zone with the praises of two brave knights, who rode through it armed *cap-a-pie*, hacking lustily with their two-edged swords at all that was wrong, and crowning with sweet flowers all that was virtuous and good. I said "once upon a time"; but the strain that arose then has been ringing through the world ever since, and its vibrations will continue to be heard, sweet and low, to the end of all time.

It was the rising sun that threw far and away over the greensward the shadows of the two stalwart knights, as they rode forth to their task, — shadows so long, and so broad, that they

stretched to every part of the earth, kissing tenderly the light clouds that lay on the far western horizon. Two very stalwart knights were they, indeed, and very gallant they looked as they rode side by side along the broad highway, — Sir William with his lance ever couched for coming foeman, and Sir John with a shield so bright that it glanced like a meteor as he rode: and a brilliant meteor it was, truly, though only too brief in its transit athwart the world.

And if the lance of Sir William was adorned with a wreath of *immortelles*, had not some fair hand entwined with forget-me-nots the hilt of Sir John's rapier? The lance and the sword are vanished now, but the flowers will bloom forever, and I have sprigs of them on my desk as I write.

And lo! the weird figures that follow in the train of the two knights! Two singular dwarfs, I declare, — little fellows, but amazingly strong, if you may judge by the breadth of their shoulders, and the play of their muscles as they go. See how nimbly one of them leaps forward at a beck from the finger of Sir William!



What a grotesque figure he is! All nerve, and muscle, and pluck, and grasp; Stylus his name, and squire to the valiant knight Sir William is he. His face tapers to a pen of the keenest nib. You can see that ink is his wine, and that he dips his nose in it very often. He is a wonderful combination of strength and activity. He will knock the legs from under some mean rascal at his master's bidding, and then, planting in the ground the weapons of the fallen wretch, will throw summersaults over them without so much as scratching a finger. He plays with his jokes as a juggler does with cannon-balls, and if he thinks you are a deceitful person, and trying to impose on him, the chances are he will let one of them drop heavily on your favorite toe.

Side by side with him jogs Plumbago, squire to the courtly and handsome knight Sir John, at whose right hand he is always ready for active service. A



quaint and swarthy imp is Plumbago, very frolicsome in his disposition, and gifted with a humor of the rarest and most pleasant kind. You can tell, to look at him, that he is a jovial companion by the way. He has more queer adventures to relate to you, and incidents, and accidents, and what not, than would go to the making up of a thousand comedies of the drollest kind. Probably Plumbago made more people merry in his lifetime than all the comedians that ever lived; but this was only when he liked his company, and saw that it was good. When he fell in with the dissolute, or the foolish, or the mean, or the insolent, or the hypocrite, or the quack, he detected them at once,

and would wither with a look any of them that were so unlucky as to thrust

themselves in his way. He could make them so ridiculous that people jeered them, and pointed with the finger at them when they dared to appear in the streets. Bad people came at last to be terribly afraid of Plumbago, who had a way of setting the street boys upon them, and worrying them like rats. And then he would play leap-frog over their backs, and drive their hats down over their eyes, always eluding their attempts to catch him, until they became so ashamed of themselves that they slunk into the by-ways, and kept out of sight. But the little boys and girls loved him for the good playfellow he was, and the fun he made for them when they gathered flowers together by the woodside, or shells upon the shore, or danced merrily in the hall at evening, or on the velvet lawn. He was a wonderful little fellow, was Plumbago, and one who made his mark, I can tell you.

It was a lovely summer morning as the two knights, thus accoutred and followed, took their way along a winding road that led over a thousand hills and through a thousand valleys. Yonder lay the sea, purple and amber in the floods of morning splendor. Towns stood darkly out against the sky, or nestled down in the wooded nooks. The castle frowned from the rock. The blue smoke from the lowly cottage went spirally up until it was lost in the clear expanse above. The meadows were starred with golden flowers, and the lowing of the cattle went over them like a sonorous hymn of praise. From every hedge and thicket came the carols of a thousand joyous birds, and the swallows gleamed like mail-clad warriors as they chased the burished insects through the air. Small music was heard in the grass, too, for the grasshopper and his reedy band were there, and the cricket tuned his pipe. Nature has her holidays, sometimes, and this was one of them, proclaimed by the glad things whose voices were heard on every side.

"Is n't it a pity to think that there should be misery and wickedness in such a lovely world as this?" said Sir William, as they rode along. "The clinking of my sword jars harshly with the music around. Hark to the glad voices of the birds! but remember that a hawk may yet redden his talons in the blood of the sweetest singer of them. I wish we warriors might live without blood-letting; but duty calls us, and the word is 'Onward, march!'"

"It is a question between letting blood sometimes, or letting evil triumph over good," replied Sir John, with a thoughtful smile. "See!" added he, "look what a beautiful brook comes tumbling down through yonder glen; and, O my! what splendid speckled trout those are leaping from the pool at the foot of the fall! Yonder is the miller too, lolling over the hand-rail of his bridge, and I hear his ringing laugh as he jeers the stout old gentleman who fishes up to his knees in water in the pool. O, I should like to linger in this tranquil spot the whole day through, and cast my fly over the ripples for the yellow trout. But there is work before us, and our motto is, 'Onward, march!'"

And onward they went, on and on, until they saw a town that lay at some distance on the plain before them. And they knew it was a gala-day there, for past them on the road hurried a throng of people, various in dress and

manners, many of them laden with merchandise for the fair. There was a crusty old lord in his chariot and four, and his wheels raised such a cloud of dust as he passed that Stylus called him names while he was yet well within hearing, and Plumbago made a face so like the old lord himself, that even the impudent footmen behind that nobleman's carriage could not help laughing. But then he twisted himself ludicrously into the very semblance of the footmen, and they did not laugh any more. Lovely girls cantered past on splendid horses, escorted by their cavaliers, and Sir John kissed his hand to them, for they were friends of his and loved him greatly. Here came a couple of skulking knaves, at whom Sir William's horse lashed out his legs when they came behind him; and here a market-cart, with a rustic driver, and an old woman smoking a pipe, and some small children toddling along the roadside, among whom was a little golden-haired girl, so pretty that Sir John lifted her up to his saddle-bow, and carried her all the rest of the way to the market-town.



The great square was thronged with people when the two knights arrived,—so thronged that they had some difficulty in making their way to the centre of it. “Now, Plumbago,” said Sir John, “wind a blast upon your bugle-horn, and proclaim to the assembled people that here in the market-place I hang my shield, in order that all who are so disposed may come and see themselves reflected in it.”

Sweet and mellow the bugle-notes rang out in the clear air, and, when the two squires had cleared a space in the middle of the throng, the shield of Sir John was placed there,—a burnished disk of silvery radiance, in which the passing events were reflected as clearly as the night-sky in some placid lake. Nay, were not things of the past shown also in

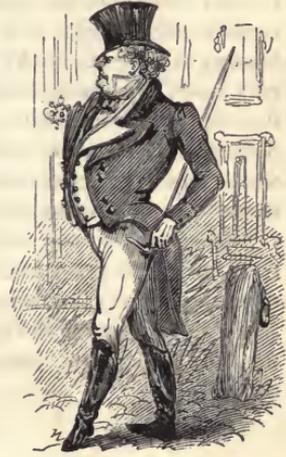
that magic mirror? and were there not those who looked for the future in it, and saw it there too, and took their counsel on it, likewise, as they went their way?

It was curious to observe the deportment of those who stopped to have glimpses in the shield. There came a sweet young girl, with such eyes and a smile so arch, and she laughed when she saw her pretty self in the shield, and danced before it and made shapes; but she blushed a little too, for she wondered how she ever could have got her hair trussed up after a fashion so extravagant. And then she let down her flowing tresses, and wound them into a knot simpler and more modest, as she tripped laughingly away.

The crusty old lord, whose chariot-wheels had raised such a dust upon the road, was there too; and, as he gazed upon his image in the shield, he wondered at first what it was, and grinned and gibbered at it amazingly. But when it grinned and gibbered back at him, he saw that it knew him, and away he tottered on his bad old legs, afraid to face the truth.

See what hosts of beautiful children dance and gambol before the shield, laughing to see themselves imaged in it! And their fathers and mothers laugh too at the pretty sight, though they look somewhat grave when they behold their own reflection, and see how much stouter they are growing as the years pass, and some of them a little bald too.

Old ladies and gentlemen, made up to look young, pause but a short time before the shield, because the moment they look at it they feel their wigs coming off, and the paint running down through the wrinkles of their false faces. And so it is with numbers of ill-looking personages who pass before it,—quacks and impostors of all sorts; and soon a panic seizes upon all these, and they rush wildly away from the spot, as if they felt that truth was tearing after them like a troop of wolves.



Then Sir John braced his buckler once more upon his arm, and the two knights rode on stately through the town, the people making way for them and saluting them as they passed. Out into the country again, until they came to a wide plain, far away upon the horizon of which there towered an immense black rock. On the summit of this a castle with notched battlements and many towers loomed awful and dark in the clear air. Paths, crooked and stony, and half choked with briers and noxious weeds, branched in every direction from the dark rock. There was no song of birds along those dreary hedges, and the grasshopper was silent in the lanes, though the hissing of serpents might have been heard there. Huge spiders hung their nets upon the thorns, and lay in ambush for the death-watches and other insects of ill omen with which the place swarmed. The ground sounded hollow to the tread of those who ventured upon these dismal tracks, along which there straggled many strange figures, all with great hollow heads like those worn in a pantomime, on their way to and from the castle.

"Before us lies our work," said Sir William, as the two knights reined up their horses and gazed upon the scene; "for yon gloomy castle that frowns upon the plain is the fortress in which dwells the giant Sham. We must get rid of that fellow ere the sun goes down, for he is the greatest tyrant in all the land. So now look well to your weapons, for the cry is 'Onward, march!'"

Charles Dawson Shanly.

(To be concluded.)



THE TINY MAHOGANY BOX :

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

DEAR little bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, laughing children, I am going to tell you a Christmas story. It will not be about giants or dwarfs, or genii or dragons, or ogres or fairies, for stories about such things are for the most part untrue; and I want to tell you something that is as true — as true — as that you love mamma better than anybody in the whole world. Mind you, I said, "for the most part untrue," for I don't want you to think for a moment that I don't believe in fairies. Bless you, I know as well as you do that in every beautiful flower God has given us lives a wee, wee fairy, whose duty it is to take care of her flower-home.

Now the fairy of the red rose must get up early in the morning, before you little children, early risers as you are, have opened your bright eyes, and she must wash the fragrant blossom with the clearest dew-drops she can find — after washing her own face, of course; no real lady-fairy would neglect that.

And the fairies that live in the lilies, — they are constantly swinging to and fro, shaking the dust from the dainty flowers, which the mischievous

wind, spiteful fellow, has thrown upon them. Don't you think it must be pleasant to have a sweet white lily for a cradle? O dear! now that I *have* begun talking about fairies, I find it so hard to stop. It's so cunning to think of them, with their little bonnets made out of young blue-bells, and their lovely cloaks made out of butterflies' wings, and — but this has nothing to do with my story. That is about two little children, and is to help to teach you to love and obey your parents when living, and to remember *faithfully* their last wishes when God calls them to heaven.

These children were named Elsie and Pearl. They lived in a small white house in the country, and a very nice little house it was too. In the summer time the gay morning-glories and the scarlet runners and the honeysuckles crept all up the front and all over the windows, so that they did n't need a bit of a curtain. How you would have liked it, would n't you? Curtains of lovely green, all spangled with sweet-smelling flowers! In the front garden grew tall hollyhocks, and lady-slippers, and dahlias, and roses, and marigolds, and tulips, and more pretty flowers than I can spare time to tell you about.

The mother of Elsie and Pearl was a poor widow, who owned nothing in the world but this cottage, a cow, some chickens, and a small strip of land which served her for a vegetable garden. She took care of herself and children by selling in the village market all the cabbages, tomatoes, turnips, carrots, beets, radishes, and the like, which she could spare; beside this, she sold milk and eggs in the summer-time to the rich people who came to stay a few weeks in the country.

But this year the rich people did n't come at all. They went to Saratoga, Newport, or some such place, I dare say, where they saw a great deal of fine dress, but no country. And the poor woman did not prosper with her garden vegetables either, and so Christmas Eve, which I suppose you all know comes on the 24th of December, found her without any money to buy a Christmas dinner, let alone any presents for Elsie and Pearl. Was n't it *too* bad? Not a penny on Christmas Eve, of *all* times in the year!

The children had gone to bed, and the poor mother sat alone in the room which served for both parlor and kitchen. And very sad she was, for there hung the little empty stockings, one on each brightly scoured andiron, and empty they were likely to remain too. Perhaps you would like to know how this room looked. I will tell you. On the floor was a nice rag-carpet, and who do you think made it? The widow and Elsie and Pearl. Was n't that splendid? Why, little Pearl could not have been more than four years old when she began sewing. I wonder if any of you would have patience enough to piece together hundreds and hundreds of little strips of old calico! I hope so, if your dear mother needed a carpet, and was poor, like this poor woman, and had no money to spare to buy one.

Ranged around the room against the whitewashed wall stood four wooden chairs, (the chair the widow was sitting in was an old-fashioned rocking-chair, with a cushion in it, made, no doubt, out of one of the widow's old gowns, and pretty old it must have been, too, or Elsie or Pearl would have had a dress, or apron, or something of that sort, instead of the rocking-chair having a

cushion,) and beside the chairs there was a wooden table, scrubbed until it was as white as new milk; and on the wall, just over the table, hung a queer little looking-glass, the frame of which was nearly hidden by Christmas green, dotted with bright elder-berries. The mantel-shelf was very high, and on it stood a couple of candlesticks, a clock, and a tiny mahogany box. A wood fire was blazing on the hearth, and, as I told you before, Elsie's and Pearl's stockings were hanging one on each andiron.

They had gone to bed thinking that the good old Santa Claus would come as soon as the clock struck twelve and bring them some nice presents. At the very moment their mother was grieving about not being able to go to the new store in the village, about a mile off, and buy them some pretty things, they were smiling in their sleep, and dreaming of whole handfuls of sugar-plums, and all sorts of beautiful toys.

"Ah!" said the widow to herself, (some people talk a great deal to themselves when they have no one else to talk to,) "how well I remember, when I was a little girl, waking up early Christmas morning and running directly to my stocking. O my dear mother, how kind she was! and to think I love my Elsie and Pearl just as well as she loved me, and yet I can buy them *nothing!* And that's not the worst of it. We'll none of us have even a Christmas dinner. I declare I could cry." And she *did* cry, throwing her checked apron over her head and leaning back in her rocking-chair. Just then the clock struck seven, and five minutes after the tired woman, who had been washing all day, fell fast asleep. And she had a beautiful dream, and this was the dream. The little room was suddenly lighted with a great light, and her dear mother stood in the centre, looking exactly as she looked some twenty years before. The same sweet smile was on her lips, and the same love-look shone in her eyes. A wreath of light twined about her head, and her dress was as white and pure as a snow-flake before it touches the earth. She came right up to her daughter, and took her hand just as your mothers take your hands often when they wish to chide you gently for something wrong you have done. "Why, child," she said, and her voice was *very* sweet, "you forget that God is watching over you. He smiles upon all those who have been good and obedient children, and *you* were always a kind and dutiful child. Do you remember the little box I put in your stocking many long years ago? It was locked, and I told you never to open it unless you became *very, very* poor. You promised to obey me, and so faithfully have you kept your promise, that you have never even thought of opening it. I have come to tell you that the time has arrived for you to unlock the box; and *never* again lose faith in your Father above." She kissed her daughter, and then the great light disappeared, and the widow awoke, and saw nothing but the big fire on the hearth, the clock on the mantel-shelf, and everything just as it was when she fell asleep. But she remembered all her mother had said; and, rising, she took down the tiny box, (which, true enough, she had never thought of opening, because it was her mother's last gift, and she kept it sacred,) placed it on the table, and, lighting a candle, began to look for the key. It was a long time before she could find it; but at last it tumbled out

of an old black-silk bag which she found in a corner of her trunk. She quickly unlocked the box, and *what do you think she saw in it?* A whole row of gold pieces, lying on a soft bed of cotton, and sparkling as brightly as your eyes, little readers. For a moment the widow could not move, she was so surprised; but the next, she fell upon her knees and thanked God for his goodness.

Just then the clock struck eight, and she remembered that she had plenty of time to go to the village store and back again before ten. So she put on her thick hood and cloak and stout shoes, (for it was snowing, as it almost always does about Christmas time,) and, kissing Elsie and Pearl, she took a lantern and set out.

When she came back she not only had her arms full, but a bundle tied on her back, and the clock struck ten just as the poor, tired woman fell fast asleep again.

O, what a happy little house that was on Christmas morning! Elsie and Pearl were awake at daylight, running around in their white night-dresses; they would n't even wait to put their shoes and stockings on, so eager were they to see what Santa Claus had brought them. Each stocking was filled so full with sugar-plums, cakes, and oranges, that it looked as though it would burst. And two of the wooden chairs were placed close together, and on the back of one hung a new cloak for Elsie, and on the back of the other a new cloak for Pearl. And on the seat of one lay a new pair of shoes and a nice crimson delaine dress for Elsie, and on the seat of the other, new shoes and a crimson dress for Pearl. And that was not all. On the white wooden table lay a plump little turkey waiting to be roasted, some nice large potatoes waiting to be baked, and a plum-pudding waiting to be boiled. And the market-basket! bless your hearts, there was no use in that basket having a cover, — no use at all, — for the cover would n't and could n't fit on, because of the parcels of raisins, tea, sugar, flour, and everything nice with which that basket was crowded!

So you see, dear little children, how the widow was rewarded for being a good child. Had she broken her promise to her mother, most likely the money would have all been spent, (for money is the hardest thing in the world to keep,) and she would have had no Christmas dinner, and Elsie and Pearl no Christmas presents.





A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

I.

“**N**OTHING but leaves — leaves — leaves! The green things don't know enough to do anything better!”

Leslie Goldthwaite said this, standing in the bay-window among her plants, which had been green and flourishing, but persistently blossomless, all winter, and now the spring days were come.

Cousin Delight looked up; and her white ruffling, that she was daintily hemstitching, fell to her lap, as she looked, still with a certain wide intentness in her eyes, upon the pleasant window, and the bright, fresh things it framed. Not the least bright and fresh among them was the human creature in her early girlhood, tender and pleasant in its beautiful leafage, but waiting, like any other young and growing life, to prove what sort of flower should come of it.

“Now you've got one of your 'thoughts,' Cousin Delight! I see it 'big-

gening,' as Elspie says." Leslie turned round, with her little green watering-pot suspended in her hand, waiting for the thought.

To have a thought, and to give it, were nearly simultaneous things with Cousin Delight; so true, so pure, so unselfish, so made to give, — like perfume or music, which cannot be, and be withheld, — were thoughts with her.

I must say a word, before I go further, of Delight Goldthwaite. I think of her as of quite a young person; you, youthful readers, would doubtless have declared that she was old, — very old, at least for a young lady. She was twenty-eight, at this time of which I write; Leslie, her young cousin, was just "past the half, and catching up," as she said herself, — being fifteen. Leslie's mother called Miss Goldthwaite, playfully, "Ladies' Delight"; and, taking up the idea, half her women-friends knew her by this significant and epigrammatic title. There was something doubly pertinent in it. She made you think, at once, of nothing so much as heart's-ease; a garden heart's-ease, — that flower of many names; not of the frail, scentless, wild wood-violet, — she had been cultured to something larger. The violet nature was there, colored and shaped more richly, and gifted with rare fragrance — for those whose delicate sense could perceive it. The very face was a pansy-face; with its deep, large, purple-blue eyes, and golden brows and lashes, the color of her hair, — pale gold, so pale that careless people who had perception only for such beauty as can flash upon you from a crowd, or across a drawing-room, said hastily that she had *no* brows or lashes, and that this spoiled her. She was not a beauty, therefore; nor was she, in any sort, a belle. She never drew around her the common attention that is paid eagerly to very pretty, outwardly-bewitching girls; and she never seemed to care for this. At a party, she was as apt as not to sit in a corner; but the quiet people, — the mothers, looking on, or the girls, waiting for partners, — getting into that same corner also, found the best pleasure of their evening there. There was something about her dress, too, that women appreciated most fully; the delicate textures, — the finishings — and only those — of rare, exquisite lace, — the perfect harmony of the whole unobtrusive toilet, — women looked at these in wonder at the unerring instinct of her taste; in wonder, also, that they only with each other raved about her. Nobody had ever been supposed to be devoted to her; she had never been reported as "engaged"; there had never been any of this sort of gossip about her; gentlemen found her, they said, hard to get acquainted with; she had not much of the small talk which must usually begin an acquaintance; a few — her relatives, or her elders, or the husbands of her intimate married friends — understood and valued her; but it was her girl-friends and women-friends who knew her best, and declared that there was nobody like her; and so came her sobriquet, and the double pertinence of it.

Especially she was Leslie Goldthwaite's delight. Leslie had no sisters, and her aunts were old, — far older than her mother; on her father's side, a broken and scattered family had left few ties for her; next to her mother, and even closer, in some young sympathies, she clung to Cousin Delight.

With this diversion, we will go back, now, to her, and to her thought.

"I was thinking," she said, with that intent look in her eyes, "I often think, of how something else was found, once, having nothing but leaves; and of what came to it."

"I know," answered Leslie, with an evasive quickness; and turned round with her watering-pot to her plants again.

There was sometimes a bit of waywardness about Leslie Goldthwaite; there was a fitfulness of frankness and reserve. She was eager for truth; yet now and then she would thrust it aside. She said that "nobody liked a nicely pointed moral better than she did; only she would just as lief it should n't be pointed at her." The fact was, she was in that sensitive state in which many a young girl finds herself, when she begins to ask and to weigh with herself the great questions of life, and shrinks shyly from the open mention of the very thing she longs more fully to apprehend.

Cousin Delight took no notice; it is, perhaps, likely that she understood sufficiently well for that. She turned toward the table by which she sat, and pulled towards her a heavy Atlas that lay open at the map of Connecticut. Beside it was Lippincott's Gazetteer, — open, also.

"Travelling, Leslie?"

"Yes. I've been a charming journey this morning, before you came. I wonder if I ever *shall* travel, in reality. I've done a monstrous deal of it with maps and gazetteers."

"This has n't been one of the stereotyped tours, it seems."

"O, no! What's the use of doing Niagara or the White Mountains, or even New York, and Philadelphia, and Washington, on the map? I've been one of my little by-way trips; round among the villages; stopping wherever I found one cuddled in between a river and a hill, or in a little sea-shore nook. Those are the places, after all, that I would hunt out, if I had plenty of money to go where I liked with. It's so pleasant to imagine how the people live there, and what sort of folks they would be likely to be. It is n't so much travelling as living round, — awhile in one home, and then in another. How many different little bidding-places there are in the world! And how queer it is only really to know about one or two of them!"

"What's this place you're at just now? Winsted?"

"Yes; there's where I've brought up, at the end of that bit of railroad. It's a bigger place than I fancied, though. I always steer clear of the names that end in 'ville.' They're sure to be stupid, money-making towns, all grown up in a minute, with some common man's name tacked on to them, that happened to build a saw-mill, or something, first. But Winsted has such a sweet, little, quiet English sound. I know it never *began* with a mill. They make pins and clocks and tools and machines there now; and it's 'the largest and most prosperous post-village of Litchfield County.' But I don't care for the pins and machinery. It's got a lake alongside of it; and Still River — don't that sound nice? — runs through; and there are the great hills — big enough to put on the map — out beyond. I can fancy where the girls take their sunset walks; and the moonlight parties, boating on the pond, and the way the woods look, round Still River. O, yes! that's one of the places I mean to go to."

Leslie Goldthwaite lived in one of the inland cities of Massachusetts. She had grown up, and gone to school there, and had never yet been thirty miles away. Her father was a busy lawyer, making a handsome living for his family, and laying aside abundantly for their future provision, but giving himself no lengthened recreations, and scarcely thinking of them as needful for the rest.

It was a pleasant, large, brown wooden house they lived in, on the corner of two streets; with a great, green door-yard about it on two sides, where chestnut and cherry trees shaded it from the public way, and flower-beds brightened under the parlor windows, and about the porch. Just greenness and bloom enough to suggest, always, more; just sweetness and sunshine and bird-song enough, in the early summer days, to whisper of broad fields and deep woods where they rioted without stint; and these days always put Leslie into a certain happy impatience, and set her dreaming and imagining; and she learned a great deal of her geography in the fashion that we have hinted at.

Miss Goldthwaite was singularly discursive and fragmentary in her conversation this morning, somehow. She dropped the map-travelling suddenly, and asked a new question. "And how comes on the linen-drawer?"

"O Cousin Del! I'm humiliated, — disgusted! I feel as small as butterflies' pinfeathers! I've been to see the Haddens. Mrs. Linceford has just got home from Paris, and brought them wardrobes to last to remotest posterity! And *such* things! Such ruffings, and stitchings, and embroiderings! Why, mine look — as if they'd been made by the blacksmith!"

The "linen-drawer" was an institution of Mrs. Goldthwaite's; resultant, partly, from her old-fashioned New England ideas of womanly industry and thrift, — born and brought up, as she had been, in a family whose traditions were of house-linen sufficient for a life-time spun and woven by girls before their twenty-first year, and whose inheritance, from mother to daughter, was invariably of heedfully stored personal and household plenishings, made of pure material that was worth the laying by, and carefully bleached and looked to year by year; partly, also, from a certain theory of wisdom which she had adopted, that when girls were once old enough to care for and pride themselves on a plentiful outfit, it was best they should have it as a natural prerogative of young-lady-hood, rather than that the "trousseau" should come to be, as she believed it so apt to be, one of the inciting temptations to heedless matrimony. I have heard of a mother whose passion was for elegant old lace; and who boasted to her female friends, that, when her little daughter was ten years old, she had her "lace-box," with the beginning of her hoard in costly contributions from the stores of herself and of the child's maiden aunts. Mrs. Goldthwaite did a better and more sensible thing than this; when Leslie was fifteen, she presented her with pieces of beautiful linen and cotton and cambric, and bade her begin to make garments which should be in dozens, to be laid by, in reserve, as she completed them, until she had a well-filled bureau that should defend her from the necessity of what she called a "wretched living from hand to mouth, — always having under-

clothing to make up, in the midst of all else that she would find to do and to learn."

Leslie need not have been ashamed, and I don't think in her heart she was, of the fresh, white, light-lying piles that had already begun to make promise of filling a drawer, which she drew out as she answered Cousin Delight's question.

The fine-lined gathers; the tiny dots of stitches that held them to their delicate bindings; the hems and tucks, true to a thread, and dotted with the same fairy needle-dimples; (no machine-work, but all real, dainty finger-craft;) the bits of ruffling peeping out from the folds, with their edges in almost invisible whip-hems; and here and there a finishing of lovely, lace-like crochet, done at odd minutes, and for "visiting-work";—there was something prettier and more precious, really, in all this, than in the imported fineries which had come, without labor and without thought, to her friends, the Haddens. Besides, there were the pleasant talks and readings of the winter evenings, all threaded in and out, and associated indelibly with every seam. There was the whole of David Copperfield, and the beginning of Our Mutual Friend, ruffled up into the night-dresses; and some of the crochet was beautiful with the rhymed pathos of Enoch Arden, and some with the poetry of the Wayside Inn; and there were places where stitches had had to be picked out and done over, when the eye grew dim and the hand trembled while the great war-news was being read.

Leslie loved it, and had a pride in it all; it was not, truly and only, humiliation and disgust at self-comparison with the Haddens, but some other and unexplained doubt which moved her now, and which was stirred often by this, or any other of the objects and circumstances of her life, and which kept her standing there with her hand upon the bureau-knob, in a sort of absence, while Cousin Delight looked in, approved, and presently dropped quietly, like a bit of money into a contribution-box, the delicate breadths of linen cambric she had finished hemstitching, and rolled together among the rest.

"O, thank you! But, Cousin Delight," said Leslie, shutting the drawer, and turning short round, suddenly, "I wish you'd just tell me—what you think—is the sense of that—about the fig-tree! I suppose it's awfully wicked, but I never could see. Is everything fig-leaves that is n't out and out fruit, and is it all to be cursed, and why *should* there be anything but leaves when 'the time of figs was not yet'?" After her first hesitation, she spoke quickly, impetuously, and without pause, as something that *would* come out.

"I suppose that has troubled you, as I dare say it has troubled a great many other people," said Cousin Delight. "It used to be a puzzle and a trouble to me. But now it seems to me one of the most beautiful things of all." She paused.

"I can *not* see how," said Leslie, emphatically. "It always seems to me so—somehow—unreasonable; and—angry."

She said this in a lower tone, as afraid of the uttered audacity of her own thought; and she walked off, as she spoke, toward the window once more, and stood with her back to Miss Goldthwaite, almost as if she wished to

have done, again, with the topic. It was not easy for Leslie to speak out upon such things; it almost made her feel cross when she had done it.

"People mistake the true cause and effect, I think," said Delight Goldthwaite, "and so lose all the wonderful enforcement of that acted parable. It was not, 'Cursed be the fig-tree because I have found nothing thereon'; but, 'Let *no fruit* grow on thee, henceforward, forever.' It seems to me I can hear the tone of tender solemnity in which Jesus would say such words; knowing, as only he knew, all that they meant, and what should come, inevitably, of such a sentence. 'And presently the fig-tree withered away.' The life was nothing, any longer, from the moment when it might not be, what all life is, a reaching forward to the perfecting of some fruit. There was nothing to come, ever again, of all its greenness and beauty, and the greenness and beauty, which were only a form and a promise, ceased to be. It was the way he took to show his disciples, in a manner they should never forget, the inexorable condition upon which all life is given, and that the barren life, so soon as its barrenness is absolutely hopeless, becomes a literal death."

Leslie stood still, with her back to Miss Goldthwaite, and her face to the window. Her perplexity was changed, but hardly cleared. There were many things that crowded into her thoughts, and might have been spoken; but it was quite impossible for her to speak. Impossible on this topic, and she certainly could not speak, at once, on any other.

Many seconds of silence counted themselves between the two. Then Cousin Delight, feeling an intuition of much that held and hindered the young girl, spoke again. "Does this make life seem hard?"

"Yes," said Leslie, then, with an effort that hoarsened her very voice. "Frightful." And as she spoke, she turned again quickly, as if to be motionless longer were to invite more talk, and went over to the other window, where her bird-cage hung, and began to take down the glasses.

"Like all parables, it is manifold," said Delight, gently. "There is a great hope in it, too."

Leslie was at her basin, now, turning the water-faucet, to rinse and refill the little drinking-vessel. She handled the things quietly, but she made no pause.

"It shows that, while we see the leaf, we may have hope of the fruit,—in ourselves, or in others."

She could not see Leslie's face. If she had, she would have perceived a quick lifting and lightening upon it. Then, a questioning that would not very long be repressed to silence.

The glasses were put in the cage again, and presently Leslie came back to a little low seat by Miss Goldthwaite's side, which she had been occupying before all this talk began. "Other people puzzle me as much as myself," she said. "I think the whole world is running to leaves, sometimes."

"Some things flower almost invisibly, and hide away their fruit under thick foliage. It is often only when the winds shake their leaves down, and strip the branches bare, that we find the best that has been growing."

"They make a great fuss and flourish with the leaves, though, as long as they can. And it's who shall grow the broadest and tallest, and flaunt out with the most of them. After all, it's natural; and they *are* beautiful, in themselves. And there's a 'time' for leaves, too, before the figs."

"Exactly. We have a right to look for the leaves, and to be glad of them. That is a part of the parable."

"Cousin Delight! Let's talk of real things, and let the parable alone a minute."

Leslie sprang, impulsively, to her bureau, again, and flung forth the linen-drawer.

"There are my fig-leaves, — some of them, — and here are more." She turned, with a quick movement, to her wardrobe; pulled out and uncovered a bonnet-box which held a dainty headgear of the new spring fashion, and then took down from a hook and tossed upon it a silken garment that fluttered with fresh ribbons. "How much of this outside business is right, and how much wrong, I should be glad to know? It all takes time and thoughts; and those are life. How much life must go into the leaves? That's what puzzles me. I can't do without the things; and I can't be let to take 'clear comfort' in them, as grandmâ says, either." She was on the floor, now, beside her little fineries; her hands clasped together about one knee, and her face turned up to Cousin Delight's. She looked as if she half believed herself to be ill used.

"And clothes are but the first want, — the primitive fig-leaves; the world is full of other outside business, — as much outside as these," pursued Miss Goldthwaite, thoughtfully. "Everything is outside. Learning, and behaving, and going, and doing, and seeing, and hearing, and having. 'It's all a muddle,' as the poor man says in *Hard Times*."

"I don't think I can do without the parable," said Cousin Delight. "The real inward principle of the tree — that which corresponds to thought and purpose in the soul — urges always to the finishing of its life in the fruit. The leaves are only by the way, — an outgrowth of the same vitality, and a process toward the end; but never, in any living thing, the end itself."

"Um," said Leslie, in her nonchalant fashion again; her chin between her two hands now, and her head making little appreciative nods. "That's like condensed milk; a great deal in a little of it. I'll put the fig-leaves away now, and think it over."

But, as she sprang up, and came round behind Miss Goldthwaite's chair, she stopped, and gave her a little kiss on the top of her head. If Cousin Delight had seen, there was a bright softness in the eyes, which told of feeling, and of gladness that welcomed the quick touch of truth.

Miss Goldthwaite knew one good thing, — when she had driven her nail. "She never hammered in the head with a punch, like a carpenter," Leslie said of her. She believed that, in moral tool-craft, that finishing implement belonged properly to the hand of an after-workman.

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."

AN OLD LEGEND.

FOR THE YOUNG.

THE snow came falling fast and fair
Down through the wintry night ;
The Christmas lights shone everywhere,
The city streets were bright ;
And loud the sweet cathedral bells
Chimed praises and delight.

But out amid the falling snow,
Forsaken and alone,
A little child went wandering slow
And making piteous moan ;
For his father and his mother dear
Up into heaven were gone.

He saw the fruitful Christmas-trees
Spread out their gracious boughs :
He saw between the curtains red
The children's shining brows,
And the little Christ-child sitting high
To hear their thankful vows.

Then loud he cried, and sobbed full sore :
No mother dear had he
To fill his apron from her store,
And take him on her knee.
He cried till a rich woman heard,
And came outside to see.

"O lady! give me fire and food,
I am so starved and cold,
Please do the little orphan good,
For God has sent you gold!"
But she said, "Begone, thou beggar boy!
My house no more can hold."

She shut him out into the night,
And went among her own ;
She sat upon a cushion bright,
He on the stepping-stone,
And his tears made little drops of ice
As he sat there alone.

But down the wide and snowy street
He saw another child,
With silver sandals on his feet,
Float through the tempest wild,
His snow-white garments shining fair,
As if a sunbeam smiled.

Right onward to the orphan lad
Down the wide street he came,
And in a voice full sweet and glad
He called him by his name,
And the little weary child grew warm,
Forgetting pain and shame.

“Thou hast no home, thou little one,
But thou shalt go with me :
I saw thee sitting all alone,
And I came after thee.
Now look up to the heavens above,
Behold thy Christmas tree !”

The boy looked up to heaven above,
His tears forgot to flow ;
For the Christ-child with his looks of love
Had charmed away the snow,
And on a tree all set with stars
Angels went to and fro.

“Come up ! come up, thou little boy !
Come up to heaven on high !
Thy Christmas-tide shall dawn in joy.”
He clasped him lovingly,
And the Christ-child and the orphan lad
Kept Christmas in the sky.

Rose Terry.





THE HEN THAT HATCHED DUCKS.

A STORY.

ONCE there was a nice young hen that we will call Mrs. Feathertop. She was a hen of most excellent family, being a direct descendant of the Bolton Grays, and as pretty a young fowl as you should wish to see of a summer's day. She was, moreover, as fortunately situated in life as it was possible for a hen to be. She was bought by young Master Fred Little John, with four or five family connections of hers, and a lively young cock, who was held to be as brisk a scratcher and as capable a head of a family as any half-dozen sensible hens could desire.

I can't say that at first Mrs. Feathertop was a very sensible hen. She was very pretty and lively, to be sure, and a great favorite with Master Bolton Gray Cock, on account of her bright eyes, her finely shaded feathers, and certain saucy dashing ways that she had, which seemed greatly to take his fancy. But old Mrs. Scratchard, living in the neighboring yard, assured all the neighborhood that Gray Cock was a fool for thinking so much of that

flighty young thing, — that she had not the smallest notion how to get on in life, and thought of nothing in the world but her own pretty feathers. “Wait till she comes to have chickens,” said Mrs. Scratchard. “Then you will see. I have brought up ten broods myself, — as likely and respectable chickens as ever were a blessing to society, — and I think I ought to know a good hatcher and brooder when I see her; and I know *that* fine piece of trumpery, with her white feathers tipped with gray, never will come down to family life. *She* scratch for chickens! Bless me, she never did anything in all her days but run round and eat the worms which somebody else scratched up for her!”

When Master Bolton Gray heard this he crowed very loudly, like a cock of spirit, and declared that old Mrs. Scratchard was envious, because she had lost all her own tail-feathers, and looked more like a worn out old feather-duster than a respectable hen, and that therefore she was filled with sheer envy of anybody that was young and pretty. So young Mrs. Feathertop cackled gay defiance at her busy rubbishy neighbor, as she sunned herself under the bushes on fine June afternoons.

Now Master Fred Little John had been allowed to have these hens by his mamma on the condition that he would build their house himself, and take all the care of it; and, to do Master Fred justice, he executed the job in a small way quite creditably. He chose a sunny sloping bank covered with a thick growth of bushes, and erected there a nice little hen-house, with two glass windows, a little door, and a good pole for his family to roost on. He made, moreover, a row of nice little boxes with hay in them for nests, and he bought three or four little smooth white china eggs to put in them, so that, when his hens *did* lay, he might carry off their eggs without their being missed. This hen-house stood in a little grove that sloped down to a wide river, just where there was a little cove which reached almost to the hen-house.

This situation inspired one of Master Fred's boy advisers with a new scheme in relation to his poultry enterprise. “Hullo! I say, Fred,” said Tom Seymour, “you ought to raise ducks, — you 've got a capital place for ducks there.”

“Yes, — but I 've bought *hens*, you see,” said Freddy; “so it 's no use trying.”

“No use! Of course there is! Just as if your hens could n't hatch ducks' eggs. Now you just wait till one of your hens wants to set, and you put ducks' eggs under her, and you 'll have a family of ducks in a twinkling. You can buy ducks' eggs, a plenty, of old Sam under the hill; he always has hens hatch his ducks.”

So Freddy thought it would be a good experiment, and informed his mother the next morning that he intended to furnish the ducks for the next Christmas dinner; and when she wondered how he was to come by them, he said, mysteriously, “O, I will show you how!” but did not further explain himself. The next day he went with Tom Seymour, and made a trade with old Sam, and gave him a middle-aged jack-knife for eight of his ducks' eggs.

Sam, by the by, was a woolly-headed old negro man, who lived by the pond hard by, and who had long cast envying eyes on Fred's jack-knife, because it was of extra-fine steel, having been a Christmas present the year before. But Fred knew very well there were any number more of jack-knives where that came from, and that, in order to get a new one, he must dispose of the old; so he made the trade and came home rejoicing.

Now about this time Mrs. Feathertop, having laid her eggs daily with great credit to herself, notwithstanding Mrs. Scratchard's predictions, began to find herself suddenly attacked with nervous symptoms. She lost her gay spirits, grew dumpish and morose, stuck up her feathers in a bristling way, and pecked at her neighbors if they did so much as look at her. Master Gray Cock was greatly concerned, and went to old Doctor Peppercorn, who looked solemn, and recommended an infusion of angle-worms, and said he would look in on the patient twice a day till she was better.

"Gracious me, Gray Cock!" said old Goody Kertarkut, who had been lolling at the corner as he passed, "a'n't you a fool? — cocks always are fools. Don't you know what 's the matter with your wife? She wants to set, — that 's all; and you just let her set! A fiddlestick for Doctor Peppercorn! Why, any good old hen that has brought up a family knows more than a doctor about such things. You just go home and tell her to set, if she wants to, and behave herself."

When Gray Cock came home, he found that Master Freddy had been before him, and established Mrs. Feathertop upon eight nice eggs, where she was sitting in gloomy grandeur. He tried to make a little affable conversation with her, and to relate his interview with the Doctor and Goody Kertarkut, but she was morose and sullen, and only pecked at him now and then in a very sharp, unpleasant way; so, after a few more efforts to make himself agreeable, he left her, and went out promenading with the captivating Mrs. Red Comb, a charming young Spanish widow, who had just been imported into the neighboring yard.

"Bless my soul!" said he, "you 've no idea how cross my wife is."

"O you horrid creature!" said Mrs. Red Comb; "how little you feel for the weaknesses of us poor hens!"

"On my word, ma'am," said Gray Cock, "you do me injustice. But when a hen gives way to temper, ma'am, and no longer meets her husband with a smile, — when she even pecks at him whom she is bound to honor and obey —"

"Horrid monster! talking of obedience! I should say, sir, you came straight from Turkey!" and Mrs. Red Comb tossed her head with a most bewitching air, and pretended to run away, and old Mrs. Scratchard looked out of her coop and called to Goody Kertarkut, —

"Look how Mr. Gray Cock is flirting with that widow. I always knew she was a baggage."

"And his poor wife left at home alone," said Goody Kertarkut. "It 's the way with 'em all!"

"Yes, yes," said Dame Scratchard, "she 'll know what real life is now,

and she won't go about holding her head so high, and looking down on her practical neighbors that have raised families."

"Poor thing, what 'll she do with a family?" said Goody Kertarkut.

"Well, what business have such young flirts to get married?" said Dame Scratchard. "I don't expect she 'll raise a single chick; and there's Gray Cock flirting about fine as ever. Folks did n't do so when I was young. I'm sure my husband knew what treatment a setting hen ought to have, — poor old Long Spur, — he never minded a peck or so now and then. I must say these modern fowls a'n't what fowls used to be."

Meanwhile the sun rose and set, and Master Fred was almost the only friend and associate of poor little Mrs. Feathertop, whom he fed daily with meal and water, and only interrupted her sad reflections by pulling her up occasionally to see how the eggs were coming on.

At last, "Peep, peep, peep!" began to be heard in the nest, and one little downy head after another poked forth from under the feathers, surveying the world with round, bright, winking eyes; and gradually the brood were hatched, and Mrs. Feathertop arose, a proud and happy mother, with all the bustling, scratching, care-taking instincts of family-life warm within her breast. She clucked and scratched, and cuddled the little downy bits of things as handily and discreetly as a seven-year-old hen could have done, exciting thereby the wonder of the community.

Master Gray Cock came home in high spirits, and complimented her; told her she was looking charmingly once more, and said, "Very well, very nice!" as he surveyed the young brood. So that Mrs. Feathertop began to feel the world going well with her, — when suddenly in came Dame Scratchard and Goody Kertarkut to make a morning call.

"Let's see the chicks," said Dame Scratchard.

"Goodness me," said Goody Kertarkut, "what a likeness to their dear papa!"

"Well, but bless me, what's the matter with their bills?" said Dame Scratchard. "Why, my dear, these chicks are deformed! I'm sorry for you, my dear, but it's all the result of your inexperience; you ought to have eaten pebble-stones with your meal when you were setting. Don't you see, Dame Kertarkut, what bills they have? That 'll increase, and they 'll be frightful!"

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Feathertop, now greatly alarmed.

"Nothing, as I know of," said Dame Scratchard, "since you did n't come to me before you set. I could have told you all about it. Maybe it won't kill 'em, but they 'll always be deformed."

And so the gossips departed, leaving a sting under the pin-feathers of the poor little hen mamma, who began to see that her darlings had curious little spoon-bills, different from her own, and to worry and fret about it.

"My dear," she said to her spouse, "do get Dr. Peppercorn to come in and look at their bills, and see if anything can be done."

Dr. Peppercorn came in, and put on a monstrous pair of spectacles, and said, "Hum! Ha! Extraordinary case, — very singular!"

"Did you ever see anything like it, Doctor?" said both parents, in a breath.

"I've read of such cases. It's a calcareous enlargement of the vascular bony tissue, threatening ossification," said the Doctor.

"O, dreadful! — can it be possible?" shrieked both parents. "Can anything be done?"

"Well, I should recommend a daily lotion made of mosquitoes' horns and bicarbonate of frogs' toes, together with a powder, to be taken morning and night, of muriate of fleas. One thing you must be careful about: they must never wet their feet, nor drink any water."

"Dear me, Doctor, I don't know what I *shall* do, for they seem to have a particular fancy for getting into water."

"Yes, a morbid tendency often found in these cases of bony tumification of the vascular tissue of the mouth; but you must resist it, ma'am, as their life depends upon it"; — and with that Dr. Peppercorn glared gloomily on the young ducks, who were stealthily poking the objectionable little spoon-bills out from under their mother's feathers.

After this poor Mrs. Feathertop led a weary life of it; for the young fry were as healthy and enterprising a brood of young ducks as ever carried saucepans on the end of their noses, and they most utterly set themselves against the doctor's prescriptions, murmured at the muriate of fleas and the bicarbonate of frogs' toes, and took every opportunity to waddle their little ways down to the mud and water which was in their near vicinity. So their bills grew larger and larger, as did the rest of their bodies, and family government grew weaker and weaker.

"You 'll wear me out, children, you certainly will," said poor Mrs. Feathertop.

"You 'll go to destruction, — do ye hear?" said Master Gray Cock.

"Did you ever see such frights as poor Mrs. Feathertop has got?" said Dame Scratchard. "I knew what would come of *her* family, — all deformed, and with a dreadful sort of madness, which makes them love to shovel mud with those shocking spoon-bills of theirs."

"It's a kind of idiocy," said Goody Kertarkut. "Poor things! they can't be kept from the water, nor made to take powders, and so they get worse and worse."

"I understand it's affecting their feet so that they can't walk, and a dreadful sort of net is growing between their toes; what a shocking visitation!"

"She brought it on herself," said Dame Scratchard. "Why did n't she come to me before she set? She was always an upstart, self-conceited thing, but I 'm sure I pity her."

Meanwhile the young ducks thrived apace. Their necks grew glossy, like changeable green and gold satin, and though they would not take the doctor's medicine, and would waddle in the mud and water, — for which they always felt themselves to be very naughty ducks, — yet they grew quite vigorous and hearty. At last one day the whole little tribe waddled off down to the bank of the river. It was a beautiful day, and the river was dancing

and dimpling and winking as the little breezes shook the trees that hung over it.

"Well," said the biggest of the little ducks, "in spite of Dr. Peppercorn, I can't help longing for the water. I don't believe it is going to hurt me,— at any rate, here goes";— and in he plumped, and in went every duck after him, and they threw out their great brown feet as cleverly as if they had taken rowing lessons all their lives, and sailed off on the river, away, away among the ferns, under the pink azalias, through reeds and rushes, and arrow-heads and pickerel-weed, the happiest ducks that ever were born; and soon they were quite out of sight.

"Well, Mrs. Feathertop, this is a dispensation!" said Mrs. Scratchard. "Your children are all drowned at last, just as I knew they'd be. The old music-teacher, Master Bullfrog, that lives down in Water-Dock Lane, saw 'em all plump madly into the water together this morning; that's what comes of not knowing how to bring up a family."

Mrs. Feathertop gave only one shriek and fainted dead away, and was carried home on a cabbage-leaf, and Mr. Gray Cock was sent for, where he was waiting on Mrs. Red Comb through the squash-vines.

"It's a serious time in your family, sir," said Goody Kertarkut, "and you ought to be at home supporting your wife. Send for Doctor Peppercorn without delay."

Now as the case was a very dreadful one, Doctor Peppercorn called a council from the barn-yard of the Squire, two miles off, and a brisk young Doctor Partlett appeared, in a fine suit of brown and gold, with tail-feathers like meteors. A fine young fellow he was, lately from Paris, with all the modern scientific improvements fresh in his head.

When he had listened to the whole story, he clapped his spur into the ground, and, leaning back, laughed so loud that all the cocks in the neighborhood crowed.

Mrs. Feathertop rose up out of her swoon, and Mr. Gray Cock was greatly enraged.

"What do you mean, sir, by such behavior in the house of mourning?"

"My dear sir, pardon me,— but there is no occasion for mourning. My dear madam, let me congratulate you. There is no harm done. The simple matter is, dear madam, you have been under a hallucination all along. The neighborhood and my learned friend the doctor have all made a mistake in thinking that these children of yours were hens at all. They are ducks, ma'am, evidently ducks, and very finely formed ducks I dare say."

At this moment a quack was heard, and at a distance the whole tribe were seen coming waddling home, their feathers gleaming in green and gold, and they themselves in high good spirits.

"Such a splendid day as we have had!" they all cried in a breath. "And we know now how to get our own living; we can take care of ourselves in future, so you need have no further trouble with us."

"Madam," said the doctor, making a bow with an air which displayed his tail-feathers to advantage, "let me congratulate you on the charming family

you have raised. A finer brood of young, healthy ducks I never saw. Give claw, my dear friend," he said, addressing the elder son. "In our barn-yard no family is more respected than that of the ducks."

And so Madam Feathertop came off glorious at last; and when after this the ducks used to go swimming up and down the river like so many nabobs among the admiring hens, Doctor Peppercorn used to look after them and say, "Ah! I had the care of their infancy!" and Mr. Gray Cock and his wife used to say, "It was our system of education did that!"

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

WHO is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He is waiting for the coach; it comes up presently, and he gets on the top of it, and begins to look about him.

They soon leave the chimney-pots behind them; his eyes wander with delight over the harvest-fields, he smells the honeysuckle in the hedge-row, and he wishes he was down among the hazel-bushes, that he might strip them of the milky nuts; then he sees a great wain piled up with barley, and he wishes he was seated on the top of it; then they go through a little wood, and he likes to see the checkered shadows of the trees lying across the white road; and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he cannot forbear to whoop and halloo, though he cannot chase it to its nest.

The other passengers are delighted with his simplicity and childlike glee; and they encourage him to talk to them about the sea and ships, especially Her Majesty's —, wherein he has the honor to sail. In the jargon of the sea, he describes her many perfections, and enlarges on her peculiar advantages; he then confides to them how a certain middy, having been ordered to the masthead as a punishment, had seen, while sitting on the top-mast cross-trees, something uncommonly like the sea-serpent, — but, finding this hint received with incredulous smiles, he begins to tell them how he hopes that, some day, he shall be promoted to have charge of the poop. The passengers hope he will have that honor; they have no doubt he deserves it. His cheeks flush with pleasure to hear them say so, and he little thinks that they have no notion in what "that honor" may happen to consist.

The coach stops; the little midshipman, with his hands in his pockets, sits rattling his money, and singing. There is a poor woman standing by the door of the village inn; she looks careworn, and well she may, for in the spring her husband went up to London to seek for work. He got work, and she was expecting soon to join him there, when, alas! a fellow-workman wrote her word how he had met with an accident, how he was very bad, and

wanted his wife to come and nurse him. But she has two young children, and is destitute; she must walk up all the way, and she is sick at heart when she thinks that perhaps he may die among strangers before she can reach him.

She does not think of begging, but seeing the boy's eyes attracted to her, she makes him a courtesy, and he withdraws his hand and throws her down a sovereign. She looks at it with incredulous joy, and then she looks at him.

"It's all right," he says, and the coach starts again, while, full of gratitude, she hires a cart to take her across the country to the railway, that the next night she may sit by the bedside of her sick husband.

The midshipman knows nothing about that; and he never will know.

The passengers go on talking, — the little midshipman has told them who he is, and where he is going. But there is one man who has never joined in the conversation; he is dark-looking and restless; he sits apart; he has seen the glitter of the falling coin, and now he watches the boy more narrowly than before.

He is a strong man, resolute and determined; the boy with the pockets full of money will be no match for him. He has told the other passengers that his father's house is the parsonage at Y——, the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get down at the nearest point, and walk, or rather run, over to his home, through the great wood.

The man decides to get down too, and go through the wood; he will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out or struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chance against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.

No. There seems indeed little chance of escape: the half-fledged bird just fluttering down from its nest has no more chance against the keen-eyed hawk, than the little light-hearted sailor-boy will have against him.

And now they reach the village where the boy is to alight. He wishes the other passengers, "Good evening!" and runs lightly down between the scattered houses. The man has got down also, and is following.

The path lies through the village church-yard; there is evening service, and the door is wide open, for it is warm. The little midshipman steals up the porch, looks in, and listens. The clergyman has just risen from his knees in the pulpit, and is giving out his text. Thirteen months have passed since the boy was within a house of prayer; and a feeling of pleasure and awe induces him to stand still and listen.

"Are not two sparrows," he hears, "sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

He hears the opening sentences of the sermon; and then he remembers his home, and comes softly out of the porch, full of a calm and serious pleasure. The clergyman has reminded him of his father, and his careless heart is now filled with the echoes of his voice and of his prayers. He thinks on what the clergyman said, of the care of our Heavenly Father for us; he

remembers how, when he left home, his father prayed that he might be preserved through every danger; he does not remember any particular danger that he has been exposed to, excepting in the great storm; but he is grateful that he has come home in safety, and he hopes whenever he shall be in danger, which he supposes he shall be some day,—he hopes that then the providence of God will watch over him and protect him. And so he presses onward to the entrance of the wood.

The man is there before him. He has pushed himself into the thicket, and cut a heavy stake; he suffers the boy to go on before, and then he comes out, falls into the path, and follows him. It is too light at present for his deed of darkness, and too near the entrance of the wood; but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty yards from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear,—he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home, makes him dash off suddenly after his saunter, with a whoop and a bound. On he goes, as if running a race; the path bends, and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yet," he thinks; "he cannot keep this pace up long."

The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he puts up a young white owl that can scarcely fly, and it goes whirring along, close to the ground, before him. He gains upon it; another moment, and it will be his. Now it gets the start again; they come to the branching of the paths, and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow is too strong to be resisted; he knows that somewhere, deep in the wood, there is a cross track by which he can get into the path he has left; it is only to run a little faster, and he shall be at home nearly as soon.

On he rushes; the path takes a bend, and he is just out of sight when his pursuer comes where the paths divide. The boy has turned to the right; the man takes the left, and the faster they both run, the farther they are asunder.

The white owl still leads him on; the path gets darker and narrower; at last he finds that he has missed it altogether, and his feet are on the soft ground. He flounders about among the trees and stumps, vexed with himself, and panting after his race. At last he hits upon another track, and pushes on as fast as he can. The ground begins sensibly to descend,—he has lost his way,—but he keeps bearing to the left; and, though it is now dark, he thinks that he must reach the main path sooner or later.

He does not know this part of the wood, but he runs on. O little midshipman! why did you chase that owl? If you had kept in the path with the dark man behind you, there was a chance that you might have outrun him; or, if he had overtaken you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries, and come to save you. Now you are running on straight to your death, for the forest water is deep and black at the bottom of this hill. O that the moon might come out and show it to you!

The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds; and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his foot as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes his feet against a stone, stumbles and falls. Two minutes more and he will roll into the black water.

"Heyday!" cries the boy, "what's this? O, how it tears my hands! O this thorn-bush! O my arms! I can't get free!" He struggles and pants. "All this comes of leaving the path," he says; "I should n't have cared for rolling down if it had n't been for this bush. The fern was soft enough. I'll never stray in a wood at night again. There, free at last! And my jacket nearly torn off my back!"

With a good deal of patience, and a great many scratches, he gets free of the thorn which had arrested his progress when his feet were within a yard of the water, manages to scramble up the bank, and makes the best of his way through the wood.

And now, as the clouds move slowly onward, the moon shows her face on the black surface of the water; and the little white owl comes and hoots, and flutters over it like a wandering snow-drift. But the boy is deep in the wood again, and knows nothing of the danger from which he has escaped.

All this time the dark passenger follows the main track, and believes that his prey is before him. At last he hears a crashing of dead boughs, and presently the little midshipman's voice not fifty yards before him. Yes, it is too true; the boy is in the cross track. He will pass the cottage in the wood directly, and after that his pursuer will come upon him.

The boy bounds into the path; but, as he passes the cottage, he is so thirsty, and so hot, that he thinks he must ask the inhabitants if they can sell him a glass of ale.

He enters without ceremony. "Ale?" says the woodman, who is sitting at his supper. "No, we have no ale; but perhaps my wife can give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he comes in, and shuts the door; and, while he sits waiting for the milk, footsteps pass. They are the footsteps of his pursuer, who goes on with the stake in his hand, and is angry and impatient that he has not yet come up with him.

The woman goes to her little dairy for the milk, and the boy thinks she is a long time. He drinks it, thanks her, and takes his leave.

Fast and fast the man runs on, and, as fast as he can, the boy runs after him. It is very dark, but there is a yellow streak in the sky, where the moon is ploughing up a furrowed mass of gray cloud, and one or two stars are blinking through the branches of the trees.

Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on, with his weapon in his hand. Suddenly he hears the joyous whoop—not before, but behind him. He stops and listens breathlessly. Yes, it is so. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his stake to strike when the boy shall pass.

On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same instant on the ears of both; and the boy turns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels, and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up, driving a little gig.

"Hilloa!" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice. "What! benighted, youngster?"

"O, is it you, Mr. D——?" says the boy; "no, I am not benighted; or, at any rate, I know my way out of the wood."

The man draws farther back among the shrubs. "Why, bless the boy," he hears the farmer say, "to think of our meeting in this way! The parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is a lone place to be in this time o' night."

"Lone!" says the boy, laughing. "I don't mind that; and, if you know the way, it's as safe as the quarter-deck."

So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once more out of reach of the pursuer. But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and in that quarter of a mile there is still a chance of committing the robbery. He determines still to make the attempt, and cuts across the wood with such rapid strides that he reaches the farmer's gate just as the gig drives up to it.

"Well, thank you, farmer," says the midshipman, as he prepares to get down.

"I wish you good night, gentlemen," says the man, when he passes.

"Good night, friend," the farmer replies. "I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage, and hear the rest of this long tale of yours about the sea-serpent."

The little wheels go on again. They pass the man; and he stands still in the road to listen till the sound dies away. Then he flings his stake into the hedge, and goes back again. His evil purposes have all been frustrated, — the thoughtless boy has baffled him at every turn.

And now the little midshipman is at home, — the joyful meeting has taken place; and when they have all admired his growth, and decided whom he is like, and measured his height on the window-frame, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about his adventures, more for the pleasure of hearing him talk than any curiosity.

"Adventures!" says the boy, seated between his father and mother on a sofa. "Why, ma, I *did* write you an account of the voyage, and there's nothing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day, — at least nothing particular."

"You came by the coach we told you of?" asks his father.

"O yes, papa; and when we had got about twenty miles, there came up a beggar while we changed horses, and I threw down (as I thought) a shilling, but, as it fell, I saw it was a sovereign. She was very honest, and showed me what it was, but I did n't take it back, for you know, mamma, it's a long time since I gave anything to anybody."

"Very true, my boy," his mother answers; "but you should not be careless with your money; and few beggars are worthy objects of charity."

"I suppose you got down at the cross-roads?" says his elder brother.

"Yes, and went through the wood. I should have been here sooner if I had n't lost my way there."

"Lost your way!" says his mother, alarmed. "My dear boy, you should not have left the path at dusk."

"O ma," says the little midshipman, with a smile, "you're always thinking we're in danger. If you could see me sometimes sitting at the jib-boom end, or across the main-top-mast cross-trees, you *would* be frightened. But what danger can there be in a wood?"

"Well, my boy," she answers, "I don't wish to be over-anxious, and to make my children uncomfortable by my fears. What did you stray from the path for?"

"Only to chase a little owl, mamma; but I did n't catch her, after all. I got a roll down a bank, and caught my jacket against a thorn-bush, which was rather unlucky. Ah! three large holes I see in my sleeve. And so I scrambled up again, and got into the path, and asked at the cottage for some beer. What a time the woman kept me, to be sure! I thought it would never come. But very soon after Mr. D—— drove up in his gig, and he brought me on to the gate."

"And so, this account of your adventures being brought to a close," his father says, "we discover that there were no adventures to tell!"

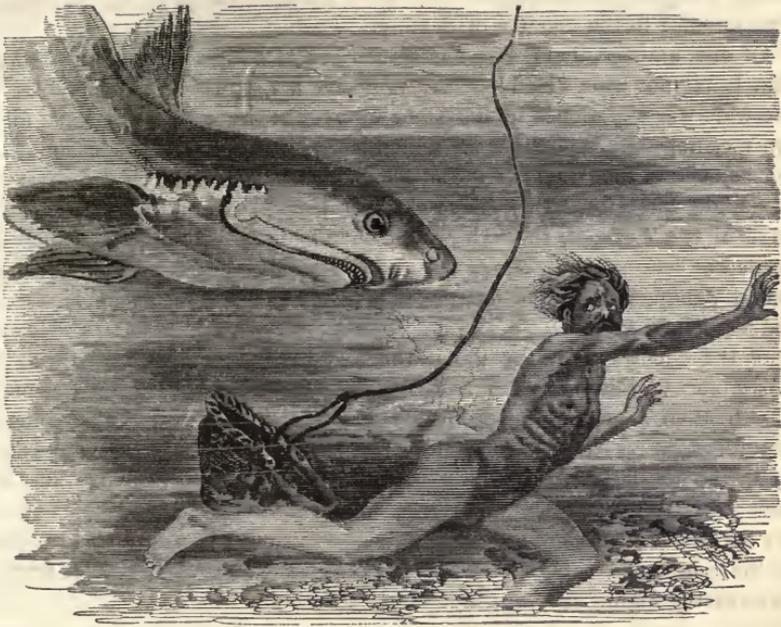
"No, papa, nothing happened,—nothing particular, I mean."

Nothing particular! If they could have known, they would have thought lightly in comparison of the dangers of "the jib-boom end, and the main-top-mast cross-trees." But they did not know, any more than we do, of the dangers that hourly beset us. Some few dangers we are aware of, and we do what we can to provide against them; but, for the greater portion, "our eyes are held that we cannot see." We walk securely under His guidance, without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground"; and when we have had escapes that the angels have admired at, we come home and say, perhaps, that "nothing has happened,—at least, nothing particular."

It is not well that our minds should be much exercised about these hidden dangers, since they are so many and so great that no human art or foresight can prevent them. But it is very well that we should reflect constantly on that loving Providence which watches every footstep of a track always balancing between time and eternity; and that such reflections should make us both happy and afraid,—afraid of trusting our souls and bodies too much to any earthly guide or earthly security,—happy from the knowledge that there is One with whom we may trust them wholly, and with whom the very hairs of our heads are all numbered. Without such trust, how can we rest or be at peace? but with it we may say with the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety!"

Fean Ingelow.





AN ADVENTURE IN THE VERMILION SEA.

IN reading the newspaper reports of the Titanic contest lately carried on by the armies of America, and now happily come to a close, ever and anon have been brought under my notice the names of old comrades who had shared with me in the perils of the Mexican campaign of 1846-48, which, with no slight conceit, we were wont to designate the "Second Conquest of Mexico." Alas! many of these have since fallen upon another field, and are now slumbering with the dead, the victims of a fraternal strife of which I—at that time an impartial observer—could not detect either sign or seed!

In the Mexican expedition there was no quarrelling between the sons of the North and the sons of the South,—no trace of sectional jealousy, beyond that slight feeling of rivalry such as in our own land exists between Saxon and Scot, and occasionally expends itself in the interchange of a harmless badinage. If the volcano then slumbered, it was too deep for the detection of one who was a stranger to both sides, and alike the friend of both before the breaking out of the quarrel.

It is pleasanter to record that many of my quondam comrades still survive, and that many of them who were simple subs when the writer of this was a "full-pay captain" are now brigadier, major, and lieutenant-generals. Nor does the reflection detract one iota from the pleasure of the record. All

honor to my former associates, who have pursued the path, by me forsaken, in obedience to the dictates of destiny.

Of one, among others, who has since risen to a high reputation, — so high that I may not trifle with his name, — I have a vivid remembrance. Despite the wide war experience he has since undergone, he will scarce have forgotten me, nor that campaign, so romantically picturesque, that terminated in our sojourn in the “halls of the Montezumas.” No doubt he will remember that night when he sat by my side under the Peruvian pepper-trees, by the edge of the *Pedrega*, through which chaotic tract of country we had succeeded in scrambling. It was the night that preceded our first action in the actual Valley of Mexico. On the following morn, as the cocks of San Geronimo began to crow, we entered that quince-growing village, and cleared it of the enemy, capturing the intrenched camp of General Victoria, with thirty pieces of cannon, and half his *corps d’armée*, while the writer of this sketch, then a believer in military fame, had the felicity of enscaffing his shoulders with a battle-flag, snatched by his own hand from the enemy’s ensign, who tried hard to retain it. They are not adventures of his own he is now about to relate; nor was he even an eyewitness of them. They were the deeds of Lieutenant, now General C——, communicated under the shade of the *mollé*, where both of us, on picket-guard, had taken shelter from the dews of the night.

* * * * *

“How sharply those mosquitoes bite!” I remarked to my comrade, after rubbing my cheeks into a state of fire. “I’ve never felt them half so bad down in the *tierra caliente*. One would suppose they could not sting so violently up here in the cold table-lands.”

“It’s not that,” answered he. “Have n’t you been pulling some of these pepper-berries and squeezing them between your fingers?”

“Why — yes — I believe I have.”

“Then you’ve been adding fuel to the flame. It’s the juice of the pimento that has added irritation to the sting. Stay a bit! Perhaps I can find something here that will relieve you from the pain, and something else that will secure you against further molestation.”

“And yourself?”

“O, I never suffer from such things. Mosquitoes don’t sting me.”

His remark did not cause me any surprise. I knew that two persons may be seated or standing side by side, even sleeping in the same bed, and that in the morning one of them may be spotted with mosquito punctures, while the other shows a skin into which the poisonous proboscis has not been once inserted.

I made no rejoinder, as C—— had arisen from his seat, and strolled off into the *chapparal*. In a short time he returned; and, although it was a dark night, I could see that he carried something in his hands.

“I’ve got two plants here,” he said, crouching back under the branches of the pepper-tree. “One is a cure, the other a preventive. Rub this over your cheeks, and it will take out the sting of the mosquitoes before you can count sixteen.”

I did as desired, applying to my skin some succulent leaf,—a species of cactus, I think,—which C—— had split open with his knife. I felt relief almost instantaneously.

“Now the other!” said he, extending his hand towards me. “Give your skin a smearing of that, Captain, and I’ll lay three months of my pay-roll against one of yours,—which is about two to one,—that you won’t be bitten by another mosquito before to-morrow night.”

Once more I yielded obedience to my subaltern, though this time less ignorant of the remedy administered. The smell of the plant that was to act as a preventive was not new to me; it was the *pennyroyal* of the Americans, a weed well known in the Southwestern States under a still more eccentric appellation. My companion had collected a handful of leaves, which he directed me to crush between the palms of my hands; and afterwards to rub the sap thus extracted over such parts of my skin as were exposed to the attacks of the insects.

I followed his instructions. The recipe proved a perfect success; and often afterwards, when every contrivance—spirits of turpentine, camphor, tobacco-smoke, and the like—has failed, I have seen the mosquito hosts routed and put to flight by a single drop of the essence of pennyroyal. I have never known this remedy to fail.

The little incident led me to a series of reflections, of which C—— was the subject. He was one of the most singular of my comrades. He had entered the company I commanded as a private soldier; but that was nothing strange. It did not preclude the probability of his being a “born gentleman.” There were many well-educated young fellows, sons of planters, professional men, and merchants, who shouldered the musket alongside of him. And yet he was not one of them. Notwithstanding a handsome person, and a certain elegance of air that proclaimed aristocratic descent, he was but imperfectly educated; and what was stranger still, he knew not where he had been born, and could scarce tell how or where he had been taught the little of book-learning he knew. He only remembered that his early life had been spent aboard ship, and that he had tossed about from one port to another, until he had completed the circumnavigation of the globe. He was a true stray. At New Orleans he had joined the corps of “Rifle-Rangers,” in which he was soon promoted to the highest rank its commander could bestow upon him,—that of first sergeant. His conduct at the battle of Cerro Gordo brought him under the notice of higher authority, and obtained for him the commission of lieutenant.

“You have seen much of the world, Mr. C——,” said I, after smearing my cheeks with the sap of the pennyroyal. “I’ve heard that you’ve been a good deal to sea; and, if report speaks true, a good deal *under* the sea.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed my subaltern; “you allude to my having once been a pearl-diver? O yes, that is true enough.”

“Come, give me an account of your experiences in the submarine world; and if you have an adventure to relate, it will help to while away the hours. Notwithstanding the relief I have obtained from your soothing syrup, I don’t

think I shall sleep to-night ; especially since we know that, instead of the fife and drum, our *reveillé* will be the boom of the cannon."

"With all my heart, Captain ; you are welcome to an account of my pearl-diving experiences. I shall relate one that I suppose may be fairly entitled to the name of adventure. The scene, as you will have anticipated, lies in the Gulf of California ; for it was there that I practised plucking the precious gems from 'the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean.'"

I made no rejoinder ; but lighting a cigar, and inviting my comrade to do the same, I left him free to continue his narration.

"How I came to visit California will scarce interest you. I chanced to be aboard of a whaling-ship that had entirely failed to strike cachalots in the Pacific, but had got short-handed by a sort of virulent scurvy that in a week carried off two thirds of the crew. Our captain, a thorough Yankee, had no idea of going home with an empty ship ; and, from some information he had received, took a fancy into his head that he could make his fortune by collecting pearls in the Gulf of California. Thither he steered ; and, after rounding Cape St. Lucas, entered the famed Sea of Cortez, and came to anchor between the islands of Cerralvo and Espiritu Santo.

"To understand my motive for becoming a pearl-diver, it will be necessary to give you some account of this calling, which is both precarious and perilous. As you may know, the pearl-oyster beds — by the Mexicans called *placeres* — are found in several parts of the Californian Gulf ; but only along the shores of the peninsula itself, or around the islands. On the coast of the Mexican mainland they have not been discovered ; in all likelihood owing to the strong sou'-westers that keep the surf in constant commotion. The pearl-oyster is the inhabitant of a tranquil sea ; and as the other side is sheltered by the elevated mountain range running longitudinally throughout the peninsula, it there finds the sort of bed it delights to lie upon.

"The fishery is carried on at different points of the coast, extending from the Bay of Molexe to Cape Palmo. Of late years the most celebrated *placeres* have been those of the harbors Pichelingo and La Paz, the isles Cerralvo and Espiritu Santo, Point Lorenzo, and the Bay of Molexe itself. But a *placer* resorted to one year may be shunned in the next, or become the place of general rendezvous, according to the repute it may have gained by its products of the preceding season.

"In the olden time, when the Spanish colonists prosecuted this branch of industry with more energy than their Mexican descendants, there were other *placeres* of grand repute. One of these was the island of Tiburon, farther up the Gulf. That many pearls were obtained there is proved by the vast mounds of shells and the remains of washing-tanks still seen upon the shores of the island. It is supposed that the *placeres* of Tiburon are still rich in the precious bivalve ; but the present divers have no knowledge of the fact beyond their conjectures. They dare not land on the island, or even approach its shores, through fear of the Ceres Indians, — a warlike and hostile tribe, — who make it their occasional home.

But few of the men who engage in the Californian pearl-fishery belong to

the peninsula itself. Nearly all come from the seaports on the opposite coast of Sonora. There is a master, termed *armador*, who is sometimes owner of the vessel and outfit. Sometimes he is only a supercargo intrusted with the commercial department of the undertaking, its real owner being a merchant, resident in Guaymas, Mazatlan, or some other Pacific port.

"The armador finds the vessel, a schooner of twenty to forty tons, the diving-boats, the provisions required for a three months' sojourn among the *placeras*, with all the implements required in the calling. Both these and the food provided are of the simplest kind; the latter consisting of dried figs, some sun-dried beef (*tasajo*), with a quantity of Mexican beans (*frigoles*), and maize meal to make the universal dish called *atolé*. The armador is also provided with cash to purchase their share of the pearls from his divers; but he finds a more profitable currency in a keg or two of *aguardiente*, distilled from the wild *maguey*, or mezcal plant.

"He has nothing to do either with the management of the craft or the actual diving for the oysters. The first is in charge of a skipper, called the *arraez*, who has four or five not very expert sailors to assist him. These are mostly half-caste Mexican Indians; though white men, and sometimes negroes, form a portion of the crew.

"The 'buzos' or divers are nearly all full-blooded Indians of the Yaqui tribe, the most powerful in Sonora. They are men who have practised diving until they are almost as much at home under the water as upon its surface. They commonly follow their perilous calling for about three months in the year, that is, while the fishery lasts. When it is over, they return with their gains — not very heavy — and betake themselves to other occupations; for the Yaquis, besides being one of the most warlike, are also an industrious race. Many of them take their women along with them to the fishery, where they are also accompanied by the crones or sorceresses of the tribe, who are supposed to have the power of insuring success in their enterprise.

"As the 'buzos' are by no means of prudent habits, at the outset of each expedition they look to the armador for their outfit. It consists of a knife, a yard or two of coarse baize (*bayeta*) to wrap their loins in, and a few trifles required in their simple *cuisinè*. This outfit is considered in the light of an advance of wages, to be deducted from the first product of their industry.

"At whatever time the different vessels may start from their ports of embarkation, they all arrive about the same time at the common rendezvous. Of these there may be several more or less frequented, according to the popularity which the *placeras* have obtained in the preceding year. There is no monopoly as to the ground. The oyster-beds are not preserved; though they are not quite so free as the ocean itself, since a tax of twenty per cent on the 'take' is demanded by the government. In former times, when the Spaniards held sway in these parts, and the Virgin was more revered, she too came in for her *diez mo*. This religious tribute is now abolished, to the great chagrin of the Californian fathers of the Church. The divers are not paid in cash, but in pearls, or more strictly speaking, in oysters. When they have fished up a certain number, and before the shells are

opened, the partition is made. One fifth goes to the custom-house, whose officer is upon the spot to guard against contrabandism; though in his own dealings with the government he is less particular. The residue is divided into two equal portions; one half for the armador, the other remaining the property of the divers. The pearls rarely stay long in possession of these. The unsettled score for advanced wages, and the yearning for *aguardiente*, soon tempt the precious pearls out of the pockets of those who have procured them with so much toil, and at so great risk of life; and the Indian too often returns to his native village as poor as when he left it.

“He is himself not so very innocent; he will secrete a pearl whenever he can find the chance, and dispose of it upon opportunity. This he has no difficulty in obtaining; since one half the employment of the arreos and armadors consists in the purchasing of pearls that have been surreptitiously abstracted from the shells by the *buzos* in their boats, — each supercargo trading with the divers belonging to some rival owner. The arreo is sometimes paid a regular salary by the week or month, and so also is the armador, who is not the owner of the vessel he is in charge of. Often, however, both share in the enterprise, or are allowed to take a number of divers on their own account. The daily routine of the pearl-diver is sufficiently monotonous, unless when it is varied by some perilous adventure with a shark, a *manta*, or other monster of the deep.

“The men have their breakfast of *atolé* (a sort of gruel made of Indian meal) along with roast or stewed *tasajo*. At eleven they are rowed out in their boats, — small craft without decks. Each is provided with a stick of about twelve inches in length, pointed at both ends, — the points having been hardened by fire. It is the *butaca*, the *buzo*'s only weapon for defence against the sharks. He carries it stuck behind his girdle of cotton stuff, the sole garment he deigns to wear while engaged in diving. If attacked, he simply inserts the *butaca* inside the jaws of the shark, placing it transversely between them, just as they have opened to swallow him. The monster becomes its own destroyer. But the *buzo* occasionally encounters an enemy against which his pointed *butaca* is but a poor means of protection. This is a species of ground-shark called the *tintorero*, far more formidable than the common kind, — far more voracious and cunning of fence. Fortunately he is of rarer occurrence than his gray congener; and when he makes his appearance upon a *placer*, there is a general combination among the divers to give chase to and destroy him. Another monster, yet more rare and more dreaded, is the *manta*, or blanket-fish, sometimes called *marrayo*, — an enormous species of *polypus*, which enwraps the diver in its vast floating folds, and drags him down to the dark caverns of the deep.

“The diver's toil is too severe to be long continued. It is over by the hour of two; when he is rewarded by his dinner of *tasajo* and *frigoles*. The afternoon is spent in the distribution of the spoils. The armador sees that his shells are placed in a pile exposed to the sun; where, after a time, the rough valves relax their sinewy contact, and are easily opened. The process of washing is then performed in tubes or tanks constructed for the

purpose: and the precious pearls come glistening forth to gratify the eyes that stand anxiously expecting them. When one larger than common appears, a valuable *viuda* (widow), — for by this name are known those of deep purplish color, — then may be witnessed the usual signs of rejoicing; the fortunate proprietor fancying for the time that he has been richly rewarded for his toil. It is, in fact, a similar excitement to that experienced by the gold-digger who has discovered a nugget, or the gambler who has won a grand stake; and in this may be found the charm of the pearl-diver's life; otherwise it would be an existence so tame as to become intolerable.

"You will think I am a long while in coming to the promised adventure?" said my lieutenant, after completing his extended account. "It is possible I may have talked you asleep, Captain."

"On the contrary, you have kept me awake. I have been very much interested in all you have said. I pray you go on."

"Well, I told you the Yankee whaler carried his diminished crew, of whom your humble servant was one of the survivors, to the pearl placers. He had no difficulty in finding them. He knew there were some near Cervalvo, where he had once been before; and on sighting this island we saw the assembled fleet of the regular pearl-fishers, for it was in the season of the *buzeo*. We dropped anchor in their midst, our craft, although only a two-hundred-ton schooner, appearing like a leviathan among them.

"Once on the ground, however, our skipper did not see his course so clear. What was he to do for divers? There was n't a man among his crew who could have brought up an oyster from the bottom; few, indeed, who desired to engage in such an undertaking. I was myself — I don't say it with any intention of boasting — the best swimmer aboard, — the best diver too; but in that I should have appeared a novice among the Yaquis, who were plunging about the place. Our skipper tried to detach a number of them from the service of their legitimate masters, but without any success. Partly from natural jealousy, and partly that they were bound by contract, they resisted his bribes; though he offered them a percentage far exceeding that which they were obtaining.

"On his purpose becoming known to the Mexicans, we found ourselves in a hornet's nest. The arrees and armadors, backed by their motley crews, united in a body against us; and we were in danger of being mobbed in the middle of the ocean. We were allowed to land; but our stay upon shore was not desirable. Whenever we went among the huts and tents of the *buzos*, we were followed by a crowd of scolding crones; who, regarding us in the light of interlopers, poured every imprecation upon our heads.

"You would suppose that our skipper would have given the thing up, and sailed back to the Pacific in search of *cachalots*. He was not the man to yield so easily. He had come into the Gulf of California to fish for pearls; and for pearls he would fish. So did he declare his determination. He appealed to his crew of whalers, myself among the rest. Stung by the slighting treatment we had received from the Mexican fishermen, and a trifle stimulated by their jeers, we were but too willing to assist him; and we at once determined to have a try at the trade of diving for oysters.

“As it chanced, there were two or three independent buzos upon the island. These, secured by a golden bribe, consented to become our instructors.

“I shall never forget the sensation I experienced in making my first descent to the bottom of the great deep. I had often been under water before; and thought nothing of taking a header from the bulwarks of a ship or the parapet of a bridge. But then I only went down to come up again as soon as I could, and as soon as the pressure upon the ears became painful. I had never gone to that depth where the drum of your ear seems suddenly to burst, with an explosion as of a cannon fired close to your head, and followed by an instantaneous cessation of the pain!

“Directed by one of the divers, I underwent this experience. With arms joined overhead, I made a somersault out of one of the ship’s boats, going down at the first plunge as far as the impetus would carry me. At the depth of three or four fathoms I felt the water grow colder; and the pain both in my eyes and ears was then excruciating. I was prepared for this; and also to find that I could not go deeper without making an exertion of my arms and limbs. I felt light as a cork, with a constant tendency to ‘bob’ up again to the surface.

“There was much to make me yield to this tendency. There was the fear of going too deep, but more than that did I dread at such a depth to encounter the sharks or other monsters who might be down below. My confidence had not been confirmed by what I had heard before taking the dive. While standing by the gunwale of the boat, I had listened to the talk of the Mexican fishermen, who, amidst jeering shouts, also gave voice to a cry of more unpleasant significance: ‘*Guarda te los tintoreros! Guarda la manta!*’ ‘Beware of the ground-sharks! Beware of the blanket-fish!’

“But while their cries had done much to terrify, they had also done something to fortify me in my determination to reach the bottom. At four fathoms depth I remembered them; and knowing the reproaches that would hail my sudden reappearance, I once more kicked energetically upwards, and with head downward continued my descent. I soon after felt that indescribable sensation, that tapping of the tympanum, accompanied by its unearthly report, preceded by excruciating pain, and followed by a proportionate pleasure, such as one feels on escaping from the shock of a shower-bath!

“This over, I no longer dreaded going down; and, renewing my exertions, I soon found myself at the bottom of the sea. I did not stay to look for oysters; the most precious pearl could not have detained me. I felt that I had done enough for one dive; and ceasing to battle against the buoyancy of the water, I was carried back to the surface without making the slightest exertion. Blood was oozing from my ears, eyes, and nostrils. But there was no pain; and my instructor comforted me with the declaration, that the triple hemorrhage was always experienced in such cases, at the same time assuring me against any evil results.

“On my next attempt at diving, I brought up an oyster which chanced to contain a very large pearl of the kind known as *viuda*. I felt no little elated by my success, — scarce attributing it to chance.

“We — that is the crew of the whaler, skipper included — had been all

along under the belief that the pearl-oysters were deposited in 'beds' at the bottom. We supposed they would be found strewed over the sand or pebbles as thickly as shells upon a sea-beach. My first dive showed me the incorrectness of this belief, and that 'beds' applied to the depositories of the pearl-bearing bivalve is a misnomer, arising from its application to the banks whereon are found the oysters of the common species. Instead of a sandy or pebbly bed, I found the bottom of the Californian Gulf — at least that part where we had set about collecting the pearls — to be an incongruous chaos of rocks; with here and there dark fissures between them a foot or two in width, and often running down to the depth of eight or ten feet. To these rocks, both on their sides and top, the shell-fish were attached, clinging to them with their threads, like barnacles to the copper of a ship. The light at such a depth — eight fathoms it was — glimmered dim as twilight; but I had no difficulty in discovering the oysters. Though not set thickly over the rock, I could see several at a time, and with sufficient distinctness to know that they were the objects for which I had gone down. They appeared of great size, — so much larger than those I had observed in the hands of the buzos above, — that for the moment I fancied myself the fortunate finder of some rich placer, for a long time left undisturbed. I was then unacquainted with a very simple phenomenon: the magnifying power of light, or rather semi-darkness, at that great depth. On seizing hold of a shell-fish, one of the largest that was near me, I was not undeceived. Strange to say, it *felt* to the *touch* just as it *appeared* to the *eye*; — proving how one of our senses may lead the other astray. It was not till after I had got back into the boat and examined my treasure, that I perceived it was no bigger than several others already there; although, as above stated, it contained one of the largest and most precious of pearls.

"I afterwards ascertained that the size of the shell is no criterion either of the bulk of the enclosed pearl, or its value in other respects. Often a medium-sized oyster is fished up, producing a pearl of high price, while some of the largest shells are found altogether wanting in that portion of their contents so much coveted. Very small shells, however, being those of young fish, are scarce worth the trouble of washing.

"During my first spell at diving I was cured of another misconception, as were also my fellow-whalesmen. I had been under the impression that the shells only needed 'picking up,' and bringing along with one to the surface. Picking up, indeed! It required all my strength to detach them from the stones to which they clung by their broad beard-like fringe, as firmly fixed as if the air had been pumped from under them. Several times, while in the act of tugging at a shell, I was compelled to let go, or else have my fingers lacerated by the sharp spinous protuberances set all over its exterior. Letting go too abruptly was followed by a sudden ascent to the surface, — just as if one had been holding on to the projection of a cliff, and by relaxing his hold had fallen gently to the bottom. It was like reversing the order of gravitation, and, instead of downwards, making a *descent upwards!*

"To all these phenomena — strange at first — we soon became accustomed;

for our Yankee skipper, instead of giving up in despair, had determined to continue the fishery. We were not so unsuccessful, either. The *buzeo* of that year chanced to be unusually profitable, the whole placer yielding well; and, despite our clumsiness, we came in for a fair share of the products. Several other independent divers from the mainland had enlisted in our service, until we at length formed a respectable cohort. Moreover, our skipper possessed a certain advantage over the Mexican armadors. In his purse there was some cash, and in his cabin a stock of Yankee 'notions,' which found favor in the eyes of the Yaquis. Into that same cabin soon made their way the *surreptitious* pearls, though the purchase of these was above-board and open; since it was the practice of every armador in the fleet.

"We remained at Cerralvo during the whole of the pearl-collecting season. Most of our men, from clumsy whalers, had become transformed to adroit divers, and could have gained a living anywhere that pearls are to be obtained, — in the Bay of Panama, at Cubagua, or Ceylon. For myself, I had grown to regard a subaqueous life as quite a natural state of existence. I could remain several minutes below the surface; could swim, and tack, and turn under the water; could go down to any depth inside eleven fathoms, either perpendicularly or diagonally; could maintain myself at the bottom, or midway between top and bottom, without being buoyed up against my will; could stand erect, walk, crawl, or lie still, upon the ocean's bed, — in short, perform all those feats that are the boast of the *buzos*. I had become as fearless as they, not only of the deep itself, but of its monsters. Armed with my two-pointed stick, — in the use of which I had been well instructed by one of the independent divers, who took great interest in me, — I would swim among the sharks with as much carelessness as though they were but minnows. Twice had I encountered these creatures in their own element, twice in deadly strife, and on each occasion had I succeeded in spitting them upon my *butaca*.

"As yet I had not been brought face to face with the *tintorero*. I had heard a great deal about these dreaded 'tigers of the sea,' for they, with the *marrayos*, were the constant theme of the pearl-diver's conversation, as the grizzly bear is that of the Rocky Mountain trapper, or the lion that of the traveller across the South African Karoo. I had seen one or two of them at a distance, or rather their luminous track as they glided by; and had witnessed the dread which even this inspired among the native divers, who have scarce any fear of the common shark. It is fortunate for them that the *tintoreros* are at best but scarce animals, and at most times shy, — this last characteristic being attributable to the universal hatred in which they are held, and which leads to their more energetic persecution. Were they as plentiful as the common sharks, the pearl-oyster might sleep undisturbed on his stony bed. When they do make their appearance upon the placers in pairs, — and they usually hunt in such companionship, — the whole community of divers becomes excited, and, whatever their previous rivalries, unite to attack the *tintorero*. All know that, so long as these monsters remain in the proximity of the placer, the fishery must be suspended; else any one of the divers,

and at any moment, may become food for the phosphorescent fish. Against the tintorero the two-pointed stick is no protection. His jaws open wide enough to swallow both it and its holder. It is safe only to attack him from the boats, by harpoons, spears, javelins, or such other weapons as may be used at a distance. Some of the more daring of the divers will meet the tintorero in his own element, using in the combat the long-bladed Spanish knife. But these encounters are of rare occurrence, and shunned except under the stimulus of public applause.

“I had become curious to make the acquaintance of this famed tyrant of the placeres, though with no desire to be introduced to him under water. The glances I had obtained were too slight and casual to satisfy me of anything more than his existence, and I had come to regard the general dread of him as a sort of fanciful fear,—such as is felt for many innocent animals that have obtained an evil reputation. An opportunity at length arrived in which I not only had my curiosity gratified, but my scepticism so completely removed, that from that hour I never doubted the dangerous character of the tintorero.

“From a man residing in La Paz—its *alcalde* in fact—our skipper had discovered—or fancied he had discovered—a *secret*. At about a league’s distance from where the fishery was going forward there existed a rich placer of *las margaritas* (the pearls). It was a sunken shoal of rock, or rather one grand rock, ten fathoms below the surface of the sea. It had formerly been famous among the divers, but of late years lost sight of,—the *alcalde* knew not why. He believed that it was through dread of the tintoreros and *marrayos*, that were said to surround the shoal in countless numbers, as if guarding its precious treasures against the invasion of human hands.

“The honest *alcalde* acknowledged himself unacquainted with the exact situation of this priceless placer. He could only say that, from what he had heard, it was about a league due northward from the island of *Espiritu Santo*; and surely a skilled hydrographer like the *Capitan Americano* could soon discover it by his soundings?

“It was not the flattering speech that induced us to make the trial. There was some probability that the *alcalde*’s statements were true. One of the *buzos* had already told our skipper a similar tale. In consequence of this evidence, the schooner’s anchors were taken up. We steered towards the spot where it was supposed the placer existed, and there commenced taking soundings. We were not doomed to disappointment. Sure enough a sunken shoal was discovered, corresponding to that described by the *alcalde*, and confirmed by the statement of the diver. The lead proclaimed it ten fathoms under water, and covering about an acre of the sea’s bottom. A rock, or a shoal, it mattered not which; in either case a likely spot for the pearl-oyster to repose upon. The schooner ceased to take soundings. Her anchor was dropped, her boats lowered, and we proceeded to inspect—more minutely than had been done by the lead—the position of the placer.

“The divers were ordered down, myself among the rest,—not all in one place, but from different boats, at different points around the sunken rock. Armed in the usual manner I went *below*,—I confess with some slight feeling

of fear, — to cause which both the *alcalde* and *buzo* had contributed by their tales of *tintoreros* and *marrayos*. To neutralize it, I had the stimulus of cupidity; for, although I have not said it, I, as also my whaler comrades, were *diving upon shares*. Who could tell how many ‘widows’ were below, — rich widows, who in the pearl markets of Mexico or Guadalajara would command a fabulous price? Excited by the prospect of achieving great riches, I plunged in head foremost, cleaving my downward way through the jelly-like liquid, like an arrow projected from its bow.

“I was soon at the bottom, and commenced reconnoitring around me. I saw it was no shoal, but a sunken rock, spreading over a vast superficies, and rising some three or four fathoms above the bottom of the sea. I had made my descent close to its edge, and could see the black mass towering above me. I was soon gratified by the sight of shell-fish. Having made these observations, I determined on returning to the surface; but not without taking along with me a specimen of the pearl-oyster. Grasping that which was nearest, I wrenched it from the rock, and was ready to make the ascent.

“Chancing to look up, I saw something that caused me to change my intention. Right over me was the form of a fish, but such a one as I had never seen before. It was shark-shaped, but I saw it was not the common shark. Its body appeared silvered, or coated, with a slimy phosphorescence. Its eyes were shining like balls of burnished brass. Though I had never seen it at close view before, I could have no doubt as to what it was, — a *tintorero*. It was midway between me and the surface, resting horizontally along the water; but I could tell by the vibratory movement of its pectoral fins, that it was ready to change position at the shortest notice. I saw that it was soaring above me, like a falcon over the form of a hare.

“My first thought was to fling the shell-fish away, and feel for my *butaca*. My next, that the stick would not be of the slightest service. Those frightful jaws, opening and closing, as if the monster in imagination already tasted me between them, could not be gagged by a *butaca*. My third thought was to drop the useless implement, and use all my alertness in attempting to escape by sheer speed. I was admonished to this course by the consciousness that I could not remain much longer under water. Already had I begun to pant for breath, and yearn for a free inhalation of air.

“There was no time to be expended on thoughts of strategy. Where I stood clinging to the rock, there was the certainty of being suffocated. If I ascended vertically, there was an equal certainty of being swallowed by the shark! By instinct I chose the diagonal line, and commenced ascending towards the surface. I had not got two fathoms above the bottom, when I saw it was of no use. The water became darker around me. The *tintorero* had changed place. I was still under the shadow of the shark, that hovered directly above me!

“I checked my ascent, and returned to the base of the rock. Along this I crawled, until I had accomplished a score of paces; and then once more attempted the ascent. Once more was my retreat intercepted by the *tintorero*! As before, he was above me. I lost patience, — temper. I felt as if

I could grapple with the slippery monster, and fight it out in sheer desperation. At that moment I should have given all the pearls I had procured for the possession of a knife. I was altogether unarmed, — without weapon of any kind. Even the butaca I had abandoned.

“What was to be done? There appeared only two alternatives. To stay where I was and be drowned, or ascend toward the surface and be devoured! I was actually contemplating which would be the easier mode of ‘departing this life,’ when a thought flashed across my brain that promised a chance of escape from both horns of the dilemma. While crawling along the edge of the rock, I had noticed that, instead of a pebbly bed, my feet moved amidst mud. There was a sediment of some kind quite different from stone or sand. I afterwards discovered it to be the guano wash from a neighboring islet, — the resort of thousands, ay, millions of birds. I knew nothing of this at the time. I only knew that, as my footsteps disturbed the sediment, it rose towards the surface, so clouding the water that for a time I was spared the spectacle of the hideous tintorero. The circumstance was suggestive. If I could not see the shark, surely the shark could not see me? More mud, and I might get to the surface unobserved?

“Adopting the idea thus accidentally suggested, I commenced upheaving the guano. No sugar-refiner ever stirred his pan with so much alacrity as did I the sediment around that sunken rock. I worked with hands and feet, until I could no longer go on without getting a mouthful of air. I had just enough strength left for a last effort to make a diagonal line for the surface, — just strength enough to reach it.

“In ten seconds more I should have succumbed — if not to the tintorero — to drowning. In ten seconds more I was aboard the boat from which I had taken the plunge, with the Yankee skipper bending affectionately over me, pouring kind words into my ear, and some drops of cordial down my unconscious throat!”

Mayne Reid.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE portrait which is sent with this number of “Our Young Folks” is that of one of its best friends and most prized contributors, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The picture shows her as she sits at home in her library, close by the conservatory, where bloom the flowers and sparkle the waters of which she has so often spoken delightfully to the readers of this Magazine, and where time and again have come the visitors that she has described with such lifelike touches.

Mrs. Stowe has always been in sympathy with Nature, and with Nature’s most beautiful handiwork, — little children. Born (as she writes in a note to the editors) in Litchfield, Connecticut, “a beautiful mountain town, with the

loveliest lakes and hills, and the biggest snow-drifts and coldest winters on this side of Labrador," she "lived a hardy, mountaineer life, — in the woods, climbing rocks, wading rivers, in holiday times, and *made* to over-see sheets and patch her brothers' knees and elbows, rub tables, scour knives, and clean silver for duty." Her education was begun in Litchfield Academy, where she learned most from hearing Mr. Brace, an energetic, earnest teacher, *talk* to his classes about botany, philosophy, rhetoric, and other branches of science and learning which had small place in the education of forty years ago. By this same good instructor she was "trained to write as soon as she could hold a pen, and constantly stimulated by his influence to find things which she was interested to say," and to say them worthily.

When thirteen years of age, she was sent to Miss Catharine Beecher's school in Hartford. At sixteen she became a teacher herself, and taught in Hartford Female Seminary until she was twenty, when her father, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, removed to Cincinnati. There she resumed her occupation, and taught for four years more; when she married, in January, 1836, the Rev. C. E. Stowe, then Professor of Biblical Literature in Lane Theological Seminary, near Cincinnati.

Since that time her life has been passed mainly in New England, many years having been spent in Andover, Massachusetts, and her present residence being a charming cottage in Hartford, Connecticut. Although the head of a household and the mother of a family, she has yet always found time to follow the pursuits of literature, which she loved so well from girlhood. From her pen have come such homelike sketches of New England as she collected under the title of "The Mayflower," domestic stories like "The Pearl of Orr's Island," strong tales of bygone years, like "The Minister's Wooing," pictures of foreign lands and people, and that wonderful miniature of slavery, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," whereupon she painted every feature of the deceitful and barbarous spirit that blighted the fame and prosperity of our dear America, and held them up to the indignation of all Christian people, of every clime and tongue. It was no vain desire to "write a book" which led her to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but the sense of outrage and oppression which smote upon her woman's tender heart and her high sentiment of justice, and urged her on to write those words whose simple truth compelled the world to listen, and made wicked men denounce her because they could find no honest answer to her story.

But the stormy times are past; the fury which swelled into rebellion and murder has been quelled and punished; slavery is no more, and the soldiers have come home to tread with their marching step in the paths of peace. There is no need to-day of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and so Mrs. Stowe busies her pen with gentler topics, — with reflections and suggestions for grown people about their ways of living and their duties to each other, while for her warm friends, the children all over the country, she tells in these pages (and delights to tell) the stories which readers and editors alike hope she may long be spared to write in the cosy comfort of her happy home.

Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY
of
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

CHARADE.

No. 1.

BENEATH the vast cathedral's dome
From which the sculptured saints look
down,

The nobles of the land have come
To vest their monarch with the crown.
But when, amid the anthem's burst,
They place him on the kingly seat,
In priestly hand my sacred *first*
Renders the solemn act complete.
In Arctic seas my *first* is found,
Where icebergs sleep in frozen calm,
Yet hides itself beneath the ground,
And droops upon the tropic palm.

Over her flushed and fevered child
The mother bends with anxious gaze ;
Distraught with care, with terror wild,
Hope scarcely dawns through weary days.
But could she think that of her boy
My *second* ever should be said,

'T would touch no sweeter chord of joy
To wake some loved one from the dead.

The alchemist, in days of old,
Tried with vain toil and mystic art
To turn the baser ores to gold
And gain the idol of his heart.
But what with fruitless care he sought,
That mocking danced before his eyes,
In latter days my *whole* has wrought,
And gives to men the longed-for prize.
For, to the beggar, in a day,
Unbounded wealth it often brings,
And turns the squalid huts of clay
To palaces of money-kings.
And yet, sometimes, its silent deeps
Have swallowed riches, hopes, and health ;
But when it o'er its victim weeps,
Men turn its very tears to wealth.

CLERICUS.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 1.



C. J. S.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 2.



A. H. C.

ENIGMAS.

No. 1.

- I am composed of 18 letters.
- My 9, 2, 11, 3, is a small piece of confectionery.
- My 17, 13, is a denial.
- My 1, 16, 15, is very useful in the study of geography.
- My 7, 18, 5, 10, is a musical instrument.
- My 14, 6, belongs to me.
- My 17, 8, 12, 4, implies something pleasing.

No. 2.

- I am composed of 8 letters.
- My 6, 4, 8, must have three to make it.
- My 1, 8, 4, only a couple.
- My 7, 4, 2, wants one to make a thousand.
- My 8, 2, 5, 3, is the humblest of beings, and a "great conqueror."
- My whole, no man, woman, or child ever saw; it fact it is not, nor ever was.

C. H. W.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 3.



C. H. W.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 4.



C. H. W.

PUZZLE.

NO. 1. (THE FISHERMAN'S.)

I once went out a-fishing,
 A-fishing in the sea,
 And a very odd lot of fish I got,
 As you will shortly see.

For first I caught a sunbeam,
 And a portion of a shoe,
 With a piece of moorland heather,
 And a pretty lassie too.

I caught a situation
 To which I had an eye,
 And a prickly hinder portion
 That floated gently by.

I caught a cooking apple,
 And a wildling sour as well,
 A tollgate from the king's highway,
 And a past tense of a smell.

An insect on a streamlet,
 And a verb that disagrees,
 A crooked letter listening,
 And the signet of the seas.

A shoe for icy weather,
 A thing to roast your meat,
 Some lime-wash for your ceiling,
 And a feathered creature's seat.

I caught a woman's jewel,
 A letter on a card,
 And the hirsute one of ocean,
 Who was shod with an extra yard.

The last thing I caught was a tumble,
 And that was enough for me;
 So that was the end of my fishing
 In the wonderful deep blue sea.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is that which is so brittle that, if you only name it, you are sure to break it?
2. Why is a Hebrew in a fever like a diamond ring?
3. What is the loftiest island in the world?
4. Why is an amiable and beautiful girl like one letter in deep thought, another approaching you, a third bearing a torch, and a fourth singing psalms?
5. Why do we buy shoes?
6. Why are hot rolls like a caterpillar?

ANSWERS.

- PUZZLES.
15. Sheridan. 16. Soldo.
- CONUNDRUMS.
28. When it is reserved.
 29. Because it has been repressed. 30. A-gate.
 31. None, — they are all carried.
- CHARADES.
21. I-sin-glass. 22. Mus-qui-toe.
 23. Rob-in-Hood. 24. Fare-well.
- ENIGMAS.
33. Santa Claus.
 24. People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.
 25. London-on-Thames.
 26. Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.

27. Chushan Rishathaim.
 28. Bethlehem Ephratah.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

30. Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. [(Man's *in* human eye) *T* 2 (man) make (scow) *n t less* thousands (mower) *n*.]
31. But screw your courage to the sticking point and you'll not fail. [(But) (screw) (ewer) (cur) (age) (tooth) *e* (stick) (king) (point) & (ewe) 'Il* (knot) *f* (ale).]
32. Fancy flies before the wind. [(Fans) *y* (flies) (beef *o'er* tea) (lie) (*w in d*).]

* Omitted in the drawing.



IN this cosy corner we propose to have a little familiar talk from time to time with the great multitude of our dear young friends, and to make a few occasional notes, in the way of comment or reply, to such of the letters we receive as seem to require particular attention. It is quite impossible that, even here and in this brief way, *all* the letters which our kind correspondents send can be answered, or even acknowledged, for those letters amount to many hundreds every month, and a simple record of them would fill up more pages than can be spared from subjects that are more important and more generally interesting. These hosts of little writers must take it for granted that the chubby post-boy whose picture is at the top of this page brings us safely all the letters they intrust to him, and that every day we sit down and examine the big pile he tumbles out of his satchel, reading with pleasure every expression of interest that we find there, and welcoming every contribution and every offer of help gladly, although we are not able to do more than read and feel gratified with most of them. Why, the letters that come about the "Evening Lamp" each month would almost fill a half-bushel!—so let none of all the anxious and hopeful little readers wonder or grieve that their offerings are not printed. Out of such a vast number we have to select what seem to us the best, (and this is no easy task, but one which occupies many hours and much thought,) because the readers of the Magazine must have the very best which we can find for them. We are just as much obliged for the hundreds which we have to lay aside, as for the tens which we think it well to print. It is not so much the *great excellence* of what is presented to us, as the *kind-hearted desire* to give us help and their fellow-readers pleasure, although expressed in the rudest and most unrepresentable way, which gives us delight in our correspondents. Let it be further remembered, O beloved young folks, that your efforts to prepare something worthy of our acceptance do you just as much benefit, if the result does not quite reach our standard of excellence, as if it were one of the best things in a whole volume; and that we all, young and old, should always try to do desirable and pleasant things for the simple sake of the good that is in them, not on account of any satisfaction or advantage that may afterward be derived from them.

THE EDITORS.

F. N. C. writes thus: "I send you a line for the 'Evening Lamp' department of your Magazine, if you deem it worthy. The curiosity of it is, you will perceive, that the letters composing it are in the same order whether read backwards or forwards: 'Hannah he won not ere we were ton; now eh, Hannah?' The sentence is correct grammatically, and contains twelve more letters than 'Lewd did I live & evil I did dwell,' the author of which offered a reward to any one who would produce a similar line." This is ingenious, but does not fulfil the conditions of the original, which could not only be read both ways, but made good sense, as this does not, being only a collection of words. Who will do better?

Irene (who does not date her letter) sends us a little story and two pieces of verse, which she hopes are good enough to be published. We wish they were, for they are quite nicely done; but Irene and all beginners must remember that they come in competition with the most skilful writers in the country when they offer us their compositions, and that they can no more expect to do as well with their *heads* as grown and practised persons, than to do as much and as efficient work with their *hands* as stout and capable men and women.

H. sends from Lancaster, Mass., a sketch called "Bessie's Birthday," which is very clever, but is of too personal a character for so large an audience as ours.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

No. II.

PUCK'S WORK.



MAN went through the village one day driving a load of posts. By and by he stopped and threw one of them down by the roadside. A good lady saw him from her window, and said to herself, "Why, here is a kind-hearted man indeed! He is lightening his load because he thinks it too heavy for his horses." Presently he threw off another post. "The kindest-hearted man I ever saw!" soliloquized the lady; but the small boys following him saw that he kept lightening his load till it was quite gone, and a line of white posts lay along the roadside as far as they could see. "Mitter Anner, what all them thticks for?" said inquisitive young Archie; but, without waiting for a reply, he hurried off to new wonders. Three other men came up with shovel and scoop, and various tools, and they scooped out deep holes, and set up the posts in them, and marched on. One of these holes they left unfilled over night, and when they were gone I went out and looked down into the deep round cavity, and there at the bottom sat merry, mischievous little Puck, and winked up at me with his saucy bright eyes.

And who is Puck? O, a funny hobgoblin that promised three hundred years ago to put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, and who seems sometimes seriously to be setting himself to the task, and again, in

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sport, bringing it all to naught. Dr. Franklin and Professor Morse, and Monsieur DeSauty and Mr. Field, have put their shoulders vigorously to the wheel; but I fancy Puck is at the bottom of it all, — sweet Puck, who labors in the mill and thrashes out more corn at night than ten men do by day, yet, when the mood takes him, bobs about like a crab in the gossip's bowl, or turns into a three-foot stool, and slips away when the "wisest aunt" goes to sit down on it.

Is the telegraph Puck's work? Let us see, then, what it has done. The telegraph? Electricity? O yes! You know all about it. Not you, nor I, nor the wisest man living. As yet we have only felt out cautiously in the dark, and laid our hands upon the mane of this wonderful wild creature, this mysterious electric force, taming him down now and then to a feat of swiftness or of strength; but what his nature and his service are, how to gain the complete mastery over him, and what giant's work he stands ready to do for us when once we shall have subdued and subsidized him, — ah! my little friends, this is your work, the bequest of the past generations. Therefore, young philosophers *in posse*, (that is, in pinafores,) study assiduously your a-b-abs, your three times two, and your *τύπτω τύπτεις τύπτει*, that you may be ready for great things when the fulness of time is come.

Permit me to remind you of what you perhaps already know, that the word telegraph is composed from two Greek words, — *tele*, afar, and *grapho*, to write; consequently anything which writes or signals from afar off may be called a telegraph. In the old times fires were used for this purpose. Kindled on the hill-tops, and flashing from hill to hill, their light by night and their smoke by day would speedily give warning across a whole country. It was thus that the Indians, dragging their old times down into our later days, heralded to their comrades the tidings of Fremont's approach. The ancient Romans went so far as to spell out words by using different kinds of fires for letters. You may recollect that the colored lanterns used on railroads and steamers have each its significance.

Then people began to get acquainted with this strange servant of theirs, — ever present yet ever unseen, — this electric force. Long before Christ came, they had learned his signs and felt his power; but for thousands of years he eluded them, and they got little control over him. It was only after long study and many trials that they found a way to send him of errands over long distances. Dr. Franklin made a road of wire, laid it under the Schuylkill River, and ordered him to set fire to some alcohol on the other side. Then that learned man cast longing eyes into the heavens, and little Puck mounted a kite, sailed up into the thunder-clouds, stole a pocketful of lightning, and brought it down to the Doctor with a smart rap over the knuckles for his pains; but little heeded the Doctor, so he could prove that the electricity of the earth was own brother to the lightning of the skies. From that time Wise Men of the East and West labored incessantly to tame down the fierce, fearful creature into a meek domestic drudge, and got many a kick for their pains, but curbed him ever more and more; and all the while Puck helped and hindered to the top of his bent, and made

wire, he labors just as assiduously to bring them both to grief. Did you never see him sitting astride a post in a storm, grinning maliciously as he succeeded in twisting off the wire or pulling it apart with both hands, his fat cheeks all red and puffed out with the effort? In the old country they sometimes hide the wires in lead or earthen pipes, and stow them underground, out of Puck's sight; but he prowls around till he finds their hiding-place, and it shall go hard but he will tap them somewhere and let off the precious electricity, or give them a thrust with his foot and sink them into uselessness. Then the poor workmen have to crawl around a great while longer to find where the trouble is, and Puck lurks under a plantain-leaf and flings up his heels in agonies of delight. In fact, the telegraph companies are so sure



of his funny spite that they employ men regularly to follow him up. Where he has broken a wire, they mend it by soldering the ends together; and they have become so expert, that, by putting one end of the broken wire above the tongue, and the other end beneath it, some of them can find out what is the message that is passing through it. During the last war, when news sometimes made fortunes, certain men, more curious than honorable, are said to have fastened a small wire to the main one, and to have coaxed away from it electricity enough to whisper, faintly but intelligibly, its secret errand. But we will not believe any one would be mean enough to do that. It would be like opening and reading another person's letter.

In 1852 Dr. Channing, Mr. Farmer, and Puck laid their heads together, and set electricity to ringing the fire-bells of Boston. And ring they did, so

loud, so clear, so true, that they told all the firemen not only that there was a fire, but just in what place it was, so that there need be no time lost in running hither and thither. These bells were once rung from Portland through the telegraph wire, "just for fun," and they were all ready to be rung from London through the great Atlantic cable, when it suddenly ceased working. Only think, little friends, of standing in London and ringing the Old South bell in Boston! — being called to dinner, say, by the Queen of England, God bless her! the true-hearted woman, who was our friend when friends were few.

The great Atlantic cable, — ah! Puck has made wild work there. When after infinite trouble it had been safely bestowed on shipboard and taken out to mid-ocean, did not he raise such a storm about their ears as came near sending ship, sailors, and all to the bottom? And after helping Mr. Field to get it well a-going, after setting the Queen at one end and the President at the other for a social chit-chat across the world, after persuading New York to burn her City Hall by way of fire-works in celebration of the event, and driving us all crazy with delight, he must needs turn about and belabor the poor cable till its breath grew shorter and shorter, its voice came fainter and fainter, and it died and gave no sign.

So it slumbered in its ocean bed for four years undisturbed, and then Mr. Field prepared another cable, still stronger and better than the first, and they placed it on board the Great Eastern, — the unhappy, blundering giant, who felt now that at last his hour was come, — and sailed out to sea, uncoiling as they sailed. And the astonished sea heaved and surged around the slender wire, but took it softly to its great, cold heart, — the strange, wee thing, the flashing, throbbing, living soul that was henceforth to voice the harmony of the world, the brotherhood of man. O Puck, Puck! two continents were agaze. Could you not cease your mad pranks for one little space? Not Puck! The more eager we grew, the wilder and madder waxed he. The nearer we came to our goal, the more intent he to push it from us. He stabbed the precious wire with wicked darts. He climbed into the tank where it lay, and kinked it into knots, and tangled and rasped and strained and grated it, — and — and Mr. Field went down into the cabin, and with white lips, — white from feeling, not faint-heartedness, — and with a voice that trembled, but only as a brave man's may, he told them it was all over. The cable was broken and gone down into the deep sea. O, I think even little Puck must have been sorry then!

Whether Puck will ever give us the girdle he promised, I do not know. I think we shall one day, perhaps not yours nor mine, get it in spite of him. But this is certain: fail the cable if it must; there is a strong heart that has never failed. And better than a hundred cables is the heroic soul which braves every storm, and bides every strain, and holds, through all, its unchanging purpose and its unfaltering course. We have not yet our ocean telegraph, but we have our Mr. Field.

Gail Hamilton.



THE ICE FAIRIES.

YOU have seen the little chalets, or models of Swiss cottages, perhaps, which some of your friends have brought home with them from Europe. They have staircases running down the outside, and plenty of cosy nooks where children can perch, like birds on the tiny houses we sometimes build for them, and can glance like them over the world, singing perhaps as gladly in the sunshine.

Several of these Swiss cottages are built near together on a certain mountain-side. One of them, at a little distance from the others, directly fronts another peak of the Alps, whose snow-crowned summit, bare in the sunshine, with spots of verdure lower down, where its rays fall more kindly, looks like the hoary-headed grandfather of the Alpine chain, whose broad green scarf of pasture-land is twined round him even to his feet.

Pieretto Larnier was born in this cottage, and for ten years had lived in it. He slept in a room whose pointed window just took in a view of the Alpine peak, and for five years this room had been shared with his little brother Carl. They used to lie awake here on moonlight nights and watch, with a kind of wonder and fear, the great mountain, so still and grand. Pieretto could only think of God when he looked at it; for it was above the earth, powerful and yet beautiful, and it sent down its pure water, and clasped its protecting forest arms around the dwellers on it, as God's love enfolds all who live on earth. So he said his prayers to it every night, and could never quite forget its presence.

Carl was a noisy, rough little fellow. He liked to look at the mountain, and tell Pieretto and his mother how he meant to have his chalet built upon it when he grew to be a man; then he would pasture sheep, his wife would make cheese, and he would go off whole days, scaling the mountain passes, and come home, his hat trimmed with Alpine roses, to surprise them all with the chamois he had shot. His gentle mother, who was sick a great deal, only smiled sadly at Carl and his plans; but his old grandfather would frequently tell him about little boys who had grown up to do a great deal to make their friends happy, encouraging all his dreams, and even adding to them some which Carl was obliged to declare could never take place.

Pieretto never said what he should do when he became a man; perhaps his boy-life was too busy for him to think much of what was beyond it; perhaps he noticed that his mother looked sad when Carl talked of his mountain life; for the little boys' father had been such a bold mountaineer as Carl longed to be, and had been killed in one of the perilous passes, leaving his wife and old father to support themselves and the two boys.

The sun shining in Pieretto's eyes early in the morning always waked him; then he would dress quietly, that Carl might sleep longer and not disturb his mother in the next room, and creep softly down stairs to feed the goat and pigs his grandfather owned. There were many things he found to do in the mornings, but in the afternoon, if his mother was well, he went out with Carl to play, or carried him down to the base of the mountain, where Pastor Josephen Meagher lived in the chalet next the church.

On one of these play afternoons in winter, Carl, being tired of the games of running and jumping with which Pieretto had so many times amused him, sat down on the lower step of the staircase, saying discontentedly, "If I only had playthings now like Louis and Adelia Meagher, I'd rather stay indoors than out this freezing afternoon. Why does n't the Christ-child bring as nice things to us as to them, Pierro?"

"Did n't you have a chalet on the Christmas-tree last year?" asked Pieretto good-naturedly. "I don't want any nicer playthings than I find out of doors. I guess the Christ-child himself had no others, for you know they tell us in Sunday school that his father and mother were poor."

"But God was his Father!" cried Carl, with great round eyes of surprise.

"Yes, and God is our Father; so all the playthings he makes belong to us."

"God make playthings! I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Pierro, and I think you're saying real wicked things!" said Carl.

"Wicked things? no indeed. Who makes the stones we build our castles of, and the little rivers we sail our ships on?" asked Pieretto. "And besides, there's a real ice palace up in the glen, prettier than any toy Louis has."

"O, is there really, Pierro? Show it to me, Pierro!" cried Carl, jumping up and catching hold of Pieretto's hand.

"A run up the mountain will do you good, after sitting so still in the cold," returned Pieretto gravely. "So come on."

Both boys were too much excited, Carl with curiosity, and Pieretto with the pride and pleasure of gratifying it, to continue their talk. So they ran, stopped a moment for breath, then ran on again, that they might, as Pieretto said, reach the ice palace two hours before sunset.

They reached the glen, which was almost enclosed by fir-trees, and where the snow and ice began to form, and tossed itself in wilder and wilder shapes, until on the summit it seemed at a distance like a part of the soft, fleecy clouds which so often hung in the air around it.

There in the glen were the tiny rivers and waterfalls which amused the boys so much in summer. Now they were still and cold, — as different from themselves when Carl had last seen them, as the bright, playful child differs from the little body still and cold when God has taken the spirit to himself.

Carl must have thought so too, for he exclaimed as soon as he saw them, "O, they are dead, Pierro! all our beautiful rivers and waterfalls are dead."

"No more dead than you when you are asleep, and can't talk," laughed Pieretto. "Winter is night for the flowers and brooks; but I know how to wake them up and show you the fairies of the ice palace."

Pieretto's eye sparkled with conscious power, and his cheek was unusually flushed, while Carl jumped about crying, "Do, Pierro, O please do!"

"Well, throw yourself down here on the ice-palace. Do you see its spires and turrets, and all the queer shapes we find on our window-panes cold mornings?"

"Yes, I see," whispered Carl.

"Jack! Jacko!" cried Pieretto, putting his mouth close to the ice.

His warm breath melted the doorway, and Carl stooped down to look in. There was a room looking as if made of glass, but really a crystal palace of pure shining ice, with icicles hanging from its roof, and delicate tracery of frost-work frescoing its walls. This room was filled with fairies about as large as your thumb, pure and white as snow-flakes, and dancing about as those fall in a snow-storm; others, of a more dazzling transparency and a more elfish look, were spirits of the hail-shower. Only one, the largest of all, had a touch of color about his face, which seemed to be made of a juniper-berry and covered with a white frost. He had two shining black eyes, and was clothed in ermine, with sparkling diamond ornaments of frozen water-drops. He was a jolly little frost-king, and had a tiny icicle in one hand, which he held as a sceptre, or used, as we shall see, as a brush or pencil.

The fairies danced more slowly, and began to droop even while Pieretto and Carl were looking at them; and Jack Frost seeing it, and feeling badly himself, turned to see what was the cause. When he caught sight of Pieretto and Carl at the doorway, he exclaimed, "No wonder you feel so faint, my little elves; the hot air is pouring in upon us from a fiery furnace outside. Look here, my giant friends," he added, turning to the boys, "if you want to see how we live, you must n't hold your mouths open with astonishment. Your warm breath is as unpleasant to us as this would be to you." With that the mischievous king jumped quite unexpectedly on Carl's nose, and gave it such a nip that it ached with the cold. "Don't cry," said the king

in a cheery voice, the laughs falling from him like water-drops from a cascade. "I only wanted to let you see what I *could* do, but I am ready to be as polite as you wish. After sundown I will show you how I pass the nights; it is too hot for me to venture out now. My children here will go soon, — one more dance first"; — and seizing castanets of ice, he played a tinkling melody, to which the fairies flew round again.

Then the boys noticed that, though the faces of the fairies were white, their dresses were often of the most brilliant colors, — rose and violet and blue; they shaded all colors of the rainbow, and as they whirled in and out amid the mazes of the dance, they formed figures like those of the kaleidoscope.

"You see that sheet of ice before you?" said Jack Frost. The boys looked, and noticed as he spoke the various colors of the different parts of it. "Well, when you want to see any of these fairies," continued King John, as his subjects respectfully called him, "just breathe gently over the roofs of their tiny houses. There in a corner, amid firs and sprays of delicate fern, shrouded in ice, lives Violet Water; and by the rock is the Waterfall Fairy, whom you play with in summer without knowing her. One day last autumn the Brook Fairy, who is a sturdy fellow, and goes babbling over all the stones out to the sea, asked her to marry him. Sumachs and other shrubs blushed at the very idea, but they peeped over the mossy brink to see her fall into his arms for all that. Did n't we have a gay wedding? Come, children," he called to the fairies, "be away for the night. We'll have many a merry meeting before spring, and then be off to the higher mountain. Be sure and hold those purple-belled Alpine flowers down tight, or some of these warm noons they'll pop their heads up out of the snow, and then you'll find your ice-palace won't stand long."

Then the fairies — Violet Water and Waterfall, Icy Blue and Rosedrop, with many, many more — knelt in a circle around their king, who kissed them rather coldly, as was his nature. Then they sprang up, and, forming a procession, turned to go through a long avenue, which led beneath its ice roof down the mountain, singing as they went to the clink of their tiny icicles, —

"You boys should be the friends always
Of the snow-elves and icy fays.
We build the shining roof of glass,
O'er which your clumsy feet may pass.
And when you skate, snow-ball, or slide,
Upon the field or mountain-side,
The fun you have you surely owe
To icy fays and elves of snow.
We hold the flowers to the earth,
For the warm sun which gave them birth
Would be our death; but we too show
The azure and the roseate glow.
Their colors, stolen by our Frost-King,
On human beings he may fling, —
Give the cold hands a touch of blue,
Or pinch your cheeks to redder hue.
But when the spring-time comes again,
And the bright sunshine floods the plain,
Then fays of ice and snowy elves
To higher Alps betake themselves."

At these last words the fairies, with a merry glance and bow, shot suddenly farther into the silver aisle, and Carl clapped his hands with delight when he saw its diamond ceiling, through which at night the cold gleam of the stars sent flashes of light. It had columns of shining ice, and on these, in place of gas-fixtures, were opals, whose mild and changing color gave a strange beauty to the scene. The Alpine blossoms too, which they chained down by threads of ice fine as spun glass, showed their bright colors here, and Alpine roses blushed a tender bride-like pink beneath their snowy veils.

The boys would have gazed here for hours ; but the king began to work busily, building a solid wall against the opening ; then, stooping down, he clasped some skates of ice upon his feet, and, bidding them follow, glided swiftly over the frozen stream, which fell almost down to the pasture-land where their mother's chalet stood. As he skated, he stopped occasionally to touch the shrubs along the brink — juniper and bilberry and rhododendron, still fresh in sheltered spots — with his ice-pencil, robbing them of every faint trace of green living color, — they turned brown and withered at each touch.

It was still an hour before sunset, but the light was dim among the giant shadows of the Alps, for dark gray clouds covered the sky. It was very cold too, or Jack Frost would not have ventured away from his ice palace so early. He stopped at the chalet with his young friends, who watched him, especially Carl, with amazement, as, climbing like a squirrel up to the sitting-room window, he pulled a seat of ice from beneath his fir mantle, and, fastening it on the sash, began to draw one of those pictures you see on the pane every cold morning. There were mountains, and pine forests, and deep ravines, such as he was familiar with in his Alpine home. He would perhaps have pencilled every window in the house, but a sudden gleam of sunlight fell on him, and, slipping from his seat to the ground like a tiny avalanche, he complained of feeling tired, and lay down to rest.

You can't tell how funny he looked with his pointed icicle hat and white fur coat ! So the boys thought, and ran into the house to call their mother and grandfather to see him ; but when they came back, the sun was out more warmly still, and on the spot where he had lain, it shone upon a small pool of water, which never dried up, but became the source of a mountain rivulet, running down to the parsonage, and making the boys think, when the grass bordered it in summer, of their tiny friend, who had dropped his silver belt, and vanished up the mountain at the approach of sunshine.

"Our Frost-King is gone," cried Carl. "O Pierro, I do believe he was nothing but an icicle after all !" he added, discontentedly.

"Well, well, don't feel so badly my boy," said Pastor Meagher, who had come to take tea at the cottage, and stood beside them now. "I have brought a knife for Pieretto, and mean to teach him how to carve the Swiss chalets. You can have some toys then, and he can sell many besides to travellers who pass this way."

Pieretto looked up and smiled joyfully at his mother ; then turned to thank the Pastor ; and never, after he learned the art of carving, did his mother or grandfather want any comfort for sickness or old age.

Mary L. Smith.

LESSONS IN MAGIC.

VI.

FROM the bottom of my heart, my dear young readers, I wish you all the pleasures of this holiday season; and in the hope of adding something to your amusement I offer you this Lesson, for the first part of which I will choose —

The Herrmann Bran-Trick.

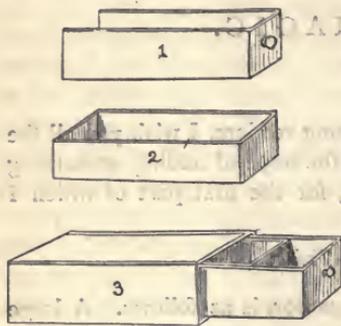
This trick, which bears the name of its inventor, is as follows. A large glass vessel, shaped like a mammoth goblet, is brought forward and handed to the audience for examination. It is then filled with bran from a box on the stage, by placing it in the box, which hides it for the moment from view. It is then covered with a brass cap, which reaches only to the leg or stand of it, so that the audience may see that the bran does not pass through the leg. A small box, perfectly empty, is now shown, which is next closed, and at the word of command the bran changes its place; for on removing the cap, the goblet is found empty, while the box, which but a moment before contained nothing, is filled with bran.

Have a round pasteboard box made, shaped like the upper part of a goblet, and of such size as will admit of its just slipping inside the goblet you use for the trick. On each side of the top of this box, just at the edge, have two stout wires fastened, which must be bent so as to come over the edge of the goblet when the box is inside it. Now cover the outside of the box with strong glue or paste; and before it dries sprinkle it over with bran, taking care to leave no part uncovered.

When about to show the trick, secretly place the pasteboard box in the box containing the bran. Now fill your goblet; hold it up high, and pour the bran back into the box; repeat this several times, and at last, when pretending to fill it, slip the pasteboard box, mouth downward, into the goblet; cover the bottom of the box with some loose bran, and bring the goblet forward. Shake off some of the loose bran, and your audience will suppose the goblet to be full. On the inside of the brass cap are two grooves, extending the whole length of the cap and terminating each in a hole, just large enough to admit the wires which are fastened to the top of the pasteboard box. When the cap is placed over the goblet, care is taken that those wires fit in the grooves; the cap is now pushed down, and when it fairly covers the goblet the wires will be at the end of the grooves and push through the holes. All that is to be done now is to raise the cap, and the pasteboard box comes out with it, leaving the goblet empty.

The box, which is shown empty, and afterwards found filled with bran, it is very difficult clearly to describe. As it is absolutely necessary, however, for the proper performance of conjuring tricks, to have a box which can be empty or full at pleasure, and as this one is the most simple known and a

great favorite in "the profession," I will try to explain it. It is called "the



drawer-box," from its shape, which is that of a drawer, and is made of three parts. No. 1 consists of a box having two sides, a bottom, and one end, the other end being wanting. No. 2, which is just enough smaller than No. 1 to fit into it, has two sides, a bottom, and two ends; and No. 3, which is the cover of the drawer, and large enough to admit of No. 1 sliding into it, is composed of two sides, a top and bottom, and one end. Now if No. 2 is laid in No. 1 they

will look like one box, the end of No. 1, which is wanting, not being missed, because one end of No. 2 fills its place. When about to use the box fill No. 2 with bran, place it inside No. 1, and put both in No. 3. Now if you pull out No. 1 only (No. 2 being held inside No. 3 by a pin which runs through the bottom of No. 3 into the end of No. 2), the box will appear to be empty. Push back No. 1 in its place, withdraw the pin from the bottom of No. 3, pull out Nos. 1 and 2 together, and the box is full. Although this description may not appear very clear, yet I think any joiner could make a good working-box by following these directions; the annexed drawings, however, may tend to make it plainer.

I have described how this trick is done merely to satisfy the curiosity of some of my readers; but as I am averse to their spending money for apparatus which would be useless except just for the purpose it was made to serve, I will now explain a simple and inexpensive method of performing almost the same trick, in a manner better suited for private exhibitions than the preceding, and which is equally brilliant.

Take an ordinary goblet, and then with some thin pasteboard—brown bonnet-board is best—make a lining for the glass; that is, cut the pasteboard to such a shape and size that it will just go completely round the inside of the goblet, and then sew the edges together. There is now a cylinder formed; at the top of this cylinder sew a cover or top; next cover the outside and top of this with paste, and before it dries sprinkle bran all over it. Now cut two pieces of cloth each in the shape of an isosceles triangle; sew them together at the edges, leaving the smallest side of the triangles open, thus forming a bag; along the edges that are open sew two pieces of steel spring, or a couple of pieces of thin whalebone. If now you place in the bag as much bran as will go in the goblet, and hold it mouth down, the bran will not fall out, because the whalebones prevent the bag opening; but if you press on each end of the two whalebones, the bag will open and the bran run out.

To perform the trick then, put in your bag just enough bran to fill the goblet, and fasten it (the bag) inside the breast of your coat, by means of a pin, bent so as to form a hook. The audience having examined your goblet and satisfied themselves that it is without preparation, you proceed to fill it from

a large box holding bran, and in which is concealed the lining. Proceed in every way as described in the trick with the large goblet.

After having slipped the lining in, cover the goblet with a large silk handkerchief, and give it to some one to hold. Now borrow a second handkerchief, and show it to be empty; hold it in front of your breast whilst you are showing it, and then passing one hand between it and your person, take out the bran-bag from under your coat and put it inside the handkerchief. Now approach the person who holds the glass, bid the bran "Begone!" raise the handkerchief, and with it the lining of the glass, and there is the empty goblet; pick up the handkerchief in which the bran-bag is, and, holding it over the goblet, open the mouth of the bag by pressing the end of the springs, and the bran running out will appear to come from what your audience suppose is an empty handkerchief.

The lining of the goblet may more easily be lifted out if you have a thread attached to each side of the lining, and made long enough to hang over the sides of the goblet; when you take hold of the handkerchief to pull it off, you seize these threads, and so lift out the lining.

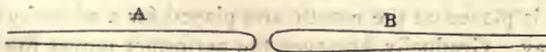
There is a very old trick, which used formerly to appear on programmes as "The Fairy-Necklace," that has lately come out in a new shape, and probably but few of those who saw it under its old form recognize it in—

The Great Chinese Rope-Feat.

The first I heard of this trick in its present form was at a show-shop in the rather disreputable precincts of Chatham Street, New York; since then, however, an air of respectability has been added to it by its exhibition in Broadway.

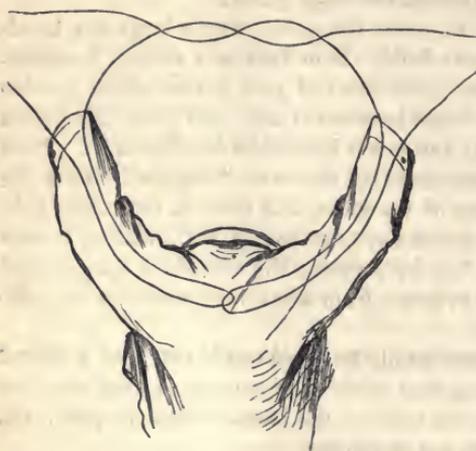
Two ropes, each about three yards in length, are given to the audience to examine; and having been found perfect, the performer passes them through the sleeves of a coat, in such a way as to suspend it; to make it still more secure, a knot is tied in the ropes, the ends of which are then given to two persons to hold. The performer then places his hand inside the coat, and, requesting those who are holding the ends of the rope to pull, the coat is left in his hands, having in the most mysterious manner worked off the ropes.

The whole secret of this trick rests in the arrangement of the ropes, which are of themselves perfect. After they have been examined, the performer proceeds to measure them; and, while working over them, doubles each rope in two,—that is, he brings the two ends of each together; he then slips a small rubber band over the centre of one, and then places the middle of the other alongside it and under the elastic, in this way tying the two together, as shown in this illustration.



He now passes the ends marked A, which are the two ends of the same

rope, through one sleeve of the coat, and the ends B through the other ; these



ends he gives to two persons to hold. If now he takes off the elastic band, and the holders of the ropes pull, of course the coat falls off. The only difficulty about the matter in this arrangement is, that each person would have the two ends of one rope, instead of having an end of each in his hands ; to remedy this, the performer, under pretence of making the trick more difficult, takes an end from each of them, before pulling off the coat, and, tying a simple single bow in it, thus returns to them

different ends. To make it still clearer, I append another illustration, showing the position of the ropes with the coat on.

The Spirit Jews-harp.

SOME few years ago one of the "Spiritual" brethren exhibited in New York a violin, which played of itself, untouched by human hands, when placed in a box out of sight of, and at a little distance from, the audience. It seems rather strange that the "spirits" invariably keep out of sight, and that all the so-called "manifestations" require either a dark room, a closet, or a veil of some kind. The violin of course was played by "spirit hands,"—at least so the exhibitor claimed. Unfortunately, however, for the "medium," his place was visited one night by a party of "roughs,"—a class peculiar to New York, I believe,—and they, being rather sceptical on some questions,— "spiritual manifestations" amongst others,—determined to investigate the subject. The result of this was, that they succeeded in discovering the "spirit" in the person of a German violinist, who, being stationed in a room directly beneath that in which the exhibition took place, furnished by means of a second violin the music which *seemed* to come from the instrument in the box.

The following little trick, although similar in effect to the above, depends neither upon the "spirits" nor any other confederacy for its accomplishment, but is purely a sleight-of—hand, I was about to say ; but as it is not strictly that, I will proceed to explain it, without further digression, and my readers will then see for themselves what it is.

A jews-harp is placed at the mouth, and played for a while by the finger in the ordinary way. Gradually, however, the performer moves his finger away, and, beating time with it, the instrument, strange to say, continues to play in the most marvellous manner. To preclude all possibility of there being a

thread in any way connecting the finger and the tongue of the harp, the audience are requested to notice that the performer can pass his "magic wand" about in every direction.

In order to perform this trick, get a jews-harp with a very flexible tongue, and cover the tip of it with a bit of sealing-wax. When you wish to play upon the instrument, place it so that the tongue of it is inside your mouth. Now, if you place the tip of your tongue against the tip of the tongue of the harp, and, pushing both out together, suddenly pull your tongue back, you will find that the jews-harp will *twang* in the same way as if you had pulled it out with your finger. By a little practice, you will soon be able to "play tunes" as readily in this way as in the old-fashioned method.

Of course, when you begin to show the trick, you put the forefinger of the right hand to the mouth, and move it as if playing in the usual way, and by this little *ruse* you persuade the audience that the tongue of the instrument is outside the mouth.

To Blow Flames from the Mouth.

There is no telling the advantage one possesses who understands this trick; it is far superior, for parties camping out, to the old-fashioned method of producing fire by rubbing two sticks together; for although I have often read and heard of this, I never yet saw it done, although I have often seen it tried. By the method I am about to describe, however, all that is necessary is to fill the mouth with raw cotton, and then, taking a fan in the hand, proceed to blow up the fire. If you have gone to work properly, your efforts will soon be rewarded by a stream of smoke, which will be seen curling from your mouth, —

"Blue cloudlets circling to the dome,
Imprisoned skies escaping to their home."

This will be soon followed by sharp, bright sparks, succeeded at last by a bright flame. Many suppose this to be an optical illusion, but it is nothing of the sort; it is a genuine live flame, and is produced in this way.

Get from some German chemist a piece of *Amadou*, or German tinder. This is a brown, velvety-looking substance, and you may purchase enough for a dime to last a lifetime. Tear off a small piece of this — say about as large as your thumb-nail — and light one edge of it; wrap this piece in some loose cotton, and lay it along with more cotton in your hand. You are now ready to perform the trick. When you come before the audience take the cotton which conceals the lighted tinder, and place it in your mouth, — there is no danger of its burning you, — then put some more loose cotton on top of it, and begin to *breathe outward*. This will light up the tinder, and the smoke will come; continue to breathe outward, or rather blow, and the sparks will next appear, and soon the flame. There will be a slight sensation of warmth now felt, but if you immediately put more cotton in your mouth it will subdue the flame. So you keep on blowing, and putting in fresh cotton, taking advantage at times, when your hand is at your mouth,

of the opportunity for letting some of the half-chewed burnt cotton slip out. To finish the trick, get some narrow ribbon of different colors, about ten or twelve yards in all, and roll it up closely, so as to make a wad that will go in the mouth easily; wrap this in some cotton, which you keep under your thumb, taking care that you do not get it mixed with the rest. When you have blown out enough smoke and flame, pick up the cotton which covers the ribbons, and, clapping it in your mouth, drop that which is already there into your hand; give it a good hard blow, so as to disengage the end of the ribbon, which you then take hold of with your fingers, and proceed to draw forth yard upon yard of ribbon, to the amazement of the spectators.

P. H. C.



FROST-WORK.

THEY are the ghosts of flowers,
 The blossoms of fairer hours,
 I see on the window pane!
 They died in woodland and heather,
 But lo! in this wintry weather,
 Their petals unfold again.

O rare and wonderful flowers
 That bloom in these crystal bowers!
 How their splendors glance and gleam!
 How they glow where the silver sedge
 Fringes the rivulet's edge,
 And flush in the morning's beam!

Arbutus and Eglantine;
 The bell of the Columbine,
 Poised on its stately stem;
 Aster and Fleur-de-lis;
 Wind-kissed Anemone,
 And the Star of Bethlehem!

These, and a numberless train,
 I trace on the frosty pane;—
 Are they pictures of the brain?
 Ah no! they are exquisite flowers,
 The phantoms of sunnier hours,
 That blossom in beauty again.

Albert Laighton.

THE TALE OF TWO KNIGHTS WHO FOUGHT THE
GIANT SHAM.

II.

NOW the giant Sham was an evil genius of great power, who, by his unholy spells, brought worshippers and parasites to his castle from all quarters of the land. Most of these were weak-minded people, who preferred being servants to Sham to making their living in any more honorable way. They swaggered tremendously in the false jewels and tinsel trinkets so lavishly bestowed upon them by Sham, who did a large business in hiring out feathers for them to stick in their caps. And a sorrowful show these poor creatures made with their draggled and borrowed plumes! It was to attack this giant, in his castle, that the two knights had ridden forth on this fine summer morning, attended by their faithful squires. Brave warriors! thus to beard in his very den a monster who had thousands of dangerous fools at his back!

On, on, they wound their way through the crooked lanes that led to the rock, turning often their observant eyes, as they went, upon the strange groups that thronged and hustled each other on their way thither. "Look!" cried Sir William, "here

come the Four Georges, I declare! Make way for the royal dolls!" And, as he spoke, four shadowy kings went by, all in a row, with jewelled sceptres and crowns, their footsteps sounding hollowly upon the crust as they walked. Stately ghosts they seemed to be while yet distant; but as they came nearer and nearer, much about them looked like mere tinsel and



paste. At a sign from Sir William, Stylus whipped off the heads of these royal shadows, one by one, as they passed, and, lo! they were nothing but pasteboard, light and hollow, and easily put off and on. And yet these kings had reigned from generation to generation, bepraised by flatterers, and performing the functions proper to the kings of earth, and hardly one of their subjects but thought they were of real stuff. Indeed, one of these Georges — the Fourth he was called — passed himself off as a phoenix of kings and a model for all gentlemen to follow. "Royal old mummy," said Sir William, addressing this fat personage, "I don't like to see you dressed up in the livery of the giant Sham. It does n't become you at all. The first gentleman in all the land, as you please to call yourself, need n't make himself up to look like a stuffed peacock. It is n't necessary, and it is very aggravating

to the well-regulated mind. Come, then, strip off your borrowed livery, and stand forth to the world for what you are." But when Stylus began to strip the clothes off the royal old mummy, the padding and pasteboard of which that personage was made all gave way, and came tumbling to the ground, and behold! in the place where the heart should have been there was nothing but a great iron of the kind called a tailor's goose, which Stylus hung as a trophy to the housings of Sir William's horse. And now that was all that was left of the four kings, who faded away out of sight. But the two knights went toiling, toiling up the steep ravines, for still the word with them was "Onward, march!"

And while they are wending their way, let us take a peep at the giant Sham, as he receives his followers in his castle on the top of the hollow rock. There on his hollow throne he sits, a shapeless, unwieldy mass, and of aspect so stupid, indeed, that it is absolutely wonderful how he could ever have been



set up for an idol in the high places of the land. To his feet there come, in throngs, the people who have been crowding up the crooked by-ways and thorny lanes that lead to the castle, and they kneel to him, and worship him, and are glad when they can touch the hem of his garment, and go off into fits of delight if they only get a chance to kiss the latches of his shoes. There is a sound of outlandish music in the great galleries, and the people clap their hands at it, and cry, "Bravo!" a hundred times, though they do not in the least like it or understand what it means; and

there is great bowing and scraping among the promenaders in the halls of Sham, men and women shaking hands with one another with all their might, and hating one another with all their hearts. The guards that sentinel the corridors of Sham are warriors most formidable to look upon, — grim, gigantic, and armed to the teeth; but look at them as you draw closer, and you will see that they are stuffed scarecrows only, with the straws bursting out at the seams of their garments. Likewise of the great dogs that lie across the thresholds of the doors, — nothing but skin and straw; and the noble steeds that stand out in the court-yard there, — all straw and skin, with false manes and tails, made of hair that never belonged to them, but might once have been the property of good, honest quadrupeds, that did their work as such.

Yet the foolish people go to and fro through the hollow-sounding galleries, and up the winding stairs, all smiling and bowing and despising each other as they go. Here they crowd round a great picture that hangs upon the wall. It is black with age, dirty, and seamed with cracks, and they clap their hands before it, and make telescopes with their hands to look at it through, because they are sure it must be a fine picture, — “it is so old.” And many of the young men — ay, and some who are not so very young either — gather round a glass case, under which there sits imprisoned a splendidly dressed young girl. The carpet at her feet is strewn with bags of gold. And yet how unhappy she looks, as she sits there like a caged bird! She is a great heiress, poor child! and is kept on exhibition at the castle of Sham. It is a way they have in the society that crowds to the shrine of the lord of that castle. They put up their heiress on show, previous to her sale by auction, and it is to the highest bidder that she goes at last. He may be a fool, ugly, decrepit, and old, to whom the poor little heiress is awarded; but he must have the gold to measure against her gold, coin for coin.



And now, ere we quit the castle of Sham, gaze with me awhile from one of its cobwebbed windows, and you shall see a sight most wonderful to behold. It is a procession of the chief retainers and dependents of the giant Sham. At the head of it there is a crowned king, after whom come lords and ladies, struggling with each other to kiss the hem of his robe. After the lords and ladies come others who are not quite so grand, and who, far out of reach of the royal hem, content themselves with kissing that of the noble kissers

who are before them. Lower still in the line are personages of lesser importance, all kissing the hems of those in front, and so on in an endless succession of humiliation and flattery to the end, — the lesser making of the greater an idol for imitation and worship. Look well upon this curious show, and think how ridiculous you would appear were you foolish enough to make one at such a silly game.

But we must return to the two knights, whom we have left steadily pursuing their way to the castle of Sham, — for their cry is ever, “Onward, march!” They had come so close to the castle walls now, that the sounds of the revelry going on within fell harshly upon their ears. Stragglers in masks came reeling down the road, bloated and flushed from the recent debauch, addressing one of whom, Sir William asked of news from the castle.

“Great merry-makings within there, Sir Knight,” replied the reveller. “The myrmidons of the mighty Sham have captured a beautiful princess, called by men the Lady Truth. She lies imprisoned within yon black walls, with golden fetters upon her ankles and wrists, and loud is the joy in the halls of Sham because of the heavy ransom they expect to get for her.”

A glance of meaning passed between the two knights. “What!” exclaimed Sir William, “a ransom for our own dear princess, the Lady Truth? Here is the only ransom the old rascal of the rock shall get from me!” — and, drawing his sword, he flourished it three times in the air, the reflection from its blade flashing like lightning upon the dark walls of the castle.

“Now for the spell given to me by Satira the Sorceress!” said Sir John, — “the magic talisman, the master-key before which the locks of deceit give way and crumble to dust”; — and, drawing from his bosom a small casket, he took from it a gem that threw out sparks on every side as the sunlight flashed upon it. “With this we can throw open the castle gates,” added he, “and then for our trusty swords, and three cheers for the right!”

“Blow again upon your bugle-horns,” said Sir William to the two squires; and not soft and low this time, but loud and strong, went the bellowing of the horns, as the dwarfs blew from them a warning to the warders of the castle that strangers were at the gate.



The notes had not ceased to reverberate among the rocks and buttresses when a wicket in the gate flew open, and a strange-looking figure emerged from it. This personage was clad in a livery of sky-blue plush, studded with buttons that looked like pewter plates. White cotton stockings covered the protruding calves of his legs, and the buckles upon his shoes were of great size and splendor. His cheeks were bloated and pimply, and his hair shone with pomatum, of which the perfume was very strong. High living had made him insolent, — for, though he was only chief foot-

man to the giant Sham, he threw into his deportment an air of languor and haughtiness observed by him among the great lords, the affectation of which made the vulgar creature look very ridiculous indeed.

Turning up his nose at the two knights, he said, mincingly: "Business persons, I see. Folks coming on business to my lord must send up their references"; — and he held out a gilt salver as he spoke.

"Pampered varlet!" shouted Sir William, "there is my reference!" — and, kicking the pinchbeck tray out of the fellow's hand, he sent it spinning away in the air like a leaf in a gale of wind. Then, seizing him neck and crop, he strove to hurl him from the rock into the abyss beneath; but lo! the thing was all a puppet and a deceit, and the clothes of which it was made up went fluttering down the rocks, catching upon the thorns as they went, here a coat and there a wig, but the rest was all emptiness and air.

The wicket had closed after the puppet footman of the castle with a secret spring, but Sir John again opened his casket, and, at a touch from the magic jewel contained in it, the great portals flew open, and the two knights dismounted from their horses and entered the court-yard, sword in hand, where an extraordinary scene presented itself to their view. Huddled upon the ground, in every variety of attitude, lay the revellers of the halls of Sham, overcome by the drowsy slumber that succeeds debauch. Masks of the most grotesque hideousness were strewn everywhere around, mingled with the fragments of crystal drinking-vessels, while here and there lay the golden goblet and the emptied wine-glass, silent witnesses to the carousal that was over. In the midst of all towered the hideous form of the giant Sham, seated upon a painted throne, with his head bowed down upon his breast in a drunken sleep. But the figure that chiefly arrested the gaze of the two knights was that of a beautiful woman, bound hand and foot with golden fetters, and linked with heavy chains to the foot of the monster's throne. This was the Lady Truth. She raised her hands with a gesture of surprise, and a flush of joy suffused her pale features as she recognized the two knights; for she knew them well, and was sure now that her deliverance from the bondage of the odious giant was at hand.

"Fear not, lady," said Sir John, approaching her with a courtly bow, "I have here a talisman before which the bolts and fetters of the tyrants are but gossamer threads"; — and, so saying, he touched her fetters with the radiant gem, and straightway they fell from her limbs, and, kneeling before her deliverer, she clasped her hands with emotion, thanking him in words of the simplest eloquence, — for were they not the words of Truth?

At this moment the giant, disturbed by the voices around him, awoke with a start that shook the castle walls and set all the bells a-ringing. When he saw himself confronted by two armed knights, and that his fair captive had been rescued from her bondage, his already hideous countenance assumed an expression of fury that was awful to look upon. He shook himself like a lion, and tried to roar like one, but the effort ended only in a squeak like that of a mouse. The only effect that this had on the two knights was to make them burst out laughing at him. Sir William, indeed, applied some epithets

to him that were more forcible than flattering, and Sir John held his shield so that the monstrous old rascal could see his ugly image in it; and this, as you may well guess, did not tend to allay his fury in the least. Determined to come to a conclusion with his unwieldy foe, Sir William now made a signal to Stylus and Plumbago, who, creeping stealthily round by the back of the throne, stuck pins into the calves of old Sham's clumsy legs. Goaded into fury by the taunts and treatment to which he was thus subjected, the



huge monster now threw himself suddenly forward, like some great rock detached from a mountain's brow. He meant to fall upon his assailants and crush them to death; but Sir John stepped nimbly aside, while Sir William throwing himself into an easy attitude, received the giant upon the point of his sword, which went through him to the hilt, — and that was the end of the giant Sham.

And did he bleed, do you suppose now, and die as warriors die on the gory battle-field? Not a bit of it, my little friends. When the sword pierced him he vanished into thin air, just as a soap-bubble will do if you prick it with a pin. Like his guards, and his footmen, and his horses, and his dogs, he was all a deception and a cheat. There was nothing of him; and to nothing he went when touched by the magic weapon of the brave knight. Nothing to nothing, — thin air to thin air, — that was the end of the giant Sham. But I regret to say that his race is not yet utterly extinct. May I not hope that you will all take vows upon yourselves to abolish and exterminate and annihilate them wherever they are to be met?

The setting sun was now gilding the spires of the distant town, as the two knights retraced their way thither, bearing between them the Lady Truth, mounted upon a beautiful milk-white steed, which came to her, fully caparisoned, at a touch from the magic talisman of Sir John, which had the power of producing horses, or anything else, at the will of the holder — if he only knew how to hold it aright. And when they had gone some distance over the plain, they turned to look at the castle of Sham, and lo! there it was crumbling away to nothing, with the rock upon which it stood, and all the noxious things that dwelt in and around it. Down, down, like a castle of cards, it tottered, until it disappeared entirely from the sight, and there was no more left of it than of its late proprietor, the abominable tyrant Sham. And round the spot where it disappeared there now surged to and fro a mighty crowd of people, who had heard of the defeat of the giant by the two

knights, and came rushing from all parts of the land to see how he looked when he was dead. But the sight would not have been a very agreeable one, as you may imagine, and it is quite as well, perhaps, that these good people were spared the horrors of it.

There was great joy in the town when the two knights entered it that lovely summer evening, with the sweet princess saved by them from the discomfited tyrant of the castle. The bells of all the steeples were set ringing merrily. Bonfires were lighted in the public squares, and feasts were prepared for the poor as well as for the rich, because the hearts of the people were glad, and from the fulness of them came the open hand. In the great market-place, on the very spot where Sir John had hung his shield in the morning, a splendid trophy was erected, composed of the armor and weapons of the two knights, who were now



to rest from their labors. At night-fall the young men and maidens assembled in the market-place, to dance round this trophy, and celebrate the extinction of the bad giant, Sham. And, as they danced and sung, behold! a halo of pale, tender light descended upon the two knights, who, enveloped in its mild splendor, arose slowly into the air and faded gradually away from the view of men, attended by their faithful squires, who followed them to the last. Upon earth they shall appear no more, for their work is done: but ever and anon their voices shall be heard in the stillness of the night, and their "Onward, march!" shall reverberate far and wide so long as the world exists.

And this is the true story of the two brave and gentle knights, Sir William Makepeace Thackeray and Sir John Leech.

Charles Dawson Shanly.





A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

ON a day of exceeding sultriness (it was the 4th of September), I left the dusty, stifled streets of Washington and went on board the excursion steamer *Wawaset*, bound for Mount Vernon.

Ten o'clock, the hour of starting, had nearly arrived. No breath of air was stirring. The sun beat down with torrid fervor upon the boat's awnings, which seemed scarce a protection against it, and upon the glassy water, which reflected it with equal intensity from below. Then suddenly the bell rang, the boat swung out in the river, the strong paddles rushed, and almost instantly a magical change took place. A delightful breeze appeared to have sprung up, increasing as the steamer's speed increased. I sat upon a stool by the wheel-house, drinking in all the deliciousness of that cooling motion through the air, and watching compassionately the schooners with heavy and languid sails lying becalmed in the channel, — indolent fellows drifting with the tide, and dependent on influences from without to push them, — while our steamer, with flashing wake, flag gayly flying, and decks swept by wholesome, animating winds, resembled one of your energetic, original men, cutting the sluggish current, and overcoming the sultriness and stagnation of life by a refreshing activity.

Our course was southward, leaving far on our right the Arlington estate embowered in foliage, on the Virginia shore, and on our left the Navy Yard and Arsenal, and the Insane Asylum standing like a stern castle half hidden by trees on the high banks back from the river. As we departed from the wharves, a view of the city opened behind us, with its two prominent objects; — the unfinished Washington Monument, resembling in the distance a tall,

square, pallid sail; and the many-pillared, beautiful Capitol, rising amid masses of foliage, with that marvellous bubble, its white and airy dome, soaring superbly in the sun.

Before us, straight in our course, was Alexandria, quaint old city, with its scanty fringe of straight, slender spars, and its few anchored ships suspended in a glassy atmosphere, as it seemed, where the river reflected the sky. We ran in to the wharf, and took on board a number of passengers; then steamed on again, down the wide Potomac, until, around a bend, high on a wooded shore, a dim red roof and a portico of slender white pillars appeared, visible through the trees. It was Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. The shores here, on both the Maryland and Virginia sides, are picturesquely hilly and green with groves. The river between flows considerably more than a mile wide, — a handsome sheet, reflecting the woods and the shining summer clouds sailing in the azure over them, although broad belts of river-grass, growing between the channel and the banks, like strips of inundated prairie, detract from its beauty.

As we drew near, the helmsman tolled the boat's bell slowly. "Before the war," said he, "no boat ever passed Mount Vernon without tolling its bell, if it had one. The war kind o' broke into that custom, as it did into most everything else; but it is coming up again now."

We did not make directly for the landing, but kept on down the channel, until we had left Mount Vernon half a mile away on our right. Then suddenly the steamer changed her course, steering into the tract of river-grass, which waved and tossed heavily as the ripple from the bows shook it from its drowsy languor. The tide rises here some four feet. It was low tide then, and the circuit we had made was necessary to avoid grounding on the bar. We were entering shallow water. We touched, and drew hard for a few minutes over the yielding sand. The close grass seemed almost as serious an impediment as the bar itself. Down among its dark heaving masses we had occasional glimpses of the bottom, and saw hundreds of fishes darting away, and sometimes leaping sheer from the surface, in terror of the great, gliding, paddling monster, that was invading in that strange fashion their peaceful domain.

Drawing a well-defined line half a mile long through that submerged prairie, we reached the old wooden pier built out into it from the Mount Vernon shore. I did not land immediately, but remained on deck, watching the long line of pilgrims going up from the boat along the climbing path, and disappearing in the woods. There were perhaps a hundred and fifty in the procession, men and women and children, some carrying baskets, with intent to enjoy a nice little picnic under the old Washington trees. It was a pleasing sight, rendered interesting by the historical associations of the place, but slightly dashed with the ludicrous, it must be owned, by a solemn tippy wight, bringing up the rear, singing, or rather bawling, the good old tune of Greenville, with maudlin nasal twang, and beating time with profound gravity and a big stick.

As the singer, as well as his time, was tediously slow, I passed him on the

way, ascended the long slope through the grove, and found my procession halted under the trees on the edge of it. Facing them, with an old decayed orchard behind it, was a broad, low brick structure, with an arched entrance and an iron-grated gate. Two marble shafts flanked the approach to it on the right and left. Passing these, I paused, and read on a marble slab over the Gothic gateway the words : —

“WITHIN THIS ENCLOSURE REST THE REMAINS OF GENERAL
GEORGE WASHINGTON.”

The throng of pilgrims, awed into silence, were beginning to draw back a little from the tomb. I approached, and leaning against the iron bars, looked through into the still, damp chamber. Within, a little to the right of the centre of the vault, stands a massive and richly sculptured marble sarcophagus, bearing the name of “Washington.” By its side, of equal dimensions but of simpler style, is another, bearing the inscription, “Martha, the Consort of Washington.”

It is a retired spot, half enclosed by the trees of the grove on the south side, — cedars, sycamores, and black walnuts, heavily hung with vines, sheltering the entrance from the midday sun. Woodpeckers flitted and screamed from trunk to trunk of the ancient orchard beyond. Eager chickens were catching grasshoppers under the honey-locusts along by the old wooden fence. And, humming harmlessly in and out over the heads of the pilgrims, I noticed a colony of wasps, whose mud-built nests stuccoed profusely the yellowish ceiling of the vault.

Here rest the ashes of the great chieftain, and of Martha, his wife. I did not like the word “consort.” It is too fine a term for a tombstone. There is something lofty and romantic about it ; but “wife” is simple, tender, near to the heart, steeped in the divine atmosphere of home, —

“A something not too bright and good
For human nature’s daily food.”

She was the *wife* of Washington, — a true, deep-hearted woman, the blessing and comfort, not of the Commander-in-Chief, not of the First President, but of the *man*. And Washington, the *man*, was not the cold, majestic, sculptured figure which has been placed on the pedestal of history. There was nothing marble about him but the artistic and spotless finish of his public career. Majestic he truly was, as simple greatness must be ; and cold he seemed to many ; nor was it fitting that the sacred chambers of that august nature should be thrown open to the vulgar gaze of the multitude. The world saw him through a veil of reserve, as habitual to him as the sceptre of self-control. Yet beneath that veil throbbed a fiery spirit, which on a few rare occasions is known to have flamed forth into terrible wrath. Anecdotes recording those instances of volcanic eruption from the core of this serene and lofty character are refreshing and precious to us, as showing that the ice and snow were only on the summit, while beneath burned those fountains of glowing life which are reservoirs of power to the virtue and will that know how to control them.

Quitting the tomb, I walked along by the old board fence which bounds the corner of the orchard, and turned up the locust-shaded avenue leading to the mansion. On one side was a wooden shed, on the other an old-fashioned brick barn. Passing these, you seem to be entering a little village. The outhouses are numerous. I noticed the wash-house, the meat-house, and the kitchen, the butler's house and the gardener's house, — neat white buildings, ranged around the end of the lawn, among which the mansion stands the principal figure.

Looking in at the wash-house, I saw a pretty-looking colored girl industriously scrubbing over a tub. She told me that she was twenty years old, that her husband worked on the place, and that a bright little fellow four years old, running around the door, handsome as polished bronze, was her son. She formerly belonged to John A. Washington, who made haste to carry her off to Richmond, with the money the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association had paid him, on the breaking out of the war. She was born on the place, but she had never worked for John A. Washington. "He kept me hired out; for I s'pose he could make more by me that way," she said. She laughed pleasantly as she spoke, and rubbed away at the wet clothes in the tub.

I looked at her, so intelligent and cheerful, a woman and a mother, though so young; and wondered at the man who could pretend to own such a creature, hire her out to other masters, and live upon her wages! I have heard people scoff at John A. Washington for selling the inherited bones of the great, — for surely the two hundred thousand dollars paid by the Ladies' Association for the Mount Vernon estate was not the price merely of that old mansion, those outhouses, since repaired, and two hundred acres of land, — but I do not scoff at him for that. Why should not one who dealt in living human flesh and blood also traffic a little in the ashes of the dead?

"After the war was over, the Ladies' Association sent for me from Richmond, and I work for them now," said the girl, merrily scrubbing.

"What wages do you get?"

"I gits seven dollars a month; and that's a good deal better 'n no wages at all!" — laughing again with pleasure. "The sweat I drop into this yer tub is my own; but befo'e it belonged to John A. Washington." As I did not understand her at first, she added: "You know the Bible says every one must live by the sweat of his own eyebrow. But John A. Washington, he lived by the sweat of my eyebrow. I alluz had a willin' mind to work, and I have now; but I don't work as I used to, for then it was work to-day and work to-morrow, and no stop."

Beside the kitchen was a well-house, where I stopped and drank a delicious draught out of an "old oaken bucket," or rather a new one, which came up brimming from its cold depths. This well was dug "in Gen'l Washington's time," the cook told me; and as I drank, and looked down, down, into the dark shaft at the faintly glimmering water, — for the well was deep, — I thought how often the old General had probably come up thither from the field, taken off his hat in the shade, and solaced his thirst with a drink from the dripping bucket.

Passing between the kitchen and the butler's house, you come upon a small plateau, a level green lawn, nearly surrounded by a circle of large shade-trees. The shape of this pleasant esplanade is oblong; at the farther end, away on the left, is the ancient entrance to the grounds; close by, on the right, at the end nearest the river, is the mansion.

Among the shade-trees, of which there is a great variety, I noticed a fine sugar-maple, said to be the only individual of the species in all that region. It was planted by General Washington, "who wished to see what trees would grow in that climate," the gardener told me. It has for neighbors, among many others, a tulip-tree, a Kentucky coffee-tree, and a magnolia set out by Washington's own hand. I looked at the last with peculiar interest, thinking it a type of our country, the perennial roots of which were about the same time laid carefully in the bosom of the eternal Mother, covered and nursed and watered by the same illustrious hands;—a little tree then, feeble, and by no means sure to live; but now I looked up thrilling with pride at the glory of its spreading branches, its storm-defying tops, and its mighty trunk, which not even the axe of treason could sever.

I approached the mansion. It was needless to lift the great brass knocker, for the door was open. The house was full of guests, thronging the rooms and examining the relics, among which were conspicuous these:—hanging in a little brass-framed glass case in the hall, the key of the Bastille, presented to Washington by Lafayette; in the dining-hall, a very old-fashioned harpsichord, that had entirely lost its voice, but which is still cherished as a wedding-gift from Washington to his adopted daughter; in the same room, holsters and a part of the Commander-in-Chief's camp-equipage, very dilapidated; and, in a square bedroom up stairs, the bedstead on which Washington slept, and on which he died. There is no sight more touching than this bedstead, surrounded by its holy associations, to be seen at Mount Vernon.

From the house I went out on the side opposite that on which I had entered, and found myself standing under the portico we had seen when coming down the river. A noble portico, lofty as the eaves of the house, and extending the whole length of the mansion, — fifteen feet in width and ninety-six in length, says the guide-book. The square pillars supporting it are not so slender, either; but it was their height which made them appear so when we first saw them miles off up the Potomac.

What a portico for a statesman to walk under!—so lofty, so spacious, and affording such views of the river and its shores, and the sky over all! Once more I saw the venerable figure of him, the first in war and the first in peace, pacing to and fro on those pavements of flat stone, solitary, rapt in thought, glancing ever and anon up the Potomac towards the site of the now great capital bearing his name, contemplating the revolution accomplished, and dreaming of his country's future. There was one great danger he feared, — the separation of the States. But well for him, O, well for the great-hearted and wise chieftain, that the appalling blackness of the storm destined so soon to deluge the land with blood for rain-drops was hidden from his eyes, or appeared far in the dim horizon no bigger than a man's hand!

Saved from the sordid hands of a degenerate posterity, saved from the desolation of unsparing civil war, Mount Vernon still remains to us, with its antique mansion and its delightful shades. I took all the more pleasure in the place, remembering how dear it was to its illustrious owner. There is no trait in Washington's character with which I sympathize so strongly as with his love for his home. True, that home was surrounded with all the comforts and elegances which fortune and taste could command. But had Mount Vernon been as humble as it was beautiful, Washington would have loved it scarcely less. It was dear to him, not as a fine estate, but as the home of his heart. A simply great and truly wise man, free from foolish vanity and ambition, he served his country with a willing spirit and an eye single to her glory; yet he knew well that happiness does not subsist upon worldly honors nor dwell in high places, but that her favorite haunt is by the pure waters of domestic tranquillity.

There came up a sudden thunder-shower while we were at the house. The dreadful peals rolled and rattled from wing to wing of the black cloud that overshadowed the river, and the rain fell in torrents. Umbrellas were scarce, and, I am sorry to say, the portico leaked badly. But the storm passed as suddenly as it came; the rifted clouds floated away with sun-lit edges glittering like silver fire, and all the wet leafage of the trees twinkled and laughed in the fresh golden light. I did not return to the boat with the crowd, by the way we came, but descended the steep banks through the drenched woods, in front of the mansion, to the low sandy shore of the Potomac, thence walking along the water's edge, under the dripping boughs, to the steamer; — and so took my leave of Mount Vernon.

J. T. Trowbridge.



THE FOUR SEASONS,
AND A LITTLE ABOUT THEIR FLORA.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.—WINTER.



It is midwinter. The trees and shrubs stand with leafless, bare, smooth branches. The little plants long ago covered into the earth, or gladly sheltered themselves under the dead leaves, to welcome the white snow coverlet that tucks them into their beds. Yes, it is midwinter. But it is January. Already the sun "has turned," as people say. Not so. It is we ourselves that have turned towards the sun. Our round earth, that has been giving the sun the cold shoulder, is now coming back to it again, and rejoices in longer days and a renewing sunlight.

"The days begin to lengthen,
And the cold begins to strengthen,"

it is true. But the growing plants I mean to tell of care little for the cold. The lengthening sunlight warms them in their close buds, and stirs the young germs that are to make their first appearance in the spring. They do not think of minding the weather. The oak stands hardily against the storm, and the elm sways its long branches gracefully in the wind, and the sturdy pines look glad and green.

Before we set out on the winter's walks that are to tell us of trees and buds, here is one tree that has come into the parlor that we must stop for. "A tree in the parlor!" Yes, for surely you cannot already have forgotten the CHRISTMAS-TREE. This tree belongs to the *cone-bearing* family, but, as we have seen it, its fruit has been far more various! There were rosy apples, and bags of nuts, and sugar-plums, and shining colored glass globes, red, blue, and green. What fruit there was indeed! You have not forgotten yet the dolls, wax dolls and china ones, and those whose eyes would open and shut. There were boxes of soldiers, with their cannon and tents. Many reviews and battles you have had with them already, and, alas! by this time many are lost or on the list of the wounded. A general, perhaps, in the crack behind the great trunk in the play-room; a sergeant with only one arm; one or two down the furnace register; and the bravest lieutenant of all thrown by Bridget, before your very eyes, into the hottest of the fire in the grate!

Ah, well, tears do not become the brave, so think again of the Christmas-tree, how it shone with candles on every bough! The tree itself looked like

a great chandelier. That was in the midst of our shortest days, and the shining candles were calling to the sun to come back to us again.



But it is only once a year that our Christmas-tree bears such gay fruit as this, and if we begin to tell over the guns, and the wooden horses, and the picture-books, and the Noah's arks, and the backgammon boards and games, and all the countless toys that it brought, we shall never get out upon our winter's walk.

Where shall we go to find the trees? Into the common, on one of the squares, or we can linger by this little strip of flower-border by the door; or, more adventurous still, we will take the cars, and start from home out of town, where we can see the winter landscape in all its beauty.

In all its sameness, you want to say, if you know only the dripping of the melted ice from the roofs, and the muddy snow that clogs the streets, and the glimpse of a leaden sky that you get between the houses. That is the way the grown-up folks at home talk. But boys and girls know better. Winter and snow tell them of sleds and skates, of coasting and skating, of snowballs and snow-men, and long, glittering icicles. So you will not be surprised at the beauty of the winter landscape that meets us.

Before the house rises a high hill, covered with trees. Let us climb over it and look down. What an enchanted country lies before us, all still and silent! Everything glistens as in an Arabian Nights' tale. All the million little twigs are covered with a soft snow, and last night's mist thickened and turned into ice upon the trees. Yet, heavily laden as the trees are, we can still recognize some of our acquaintances. Here is the maple, round at the top, with its many branches. A few leaves still linger on the oak, and show their yellow-brown beneath the white crystal ice covering. The pines are so heaped with the snow, that one might not recognize their needle-shaped leaves, but one could not mistake their regular form. The light glitters on our Christmas-tree, who stands alone. He lets the sun trickle over his ice-clad branches, as though he wanted to show himself as gay as his cousin in

our parlor Christmas Eve. Ruby and emerald jewels, shining crystals, are the fruit he bears. He must have stepped out of Aladdin's garden.



Our path leads along the edge of the wood. In the little meadow on one side we can see a graceful elm, bending still more under its icy load. Among these low bushes by our side the snow clings closely, and we shall never be tired of admiring all the jewel-work. The whorls of flowers that the asters held are turned into clusters of diamonds, and the high grasses hold up long sceptres of shiny glass crystal, like a fairy army. Now and then we can hear the tinkle of their elfin armor, delicate little noises, under the silent snow-bushes.

The path leads us to a quiet pond in the woods. Not quiet now! We have come out from the silence to a noisy, gay scene. Great children and little children swarm like flies, gliding, twisting, and turning every way over the ice, for on the ice every one is a child again. In the summer thousands of slender insects whirled round in wide circles over the smooth mirror of water that they never succeeded in touching. Now men, women, and children circle about madly over the same surface, that winter with its hand of ice has made safe for them.

We have not brought our skates, and cannot join the gay dance; but we will walk across the smooth floor, and look on the low bank opposite at the loveliest work of the frost. Here every little dark mound of earth, every little blade of grass, shines, crystal clad, along the edges of what was once a little brook, but is now a narrow ice-path, that leads us into the woods, — into the thick woods, that shake down crystals upon us, and heavy balls of frozen snow. Ah! if only they would not melt away in the warmth, what

garlands of bright jewels we might carry home, — how gayly we might dress ourselves with them for a dance !

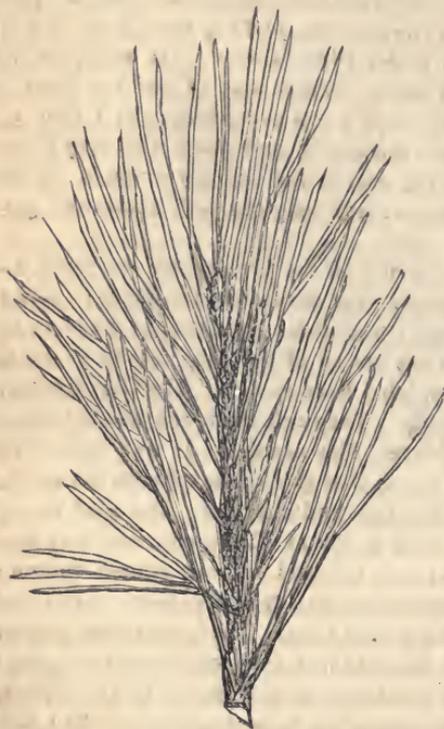
If I were not afraid, I would tell the boys of the muskrat's home under the edge of the frozen stream, — such a comfortable sheltered house, weeds "piled in" to make thick walls, and a cosy little room, just big enough to turn in ! I am afraid they would disturb him in his winter's nap. Yet surely he has earned a good sleep after all that work. Which one of you has done as much for his winter's comfort ? But boys know everything, and I dare say could tell me a great deal about the muskrats, and about this very house. And we must turn home again, for the sun is melting our crystals. There is a warm wind blowing, and who knows how long our path across the pond will hold firm ?

Wait but a day, and the sun has carried off the jewels from our pines, and we can take another walk to visit them. But which are the pines ? Are all the evergreens pines, — our Christmas-tree, these cone-shaped trees in our grounds, and the leafless larch ? They are all of the pine family, — the *Conifera*, the cone-bearing family of which I have spoken. The Germans have a pretty way of describing this family. They call them the *needle-trees*, — those that have narrow, pointed leaves, like needles. It was one of this family, in the German story, you know, that wanted to change its needles into "truly" leaves, like those of the oak and the elm. But glad enough was the dissatisfied tree to come back to its needles again, and very much should we miss them if all the pines and firs and spruces should choose to lay aside their needles and dress themselves like the other trees. We should lose their green, that lasts us all the winter long. The larch is the only one of this family that mimics the other families of trees, and sheds its leaves in the winter. We can tell the different kinds of this family by the different effect the position of their branches gives them at a distance. The white pine has its regular horizontal stages. We have seen how it spreads them to hold the snow. The pitch-pine bears round, tufted masses. The spruce from the very ground begins to conceal its gradually sloping trunk. The fir rises with a tall, sloping shaft, "clean" from the ground for some distance. Its lower branches are horizontal, while the upper ones bend slightly upwards. The hemlock has a soft, delicate outline, and the cedars and junipers are more ragged and very picturesque.

Of these, our White Pine (*Pinus Strobus*) stands first, for it is the most stately tree of our forests, varying in its outward appearance, and receiving different names according to the place it grows in. We see it frequently, left standing near our towns, in the summer, its dark green forming a contrast to the other trees around, — a picture of powerful growth ; or, farther away in the country, its dark color is prominent against the soft green of the wild-cherry tree, or its trunk serves as a support for the bitter-sweet and other trailing vines. No wonder that Emerson says :

"Who leaves the pine-tree
Leaves his friend,
Unnerves his strength,
Invites his end."

For now in the winter he seems like a trusty friend, stretching out his sheltering arms, a type of a strong constancy. It is easily distinguished by its leaves, being in fives ; that is, each one of its slender little needles does not



rise separately from the branch, but, with four needle-like companions, comes out of a little gray sheath. These sheaths, each bearing its five needles, are set closely round the twig. A single large bud, encircled by five smaller ones, is at the end of each branch. The branches, as we have said, grow in regular stages or whorls, of about five at each stage, tending upwards when the tree is young, but in old trees horizontal. It is not the season to examine its flowers, which indeed at any time are indistinct. Has it any flowers? Who ever saw the flowers of such great old trees, you ask. Every plant must have its flower, its blossom, because from them come the fruit or seed. And the essential parts of a flower are not its showy, its pretty part. The important parts, those which must never fail in a flower, because they produce

the seed, are the stamens and pistils. These we shall have a chance to study when the flower season comes.

In all the pine family the flower is very incomplete ; even the important pistil has not all its parts, but appears like a mere scale. Besides, the pistils are in one part of the tree, and the stamens in another. So there are two sets of flowers, one to hold the pistils, called the *pistillate* flowers, and another to hold the stamens, called the *staminate* flowers. In the white pine the pistillate flowers are in erect cones on the ends of the uppermost branches, and appear in June. These do not ripen into fruit till the autumn of the second year. It is the ripe cones that give the name to this family and distinguish it.

Here are more pines. Are they white pines? Take hold of a branch and count its needles. You will see that there are only three in a sheath, where the white pine had five, and they are flatter in shape. Each tree, too, is more irregular in form, and this tree never reaches the height of the white pine. It is the Pitch Pine (*Pinus rigida*). It makes up many of the woods we call the "pine woods," and that invite us with their healthy smell.

Come in and listen to the pleasant sighing of the wind through the leaves.

There is a warm, comfortable feeling here, even in these winter days, for the thick branches have kept the snow from the brown tasselled ground, and we are sheltered from the cold winds. Here and there a stream of sunlight comes in, and lights up a red tinge in the brown soft carpet, and we can venture to linger awhile and listen to the story the wind is whispering to the pines. The brown empty cones lie scattered about. "O, we have picked thousands of them," you say. But did you ever consult them about the weather? In damp seasons the scales of the cones drink in the moisture. This makes them swell and close up. When it is dry again, they open gradually. So you see they are little weather-prophets. A part of the scale of the pistil of which I have spoken makes a wing that flies away with the seed when it is ripe. The cones of some of the pines require two or three years to come to perfection.

A cart-path leads us among trees that are leafy in summer, by snow-covered bushes, to a favorite summer resting-place under a tall hemlock; for this is the name we are in the habit of giving to the *Abies Canadensis*. It is the hemlock-spruce, or hemlock of the spruce genus. It may fairly be called the most beautiful tree of the family, and we find a cool shelter in the summer beneath it, in a soft corner of the rocks at its feet. Far up in the branches sound the gay voices of the birds, not far off the note of the thrush, — Wilson's thrush. But there are dreams of the summer as we look up its tall, firm trunk. Its foliage, even now, is soft and delicate, and it is distinguished from the spruce by its slender, tapering little branches and smooth limbs. Here in the forest its lower limbs are stiff and broken.

The names of spruce and fir are used with a bewildering uncertainty, and in the shrubs in our gardens which stand in either genus there is resemblance enough to create much doubt. The leaves of both differ much from the pines we have just described. They are solitary; that is, we no longer find them collected in fives, threes, or twos, and a sheath, but they rise directly from the twig, closely, side by side. The leaves too are shorter than those of the pines, and more flat. They are more like a little sword than a needle, and some have three sides and some four. The spruce in the beginning of summer puts on a fresh tuft of yellowish-green leaves at the end of each twig, and its branches are so numerous, that its young delicate green gives a great beauty. In the very ornamental shrub in our grounds the lower branches spread close to the ground, and from these a regular pyramid of whorls of leaves rises to the tapering summit. It was from among them that we took our Christmas-tree. Its shelf-like branches offered cosy places for playthings enough to last till next Christmas. In the summer the robins and other birds find pleasant shelter of a rainy day. These are their piazzas and balconies, where they can take exercise when it is too stormy outside. Its



leaves, as I have said, are small and flat, and sow themselves along the sides of the stalk, forming a flatter branch than that of the fir, more like a hand spread out. Its staminate flowers are near the end of the smaller branches. In the hemlock-spruce the cones that have borne the fertile flowers are long and pointed, of a light brown color, and hang from the extremities of the branches.

Here is another tall tree, with tapering trunk. Can this be a spruce or a pine? It is a tree that commands our attention at a distance, and gives character to the whole landscape. It is the tree that forms a great feature in the German forests, and it reigns especially in the famous Black Forest, where all the dwarfs and the elves of the German stories are to be found. I can almost fancy I see one of the little elves now, sitting astride of one of its cones high in the air. This tree is the Balsam Fir (*Picea balsamifera*). Reach down some of its leaves, and you will see how they differ from the spruce. They are broader, and look as if they might be formed of two grown together. They are more crowded, too, than those of the spruce. Starting on every side of the stem, they bend upwards where the branch is horizontal, so as to seem to form but two rows, but are pressed together on the upper side. In the bark lies concealed some of the peculiar balsam of the fir, that spreads a pleasant fragrance. Their beauty rises from the regularity of their symmetrical heads. The trunk too is perfectly even and straight, and tapers rapidly to the top. It cuts in upon the landscape with its nearly horizontal branches, giving a picturesque character wherever it appears. Even if some bird or insect has greedily eaten up its leading shoot, which constitutes the pride of all the members of this family, the two buds on either side of the leading bud vie with each other in growing, till they form a double-header, and the tree, though not so symmetrical, is equally picturesque. The cones are erect near the ends of the upper branches, tapering a little, with the ends rounded. They stand in great numbers, and with their purple scales look like a cluster of candles on a majestic chandelier. Do not tell me that you have picked its cones, for I shall be forced, though reluctantly, to contradict you. The cones of the pine and the spruce set free the seeds they conceal, which have little wings to carry them out into the world, and then, with all their scales perfect, they drop to the ground. But in the cones of the fir the scales and the seeds fall away together, and leave on the tree only the tapering little spike round which they were formed. Therefore to find a perfect fir cone you must be adventurous enough to climb the tree, or else cut it down.

Which of these trees could we spare from the landscape? If we call the white pine the king of our woods, the hemlock should stand for the queen, and a group of balsam fir would answer for the princes. The pines and the firs stand as sentinels along the lines of the hills, guarding the valleys, — the pines solitary watchmen, the firs clambering up in bands, while the hemlock lingers in the woods, or sends its foreign cousins into our gardens and grounds, or the squares and parks of our cities. It is a cousin of the balsam fir that is cultivated in this way, the Norway spruce, which is

very ornamental. Its cones are large and light brown, and pendent. Its leaves differ from those of the cultivated spruces, as they are not arranged so flatly on the stem, but the leaves are crowded on the twigs, and the twigs on the branches. It is of the cones of the Norway spruce that we used to make frames or cone-baskets, — soaking the cones in hot water till the separate scales fell apart, and were softened so they could be pierced by a needle. For my part, I think they look prettier in their cone shape than in baskets that have neither use nor beauty. But perhaps it is well for us now and then to make a few ugly things. Then we learn how hard it is to make them pretty, and it reminds us to admire the simple beautiful things that are put before us every day.

I must not forget one peculiarity of this pine family: it is that they have no hesitation about telling their age! The oaks and the maples, the trees of the "truly leaf" sort, are not so outspoken. After they are dead, by their works you can tell their age; after cutting across their trunks, you can count the rings that year after year they have formed round the centre. But the pines tell their history as they grow. They form each year a fresh whorl of leaves. Thus each year's growth is marked between each whorl of branches; so, by counting the stages of branches, you can reckon the life of the tree. And its history is further told by the varying length of the trunk between the branches, or of the branches themselves. If this space is smaller, if the branches are shorter than they should be, or the needles shorter, then you know there was a year of famine, there was a want of rain, or a late frost checked the young buds.

To this family, too, belonged the trees of the old Coal period. For all the black mines of coal were once stately trees; but ages have passed away, burying them up in earth, far under the ground, changing them from growing trees into stone. What a change indeed! It took such a long, long time, too. Do you think that the pine-wood kindlings that we bring in and lay in the grate to light up the fire with recognize their very great-great-grandfathers in the shining black stones of coal that they are to kindle into a flame?

It is very hard to leave this family. I have told you a very little about three of its principal members. There are, besides, the *Arbor Vitæ*, the Cedars, the Juniper, the Cypressess, and the Yew. I shall have to leave them for you to study yourselves. You must go to the sea-shore and look at the Red Cedar (it belongs to the junipers), and the Juniper itself, and see how their branches contort themselves against the salt breeze. They are stout fellows. I think they must learn a little of their firmness from the great rocks that they clasp with their roots. The needles of the cedar spread themselves out to look like a fan-like leaf, and the juniper puts on purplish berries. Beaten by the winds, they look as if they had lived forever, with their torn trunks and ragged limbs, but they keep evergreen still.

The juniper-tree is dear to children, from the old German story of the stepmother and the juniper-tree. And they can smell the red cedar in the wood of the pencils they use. Such a useful family as this is! I must leave you to recall to yourselves how the pines furnish the tall masts for our ships.

Far away in the harbors of foreign cities these tall masts stand like another forest. The hemlock and larch furnish bark for tanning. The Indian cuts his canoe from the white spruce. The firs give healing balsams. Pitch, resins, balsams, — these are the spices that flavor our Northern woods.

You see how little I have been able to tell, and how much there is to tell, how much for you to look at and find out for yourselves. You do not *know* these trees yet; you have only made their acquaintance, and can bow to them when you meet them in the street. If you shake hands with a pine, you can look and see whether he has two, three, or five needles in his sheath, and will know accordingly whether he is red, black, or white pine. But don't fancy you know a great deal, and "set up" upon it, else you will show you have not got so far as to understand the meaning of the saying, "Very few know how much they must know in order to know how little they know."

Lucretia P. Hale.



A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

II.

I HAVE mentioned one little theory, relating solely to domestic thrift, which guided Mrs. Goldthwaite in her arrangements for her daughter. I believe that, with this exception, she brought up her family very nearly without any theory whatever. She did it very much on the taking-for-granted system. She took for granted that her children were born with the same natural perceptions as herself; that they could recognize, little by little, as they grew into it, the principles of the moral world, — reason, right, propriety, — as they recognized, growing into them, the conditions of their outward living. She made her own life a consistent recognition of these, and she lived *openly* before them. There was never any course pursued with sole calculation as to its effect on the children. Family discussion and deliberation were seldom with closed doors. Questions that came up were considered as they came; and the younger members of the household perceived as soon as their elders the "reasons why" of most decisions. They were part and parcel of the whole *régime*. They learned politeness by being as politely attended to as company. They learned to be reasonable by seeing how the *reason* compelled father and mother, and not by having their vision stopped short at the arbitrary fact that father and mother compelled them. I think, on the whole, the Goldthwaite no-method turned out as good a method as any. Men have found out lately that horses even may be guided without reins.

It was characteristic, therefore, that Mrs. Goldthwaite — receiving one day a confidential note proposing to her a pleasant plan in behalf of Leslie, and intended to guard against a premature delight and eagerness, and so

perhaps an ultimate disappointment for that young lady — should instantly, on reading it, lay it open upon the table before her daughter. "From Mrs. Linceford," she said, "and concerning you."

Leslie took it up, expecting, possibly, an invitation to tea. When she saw what it really was, her dark eyes almost blazed with sudden, joyous excitement.

"Of course, I should be delighted to say yes for you," said Mrs. Goldthwaite, "but there are things to be considered. I can't tell how it will strike your father."

"School," suggested Leslie, the light in her eyes quieting a little.

"Yes, and expense; though I don't think he would refuse, on that score. I should have *liked*" — Mrs. Goldthwaite's tone was only half, and very gently, objecting; there was an inflection of ready self-relinquishment in it also, — "to have had your *first* journey with me. But you might have waited a long time for that."

If Leslie were disappointed in the end, she would have known that her mother's heart had been with her from the beginning, and grown people seldom realize how this helps even the merest child to bear a denial.

"There is only a month now to vacation," said the young girl.

"What do you think Mr. Waylie would say?"

"I really think," answered Leslie, after a pause, "that he would say it was better than books."

They sat at their sewing together, after this, without speaking very much more, at the present time, about it. Mrs. Goldthwaite was thinking it over in her motherly mind, and in the mind of Leslie thought and hope and anticipation were dancing a reel with each other. It is time to tell the reader of the what and why.

Mrs. Linceford, the elder married daughter of the Hadden family, — many years the elder of her sisters, Jeannie and Elinor, — was about to take them, under her care, to the mountains for the summer, and she kindly proposed joining Leslie Goldthwaite to her charge. "The Mountains" in New England means always, in common speech, the one royal range of the White Hills.

You can think what this opportunity was to a young girl full of fancy, loving to hunt out, even by map and gazetteer, the by-nooks of travel, and wondering already if she should ever really journey otherwise. You can think how she waited, trying to believe she could bear any decision, for the final determination concerning her.

"If it had been to Newport or Saratoga, I should have said no at once," said Mr. Goldthwaite. "Mrs. Linceford is a gay, extravagant woman, and the Haddens' ideas don't precisely suit mine. But the mountains, — she can't get into much harm there."

"I should n't have cared for Newport, or the Springs, father, truly," said Leslie, with a little hopeful flutter of eagerness in her voice, "but the real mountains, — O father!"

The "O father!" was not without its weight. Also, Mr. Waylie, whom

Mr. Goldthwaite called on and consulted, threw his opinion into the favoring scale, precisely as Leslie had foreseen. He was a teacher who did not imagine all possible educational advantage to be shut up within the four walls of his or any other school-room. "She is just the girl to whom it will do great good," he said. Leslie's last week's lessons were not accomplished the less satisfactorily for this word of his, and the pleasure it opened to her.

There came a few busy days of stitching and starching and crimping and packing, and then, in the last of June, they would be off. They were to go on Monday. The Haddens came over on Saturday afternoon, just as Leslie had nearly put the last things into her trunk, — a new trunk, quite her own, with her initials in black paint upon the russet leather at each end. On the bed lay her pretty balmoral suit, made purposely for mountain wear, and just finished. The young girls got together here, in Leslie's chamber, of course.

"O how pretty! It's perfectly charming, — the loveliest balmoral I ever saw in my life!" cried Jeannie Hadden, seizing upon it instantly, as she entered the room. "Why, you'll look like a hamadryad, all in these wood-browns!"

It was an uncommonly pretty striped petticoat, in two alternating shades of dark and golden brown, with just a hair-line of black defining their edges; and the border was one broad, soft, velvety band of black, and a narrower one following it above and below, easing the contrast and blending the colors. The jacket, or rather shirt, finished at the waist with a bit of a polka frill, was a soft flannel, of the bright brown shade, braided with the darker hue, and with black; and two pairs of bright brown raw silk stockings, marked transversely with mere thread-lines of black, completed the mountain outfit.

"Yes; all I want is —" said Leslie, stopping short as she took up the hat that lay there also, — a last summer's hat, a plain black straw, with a slight brim, and ornamented only with a round lace veil and two bits of ostrich feather. "But never mind! It'll do well enough!"

As she laid it down again and ceased speaking, Cousin Delight came in, straight from Boston, where she had been doing two days' shopping; and in her hand she carried a parcel in white paper. I was going to say a round parcel, which it would have been but for something which ran out in a sharp tangent from one side, and pushed the wrappings into an odd angle. This she put into Leslie's hands.

"A fresh — fig-leaf — for you, my dear."

"What *does* she mean?" cried the Haddens, coming close to see.

"Only a little Paradise-fashion of speech between Cousin Del and me," said Leslie, coloring a little and laughing, while she began, somewhat hurriedly, to remove the wrappings.

"What have you done? And how did you come to think?" she exclaimed, as the thing enclosed appeared: a round brown straw turban, — not a staring turban, but one of those that slope with a little graceful downward droop upon the brow, — bound with a pheasant's breast, the wing shooting out jauntily, in the tangent I mentioned, over the right ear; — all in bright browns, in lovely harmony with the rest of the hamadryad costume.

"It's no use to begin to thank you, Cousin Del. It's just one of the things you're always doing, and rejoice in doing." The happy face was full of loving thanks, plainer than many words. "Only you're a kind of a *serpent* yourself, after all, I'm afraid, with your beguilements. I wonder if you thought of that," whispered Leslie, merrily, while the others *oh-oh'd* over the gift. "What else do you think I shall be good for when I get all those on?"

"I'll venture you," said Cousin Delight; and the trifling words conveyed a real, earnest confidence, the best possible antidote to the "beguilement."

"One thing is funny," said Jeannie Hadden, suddenly, with an accent of demur. "We're all pheasants. *Our* new hats are pheasants, too. I don't know what Augusta will think of such a covey of us."

"O, it's no matter," said Elinor. "This is a golden pheasant, on brown straw, and ours are purple, on black. Besides, we all *look* different enough."

"I suppose it does n't signify," returned Jeannie; "and if Augusta thinks it does, she may just give me that black and white plover of hers I wanted so. I think our complexions *are* all pretty well suited."

This was true. The fair hair and deep blue eyes of Elinor were as pretty under the purple plumage as Jeannie's darker locks and brilliant bloom; and there was a wonderful bright mingling of color between the golden pheasant's breast and the gleaming chestnut waves it crowned, as Leslie took her hat and tried it on.

This was one of the little touches of perfect taste and adaptation which could sometimes make Leslie Goldthwaite almost beautiful; and was there ever a girl of fifteen who would not like to be beautiful if she could? This wish, and the thought and effort it would induce, were likely to be her great temptation. Passably pretty girls, who may, with care, make themselves often more than passable, have far the hardest of it with their consciences about these things; and Leslie had a conscience, and was reflective for her age, — and we have seen how questions had begun to trouble her.

A Sunday between a packing and a journey is a trying day always. There are the trunks, and it is impossible not to think of the getting up and getting off to-morrow; and one hates so to take out fresh sleeves and collars and pocket-handkerchiefs, and to wear one's nice white skirts. It is a Sunday put off, too probably, with but odds and ends of thought, as well as apparel.

Leslie went to church, of course, — the Goldthwaites were always regular in this, — and she wore her quiet straw bonnet. Mrs. Goldthwaite had a feeling that hats were rather perk and coquettish for the sanctuary. Nevertheless they met the Haddens in the porch, in the glory of their purple pheasant plumes, whereof the long tail-feathers made great circles in the air as the young heads turned this way and that, in the excitement of a few snatched words before they entered.

The organ was playing; and the low, deep, tremulous rumble that an organ gives sometimes, when it seems to creep under and vibrate all things with a strange, vital thrill, overswept their trivial chat, and made Leslie almost shiver. "O, I wish they would n't do that," she said, turning to go in.

"What?" said Jeannie Hadden, unaware.



"Touch the nerve. The great nerve — of creation."

"What queer things Les' Goldthwaite says sometimes," whispered Elinor; and they passed the inner door.

The Goldthwaites sat two pews behind the Haddens. Leslie could not help thinking how elegant Mrs. Linceford was, as she swept in, in her rich black silk, and real lace shawl, and delicate, costly bonnet; and the perfectly gloved hand that upheld a bit of extravagance in Valenciennes lace and cambric made devo-

tion seem — what? The more graceful and touching in one who had all this world's luxuries, or — almost a mockery?

The pheasant-plumed hats went decorously down in prayer-time, but the tail-feathers ran up perker than ever, from the posture; Leslie saw this, because she had lifted her own head and unclosed her eyes in a self-indignant honesty, when she found on what her secret thoughts were running. Were other people so much better than she? And *could* they do both things? How much was right in all this that was outwardly so beguiling? and where did the "serving Mammon" begin?

Was everything so much intenser and more absorbing with her than with the Haddens? Why could she not take things as they came, as these girls did, or seemed to do? Be glad of her pretty things, — her pretty looks, even, — her coming pleasures, — with no misgivings or self-searchings, and then turn round and say her prayers properly?

Was n't beauty put into the world for the sake of beauty? And was n't it right to love it, and make much of it, and multiply it? What were arts and human ingenuities for, and the things given to work with? All this grave weighing of a great moral question was in the mind of the young girl of fifteen again this Sunday morning. Such doubts and balancings begin far earlier, often, than we are apt to think.

The minister shook hands cordially and respectfully with Mrs. Linceford after church. He had no hesitation at her stylishness and fineries. Everybody took everybody else for granted; and it was all right, Leslie Goldthwaite supposed, except in her own foolish, unregulated thoughts. Everybody else had done their Sunday duty, and it was enough; only she had been all wrong and astray, and in confusion. There was a time for everything, only her times and thoughts would mix themselves up and interfere. Perhaps she was very weak-minded, and the only way for her would be to give it all up, and wear drab, or whatever else might be most unbecoming, and be fiercely severe, mortifying the flesh. She got over that — her young nature reacting — as they all walked up the street together, while the sun shone down smilingly upon the world in Sunday best, and the flowers were gay in the door-yards, and Miss Milliken's shop was reverential with the green shutters before the windows that had been gorgeous yesterday with bright ribbons and fresh fashions; and there was something thankful in her feeling of the pleasantness that was about her, and a certainty that she should only grow morose if she took to resisting it all. She would be as good as she could, and let the pleasantness and the prettiness come "by the way." Yes, that was just what Cousin Delight had said. "All these things shall be added," — was not that the Gospel word? So her troubling thought was laid for the hour; but it should come up again. It was in the "seeking first" that the question lay. By and by she would go back of the other to this, and see clearer, — in the light, perhaps, of something that had been already given her, and which, as she lived on toward a fuller readiness for it, should be "brought to her remembrance."

Monday brought the perfection of a travellers' morning. There had been a shower during the night, and the highways lay cool, moist, and dark-brown between the green of the fields and the clean-washed, red-brick pavements of the town. There would be no dust even on the railroad, and the air was an impalpable draught of delight. To the three young girls, standing there under the station-portico, — for they chose the smell of the morning rather than the odors of apples and cakes and indescribables which go to make up the distinctive atmosphere of a railway waiting-room, — there was but one thing to be done to-day in the world; — one thing for which the sun rose, and wheeled himself toward that point in the heavens which would make eight o'clock down below. Of all the ships that might sail this day out of harbors, or the trains that might steam out of cities across states, they recked nothing but of this that was to take them toward the hills. There were unfortunates, doubtless, bound elsewhere, by peremptory necessity; there were people who were going nowhere, but about their daily work and errands; all these were simply to be pitied, or wondered at, as to how they could feel *not* to be going upon a mountain journey. It is queer to think, on a last Thursday in November, or on a Fourth of July, of States where there may not be a Thanksgiving, or of far-off lands that have no Independence day. It was just as strange, somehow, to imagine how this day, that was to them the culminating point of so much happy anticipation, the beginning of so much

certain joy, could be otherwise, and yet be anything to the supernumerary people who filled up around them the life that centred in just this to them. Yet in truth it was, to most folks, simply a fair Monday morning, and an excellent "drying day."

They bounded off along the iron track, — the great steam-pulse throbbed no faster than in time to their bright, young eagerness. It had been a momentous matter to decide upon their seats, of which there had been opportunity for choice when they entered the car; at last they had been happily settled, face to face, by the good-natured removal of a couple of young farmers, who saw that the four ladies wished to be seated together. Their hand-bags were hung up, their rolls of shawls disposed beneath their feet, and Mrs. Linceford had taken out her novel. The Haddens had each a book also in her bag, to be perfectly according to rule in their equipment; but they were not old travellers enough to care to begin upon them yet. As to Leslie Goldthwaite, *her* book lay ready open before her, for long, contented reading, in two chapters, both visible at once; — the broad, open country, with its shifting pictures and suggestions of life and pleasantness; and the carriage interior, with its dissimilar human freight, and its yet more varied hints of history and character and purpose.

She made a story in her own mind, half unconsciously, of every one about her. Of the pretty girl alone, with no elaborate travelling arrangements, going only, it was evident, from one way-station to another, perhaps to spend a summer day with a friend. Of the stout old country grandmamma, with a basket full of doughnuts and early apples, that made a spiciness and orchard fragrance all about her, and that she surely never meant to eat herself, seeing, first, that she had not a tooth in her head, and also that she made repeated anxious requests of the conductor, catching him by the coat-skirts as he passed, to "let her know in season when they began to get into Bartley"; who asked, confidentially, of her next neighbor, a well-dressed elderly gentleman, if "he did n't think it was about as cheap comin' by the cars as it would ha' ben to hire a passage any other way?" and innocently endured the smile that her query called forth on half a dozen faces about her. The gentleman, *without* a smile, courteously lowered his newspaper to reply that "he always thought it better to avail one's self of established conveniences rather than to waste time in independent contrivances"; and the old lady sat back, — as far back as she dared, considering her momentary apprehension of Bartley, — quite happily complacent in the confirmation of her own wisdom.

There was a trig, not to say prim, spinster, without a vestige of comeliness in her face, save the comeliness of a clear, clean, energetic expression, — such as a new broom or a bright tea-kettle might have, suggesting capacity for house-thrift and hearth-comfort, — who wore a gray straw bonnet, clean and neat as if it had not lasted for six years at least, which its fashion evidenced, and which, having a bright green tuft of artificial grass stuck arbitrarily upon its brim by way of modern adornment, put Leslie mischievously in mind of a roof so old that blades had sprouted in the eaves. She was glad afterwards that she had not spoken her mischief.

What made life beautiful to all these people? These farmers, who put on at daybreak their coarse homespun, for long hours of rough labor? These homely, home-bred women, who knew nothing of graceful fashions, — who had always too much to do to think of elegance in doing? Perhaps that was just it; they had always something to do, something outside of themselves; in their honest, earnest lives there was little to tempt them to a frivolous self-engrossment. Leslie touched close upon the very help and solution she wanted, as she thought these thoughts.

Opposite to her there sat a poor man, to whom there had happened a great misfortune. One eye was lost, and the cheek was drawn and marked by some great scar of wound or burn. One half his face was a fearful blot. How did people bear such things as these, — to go through the world knowing that it could never be pleasant to any human being to look upon them? that an instinct of pity and courtesy even would turn every casual glance away? There was a strange, sorrowful pleading in the one expressive side of the man's countenance, and a singularly untoward incident presently called it forth, and made it almost ludicrously pitiful. A bustling fellow entered at a way-station, his arms full of a great frame that he carried. As he blundered along the passage, looking for a seat, a jolt of the car, in starting, pitched him suddenly into the vacant place beside this man; and the open expanse of the large looking-glass — for it was that which the frame held — was fairly smitten, like an insult of fate, into the very face of the unfortunate.



"Beg pardon," the new-comer said, in an off-hand way, as he settled himself, holding the glass full before the other while he righted it; and then, for the first time, giving a quick glance toward him. The astonishment — the intuitive repulsion — the consciousness of what he had done, betokened by the instant look of the one man, and the helpless, mute "How could you?"

that seemed spoken in the strange, uprolled, one-sided expression of the other, — these involuntarily-met regards made a brief concurrence at once sad and irresistibly funny, as so many things in this strange life are.

The man of the mirror inclined his burden quietly the other way; and now it reflected the bright faces opposite, under the pheasant plumes. Was it any delight to Leslie to see her own face so? What was the use of being — what right had she to wish to be — pretty and pleasant to look at, when there were such utter lifelong loss and disfigurement in the world for others? Why should it not as well happen to her? And how did the world seem to such a person, and where was the *worth-while* of it? This was the question which lingered last in her mind, and to which all else reverted. *To be able to bear*; perhaps this was it; and this was greater, indeed, than any outer grace.

Such as these were the wayside meanings that came to Leslie Goldthwaite that morning in the first few hours of her journey. Meanwhile, Jeannie and Elinor Hadden had begun to be tired; and Mrs. Linceford, not much entertained with her novel, held it half closed over her finger, drew her brown veil closely, and sat with her eyes shut, compensating herself with a doze for her early rising. Had the same things come to these? Not precisely; something else, perhaps. In all things, one is still taken and another left. I can only follow, minutely, one.

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."



AFLOAT IN THE FOREST:

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

CHAPTER LIX.

DROWNING THE TOCANDEIRAS: FIVE MEN IN A FEVER.

FOR a time the brains of our adventurers were busied in devising some plan for routing the tocandeiras from their floating citadel, of which they now retained sole possession. At last Tipperary Tom again became the suggestor of a scheme for dispelling the multitudinous hosts.

"If we can't spill thim off the log," said he, "we can wather thim aff it."

"Not such a bad idea," said Richard. "Come on, let us surround the trunk, and attack them on all sides, and let all heave together."

The dark mud color that had characterized it when first seen, and during the time while they were approaching it, was now changed to a hue of fiery red, here in spots or patches, there in broad lists or streaks, running irregularly between the extremities. Of course the red bands and blotches mottling its sombre surface were the tocandeiras, whose crowded battalions

were distributed all over it. On closer scrutiny, it could be seen that they were in motion, passing to and fro, or in places circling around as if in search of the intruders who had disturbed them.

At a word from Trevannion, all the assailants commenced heaving up water with the palms of their hands, and the log became shrouded under a shower of sparkling drops that fell fast and thickly over it, dissipating into a cloud of vapor like the spray of a waterfall. Under such a drenching the tocandeiras could not possibly retain their hold, however tenacious might be their sharp curving claws, and it was but natural that thousands of them should soon be swept from the manguba. Their assailants saw it, and, rejoicing at the success of their scheme, gave utterance to triumphant shouts, just like boys destroying with hot water a nest of wasps or hornets. Louder than all could be heard the voice of Tipperary Tom. It was he who had suggested the scheme, and the thought of having his character for sagacity thus raised caused his boisterous fit of self-congratulation.

But the splashing suddenly ceased, and the six pairs of palms, instead of being turned upward and forward to bale water upon the log, were now exerted in the opposite direction, backward and downward, while the owners of them commenced swimming away from the spot; as they went off, making vigorous efforts to free themselves from the spiteful creatures again clinging to them. Not one of them said a word about staying longer by the dead manguba; but, picking up little Rosa on the way, they continued their retreat, nor paused again until they felt sure of having distanced the tocandeiras.

As a matter of course they had retreated towards the tree-tops. After so many surprises, accompanied by almost continuous exertion, they stood in need of rest. Having chosen one that could be easily climbed, they ascended to its branches, and there seated themselves as comfortably as circumstances would permit. On perceiving that the sun was already over the meridian, and satisfied, moreover, that the task of getting rid of their enemies was one that it might take time to accomplish, they determined to remain all night in their new situation. But there was a more powerful reason for suspending their journey at this point. They were suffering great pain from the stings of the tocandeiras, and, until that should be to some extent allayed, they could think of nothing else, unless indeed it might be a mode of avenging themselves.

It was fortunate they had found a safe place of repose, and that Munday, who suffered less than the rest, preserved sufficient composure to make their beds or hammocks of sapos, for, in less than twenty minutes after ascending the tree, every one of the party, Munday and Rosa excepted, found himself in a raging fever from the stings inflicted by the tocandeiras, since these bloodthirsty insects not only bite as other ants, but have the power of stinging like wasps, only that the pain produced by their sting is much greater, — more like that of the black scorpion.

As the sun went down, a cool breeze began to play over the waters of the lagoa; and this — the fever having burnt itself out — restored them to their

ordinary health, though with a feeling of languor that disinclined them to do anything for that night. Stretched upon their rude aerial couches, they looked up at the stars, and listened to Munday as he made answer to the interrogatories of Trevannion giving an account of one of the singular customs of his tribe, — that known as the “Festival of the Tocandeiras.”

CHAPTER LX.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE TOCANDEIRAS.

WHEN a youth of the Mundurucú nation, or its kindred tribe, the Mahüé, has reached the age for assuming the dignities of manhood, he is expected to submit himself to an ordeal that well deserves to be called fiery. This more especially if the youth's ambition inclines him to become a warrior or otherwise distinguished in the tribe. The ordeal is voluntary; but without undergoing it, the young Mundurucú must consent to an existence, if not disgraced, at least inglorious; and if not absolutely scorned by the girls of the Malocca, he will have but slight chance of winning their smiles.

It must be known to my young readers that a custom prevails among many tribes of North American Indians of submitting their young men who aspire to become “braves” to a test of courage and endurance so severe at times as to be a torture quite incredible to those unacquainted with the Indian character. You might fancy the South American a very trifling affair, compared with the torture of the Mandans and other Northern tribes, when you are told that it consists simply in the wearing of a pair of gloves, or mittens, for a certain length of time, — so long that the wearer can make the round of the Malocca, and finish up by an obeisance to the *tuchao* or chief, who awaits him at the door of his hut. But these mittens once described to you, as they were described by Munday to his companions on the tree, you will perchance change your mind; and regard the Mundurucú ceremony as one of the most severe that was ever contrived to test the constancy and courage of any aspirant to distinction.

When the young Mundurucú declares his readiness to put on the gloves, a pair of them are prepared for him. They are manufactured out of the bark of a species of palm-tree, and are in fact only long hollow cylinders, closed at one end, and large enough to admit the hand and arm up to the elbow. Before being drawn on they are half filled with ants of the most spiteful and venomous kinds; but chiefly with *tocandeiras*, from which the ceremony derives its name.

Thus accoutred, and accompanied by a crowd with horns, drums, and other musical instruments in use among the Indians, the candidate for manhood's rights has to make the round of the village, presenting himself before every hut, and dancing a jig at every halt that is made. Throughout all the performance he must affect signs of great joy, chanting a cheerful strain, loud enough to be heard above the beating of the drums, the blowing of the horns, and the fracas of his noisy followers. Should he refuse to submit to

this terrible ordeal, or during its continuance show signs of weakness or hesitation, he is a lost man. He will be forever after the butt and scorn of his tribe; and there is not a Mundurucú girl who will consent to have him for a sweetheart. His parents and relatives will also be affected in the event of his proving a coward, and he will be regarded as a disgrace to the family.

Stimulated by these thoughts, he enters upon the trial, his friends urging him forward with cries of encouragement, his parents keeping by his side, and with anxious entreaties fortifying him against a failure. He has courageously thrust his hands into the fiery gauntlets, and with like courage he must keep them there, until the ceremony is completed. He suffers cruel torture. Every moment increases his agony. His hands, wrists, and arms feel as if surrounded by fire. The insect poison enters his veins. His eyes are inflamed. The sweat pours from his skin,—his bosom palpitates,—his lips and cheeks grow pale; and yet he must not show the slightest acknowledgment of suffering. If he does, it will cover him with shame; and he will never be permitted to carry the Mundurucú war-spear, nor impale upon its point the head of his slain enemy. He knows the awful fate that must result from failure; and, though staggering in his steps, he keeps courageously on. At length he stands in the presence of the tuchao, seated to receive him.

Before the chief the ceremony is repeated with increased excitement; the dance is redoubled in vigor,—the chant is louder than ever,—both continuing until his strength fails him through sheer exhaustion. His gloves are then removed, and he falls into the arms of his friends.

He is now surrounded by the young girls of the tribe, who fling their arms around him, covering him with kisses and congratulations. His sufferings prevent him from appreciating their soft caresses, and breaking away from their embrace, he rushes down to the river, and flings his fevered body into the grateful current. There remaining until the cool water has to some extent alleviated his pain, he comes forth and retires to the Malocca, to receive fresh congratulations from his fellow-savages.

He has proved himself of the stuff of which warriors are made, and may now aspire to the hand of any Mundurucú maiden, and to the glory of increasing the number of those hideous trophies that adorn the council-room of the tribe, and which have earned for these Indians the distinctive surname of *Decapitadores* (*Beheaders*).

CHAPTER LXI.

AMAZONIAN ANTS.

SUCCESSING this thrilling account of the tocandeira festival, ants continued for a time to form the staple subject of conversation, which was not confined to the particular species they had encountered upon the log, but related to many others that inhabit the forests and *campos* of the Amazon valley. Scores of sorts were known to the Mundurucú,—all differing from each other, not only in size, shape, color, and what may be termed *personal*

characteristics, but also in their modes of life, habits, and dwelling-place ; in short, in every particular except those essential traits which make them all members of the same family.

The entomologist who would make a study of ant-life could find no better school to pursue it in than the grand valley of the Amazon. In all parts of it he will find these insects in countless numbers, and in a vast variety of species, — separated from each other by all distinctions of classes founded on habits of life quite opposed to each other. Some species inhabit the earth, never descending below its surface. Others live *under* it, in subterranean dwellings, scarce ever coming out into the light of day. Others again live above the earth, making their home in the hollow trunks of trees ; while still others lead a more aerial life, building their nests among the twigs and topmost branches.

In their diet there is a still greater range. There are *carnivora* and *herbivora*, — some that feed only on flesh, others that confine themselves to vegetable substances. There are, moreover, kinds that devour their meat before the life is out of it ; while other carnivorous species, like the vulture among birds, prey only on such carrion as may chance to fall in their way, and in search of which their lives seem principally to be spent.

Then there are the vegetable feeders, which not only strip the leaves from plants and trees, but destroy every other sort of vegetable substance that they may fancy to seize upon. The clothes in a chest or wardrobe, the papers in a desk, and the books in a library, have all at times been consumed by their devastating hosts, when foraging for food, or for materials out of which to construct their singular dwellings. These dwellings are of as many different kinds as there are species of ants. Some are of conical shape, as large as a soldier's tent. Some resemble hillocks or great mounds, extending over the ground to a circumference of many yards. Others represent oblong ridges, traversed by numerous underground galleries, while some species make their dwellings in deep horizontal tunnels, or excavations, often extending under the bed of broad rivers. Many kinds lead an arboreal life, and their nests may be seen sticking like huge excrescences to the trunks of the forest-trees, and as often suspended from the branches.

To give a detailed account of the different kinds of Amazonian ants, — to describe only their appearance and ordinary habits, — would require, not a chapter, but a large volume. Their domestic economy, the modes of constructing their domiciles, the manner of propagating their species, their social distinction into classes or castes, the odd relations that exist between the separate castes of a community, the division of labor, their devotion to what some writers, imbued with monarchical ideas, have been pleased to term their *queen*, — who in reality is an individual *elected* for a special purpose, — render these insects almost an anomaly in nature. It is not to be expected that the uneducated Indian could give any scientific explanation of such matters. He only knew that there were many curious things in connection with the ants, and their in-door as well as out-door life, which he had himself observed, — and these particulars he communicated.

He could tell strange tales of the *Termites*, or white ants, which are not ants at all, — only so called from a general resemblance to the latter in many of their habits. He dwelt longest on the sort called *Saiibas*, or leaf-carrying ants, of which he knew a great number of species, each building its hill in a different manner from the others. Of all the species of South American ants, perhaps none surprises the stranger so much as the *saiiba*. On entering a tract of forest, or passing a patch of cultivated ground, the traveller will come to a place where the whole surface is strewn with pieces of green leaves, each about the size of a dime, and all in motion. On examining these leafy fragments more closely, he will discover that each is borne upon the shoulders of a little insect not nearly so big as its burden. Proceeding onward he will come to a tree, where thousands of these insects are at work cutting the leaves into pieces of the proper size, and flinging them down to thousands of others, who seize upon and carry them off. On still closer scrutiny, he will observe that all this work is being carried on in systematic order, — that there are some of the insects differently shaped from the rest, — some performing the actual labor, while the others are acting as guards and overseers. Were he to continue his observation, he would find that the leaves thus transported were not used as food, but only as thatch for covering the galleries and passages through which these countless multitudes make their way from one place to another. He would observe, moreover, so many singular habits and manœuvres of the little crawling creatures, that he would depart from the spot filled with surprise, and unable to explain more than a tenth part of what he had seen.

Continuing his excursion, he would come upon ants differing from the *saiibas* not only in species, but in the most essential characteristics of life. There would be the *Ecitons*, or foraging ants, which, instead of contenting themselves by feeding upon the luxurious vegetation of the tropics, would be met upon one of their predatory forays, — the object of their expedition being to destroy some colony of their own kind, if not of their own species. It may be that the foraging party belong to the species known as *Eciton rapax*, — the giant of its genus, in which many individuals measure a full half-inch in length. If so, they will be proceeding in single file through the forest, in search of the nests of a defenceless vegetable-feeding ant of the genus *Formica*. If they have already found it, and are met on their homeward march towards their own encampment, each will be seen holding in its mouth a portion of the mangled remains of some victim of their rapacity.

Again, another species may be met travelling in broad columns, containing millions of individuals, either on the way to kill and plunder, or returning laden with the spoil. In either case they will attack any creature that chances in their way, — man himself as readily as the most defenceless animal. The Indian who encounters them retreats upon his tracks, crying out, "*Tauuca!*" to warn his companions behind, himself warned by the ant-thrushes whom he has espied hovering above the creeping columns, and twittering their exulting notes, as at intervals they swoop down to thin the moving legion.

Of all the kinds of ants known to the Mundurucú, there was none that seemed to interest him more than that which had led to the conversation, — the *tocandeira*, or, as the Brazilians term it, *formigade fogo* (fire-ant). Munday had worn the formidable mittens; and this circumstance had no doubt left an impression upon his mind that the *tocandeira* was the truest representative of spitefulness to be found in the insect world.

Perhaps he was not far astray. Although an ant of ordinary size, — both in this and general appearance not differing greatly from the common red ant of England, — its bite and sting together are more dreaded than those of any other species. It crawls upon the limbs of the pedestrian who passes near its haunt, and, clutching his skin in its 'sharp pincer-like jaws, with a sudden twitch of the tail it inserts its venomous sting upon the instant, holding on after it has made the wound, and so tenaciously that it is often torn to pieces while being detached. It will even go out of its way to attack any one standing near. And at certain landing-places upon some of the Amazonian rivers, the ground is so occupied with its hosts that treading there is attended with great danger. In fact, it is on record that settlements have been abandoned on account of the fire-ant suddenly making its appearance, and becoming the pest of the place.

Munday, in conclusion, declared that the *tocandeiras* were only found in the dry forests and sandy *campos*; that he had never before seen one of their swarms in the Gapo, and that these in the dead-wood must have retreated thither in haste, to escape drowning when caught by the inundation, and that the log had been afterwards drifted away by the *echente*.

Whether this statement was true or not, the ants appeared to have made up their minds to stay there, and permit no intruders to deprive them of their new, strange domicile, — at all events until the *vasante* might enable them once more to set foot upon dry land.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE ANTS STILL EXCITED.

AT break of day the party were all awake; and after refreshing themselves with a little *cheese* — which was only some coagulated milk of the massaranduba, preserved in sapucaya-shells — they once more turned their attention to the floating trunk. To their surprise, it was no longer where they had left it!

There was a fog upon the water, but that was rapidly becoming dissipated; and as the sun peeped over the tree-tops, the lagoon was sufficiently free from mist for any dark object as large as a man's head, within a mile's distance, to be distinguished. The manguba had been left scarce a hundred yards from their sleeping-place. Where was it now?

"Yonder!" said Munday, "close in by the trees. By our splashing in the water, we started it from its moorings among the *piosocas*. There has been a little breeze through the night, that has brought it this way. It is now at

anchor against yonder tree. I should n't wonder if the ants would try to escape from it, and take to the branches above them. The dead manguba is not their natural home; nor is the Gapo their dwelling-place. The tocandeiras belong on land; and no one would expect to find them here. They must have had their home in the hollow of the log while it was lying on dry land. The *echente* set it afloat while they were inside, and the current has carried them far away from their own country."

So they now turned to ascertain whether Munday's conjectures were true, that the ants had taken to the tree that stood over the dead-wood, which was at no great distance; and as the sun had now completely dispelled the fog, they could see it very distinctly. The tocandeiras were still upon it. Their countless hosts were seen moving over its surface in all their red array, apparently as much excited as when putting to flight the swimmers who had intruded upon them.

The log, although close to the stem of the standing tree, was not in connection with it. Something held it several feet off; and as none of the drooping branches reached quite down, it was impossible for the insects to reach the tree, although they evidently desired to make this change, as if suddenly dissatisfied with their quarters on the drifting trunk, and wishing to change them for others less at the mercy of the winds and waves.

As there was something curious in all this, something that could not fail to fix the attention of the observer, our adventurers remained silent, watching the movements of the insect multitude, in hopes that they might find some way of detaching themselves from the floating log, and leave in peaceable and undisputed possession the quarters they appeared so desirous of quitting to those who were equally desirous of entering upon them.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE TAMANDUA: THE ANT-THRUSH.

TRUSTING to the explanation given by the tapuyo, they did not think of inquiring further into the cause of the commotion among the ants. While scanning the tree closely, several of the party perceived a movement among its branches, and soon after the form of a singular creature that was causing it. It was a quadruped, about the size of a raccoon or cat, but of a shape peculiarly its own. Its body was long and cylindrical, terminating posteriorly in a round, tapering tail, while its low, flat head, prolonged into a smooth, slender muzzle, also tapered nearly to a point. The eyes were so small as scarcely to be seen, and the mouth more resembled a round hole than the closing of a pair of jaws. It was covered with a dense silky fur, of a uniform length over the body, and slightly crisped, so as to give it a woolly aspect. This fur was straw-colored, with a tinge of maroon and brown on the shoulders and along the back, while the tail presented a ringed appearance from an alternation of the two colors.

"*Tamandua!*" exclaimed Munday, at sight of the strange quadruped.

"The ant-eater. Not the great one, which is called *Tamandua assu*, and don't climb up the trees. That you see is the little one; he lives all his life among the branches, — sleeps there, either upon his breast, or suspended by his tail, — travels from one tree to another in search of honey, bees, wasps, grubs, but, above all, of such ants as make their nests either in holes, or stick to the twigs. Ha!" he continued, "what could I have been thinking of? The tocandeiras wishing to climb up to the tree? Not a bit of it. Quite the contrary. It's the tamandua that's keeping them in motion! See the cunning beast preparing to make a descent among them!"

Nothing could be more certain than that this was the tamandua's intention: for almost on the instant it was seen to move among the branches, descending from one to the other, partly using its strong, hooked claws, and partly its tapering and highly prehensile tail. Once upon the dead-wood, it lay flat down upon its breast and belly; and shooting out its long, thread-like tongue, coated with a sticky shining substance resembling saliva, it commenced licking up the tocandeiras that swarmed in thousands around it. It was to no purpose that the ants made an attack upon it. Nature had provided it with an armor proof both against their bite and sting. Rage around it as they might, the tocandeiras could do nothing to hinder it from licking them up from the log, and tucking them in hundreds into its capacious stomach. Finally the tamandua had taken his fill, — breakfasted to his heart's content; then, erecting himself on his hind legs after the manner of a squirrel or marmoset, he sprang back upon the branch from which he had descended. Going a little higher up, he selected another and larger branch, placing himself so that his belly rested along its upper surface, with the legs hanging down on each side; and then, burying his proboscis in the long fur of his breast, and taking two or three turns of his tail around head, body, and legs, he fell fast asleep.

The old saw, that there is "many a slip between the cup and the lip," is as true in the life of an ant-eater as in that of a man; and when the tamandua awoke, — which it did some twenty minutes afterwards, — and looked down upon the dead-wood, it was astonished to discover that not a tocandeira was in sight.

What had become of them? When left by the tamandua to their own devices, there were myriads still surviving. The few thousands which the devourer licked up had made no perceptible diminution in their numbers; and on the retiring of their enemy, they were swarming as thickly and countlessly as ever. Now not one was visible upon the log, the hue of which, from being of a flaming red, had returned to its original color of sombre gray. A few were discovered upon the standing tree, crawling up its trunk and lower branches, with excited air and rapid movements, as if escaping from terrible disaster. These refugees did not amount to many hundreds; thinly scattered over the bark, they could have been counted. They were too few to tempt the hunger of the tamandua. It would not have been worth his while to project his slimy tongue for the sake of a single tocandeira; so he retained it — not behind his teeth, for he had none — but within the

cylinder-shaped cavity of his mouth. What had become of the tocandeiras? It is possible that the tamandua mentally put this question to himself; for there is no animal, however humble its organization, that has not been gifted by beneficent Nature with a mind and powers of reasoning,—ay, with moral perceptions of at least the primary principles of right and wrong, as even the little ant-eater gives evidence.

Perhaps you have yourself witnessed the proof. You have seen one ant rob another of its crumb of bread, that by a laborious effort has been carried far. You have seen the companions of both gather around the spot, deprive the despoiler of its ill-gotten prize, restore the crumb to its lawful possessor, and punish the would-be pilferer. If you have not seen this, others have,—myself among the number. Surely, it is reason; surely, it is moral perception. If not, what is it? The closet-naturalist calls it *instinct*,—a ready word to cloak that social cowardice which shrinks from acknowledging that besides man there are other beings upon the earth with talents worth saving.

Soon after the ant-eater had gone to sleep, a little bird about the size of a starling was seen flitting about. It was of the ordinary shape of the shrikes, or fly-catchers, and, like them, of sombre plumage,—a dull gray blended with bluish slate. As already said, it was flitting about among the tree-tops, now and then rising above them, and hovering for a while in the air; then lighting again upon a branch, and from this hopping to another, and another, all the time giving utterance to twittering but scarcely musical notes.

“An ant-thrush,” Munday said. “It’s hunting about for the very creatures that are swarming on that log. If it should spy them we’ll have no more trouble with the tocandeiras. That friend will clear them out of our way. If it but gets its eye on that red crowd, it’ll treat them very differently from what the beast has done. In twenty minutes there won’t be a tocandeira to sting us. May the Great Spirit prove propitious, and turn its eyes upon the dead-wood!”

For a time the bird kept up its flickering flight and twittering cry, while our adventurers watched its manœuvres, keeping quiet, as a precaution against scaring it away. All at once the ant-thrush changed its tactics, and its louder note proclaimed a surprise. It had come close to the tree that contained the tamandua, and saw the quadruped taking its *siesta* upon the branch. From the presence of the ant-eater it argued the proximity of their common prey.

The swarm of fire-ants, reddening the log, formed too conspicuous an object to escape being seen. The ant-thrush soon saw them, and announced the discovery with a screech, which was a signal to scores of hungry companions. It was answered by what seemed a hundred echoes, and soon the air resounded with whistling wings, as the feathered ant-eaters came crowding to the feast.

Boy reader, you have bred pigeons, and fed them too. You have flung before them whole baskets of barley, and pecks of oats, until the pavement was thickly strewed. You have observed how quickly they could clear the

ground of the grain. With the like rapidity was the log cleared of the tocan-deiras. In ten minutes not a single insect could be seen upon it; and then the feathered ant-eaters, without giving the tamandua a hint that his premises had been despoiled, flew off into the forest in search of a fresh swarm.

CHAPTER LXIV.

ANT-EATERS—BIPED AND QUADRUPED.

THE spectacle of the bird ant-eaters engaged in their work of destruction is one that may be seen almost every day in the Amazonian region. The presence of an army of ants passing from place to place through the forest — themselves often bent upon a marauding and murderous expedition — may often be discovered long before the insects themselves are in sight, by the twittering cries and excited actions of the ant-thrushes, that in large flocks are seen hovering above them. The traveller takes warning by the spectacle. Experience has long ago taught him that to stray into the midst of a party of foraging ants is no slight matter. It would be like dancing an Irish jig over a nest of hornets. He is sure of being attacked, bitten, and stung by the venomous insects; and on hearing the call of the ant-thrush, he beats an instant retreat. The quadruped licking up his insect prey is a sight of less frequent occurrence.

Of these four-footed ant-eaters there are many distinct kinds, differing very considerably in their habits of life. Four species are known to naturalists; but it is probable that there are many more yet to be discovered and described. The Indians who are best acquainted with the remote haunts of the great mountain wilderness of interior South America assert that there are others; and their testimony is generally derived from acute observation. Of the four known species there is the great ant-eater (*Myrmecophaga jubata*) called Tamanoir, large as a mastiff dog, and a match for most dogs in strength, often even killing one by squeezing the breath out of his body between its thick, muscular fore-limbs. This is the *Tamandua bandeira*, or "banner tamandua" of the natives, so called from the peculiar marking of its skin, — each side of the body being marked by a broad blackish band running obliquely from the shoulders, and suggesting the resemblance of an heraldic banner. It lives in the drier forests, making its haunt wherever the white ants (*termites*), those that construct the great hills, abound. Of the habits of this species a more complete account has been given elsewhere.*

The second species of tamandua — that is, in size — is quite a different creature. It scarcely ever descends to the earth, but passes from branch to branch and tree to tree by means of its strong, curving claws, and more especially by the aid of a very long and highly prehensile tail. Its food consists exclusively of ants, that construct huge earthy nests high up among the branches or against the trunks of the trees, where they present the ap-

* See "The Forest Exiles," by the author of this story.

pearance of grotesque excrescences. This tamandua often moves about during the day, in its slow progress much resembling the sloths, though its food is so very different from the animal of the Cecropia-tree (*bicho de embaüba*). This species dwells chiefly in the thick forests, and goes into the Gapo at all seasons of the year, and it was one of this sort which the party had seen.

But there are still two other kinds that make their home upon the trees, — both exceedingly curious little animals, and much more rarely seen



than the large tamanduas. They are distinguished by the name of *tamandua-i*, which in the Indian language means "little tamandua." One of them, the rarest of the family, is about the size of a half-grown kitten. Instead of hair, it wears a fine wool of a grayish-yellow color, soft and silky to the

touch. The other is of the same size, but dingy brown in color, and with hair of a coarser kind. These little ant-eaters both sleep through the day, curled up in the cavity of a tree, or in some fork of the branches, and only display their activity by night.

Thus it is that the ants have no chance of escaping from their numerous enemies. On the earth they are attacked and destroyed by the great ant-eater, in the trees by his brother with the four curving claws. By day one species preys upon them, — by night, another. Go where they will, there is a foe to fall upon them. Even when they seek security under the earth, there too are they pursued by enemies of their own tribe, the savage *ecitons*, which enter their subterranean dwellings, and kill them upon their own hearths, to be dragged forth piecemeal and devoured in the light of the sun!

CHAPTER LXV.

THE CHASE OF THE TAMANDUA.

IF the tamandua had been surprised by the disappearance of the tocan-deiras, it was not less so to see approaching a creature more than ten times its own size. This creature was of a dark bronze color, having a long, upright body, a pair of legs still longer, arms almost as long as the legs, and a roundish head with long black hair growing out of its crown, and hanging down over its shoulders. If the ant-eater had never before seen a human being, — which was probable enough, — it saw one now; for this creature was no other than old Munday, who had taken a fancy to capture that tamandua. Perhaps the little quadruped may have mistaken him for an ape, but it must have also thought him the grandest it had ever set eyes upon. Swinging itself from branch to branch, using both claws and tail to effect its flight, it forsook the tree where it had slept, and took to another farther into the forest. But Munday had anticipated this movement, and passed among the branches and over the matted lianas with the agility of an ape, — now climbing up from limb to limb, now letting himself down by some hanging sipo.

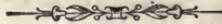
He was soon joined in the pursuit by Richard Trevannion, who was an expert climber, and, if unable to overtake the ant-eater in a direct chase, could be of service in helping to drive it back to the tree it had just left, and which stood at the end of a projecting tongue of the forest. It is possible that Munday might have been overmatched, with all his alertness; for the tamandua had reached the narrowest part of the peninsula before he could get there. Once across the *isthmus*, which consisted of a single tree, it would have had the wide forest before it, and would soon have hidden itself amid the matted tangle of leaves and twigs. Richard, however was too cunning to let the ant-eater escape him. Dropping into the water, he swam towards the isthmus with all his strength, and reached the tree before the tamandua.

By this time Munday had arrived from the opposite quarter, and was

already climbing into the same tree. Seeing itself intercepted on both sides, the tamandua began crawling up towards the topmost branches. But Munday was too quick for it, and springing after, with the agility of a cat, he caught hold of it by one of the hind legs. Being an animal insignificant in size, and apparently in strength, the spectator supposed he would speedily have dragged it down. In this, however, they were mistaken, not taking account of the power in its fore limbs and tail.

Notwithstanding the tapuyo exerted all his strength, he could not detach it from the tree ; and even when assisted by his companion, was only able to get the fore legs free. The tail, lapped several times around a limb, resisted all their efforts. But Munday cut the clinging tail with his knife, leaving two or three of its rings around the branch. Then, twisting the stump around his wrist, he swung the animal back against the trunk with a force that deprived it at once of strength and life.

Mayne Reid.



MABEL'S WISH.

O would I were a fairy,
 Up in the cherry-tree,
 And if 't were always summer,
 How happy I should be !
 I would breakfast on a cherry,
 And when I came to dine,
 The stone should be a wine-glass
 To hold my ruby wine.
 The bee should bring me honey,
 And the butterfly should bear
 My tiny form, whenever
 I wished to take the air.
 The wind should bring me odors
 From the fields of new-mown hay,
 And the birds should give me music
 All the live-long summer day.
 No lessons in the tree-top,
 No puzzling sums for me !
 O, I would I were a fairy,
 Up in the cherry-tree,
 And if 't were always summer,
 How happy I should be !

Tacie Townsend.



WINTER SONG,

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by H. M. T.

1. Hur - rah for the jolly old Win - ter! The king of the year is he; Though his
2. Hur - rah for the jolly old Win - ter! He shouts at the door by night: "Come

1. breath is cold and i - cy, His heart it is full of glee. He
2. out where the ice is gleam - ing Like steel in the cold moon - light. Like

1. piles up the beautiful snow-flakes On the apple trees bare and brown; And
2. swal - lows over the wa - ter The ska - ters mer - ri - ly go; There is

1. laughs when the north-wind shakes them, Like a shower of blossoms, down.
2. health in the blustering bree - zes And joy in the beautiful snow."

Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY
of
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

CHARADE.

No. 2.

My *first* is possessed of the wonderful
art
Of painting the feelings that glow in the
heart.
Yet had it not been for my *second's* kind
aid,
No respect had my *first* from a creature
been paid.
The name of my *whole* you can surely
reveal
When I tell you it's chiefly composed of
bright steel.

DEXTER.

No. 3.

WHEN summer skies were blue and bright,
And summer days were long,

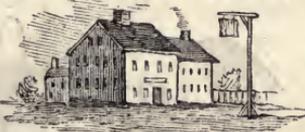
My heart was ever gay and light,
My *first* was high and strong.
But autumn brought both clouds and grief,
My *first* has faded with the leaf.

Your love that once was true and warm
Has grown my *second* now ;
And much I fear that winter's storm
Will break each weakened vow.
Chilled by thy frown and autumn's blast
My *first* becomes my *second* fast.

Now golden summer smiles no more,
And the sweet past is fled ;
And all my cherished dreams are o'er,
My *first* is fallen and dead.
O, pray take pity on my soul,
Or I shall soon become my *whole*.

CARL.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 5.



ER



THEE



THOU



ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 6.



D. R. C.

ENIGMA.

No. 3.

I am composed of 26 letters.
 My 2, 6, 1, 19, is a place where vessels anchor.
 My 7, 16, 6, 4, 26, is a kind of silk.
 My 10, 20, 4, 14, 15, 24, is a kind of fruit.
 My 3, 23, 18, 24, 19, is a domestic animal.
 My 19, 10, 22, 15, 5, 14, boys play with.

My 22, 21, 16, 11, 25, 13, is a vegetable.
 My 22, 11, 14, 16, 17, 24, 20, is an animal.
 My 9, 8, 7, 16, 18, is an article used in school.
 My 12, 18, 4, 8, is an article for food.
 My whole is a Biblical question.

META.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 7.



G. W. H.

PUZZLES.

No. 2.

An old astronomer am I,
Pupil of Phœbus ; shall I tell why ?
Little golden threads I measure,
Cut, and drop the precious treasure
In abysmal depths below, —
Depths whose limits none can know.

Seldom am I seen to sleep,
Neither can I walk or creep ;
Yet, while riveted I stay,
O'er the land I run all day ;
And, lest I cease to move at last,
They bind my fetters strong and fast.

You, who feet and ankles own,
Pity me, for I have none.
I crave your nose of Hogarth's fashion,
Your charming eye, with cunning lash on,
For while with face they have supplied
me,
Eyes, nose, mouth, chin, are all denied
me !

Two hands are mine, and what think you
With these two hands I have to do ?
So bashful am I, O disgrace !
I keep them always to my face ;
Yet busier hands you 'd ne'er discover,
Though you should range the wide world
over.

WILLY WISP.

No. 3.

I am such an indispensable part of your being that a mortal creature cannot exist without me. Yet I am not exclusively of an animal nature, for the earth owns me as well. I am to be met with at Vesuvius and Ætna, only you would never be able to approach near enough to see me. So you must look for me in rivers, where you will always discover me, (just where you will *not* find me in the animal kingdom,) the farthest from the head. I dwell in all caves of the earth, and in all pits, whether of coal or ore. Not even a cannon is made without me, for I am where men seek the "bubble reputation." I am large and long in the shark and alligator, small in the crab and caterpillar, deep and wide in jar and jug, long and elliptic in the human race, round in the ray and the skate, and triangular in the leech. With all the animal race I am movable, generally noisy, and can open or close at will, but in inanimate nature I am generally noiseless and perpetually open. I dwelt in Venice, and through my means the secret messages to the Inquisition passed ! I was in Egypt with Memnon, making music when the sun touched me. In short, if the eyes are called the windows of the soul, I may be very justly considered as its portal.

ANSWERS.

CHARADE.

1. Oil-well.

ENIGMAS.

1. Misery likes company.

2. To-morrow.

PUZZLE.

1. Ray, Sole, Ling, Maid ; Plaice, Thornback ;
Codling, Crab, Pike, Smelt ; B-rill, Carp,
S-hark, Seal ; Skate, Jack, Whiting, Perch ;
Her-ring, D-ace, Barb-el ; Flounder.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Silence. 2. He's a jewel (Jew ill). 3. Skye.
4. She is A-musing, B-coming, D-lighting, and
N-chanting.
5. Because we can't get them for nothing.
6. They make the butter fly.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

1. Do not count your chickens before they are hatched. [(Do) (knot) (cow)nt (ewer) (chick-ens) (bee)IV t(hay) (a)R(e) (hat)c(head).]
2. The crier says : " Found a woman, aged one hundred and ten years ; can be seen for ten cents." [T(he) (crier) s(hay)s ; F(hound) (a woman aged) CX (years) ; (can) (bee) (sea)n (fort) (hen) (cents).]
3. Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
And hides his face in flowers.
[(Time) (bears) (f a r) (youth) A (muffled bell) & (hides) his (face in flowers).]
4. Go to the ant, thou sluggard ! [(Goat) (tooth)e (ant) t(house) lug (guard).]



A WORD ABOUT PUZZLES.

Our young folks have been very thoughtful and very generous in sending all sorts of puzzles to their Magazine, and we hope that this kindness will be continued. But a little care would make their efforts much more available. The answers to enigmas, for instance, with their corresponding numbers, should be fully and carefully written out; such as are so will naturally receive attention first. Where there are several hundred enigmas to be looked over, it is impossible for the editors to stop to guess either the entire answer of each, or the words of which it is composed.

And we must ask contributors to this department not to expect a return of unaccepted puzzles. It will be much easier for the boys and girls to keep a copy of their own work, which, if it is very good, will be sure to be printed at last, although its author may sometimes have to wait months for it to find room. With fifty thousand heads, and as many pairs of hands ready and eager to help us, we sometimes get our own heads sorely puzzled with the abundance before us. But like a certain immortal little Oliver, we shall still be asking for "more," because we want our readers to have the best things that are to be found in Puzzledom. So lend us your constant aid, kind little folk, and we will keep a cheerful corner for you Round the Evening Lamp.

Edith, Milwaukee. Your rebus is a very good one, although it is not quite perfect; it will be used by and by. Try again, please.

Fran Coria offers "Columbia's Song" in commemoration of the final defeat of Rebellion. The song is animated, but not smooth. We give the best verse as a taste of the quality:—

"With soul-stirring music, ye loud cannon, rattle,
To hearts all despondent the glad tidings bring
How Freedom is born on the red field of battle:
Shout all ye people, of victory sing!

Servile fetters are broken,
Jehovah has spoken,

And men are no more to be treated like cattle,
No more to my garments shall Slavery cling!"

M. G. We do not mean to print any puzzles which have for their answers our own names, those of our Publishers, or that of the Magazine. There are enough good subjects without putting forward such as are already prominent enough.

J. G. K. Your rebuses are good, but as their subjects would not suit the spring (and we could not print them sooner) we must keep them until next winter.

Carrie L. W. writes a pleasant little note, enclosing an enigma, telling us that she is only nine years old, and asking us to overlook any errors, "as I am very tired" (with working out her puzzle, we suppose), "and it is past my bed-time." Thank you, Carrie; but next time send the answer.

C. R. T. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and other names which are easily guessed without the exercise of working them out letter by letter, are not good subjects for enigmas, and we always decline them.

Willy Wisp is among our most constant and interested correspondents, but his contributions are no nearer perfection (although he thinks otherwise) than any others. Under date of October 28, 1865, he criticises some of the rebuses which have been printed, and offers one which he says is complete, and "free from infelicities." Let us see, Master Willy. You spell *white* (by your symbols), *ho-ite*; violets, *vialeights*; mints, *mince*; and clay marbles, an' kle aim R bells. Are not these "infelicities"?

W. C. P. sends a French enigma, which we should be very glad to print, as offering a nice variety, but it is grammatically incorrect. "*Tous le autre*" is impossible. Repair it, and let us see it again.

A Friend, without any signature, has sent a list of words which he has made from the letters composing *Manufactory*, which numbers one hundred and ninety-four! Whoever wishes to try the experiment for himself, has only to remember that he must not use the same letter twice in any one word.

Touchstone sends a Latin enigma, which we throw away as useless because it has no answer.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1866.

No. III.

THE DISOBEDIENT CROW.



HE old mother crow sat in a cedar-tree, cawing in the sunshine. This is the song she sang :—

“O, I'm happy and gay, for my children, you see,
Are under the boughs of this cedar-tree.”

Flocks of neighbor crows were flying about above her head, and at length one of them, a gay young bachelor, came and perched on the cedar-tree, and told her about a fine cavalry horse off which he had dined that day, and said, if she would go with him, he would show her the swamp where it lay. But “No,” says Mother Crow, “my children are close by, and should I fly to Manassas with you, some harm might come to them.”

“But, madam, it is a great shame for a lady of your beauty to sit here alone, from morning till night.”

But still she sang, —

“Not alone, Mr. Crow, for my children, you see,
Are under the boughs of this cedar-tree.”

“Ah, dear madam, have you heard of the great crow concert there is to be in the forest to-night? I was thinking, as I flew over here, that I never had heard so fine a contralto voice as yours. You will surely join in the concert?”

“Many thanks, honored sir, — they have freedom to roam
Who have n't got dear little children at home,”

replied Mrs. Crow.

Mr. Crow made a low bow, and, laying his hand on

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his heart, said : " I can but admire your motherly care ; but, dear Mrs. Crow, would it not be for your children's advantage to bring them out into society a little more ? "

" My children are much too young to leave their mother's nest,

And I 'm sure they 're as happy as happy can be
Under the boughs of this cedar-tree."

Now it chanced that Mrs. Crow's little family had listened to every word of this conversation, and all but one, the eldest daughter, were much pleased with their kind mother's part in it ; but this one, whose name was Corvette, said : " Do you not see that every word Mr. Crow says is true ? We are kept here like prisoners, or only allowed to go a few yards from this old nest. For my part, I have a great notion to go to that concert to-night."

" O sister, I 'm sure mother would never consent," said all the young crows at once.

" I know that well enough," said Corvette, " for she is not willing we should do anything but scratch about and help get our own living. But we could steal away, and she would never know it."

" I will not," — " Nor I," — " Nor I," they all exclaim.

" Then I shall go alone," said naughty Corvette.

" O sister, you can't fly a rod at a time ; and some wild beast would certainly catch you, and eat you up."

" I can walk if I can't fly. Do you not see how vulgar our manners are ? and how can they ever be different unless we go into polite society ? For my part, I am determined to see the world a little."

So saying, the foolish young crow jumped out of the nest, and ran a little way, when who should she see but Mr. Crow, the gay young bachelor, sitting on a stump near by, — for there is always a tempter ready for those who wish to do wrong.

" Caw, caw ! Good morning, Miss," said he.

" Caw ! Good morning," said she courtesying.

" If I might be so bold," said he, " where are you walking this fine day ? "

" O good sir, I live under the cedar-tree yonder, and I have left the nest to seek my fortune."

" Bravo ! " said Mr. Crow, " you have done well."

" But my sisters said some beast would devour me, because I am small and weak."

" Caw haw ! " laughed Mr. Crow ; " they take after their mother. But you — you have great courage."

Foolish Corvette was much pleased with this compliment, and strutted along with her head erect.

" Besides," continued Mr. Crow, " if you will accept *me* for a companion, I will protect you from all enemies. There are not many who care to try their prowess with me," cocking his head on one side, and raising his tail-feathers.

So they went on through the woods together, Mr. Crow walking slowly to favor poor Corvette, and sometimes teaching her to use her feeble wings.

Thus they continued all day, without meeting anything worse than flocks of their own kind, or a few rabbits and chipmunks.

It was now near nightfall, and Corvette began to be weary, and almost to repent leaving the nest, when they heard a footstep in the wood, and a sharp report, which Mr. Crow knew well enough to be the crack of a rifle, but which Corvette had never heard before. She was very much frightened, and ran to her companion for protection; but he was much too gay a bird to risk his fine feathers in fighting for any one but himself, so away he flew to the top of a tall pine, and left little Corvette to her fate. Then two young men in hunter's dress came along, and one of them aimed his gun at Corvette; but the other said, "It's a young one,—let's take it alive."

Ah! what would not Corvette have given then to be safe back with her sisters under her dear mother's wing!

One of the young hunters took out a sharp knife, saying, "We must clip her wings,"—and off came the glossy black feathers which she had expected would some day carry her through the air, almost up to the blue sky. Then they shouldered their rifles, and walked briskly through the woods, while she cast a forlorn look back to the pine-tree where the false Mr. Crow was sitting.

The young men walked on for about an hour, when Corvette saw lights shining from the windows of a house, and she was very glad to find that her captors were going to this house; for now she thought she might have a chance to rest, and she was very weary with her day's journey. As they opened the great front-door, a little girl came bounding along the hall, and one of the young hunters caught her and lifted her up very high, and then set her gently on her feet again, which made her laugh merrily, while the other hunter exclaimed, "Halloo, sis! see what I have brought you!"—at the same time kneeling on one knee, and holding the little crow in his hands.

"O brother John, is it a little mice?" said the child.

"Try again," said he, laughing.

"It's a chicken, then," said she.

"Did you ever see such a black chicken?" said he. "No, it's a little young crow, and you shall have a cage for it, and feed it every day yourself."

"And will it sing like a canary?" asked the child.

"Not exactly; but it will talk after its own fashion. Don't you want to take it, Birdie?"

Birdie held up her white apron with her little dimpled hands. The crow was placed in it, and she ran into the parlor, exclaiming, "O mamma, look! see! And I am to have a cage for it, and it is to be all my own."

The lady whom Birdie called mamma patted her curly head, and smiled, saying, "Ha! a little contraband; you must make it a bed in the kitchen to-night, and to-morrow the boys will get you a nice cage."

By "the boys," the lady meant the two tall hunters. They were in the kitchen, cleaning their guns, when Birdie ran out with her new pet. A right down, pleasant "Ole Virginny" kitchen it was, with a great fire roar-

ing in the fireplace, the game and hunting equipments lying on the broad hearth, and a tall negro woman busily cooking something in an iron kettle which hung over the flames. Corvette at first thought this woman must be a very large crow, she was so black and shiny.



“Well, Blossom, what’s it got now?” she said to Birdie. “O Lors! did I ever! What’s dis here! I declare if ’t aint a young crow, sure ’nuff. What’s Blossom going to do with the little black feller?”

“He must have his supper, and be

put to bed. Mamma says so,” said Birdie.

So Corvette was fed with crumbs, and put in a basket on a nice soft piece of flannel, and it was only a few minutes before she was fast asleep. The next morning, when the first sunbeams fell across the kitchen floor, she awoke. At first she did not know where she was; but the sight of Dinah, the black woman, singing at her work, brought it all back, and she buried her head under the bedclothes, and felt very miserable indeed. She thought of her mother, and the nest under the cedar-tree, and her own naughty behavior; and then she resolved to escape, — to try to find her way home. But the sides of her basket were high and steep, and she would climb up a few steps only to fall back again. She might easily have flown over the top, but, alas! her wings had been clipped. Old Dinah heard the scratching, and said: “What dat? Who dar? O it’s you, you little black imp!” — looking into the basket with her two great round eyes, which frightened

poor Corvette, so that she hid her head under the blanket and lay quite still. Then Dinah went about her work, singing and talking to herself, as she almost always did; and it was not very long before Birdie's little dancing feet were heard on the kitchen floor. Dinah exclaimed, "Hi, hi! what started my Blossom out so early this morning?"

"Has the little crow got up?" asked Birdie eagerly.

"No, honey; but I heard a great scratching a minute ago. I reck'n he's awake."

Corvette was very glad to hear the child's voice. She was so kind and sweet, that she had not been afraid of her from the first minute she saw her, and when Birdie's bright blue eyes peeped into the basket, she did not hide away under the blanket, as she had from old Dinah. The little girl took her out, and gave her a nice breakfast, and by and by John and Dick, the two brothers, came in, bringing a beautiful cage. It was quite new, and had a perch in the middle, and a small glass jar for water on one side. They put Corvette in, and carried the cage to a room she had not seen before. It had two windows, beside one of which they hung the cage. The other was filled with flowers. There were great red cactuses, oleanders, roses, and strange, fragrant lilies. Above it hung another cage containing two canary-birds; and on a marble slab between the two windows stood a glass globe, where a family of goldfishes lived. Birdie's mamma was sitting there sewing; and Birdie fittted about, talking now to her mother, and now to her pets, till her mother looked at her watch and said, "Now Birdie must study her lesson; it is nine o'clock."

She was learning her alphabet, and always repeated it aloud. What was her surprise one morning to hear a voice repeating A, B, after her! She looked all about the room, thinking it must be a trick of one of her brothers, but they were nowhere to be seen. "C," said Birdie, and the voice repeated, "C." Then Mrs. Lee smiled and said, "It is the crow, — watch her, dear." How delighted Birdie was to see her sitting on her perch, her head on one side, looking just like Parson Rook in little Cock Robin, and saying her alphabet as sober as a judge! This was the first attempt Corvette had ever made at speaking English. She had always talked the crow language before, which, of course, we poor human beings do not understand.

One would think Corvette ought to have been very happy here, with such kind treatment, and such a dear little mistress, and for a time she was, excepting that she felt homesick occasionally, and longed to see her mother once more. But after she had been here about a year, her naturally discontented disposition began to show itself. This is what she said to herself: — "Those canary-birds need n't feel so vain of their yellow feathers; and they are as proud of their little young ones as if they were the only ones ever hatched. Little ugly, naked things, with their great wide mouths! I could eat them all at one meal. And Mr. Canary sits there, singing so fine. I guess somebody else can sing! Caw, caw! And those goldfishes! They do nothing but swim round and round from morning till night, till I should

think they would hardly know their heads from their tails,—and no great matter either. I saw the old cat eying them the other day. If she should get her paw in among them there would be a pretty kettle of fish. I wish she would. Caw, caw!”

“Why, what is the matter with the crow this morning?” said Mrs. Lee; “she screams so loud, and see how her back is ruffled.”

“Poor little crow,” said Birdie, “I’m afraid she is sick.”

But Corvette was not sick in body. Her mind was filled with envy, discontent, and other wicked feelings, of which you will see the consequence.

It happened one fine day that the door of her cage was left open, and, the windows being also open, she thought to herself, “I will just fly out and alight on that catalpa-tree, and make Birdie think I am lost.” She did so; and as she sat on a swaying branch, watching the swallows and bumblebees and other free things, all her natural love of liberty returned, and she said to herself, “I will never go inside the bars of that cage again. I am old enough and strong enough to take care of myself now, and, my wings having grown a little, I shall soon be able to fly higher than the chimneys of the house. Mr. and Mrs. Canary, you are welcome to your gilded cage; and you, silly fishes, may you have a good time bobbing about, the rest of your lives! I bid you all a very good morning.” Then she clapped her wings and flew away. The bright sun, the fresh air, the waving trees exhilarated her, and for a time she felt very happy. But there was one thing she had not taken into the account. Although quite old and strong enough to take care of herself, she knew not how to do it, because she had always had all her wants supplied. She grew hungry, but what did wild crows live on, she wondered? She roamed about all day, and found nothing but a few persimmons, which drew her mouth all awry, so that she was not able to say “Caw!” for more than an hour. When night came, “Where do wild crows sleep?” she wondered. She perched on a rock; but the night wind felt cold, the dew settled on her feathers, and a great owl, that lived in a hollow tree near by, kept screaming “Tu-whit! tu-who!” which frightened her sadly, for she could not think what it was. As soon as the east began to be yellow the owl grew quiet, but Corvette was glad to get out of that neighborhood. For many days she wandered through the woods, wishing herself back in her pretty cage, but unable to find her way there, when she saw through the trees the chimneys of a house. She gladly left the woods and flew towards it, alighting in a gentleman’s garden. It was a beautiful place, having a fountain, and marble urns filled with flowers, and arbors covered with grape and woodbine. An elderly gentleman was walking slowly along the paths, humming to himself, but taking no notice of the crow. Corvette was hungry and impatient to be fed, and she said, “Caw, caw!”

“Bless us! what have we here?” exclaimed the gentleman, stopping suddenly. “Here, Matthew,” addressing the gardener, “bring out my air-gun.”

If the crow had known anything about air-guns she would have taken to her wings at once; but she never heard of one before, so she sat quite still; and Matthew came bringing the gun, and a little boy with a pointer followed in the rear.

"O father, shoot him and give him to Carlo," said the boy.

The dog ran under the tree, and, putting his nose up in the air, barked loudly.

"That 's right; tree him, Carlo! Now, Willie, see me shoot him flying," said the gentleman.

But Corvette sat eying the dog coolly, and did not offer to fly.

"I reckon, sir, he 's a tame crow," said Matthew. "I never saw the like of that in a wild one."

"A, B, C," began the crow, at which they all laughed, and the gentleman laid down his gun and quieted Carlo. Then Willie ran to the house and returned with some cold boiled potato, which the crow ate ravenously from the gentleman's hand.

"His wings have been clipped; see, sir," said Matthew, taking the crow from the tree. "I should n't wonder if somebody set great store by him."

After they had fed and looked at her enough, they put her in a summer-house, tying her to the grape-vine by one leg, and the gentleman said he would try to find her owner.

Corvette could easily have bitten the string from her leg, but she knew she should starve to death if left to herself; so she stayed quietly in the summer-house, and was getting quite contented, when one day she was awakened from her afternoon nap by a sharp pain in her back. She looked up and found herself in the claws of a large yellow cat, who was seated on top of the arbor. Her feathers were flying, and the blood trickling over them, when Matthew and Willie, hearing her screams, came running to the arbor, drove away the cat, and carried the crow into the house. They put her in a rough, dark box in the kitchen, and here she had ample time for reflection. This is the conclusion she came to: "I am a very naughty crow. If I had stayed at home and obeyed my mother, I should have escaped all the misfortunes which have befallen me; or if I had stayed with dear Birdie, I might still have been happy, but I ran away, and see what has come to me! I wished the cat would catch the goldfishes. I am justly punished by being caught myself. I envied the canaries that never did me any harm, and wanted to eat their young ones. - O, I am a very naughty crow!" So she slunk into a corner of her pen and gave herself up to grief.

That same day Willie came running into the kitchen, saying, "They have come for the crow, Bridget," and, seizing Corvette, ran back up stairs with her. Corvette wondered what new misfortune was in store for her; but great was her joy to see John and Dick standing in the hall. She flew from one to the other, and finally perched on John's shoulder, overcome with delight.

They bade the elderly gentleman and Willie good morning, and, getting into a buggy, drove away, carrying Corvette wrapped in a handkerchief. How happy she was when she saw the familiar house and garden once more! and there in the doorway stood Birdie, with her sunny curls, waiting for them. She ran down the path, and put up her little white apron for the crow, as she had the night she first came. "Kiss me first," said brother John. She put up her rosy lips to his face, and then he took her and the crow both in his

arms, and carried them to the room, full of sunshine. The flowers, the canaries, the goldfishes were all there, and there too sat Mrs. Lee in her sewing-chair. Corvette was glad to see even Dinah's black face grinning in the hall, although she never was fond of Dinah. They put the little crow in her cage, which still hung in its old place above the flowers, and she fluttered her wings, and hopped about on the perch, saying, "Caw, caw!" which was her song of thanksgiving.

And here she continued to live, a good and happy crow. You might have left the door of her cage open a week, and she would not have gone farther than the garden. She loved the canaries and goldfishes too, and in process of time had a family of her own; but she loved Birdie better than anything else.

Perhaps you would like to hear what became of Mr. Crow, the gay bachelor? He flitted about from ball to concert, making a great deal of mischief in honest families, till at last he was shot dead while robbing a cornfield.

The mother crow heard, by some telegraph peculiar to the birds of the air, what had become of Corvette, and sometimes flies that way and speaks to her when she is in the garden, telling her to be good and obedient, and love her mistress. Her family are settled about her, and she has a new brood in the old nest every year, so that she continues to sing,

"O, I'm happy and gay, for my children, you see,
Are under the boughs of this cedar-tree."

Ruth Chesterfield.



A PAIR OF SHOES.

BESSIE came running home from school, quite out of breath, and, without waiting to take off cloak or hood, climbed up on a chair and took down her little brick-colored bank from the top of the clock.

"You don't suppose I shall get much more money between now and to-morrow night, do you, mother?"

"Not much," answered her mother.

"Well, the girls at school have been counting theirs, and asking how much *I* have; and Dora said she had a dollar and a half, and she did n't believe anybody else had so much! Don't you think I *must* have?"

"Very likely; but what are you going to do with it?"

"Dora's going to spend *hers* just as she pleases," said Bessie, trying to look in at the chimney of her bank, and almost afraid that its contents would n't stand Dora's test. "Ugh! how dark it is in there! how gloomy the little three-cent pieces must feel! But then they have plenty of company," she continued, shaking it till every penny stood on its head, and every dime capered to its own hornpipe. "Don't you hear the tune, mother? It's Money Musk," she added.

"I guess you'll make them sing another song before long," said Grandpa.

"Sing a Song o' Sixpence?" asked the little rogue, poking her fingers down the chimney in a vain attempt to catch at something, and constantly balked by an old cent, that kept himself in the way, as much as to say, "Take me out first; I'm the oldest inhabitant";—while a quarter of a dollar in the neighborhood seemed to growl, "I'm sure I don't know what *I've* done to be imprisoned in a dungeon; I only rolled into a basket of shavings, where you found me, to avoid being broken into five-cent pieces, as some one threatened."

Almost every piece had a history of its own; each copper was a bright and shining witness of renounced sticks of candy; every half-dime represented a victory over so many half-pints of peanuts; some had been earned by running errands for the household, some by keeping at the head of a class and rising betimes, while each three-cent bit proved beyond a doubt that silence is silver, since they were so many rewards for not whispering at school; and numerous pennies, having carried the day over tardiness, clearly demonstrated that time is money.

"Stop thief!" cried Tom, rushing in.

Bessie instantly made a flank movement, and led her forces into intrenchment behind her apron, and thence into the rifle-pit of her pocket.

"Come," said he, "let's see how much you've got."

"You'll snatch," was the very unmilitary reply.

"See if I do."

"O, that'll be too late."

"Tom does n't steal," said Grandpa.

"No, but he teases."

"Well, I sha'n't lend you my jackknife."

"I don't want it."

"How are you going to get at your money?"

"Through the chimney, of course."

"Don't you expect to get all sooty?" asked Tom.

Bessie looked at her fingers suspiciously, and, after some further skirmishing, went over with her specie to the enemy.

"Now," said Tom the Conqueror, "this is the way to do it; you pry it open so—"

"Bessie's been prying into it already," said Grandpa.

"There! your bank's broken!" shouted Tom, as one side peeled open, and the money came tumbling pell-mell, like boys out of school.

"Broken, Tom? O dear! how shall I keep my money after Christmas?"

"I'll take care of it for you."

"But, Tom, can't it be fixed?"

"*Never!*" answered he composedly. "Who'd trust a broken bank?"

"I would."

"Then you can use it after Christmas just as it is. But let's count it now. Five and five are ten, and five are fifteen, and five are twenty—"

"I don't see how you make that out, Tom."

“I should think it was plain enough; five times four are twenty, ar’n’t they?”

“Let me see; five times one are five, five times two —”

“There, if you ’re going to say the whole multiplication-table, we shall get done by Christmas! Come, I’ll —”

“O yes, yes! Go on, go on!” cried Bessie, in a panic, expecting from his frown that he was about to resign, and well aware that she should suffer without his aid.

“I was only going to say that you might ask Grandpa,” added he, slyly. “Now then, we had twenty, did n’t we?”

“Yes,” granted Bessie, grudgingly.

“Then, three and three are six, and three are nine, and three —”

“I wish you ’d say it slower, Tom; I can’t keep up with you.”

“No matter. I don’t mind,” quoth he, rattling on till a sum total of one dollar and twenty-five cents was reached.

“Is that all?”

“All! Gracious, I should think I was a made man if it were mine,” said Tom, thrusting his hands into his empty pockets.

“But Dora has a dollar and a half.”

“Dora is a little miser.”

“What’s that?”

“One who hoards money,” repeated Tom, verbatim from the day’s defining lesson.

“Then I ’m one, too.”

“O,” said Tom, rather cornered, and thinking it worth his while to conciliate a person of Bessie’s means, perhaps, “why — no — not exactly, — you’re a banker!” as his eye happened, luckily, upon the little red bank.

“I should think you were counting a fortune,” said their mother. “Come, tea is ready.”

“She’s such a fussy little thing,” said Tom, “she would never have made any headway at all without me.”

“Well, come now; I want you and Bessie to carry a basket of Christmas things down to the char-woman after tea, — so don’t delay.”

“What shall I put into your stocking, Bessie?” asked Uncle Theodore at the tea-table. “A crying-baby?”

“A crying-baby!” repeated Bessie, with dignity.

“She does all her own crying,” said Tom.

“Then perhaps she would like ‘Noah’s Ark.’”

“O, I had *that* when I was a little girl once.”

“So of course you don’t want it *now*.”

“Yes,” volunteered Tom, “she scattered the pieces far and wide among her playmates; the birds went first —”

“Because they had wings? I suppose they were all carrier-doves, were n’t they?”

“And then the quadrupeds followed, and by and by Shem, Ham, and Japhet went too.”

"To call the cattle home, perhaps," suggested Uncle Theodore; "but would n't you like to own a whole village,—a Nuremberg village?"

"O, I remember," continued Tom, "father bought her one of those, and she set the trees out in the front yard to grow, and it rained in the night, and took the paint all off, and she thought the green leaves had *dropped* off, as they do in autumn."

"There, Tom, you know that you said it was only fair to give them a chance to grow."

After tea was over, Tom brought his sled up to the door, and, Bessie and the basket being placed upon it, they started briskly away over the frozen snow.

"Now," said he, "don't you wish it was *to-morrow* night?"

"Yes, and mother had just hung up our stockings. When I was little, I used to lie awake as long as ever I could, so as to hear Santa Claus come down chimney."

"So did I, but I never could keep my eyes open till after nine; I thought all the sleigh-bells in town belonged to Santa Claus. Don't you think they sound prettier Christmas night?"

"A great deal; they seem to be all on tip-toe, just as if they could n't keep still if they were to die. There's a little creature inside them, I guess, who makes a great noise wherever he goes."

"Look at that tree, Bessie, over there where the moon's rising."

"Is n't it beautiful?" said she; "I should think it was lighted up by a thousand little moons, instead of wax-tapers."

"It's Jack Frost's Christmas-tree," said Tom.

"Don't you remember that old German, who lived at the bottom of our garden, Tom?"

"Yes; what about him?"

"Ever so many years ago he called me to come in, and said he would give me a Christmas-box. I did n't dare to go, and I did n't dare not to, for I thought a Christmas-box was something like a boxed ear; but he gave me such a dear little nest, with a golden goose sitting in it, that I was ashamed; and he said it was the one that laid golden eggs, only I must n't keep her too warm, or she would vanish. Well, do you think, I went into the kitchen, to show it to Nancy, and dropped it into a pail of water, and she pulled it out, and sat it down on the hearth to dry; and when I went to get it, there was nothing but a lump of white wax in the bottom of the nest."

"Real witchcraft, was n't it?"

"It was real too-bad."

By this time they had reached the place to which they were bound, and trudged in with their basket.

"Dear me," said the delighted woman, unpacking it, "your mother is a lady and a scholar, my dears. See here, Lizzie, see here!" she cried to a child crouched by the fire, who was trying to choke down her sobs; "just look what they've brought you for Christmas day: mince pies and red apples, and a great Christmas cake in the shape of a heart like the lady's own,

and hand-shaped doughnuts like the generous hand of the giver," added she, in doubtful compliment. "Come, ain't it worth drying your eyes for? And see, here are a pair of chickens to roast. Come now, don't be crying before the good children; think of the wish-bone, — there 'll be two of 'em."

In Tom's eyes it was disgraceful for *any* mortal to cry, at any time, — a crying sin, in fact; but to Bessie it was simply mysterious how one could shed a tear so near the happy Christmas-tide, which was fraught with such pleasant memories and gay hopes to her little heart: *she* never cried — unless under some great provocation, like the vanishing of her golden goose — for a fortnight previous to Christmas. "What is the matter with her?" she asked, edging over towards the child, in order to change her tune by the aid of a sugar fiddle which Uncle Theodore had given her when he came home to tea, but which she had put into her pocket instead of her mouth.

"The truth is," said the mother, "the Sunday-school children are invited to sing at the festival Christmas afternoon; they go in free, you know, and see all the fine things, and hear the band. But Lizzie's shoes are out to the ground, you see; I was in hopes they'd hold out a spell longer, for my rent fell due yesterday, and to-day I've had to buy coals; so she must put up with it, and stay at home, though she has as sweet a voice as any lark, if *I do* say it."

Bessie's fingers were fumbling with her own boot-lacings. "See if she can wear mine," said she.

"No, miss, no *indeed*; I'd never take the shoes off the feet of your mother's daughter; besides, Lizzie's foot is a size bigger than yours."

"How much do shoes cost?"

"O, shoes are high. I suppose I could n't get 'em under two dollars."

"Two dollars," repeated Bessie, slowly; "I wish I had them."

"O thank you, thank you! You are a good child; you belong to your own mother, that's sure."

And so they went away, and the little girl with the lark's voice still sobbed in the chimney-corner, — the chimney that had no connection with visions of Santa Claus, the little girl who had hardly a stocking to put on, much less to hang up.

"You little goose," said Tom, "how were you going home barefoot?"

"Why, on the sled, to be sure."

"I guess you'd have caught it."

"Caught cold?"

"Yes, and something else."

"O, you need n't say anything; I've heard mother tell how she put you on a pair of new shoes one day, and you went out to play and came home barefoot."

"Yes, I know; I gave 'em to a little lame chap."

"Tom, have you got any money?"

"Not a red cent."

"Why *don't* you keep a bank, Tom?"

"'T would n't be any good; I could n't ever keep anything in it."

"Why not? That 's what it 's made for."

"Well, you see, I had one two or three years ago, and I put in every cent for a fortnight; and I can tell you, it was just as hard work as ever I want to do making up my mind to drop a piece into that bank instead of spending it."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, you see, Ben Grosvenor had a little brig, the handiest little craft ever you saw, all rigged and manned; and he offered to sell it for little 'or nothing, because he wanted to raise money for a base-ball; and so, thinking I had about that sum in my bank, home I went, and took it out to the barn so nobody should meddle, and split it open with the hammer, when out pitched every cent, and rolled down a crack in the floor."

"How dreadful! And did n't you ever find it?"

"Never; and what 's worse, Ben could n't wait, and sold the brig for a song."

Bessie went to bed revolving in her mind ways and means for swelling her bank stock; she dreamed half the night of falling stars, which became silver dollars upon touching the earth; of going to spend her money, and finding that it was counterfeit; of carrying Lizzie Cinderella's slippers, which fitted to a T; and thus dreaming the night away, the sun stole a march upon her, and when she sprang out of bed and drew the curtain, there he was prinking himself in the hundred icicles that fringed the eaves of an opposite house, and touching the trees into bouquets of gems, and coaxing a prism out of every frost-bound rain-drop, till it were strange if all the world was not a Valley of Diamonds; and looking out at it, her naked feet began to tingle, forcibly reminding her of other naked feet, while she heartily wished her own a size larger, that Lizzie might step into her shoes and go to the festival.

She was usually a chatty little soul, as gay as a bird, — always fond of little mischievous pleasantries; so this 24th of December, when she came to breakfast, very sober, very silent, and not at all with the manner of that nobleman who, some one says, always came down to breakfast as if a piece of good fortune had happened to him over night, Tom instantly charged her with having forgotten what day it was, while Uncle Theodore generously offered a penny for her thoughts.

"Take it," Tom advised; "every cent counts."

"A cent!" repeated Bessie, disdainfully, "when I want seventy-five."

"Whoa!" cried Tom; "where are you going to stop?"

"At the end of my purse," said Uncle Theodore.

"O, I know," said Tom, "she wants to get ahead of Dora."

"So she won't take a head of Liberty."

"But I would n't fret, Bessie; may be Santa Claus will put it into your stocking."

"I don't want it in my stocking; it 'll be too late."

"What for?" asked her brother.

"O, you just said you knew!"

"Well, then," said her uncle, "perhaps you would rather have it *now* than something else to-morrow?"

"Yes, O yes!"

"Than seventy-five fairy stories?"

"Ye—s — O yes!"

"I thought you were going to say the 'Seventy-five Receipt-Book,'" put in Tom.

"I believe your mother has a receipt for whips."

"But she does n't have any use for it."

"I'm not so sure of *that*. But, Bessie, shall it be seventy-five cents, or Magic Views?"

"Oh! — the money!" sufficiently showing how magical was the mere possibility.

"Better seventy-five cents than Jacob's Ladder?" persisted her uncle, without regard to her situation, already becoming perilous enough to need a ladder of some sort, tossed as she was on both horns of a dilemma; her hurried "Yes, yes!" seemed afraid of being tripped up by a denial, — the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." "Come, now for the test question," he went on, — "seventy-five cents or a paint-box?"

Dear, dear! here was a stumbling-block indeed; what should she do with it? Push it out of sight, or make it a stepping-stone? She had longed so for a paint-box, its possession would be such Arabian Days' Entertainment to her! she had seen one in a shop-window but yesterday, she had handled one at school, and she felt as if the brush itself made heaven on earth possible. She could not help remembering the odorous wood of which the boxes were made, the brilliant mosaic of their contents, and each particular cake, with its tiny, embossed frontispiece of shell and flower and winged insect; nor what enchantment was evoked by their labels of Carmine, Vermilion, or Umber; nor what a magician was represented by the manufacturer's name engraved on the cover. Push it out of sight! She might as well try to forget the blue sky or Christmas Eve. "O Uncle Theodore!" she cried, "please don't ask me any more; the paint-box would be so nice, but —"

"Come," said Tom, "don't be all day."

"I should like to think about it till after dinner."

"Very well, then we'll adjourn."

The forenoon was spent in a long struggle between the two. Now she was on the point of surrendering to the shoes, when the paint-box seized her from an ambush; now the paint-box carried all before it, till the shoes suddenly stepped forward and routed the enemy; now she pictured herself working miracles with the one, while the want of the other worked grief for Lizzie; she actually walked down street and loitered before a shop-window, in order to know if the temptation was as great as imagination had painted it. She knew what a charm there had always hung about a pair of new shoes, even to herself; — their bright polish, in which she could almost see her face; their very squeak, which made music in her ears; — and she tried to put herself in Lizzie's place, and understand how bitter were the tears she shed. Altogether, it was a trying day for her, such as she had never known before; but she recollected having read somewhere, that for every temptation there is

a way out, a plain and straight way, which a little child can follow ; and when the dinner-bell rang, and Uncle Theodore's voice resounded cheerily in the hall, and Tom came tumbling in with cheeks like gilliflower apples, and a little cold current and a frosty smell crept in with them, then Bessie had followed the clew out of the labyrinth of temptation and arrived at *terra firma*.

"Well," began Tom, "made up your mind yet?"

"Yes," said Bessie.

"Which is it?"

"The money, if you please."

And Uncle Theodore counted out three bright silver quarters, for it was in the days when quarters were bright and silver. So after dinner Bessie, with the two dollars, and Tom, with his curiosity, went down town together to spend them.

How lively it was down there ! how many passers to and fro ! what a jostling of parcels and poultry ! what crowds of men chaffering for turkeys around market-wagons ! what heads of dolls, to be guessed at beneath brown-paper wrappings ! what fairy-land behind every window-pane ! what a delightful hubbub, and what beaming faces everywhere ! They paused before a confectioner's.

"Going in here, are n't you?" asked Tom.

"O dear, Tom, is n't that sugar castle splendid ? How much do you suppose it is ?"

"I'll step in and see —"

"No, don't" ; — but he was already gone.

"It's a castle in the air," said he, returning ; "you don't want to pay two dollars for it, do you ?"

"Of course not. But see here, Tom, would n't that basket be nice for mother ? Hers is almost worn out."

"Dollar and a half," said he, looking at the mark ; "why don't you take it ?"

"O, I must n't. There," she added, as they passed another store, "I broke Uncle Theodore's penknife the other day. I wish I could afford to buy him that one."

"I believe you don't mean to buy anything."

"I'm going in here," said she, opening the door of a shoe-store.

"What under the sun —"

"Shoes for Lizzie."

"O, I thought *something* was in the wind."

And the shoes being bought and paid for, they set off merrily for Lizzie's shanty, a good mile, with the wind in their faces. They were never so light-hearted in all their lives. Here they met a little fellow crying over his spilt cranberries, and they stopped and helped him pick them up off the clean white snow ; here another child dragging an over-load on his sled bespoke their charity, and they took the burden off his hands ; occasions for little kindnesses seemed to dance like fire-flies in their path. However, when they reached Lizzie's home, they found the door ajar, for Lizzie had just gone to

draw water, and her mother had not come home from her work; so they made a loop in one end of the string that was tied about the shoes, and Tom scrawled on the paper, in his plain but awkward hand, "For Lizzie, from Santa Claus," and they hung them on a nail in the chimney-corner, and ran away, as if they had been doing something naughty.



What a beautiful Christmas Eve it was! Did ever such moonlight crown the earth since Christmas first began to shine across the centuries? The great bells, as if they had caught the hint away up there in their glistening towers, went beating out melodious gladness from their own hard bosoms, to echo through the frosty night. Bessie sat before the blazing wood-fire, watching the flames winging up the broad chimney, and wondering where they went, and why they preferred the wide, lonesome night to her cosy nursery; while the live coals fell into order like the pieces of a kaleidoscope, and pictured delightful Christmas scenes, till the little sorceress sighted the spires of Dream-land, and cast anchor in bed.

"I say, Bessie!" shouted Tom, at the bottom of the stairs, when it seemed as if she had slept perhaps half an hour. "I say! Wish you a merry Christmas! Are n't you ever going to get up, and see what's in your stocking? There is n't a *thing* in mine," he added, as she made a hasty toilette.

"O Tom, what for?"

"'Cause I took 'em all out!"

So they went into the nursery and took account of stock. Tom exulted in a miniature printing-press, and "Robinson Crusoe," and a sugar clown, who was on the point of making his exit down that young gentleman's throat, amidst great applause.

"I guess there is n't anything in mine but fruit and candy," said Bessie, making one mouthful of a sugar shoe.

"Mother could n't get it in without tearing your stocking."

"Could n't get what in?"

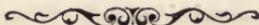
"*That*, there on the mantel-piece."

"What, the lamp? *O—h! I see!*" It was a tiny music-box, that played only two tunes, "Money Musk" and "The Echo."

Will ever Bessie be so happy again, even when she wears dresses that "drag on the ground," and a waterfall?

And Lizzie stepped into Santa Claus's shoes and went to the festival, and some musical people who listened to her singing interested themselves in her behalf, and procured her a musical education; and after many years, when Bessie had grown up, and Tom, — who of course, having been *born* a man, needed nothing but a moustache to emphasize his dignity, — she appeared as a public singer, and they and all the world besides went to hear her, and everybody called her the Skylark. But, between us, I think the shoes were at the bottom of it.

Mary N. Prescott.



A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

III.

THE road left the flat farming country now, and turned northward, up the beautiful river valley. There was plenty to enjoy outside; and it was growing more and more lovely with almost every mile. They left the great towns gradually behind; each succeeding one seemed more simply rural. Young girls were gathered on the platforms at the little stations where they stopped sometimes; it was the grand excitement of the place, — the coming of the train, — and to these village lasses was what the piazzas or the springs are to gay dwellers at Saratoga.

By dinner time they steamed up to the stately back staircase of the "Pemigewasset." In the little parlor where they smoothed their hair and rested a moment before going to the dining-hall, they met again the lady of the grass-grown bonnet. She took this off, making herself comfortable, in her primitive fashion, for dinner; and then Leslie noticed how little it was from any poverty of nature that the fair and abundant hair, at least, had not been made use of to take down the severe primness of her outward style. It did take it down, in spite of all, the moment the gray straw was removed. The great round coil behind was all real, and *solid*, though it was wound about with no thought save of security, and fastened with a buffalo-horn comb. Hair was a matter of course; the thing was, to keep it out of the way; that was what the fashion of this head expressed, and nothing more.

Where it was tucked over the small ears,—and native refinement or the other thing shows very plainly in the ears,—it lay full, and shaped into a soft curve. She was only plain, not ugly, after all; and they are very different things,—there being a beauty of plainness in men and women, as there is in a rich fabric, sometimes.

Elinor Hadden stood by a window with her back to the others, while Leslie was noticing these things. She did not complain at first; one does n't like to allow, at once, that the toothache, or a mischance like this that had happened to her, is an established fact,—one is in for it the moment one does that. But she had got a cinder in her eye; and though she had winked, and stared, and rolled her eyelid under, and tried all the approved and instinctive means, it seemed persistent; and she was forced at last, just as her party was going in to dinner, to acknowledge that this traveller's misery had befallen her, and to make up her mind to the pain and wretchedness and ugliness of it for hours, if not even for days. Her face was quite disfigured already; the afflicted eye was bloodshot, and the whole cheek was red with tears and rubbing; she could only follow blindly along, her handkerchief up, and, half groping into the seat offered her, begin comfortlessly to help herself to some soup with her left hand. There was leaning across to inquire and pity; there were half a dozen things suggested, to which she could only reply, forlornly and impatiently, "I've tried it." None of them could eat much, or with any satisfaction; this atom in the wrong place set everything wrong all at once with four people who, till now, had been so cheery.

The spinster lady was seated at some little distance down, on the opposite side. She began to send quick, interested glances over at them; to make little, half starts toward them, as if she would speak; and at last, leaving her own dinner unfinished, she suddenly pushed back her chair, got up, and came round. She touched Elinor Hadden on the shoulder, without the least ado of ceremony. "Come out here with me," she said. "I can set you right in half a minute";—and, confident of being followed, moved off briskly out of the long hall.

Elinor gave a one-sided, questioning glance at her sisters, before she complied, reminding Leslie comically of the poor, one-eyed man in the cars; and presently, with a little hesitation, Mrs. Linceford and Jeannie compromised the matter by rising themselves and accompanying Elinor from the room. Leslie, of course, went also.

The lady had her gray bonnet on when they got back to the little parlor; there is no time to lose in mere waiting for anything at a railway dining-place; and she had her bag—a veritable, old-fashioned, home-made carpet thing—open on a chair before her, and in her hand a long, knit purse with steel beads and rings. Out of this she took a twisted bit of paper, and from the paper a minute something which she popped between her lips as she replaced the other things. Then she just beckoned, hastily, to Elinor.

"It's only an eyestone; did you ever have one in? Well, you need n't be afraid of it; I've had 'em in hundreds of times. You would n't know 't was there, and it'll just ease all the worry; and by and by it'll drop out

of itself, cinder and all. They're terribly teasing things, cinders; and somebody's always sure to get one. I always keep three eyestones in my purse. You need n't mind my not having it back; I've got a little glass bottle full at home, and it's wonderful the sight of comfort they've been to folks."

Elinor shrunk; Mrs. Linceford showed a little high-bred demur about accepting the offered aid of their unknown travelling-companion; but the good woman comprehended nothing of this, and went on insisting.

"You'd better let me put it in right off; it's only just to drop it under the eyelid, and it'll work round till it finds the speck. But you can take it and put it in yourself, when you've made up your mind, if you'd rather." With which she darted her head quickly from side to side, looking about the room, and, spying a scrap of paper on a table, had the eyestone twisted in it in an instant, and pressed it into Elinor's hand. "You'll be glad enough of it, yet," said she, and then took up her bag, and moved quickly off among the other passengers descending to the train.

"What a funny woman, to be always carrying eyestones about, and putting them in people's eyes!" said Jeannie.

"It was quite kind of her, I'm sure," said Mrs. Linceford, with a mingling in her tone of acknowledgment and of polite tolerance for a great liberty. When elegant people break their necks or their limbs, common ones may approach and assist; as, when a house takes fire, persons get in who never did before; and perhaps a suffering eye may come into the catalogue of misfortunes sufficient to equalize differences for the time being. But it *is* queer for a woman to make free to go without her own dinner to offer help to a stranger in pain. Not many people, in any sense of the word, go about provided with eyestones against the chance cinders that may worry others. Something in this touched Leslie Goldthwaite with a curious sense of a beauty in living that was not external.

If it had not been for Elinor's mishap and inability to enjoy, it would have been pure delight from the very beginning, this afternoon's ride. They had their seats upon the "mountain side," where the view of the thronging hills was like an ever-moving panorama; as, winding their way farther and farther up into the heart of the wild and beautiful region, the horizon seemed continually to fill with always vaster shapes, that lifted themselves, or emerged, over and from behind each other, like mustering clans of giants, bestirred and curious, because of the invasion among their fastnesses of this sprite of steam.

"Where you can come down, I can go up," it seemed to fizz, in its strong, exulting whisper, to the river; passing it always, yet never getting by; tracking, step by step, the great stream backward toward its small beginnings.

"See, there are real blue peaks!" cried Leslie, joyously, pointing away to the north and east, where the outlines lay faint and lovely in the far distance.

"O, I wish I could see! I'm losing it all!" said Elinor, plaintively and blindfold.

"Why don't you try the eyestone?" said Jeannie.

But Elinor shrunk, even yet, from deliberately putting that great thing in her eye, agonized already by the presence of a mote.

There came a touch on her shoulder, as before. The good woman of the gray bonnet had come forward from her seat farther down the car.

"I'm going to stop presently," she said, "at East Haverhill; and I *should* feel more satisfied in my mind if you'd just let me see you easy before I go. Besides, if you don't do something quick, the cinder will get so bedded in, and make such an inflammation, that a dozen eyestones would n't draw it out."

At this terror, poor Elinor yielded, in a negative sort of way. She ceased to make resistance when her unknown friend, taking the little twist of paper from the hand still fast closed over it with the half-conscious grasp of pain, dexterously unrolled it, and produced the wonderful chalky morsel.

"Now, 'let's see, says the blind man';" and she drew down hand and handkerchief with determined yet gentle touch. "Wet it in your own mouth";—and the eyestone was between Elinor's lips before she could refuse or be aware. Then one thumb and finger was held to take it again, while the other made a sudden pinch at the lower eyelid, and, drawing it at the outer corner before it could so much as quiver away again, the little white stone was slid safely under.

"Now 'wink as much as you please,' as the man said that took an awful looking daguerrotype of me once. Good by. Here's where I get out. And there they all are to meet me." And then, the cars stopping, she made her way, with her carpet-bag and parasol and a great newspaper bundle, gathered up hurriedly from goodness knows where, along the passage, and out upon the platform.

"Why, it's the strangest thing! I don't feel it in the least! Do you suppose it ever *will* come out again, Augusta?" cried Elinor, in a tone greatly altered from any in which she had spoken for two hours.

"Of course it will," cried "Gray-bonnet" from beneath the window. "Don't be under the least mite of concern about anything but looking out for it when it does, to keep it against next time."

Leslie saw the plain, kindly woman surrounded in a minute by half a dozen young eager welcomers and claimants, and a whole history came out in the unreserved exclamations of the few instants for which the train delayed.

"O, it's *such* a blessing you've come! I don't know as Emma Jane would have been married at all if you had n't!"

"We warn't sure you'd get the letter."

"Or as Aunt 'Nisby would spare you."

"'Life wanted to come over on his crutches. He's just got his new ones, and he gets about first rate. But we would n't let him beat himself out for to-morrow."

"How *is* 'Life?"

"Hearty as would any way be consistent—with one-leggedness. He'd never 'a got back, we all know, if you had n't gone after him." It was a young man's voice that spoke these last sentences, and it grew tender at the end.



"You're to trim the cake," began one of the young girls again, crowding up. "She says nobody else can. Nobody else *ever* can. And" — with a little more mystery — "there's the veil to fix. She says you're used to wedd'n's, and know about veils; and you was down to Lawrence at Lorany's. And she wants things in *real style*. She's dreadful *pu djicky*, Emma Jane is; she won't have anything without it's exactly right."

The plain face was full of beaming sympathy and readiness; the stiff-looking spinster-woman, with the "grass in the eaves of her bonnet," — grass grown also over many an old hope in her own life, may be, — was here in the midst of young joy and busy interests, making them all her own; had come on purpose, looked for and hailed as the one without whom nothing could ever be done, — more tenderly yet, as one but for whom some brave life and brother love would have gone down. In the midst of it all she had had ear and answer, to the very last, for the stranger she had comforted on her way. What difference did it make whether she wore an old bonnet with green grass in it, or a round hat with a gay feather? — whether she were fifteen or forty-five, but for the good she had had time to do? — whether Lorany's wedding down at Lawrence had been really a stylish festival or no? There was a beauty here which verily shone out through all; and such a life should have no time to be tempted.

The engine panted, and the train sped on. She never met her fellow-traveller again, but these things Leslie Goldthwaite had learned from her, — these things she laid by silently in her heart. And the woman in the gray bonnet never knew the half that she had done.

After taking one through wildernesses of beauty, after whirling one past nooks where one could gladly linger whole summers, it is strange at what commonplace and graceless termini these railroads contrive to land one. Lovely Wells River, where the road makes its sharp angle, and runs back again until it strikes out eastward through the valley of the Ammonoosuc, — where the waters leap to each other, and the hills bend round in majestic greeting, — where our young party cried out, in an ignorance at once blessed and pathetic, "O, if Littleton should only be like this, or if we could stop here!" — yet where one cannot stop, because here there is no regular stage connection, and nothing else to be found, very probably, that travellers might want, save the out-door glory, — Wells River and Woodville were left behind, lying in the evening stillness of June, — in the grand and beautiful disregard of things greater than the world is rushing by to seek, — and for an hour more they threaded through fair valley sweeps and reaches, past solitary hillside clearings, and detached farms, and the most primitive of mountain hamlets, where the limit and sparseness of neighborhood drew forth from a gentleman sitting behind them — come, doubtless, from some suburban home, where numberless household wants kept horse and wagon perpetually on the way for city or village — the suggestive query, "I wonder what they do here when they're out of saleratus?" This brought them up, as against a dead wall of dreariness and disappointment, at the Littleton station. It had been managed as it always is; the train had turned most ingeniously into a corner whence there was scarcely an outlook upon anything of all the magnificence that must yet be lying close about them; and here was only a tolerably well-populated country town, filled up to just the point that excludes the picturesque and does not attain to the highly civilized. And into the heart of this they were to be borne, and to be shut up there this summer night, with the full moon flooding mountain and river, and the woods whispering up their peace to heaven.

It was bad enough, but worse came. The hotel coach was waiting, and they hastened to secure their seats, giving their checks to the driver, who disappeared with a handful of these and others, leaving his horses with the reins tied to the dash-board, and a boy ten years old upon the box.

There were heads out anxiously at either side, between concern for safety of body and of property. Mrs. Linceford looked uneasily toward the confused group upon the platform, from among whom luggage began to be drawn out in a fashion regardless of covers and corners. The large russet trunk with the black H, — the two linen-cased ones with "Hadden" in full, — the two square bonnet-boxes, — these, one by one, were dragged and whirled toward the vehicle and jerked upon the rack; but the "ark," as they called Mrs. Linceford's huge light French box, and the one precious receptacle that held all Leslie's pretty outfit, where were these?

"Those are not all, driver! There is a high black French trunk, and a russet leather one."

"Got all you give me checks for, — seb'm pieces"; and he pointed to two strange articles of luggage waiting their turn to be lifted up, — a long, old-fashioned gray hair trunk, with letters in brass nails upon the lid, and as antiquated a carpet-bag, strapped and padlocked across the mouth, suggestive in size and fashion of the United States mail.

"Never saw them before in my life! There's some dreadful mistake! What *can* have become of ours?"

"Can't say, ma'am, I'm sure. Don't often happen. But them was your checks."

Mrs. Linceford leaned back for an instant in a breathless despair. "I must get out and see."

"If you please, ma'am. But 't aint no use. The things is all cleared off." Then, stooping to examine the trunk, and turning over the bag, "Queer, too. These things is chalked all right for Littleton. Must ha' been a mistake with the checks, and somebody changed their minds on the way, — Plymouth, most likely, — and stopped with the wrong baggage. Would n't worry, ma'am; it's as bad for one as for t' other, anyhow, and they'll be along to-morrow, no kind o' doubt. Strays allers turns up on this here road. No danger about that. I'll see to havin' these 'ere stowed away in the baggage-room." And shouldering the bag, he seized the trunk by the handle and hauled it along over the rough embankment and up the steps, flaying one side as he went.

"But, dear me! what am I to do?" said Mrs. Linceford, piteously. "Everything in it that I want to-night, — my dressing-box and my wrappers and my air-cushion; they'll be sure not to have any bolsters on the beds, and only one feather in each corner of the pillows!"

But this was only the first surprise of annoyance. She recollected herself on the instant, and leaned back again, saying nothing more. She had no idea of amusing her unknown stage-companions at any length with her fine-lady miseries. Only, just before they reached the hotel, she added low to Jeannie, out of the unbroken train of her own private lamentation, "And my rose-glycerine! After all this dust and heat! I feel parched to a mummy, and I shall be an object to behold!"

Leslie sat upon her right hand. She leaned closer, and said quickly, glad of the little power to comfort, "I have some rose-glycerine here in my bag."

Mrs. Linceford looked round at her; her face was really bright. As if she had not lost her one trunk also! "You are a phoenix of a travelling-companion, you young thing!" the lady thought, and felt suddenly ashamed of her own unwonted discomfiture.

Half an hour afterward Leslie Goldthwaite flitted across the passage between the two rooms they had secured for their party, with a bottle in her hand and a pair of pillows over her arm. "Ours is a double-bedded room, too, Mrs. Linceford, and neither Elinor nor I care for more than one pillow. And here is the rose-glycerine."

These essential comforts, and the instinct of good-breeding, brought the

grace and the smile back fully to Mrs. Linceford's face. More than that, she felt a gratefulness, and the contagion and emulation of cheerful patience under a common misfortune. She bent over and kissed Leslie as she took the bottle from her hand. "You're a dear little sunbeam," she said. "We'll send an imperative message down the line, and have all our own traps again to-morrow."

The collar that Elinor Hadden had lent Leslie was not very becoming; the sleeves had enormous wristbands, and were made for double sleeve-buttons, while her own were single; moreover, the brown silk net, which she had supposed thoroughly trustworthy, had given way all at once into a great hole under the waterfall, and the soft hair would fret itself through and threaten to stray untidily. She had two such pretty nets in reserve in her missing trunk, and she did hate so to be in any way coming to pieces! Yet there was somehow a feeling that repaid it all, and even quieted the real anxiety as to the final "turning up" of their fugitive property, — not a mere self-complacence, hardly a self-complacence at all, but a half-surprised gladness, that had something thankful in it. If she might not be all leaves, perhaps, after all! If she really could, even in some slight thing, care most for the life and spirit underneath, to keep this sweet and pleasant, and the fruit of it a daily good, and not a bitterness, — if she could begin by holding herself undisturbed, though obliged to wear a collar that stood up behind and turned over in front with those lappet corners she had always thought so ugly, — yes, even though the waterfall should leak out and ripple over stubbornly, — though these things must go on for twenty-four hours at least, and these twenty-four hours be spent unwillingly in a dull country tavern, where the windows looked out from one side into a village street, and from the other into stable and clothes yards! There would be something for her to do, — to keep bright and help to keep the others bright. There was a hope in it; the life was more than raiment; it was better worth while than to have only got on the nice round collar and dainty cuffs that fitted and suited her, or even the little bead net that came over in a Marie Stuart point so prettily between the small crimped puffs of her hair.

A little matter, nothing to be self-applauding about, — only a straw; but — if it showed the possible way of the wind, the motive power that might be courted to set through her life, taking her out of the trade-currents of vanity? Might she have it in her, after all? Might she even be able to come, if need be, to the strength of mind for wearing an old gray straw bonnet, and bearing to be forty years old, and helping to adorn the young and beautiful for looks that never — just so — should be bent again on her?

Leslie Goldthwaite had read of martyr and hero sufferance all her life, as she had looked upon her poor, one-eyed fellow-traveller to-day; the pang of sympathy had always been, — "These things have been borne, are being borne, in the world; how much of the least of them could I endure, — I, looking for even the little things of life to be made smooth?" It depended, she began faintly and afar off to see, upon where the true life lay, — how far behind the mere outer covering vitality withdrew itself.

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."



THE NUTCRACKERS OF NUTCRACKER LODGE.

MR. and Mrs. Nutcracker were as respectable a pair of squirrels as ever wore gray brushes over their backs. They were animals of a settled and serious turn of mind, not disposed to run after vanities and novelties, but filling their station in life with prudence and sobriety. Nutcracker Lodge was a hole in a sturdy old chestnut overhanging a shady dell, and was held to be as respectably kept an establishment as there was in the whole forest. Even Miss Jenny Wren, the greatest gossip of the neighborhood, never found anything to criticise in its arrangements, and old Parson Too-whit, a venerable owl who inhabited a branch somewhat more exalted, as became his profession, was in the habit of saving himself much trouble in his parochial exhortations by telling his parishioners in short to "look at the Nutcrackers" if they wanted to see what it was to live a virtuous life. Everything had gone on prosperously with them, and they had reared many successive families of young Nutcrackers, who went forth to assume their places in the forest of life, and to reflect credit on their bringing-up, — so that naturally enough they began to have a very easy way of considering themselves models of wisdom.

But at last it came along, in the course of events, that they had a son named Featherhead, who was destined to bring them a great deal of anxiety. Nobody knows what the reason is, but the fact was, that Master Featherhead was as different from all the former children of this worthy couple as if he

had been dropped out of the moon into their nest, instead of coming into it in the general way. Young Featherhead was a squirrel of good parts and a lively disposition, but he was sulky and contrary and unreasonable, and always finding matter of complaint in everything his respectable papa and mamma did. Instead of assisting in the cares of a family, — picking up nuts and learning other lessons proper to a young squirrel, — he seemed to settle himself from his earliest years into a sort of lofty contempt for the Nutcrackers, for Nutcracker Lodge, and for all the good old ways and institutions of the domestic hole, which he declared to be stupid and unreasonable, and entirely behind the times. To be sure, he was always on hand at meal-times, and played a very lively tooth on the nuts which his mother had collected, always selecting the very best for himself; but he seasoned his nibbling with so much grumbling and discontent, and so many severe remarks, as to give the impression that he considered himself a peculiarly ill-used squirrel in having to “eat their old grub,” as he very unceremoniously called it.

Papa Nutcracker, on these occasions, was often fiercely indignant, and poor little Mamma Nutcracker would shed tears, and beg her darling to be a little more reasonable; but the young gentleman seemed always to consider himself as the injured party.

Now nobody could tell why or wherefore Master Featherhead looked upon himself as injured and aggrieved, since he was living in a good hole, with plenty to eat, and without the least care or labor of his own; but he seemed rather to value himself upon being gloomy and dissatisfied. While his parents and brothers and sisters were cheerfully racing up and down the branches, busy in their domestic toils, and laying up stores for the winter, Featherhead sat gloomily apart, declaring himself weary of existence, and feeling himself at liberty to quarrel with everybody and everything about him. Nobody understood him, he said; — he was a squirrel of a peculiar nature, and needed peculiar treatment, and nobody treated him in a way that did not grate on the finer nerves of his feelings. He had higher notions of existence than could be bounded by that old rotten hole in a hollow tree; he had thoughts that soared far above the miserable, petty details of every-day life, and he *could* not and *would* not bring down these soaring aspirations to the contemptible toil of laying up a few chestnuts or hickory-nuts for winter.

“Depend upon it, my dear,” said Mrs. Nutcracker solemnly, “that fellow must be a genius.”

“Fiddlestick on his genius!” said old Mr. Nutcracker; “what does he *do*?”

“O nothing, of course; that’s one of the first marks of genius. Geniuses, you know, never can come down to common life.”

“He eats enough for any two,” remarked old Nutcracker, “and he never helps gather nuts.”

“My dear, ask Parson Too-whit; he has conversed with him, and quite agrees with me that he says very uncommon things for a squirrel of his age; he has such fine feelings, — so much above those of the common crowd.”

“Fine feelings be hanged!” said old Nutcracker. “When a fellow eats

all the nuts that his mother gives him, and then grumbles at her, I don't believe much in his fine feelings. Why don't he set himself about something? I'm going to tell my fine young gentleman, that, if he does n't behave himself, I'll tumble him out of the nest, neck and crop, and see if hunger won't do something towards bringing down his fine airs."

But then Mrs. Nutcracker fell on her husband's neck with both paws, and wept, and besought him so piteously to have patience with her darling, that old Nutcracker, who was himself a soft-hearted old squirrel, was prevailed upon to put up with the airs and graces of his young scapegrace a little longer; and secretly in his silly old heart he revolved the question whether possibly it might not be that a great genius was actually to come of his household.

The Nutcrackers belonged to the old established race of the Grays, but they were sociable, friendly people, and kept on the best of terms with all branches of the Nutcracker family. The Chipmunks of Chipmunk Hollow were a very lively, cheerful, sociable race, and on the very best of terms with the Nutcracker Grays. Young Tip Chipmunk, the oldest son, was in all respects a perfect contrast to Master Featherhead. He was always lively and cheerful, and so very alert in providing for the family, that old Mr. and Mrs. Chipmunk had very little care, but could sit sociably at the door of their hole and chat with neighbors, quite sure that Tip would bring everything out right for them, and have plenty laid up for winter.

Now Featherhead took it upon him, for some reason or other, to look down upon Tip Chipmunk, and on every occasion to disparage him in the social circle, as a very common kind of squirrel, with whom it would be best not to associate too freely.

"My dear," said Mrs. Nutcracker one day, when he was expressing these ideas, "it seems to me that you are too hard on poor Tip; he is a most excellent son and brother, and I wish you would be civil to him."

"O, I don't doubt that Tip is *good* enough," said Featherhead, carelessly; "but then he is so very common! he has n't an idea in his skull above his nuts and his hole. He is good-natured enough, to be sure, — these very ordinary people often are good-natured, — but he wants manner; he has really no manner at all; and as to the deeper feelings, Tip has n't the remotest idea of them. I mean always to be civil to Tip when he comes in my way, but I think the less we see of that sort of people the better; and I hope, mother, you won't invite the Chipmunks at Christmas, — these family dinners are such a bore!"

"But, my dear, your father thinks a great deal of the Chipmunks; and it is an old family custom to have all the relatives here at Christmas."

"And an awful bore it is! Why must people of refinement and elevation be forever tied down because of some distant relationship? Now there are our cousins the High-Flyers, — if we could get them, there would be some sense in it. Young Whisk rather promised me for Christmas; but it's seldom now you can get a flying squirrel to show himself in our parts, and if we are intimate with the Chipmunks it is n't to be expected."

“Confound him for a puppy!” said old Nutcracker, when his wife repeated these sayings to him. “Featherhead is a fool. Common, forsooth! I wish good, industrious, painstaking sons like Tip Chipmunk *were* common. For my part, I find these uncommon people the most tiresome; they are not content with letting us carry the whole load, but they sit on it, and scold at us while we carry them.”

But old Mr. Nutcracker, like many other good old gentlemen squirrels, found that Christmas dinners and other things were apt to go as his wife said, and his wife was apt to go as young Featherhead said; and so, when Christmas came, the Chipmunks were not invited, for the first time in many years. The Chipmunks, however, took all pleasantly, and accepted poor old Mrs. Nutcracker’s awkward apologies with the best possible grace, and young Tip looked in on Christmas morning with the compliments of the season and a few beech-nuts, which he had secured as a great dainty. The fact was, that Tip’s little striped fur coat was so filled up and overflowing with cheerful good-will to all, that he never could be made to understand that any of his relations could want to cut him; and therefore Featherhead looked down on him with contempt, and said he had no tact, and could n’t see when he was not wanted.

It was wonderful to see how, by means of persisting in remarks like these, young Featherhead at last got all his family to look up to him as something uncommon. Though he added nothing to the family, and required more to be done for him than all the others put together, — though he showed not the smallest real perseverance or ability in anything useful, — yet somehow all his brothers and sisters, and his poor foolish old mother, got into a way of regarding him as something wonderful, and delighting in his sharp sayings as if they had been the wisest things in the world.

But at last old papa declared that it was time for Featherhead to settle himself to some business in life, roundly declaring that he could not always have him as a hanger-on in the paternal hole.

“What are you going to do, my boy?” said Tip Chipmunk to him one day. “We are driving now a thriving trade in hickory-nuts, and if you would like to join us —”

“Thank you,” said Featherhead; “but I confess I have no fancy for anything so slow as the hickory trade; I never was made to grub and delve in that way.”

The fact was, that Featherhead had lately been forming alliances such as no reputable squirrel should even think of. He had more than once been seen going out evenings with the Rats of Rat Hollow, — a race whose reputation for honesty was more than doubtful. The fact was, further, that old Longtooth Rat, an old sharper and money-lender, had long had his eye on Featherhead as just about silly enough for their purposes, — engaging him in what he called a speculation, but which was neither more nor less than downright stealing.

Near by the chestnut-tree where Nutcracker Lodge was situated was a large barn filled with corn and grain, besides many bushels of hazel-nuts,

chestnuts, and walnuts. Now old Longtooth proposed to young Featherhead that he should nibble a passage into this loft, and there establish himself in the commission business, passing the nuts and corn to him as he wanted them. Old Longtooth knew what he was about in the proposal, for he had heard talk of a brisk Scotch terrier that was about to be bought to keep the rats from the grain; but you may be sure he kept his knowledge to himself, so that Featherhead was none the wiser for it.

"The nonsense of fellows like Tip Chipmunk!" said Featherhead to his admiring brothers and sisters. "The perfectly stupid nonsense! There he goes, delving and poking, picking up a nut here and a grain there, when I step into property at once."

"But I hope, my son, you are careful to be honest in your dealings," said old Nutcracker, who was a very moral squirrel.

With that, young Featherhead threw his tail saucily over one shoulder, winked knowingly at his brothers, and said, "Certainly, sir! If honesty consists in getting what you can while it is going, I mean to be honest."

Very soon Featherhead appeared to his admiring companions in the height of prosperity. He had a splendid hole in the midst of a heap of chestnuts, and he literally seemed to be rolling in wealth; he never came home without showering lavish gifts on his mother and sisters; he wore his tail over his back with a buckish air, and patronized Tip Chipmunk with a gracious nod whenever he met him, and thought that the world was going well with him.



But one luckless day, as Featherhead was lolling in his hole, up came two boys with the friskiest, wiriest Scotch terrier you ever saw. His eyes blazed like torches, and poor Featherhead's heart died within him as he heard the boys say, "Now we'll see if we can't catch the rascal that eats our grain."

Featherhead tried to slink out at the hole he had gnawed to come in by, but found it stopped.

“O, you are there, are you, Mister?” said the boy. “Well, you don’t get out; and now for a chase!”

And, sure enough, poor Featherhead ran distracted with terror up and down, through the bundles of hay, between barrels, and over casks; but with the barking terrier ever at his heels, and the boys running, shouting, and cheering his pursuer on. He was glad at last to escape through a crack, though he left half of his fine brush behind him, — for Master Wasp the terrier made a snap at it just as he was going, and cleaned all the hair off of it, so that it was bare as a rat’s tail.

Poor Featherhead limped off, bruised and beaten and bedraggled, with the boys and dog still after him; and they would have caught him, after all, if Tip Chipmunk’s hole had not stood hospitably open to receive him. Tip took him in, like a good-natured fellow as he was, and took the best of care of him; but the glory of Featherhead’s tail had departed forever. He had sprained his left paw, and got a chronic rheumatism, and the fright and fatigue which he had gone through had broken up his constitution, so that he never again could be what he had been; but Tip gave him a situation as under-clerk in his establishment, and from that time he was a sadder and a wiser squirrel than he ever had been before.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



LAST DAY.

NOT the last day that ever will be, but the last day of school. What you call “examination day,” that the little people of Applethorpe called “last day.” And a great day it was, — committee in school, fathers and mothers, evergreens, best clothes, “speaking pieces,” and rewards of merit. O, there was a great deal to be done! so Jack and Gerty and Trip went over to where Parke and Huldah and Moses and Susan and Lina lived, to see about it. It was evening, and, though their house was nearly a mile away, Jack was as brave as a lion, and Gerty and Trip as fearless as cubs under his wing, — only cubs do not go under wings I believe.

Trip had private ends in view in accompanying her brother and sister. She was extremely interested in “last day,” but she did not care to hear their tiresome talk about ways and means. Nobody ever listened to her, or if they did, it was only to laugh; but Lina and she could go away and play by themselves. She would have liked to carry both her dolls. I may as well tell you that her dolls were just rag-babies. Mary Maria, the elder, was a very well grown young woman, about as tall as your arm, and too heavy for Trip’s arms; so Miss Mary Maria was forced to stay at home, although she had been arrayed for the visit in a cloak made of an old bonnet-lining,

which garment Trip, who was of an aspiring as well as an ingenious mind, had dignified with the high-sounding appellation of "white-satin-saratoga-half-mantilla-belzerette"! The other was Charles Emilus, until Trip had a teacher whom she liked very much, and for whom she re-christened her son Emilus Alvah. Trip loved both her children alike, especially Emilus Alvah. He was much smaller than Mary Maria, being only about a third as tall as your arm, and he had trunkfuls of clothes. He had a little yellow plush great-coat, with a cape and velvet collar, and a blue silk cap with a visor — do you call it? — as nice a cap as ever you saw. Gerty made those. Gerty did all the extra tailoring, and Trip did the plain sewing. She made him little pink trousers, with embroidered white muslin ones over them, and little silk jackets, for party wear, and she hemstitched all his collars. He had school clothes, and meeting clothes, and rainy-day clothes; indeed, he had clothes on the slightest provocation. All his trousers were plaited at the waist, and stitched down as nicely as if he had been a real boy; and he had pins stuck into him wherever buttons ought to be, because the heads, you know, looked just like buttons. As Trip's dolls led a very active life, they naturally wore out often and had to be renewed. It was no great matter, for their legs and arms were only pieces of cloth rolled up and sewed, and then fastened to a body full of bran or cotton-wool, with a string tied tightly around where the waist and the throat ought to be, and eyes, nose, and mouth inked into the face by Jack or Gerty. Nevertheless, Trip was very fond of her young family, and undressed and put them to bed every night as regularly as she went to bed herself; therefore, when their faces grew hopelessly dirty, and their poor little bodies and limbs burst open beyond all possibility of repair, and she had to give them up and make new ones, she could not help celebrating their obsequies with a few secret tears. It does not seem to me that our young folks love their dolls half as much as these young folks did. But how long I am lingering over Trip's dolls! Pardon me! When people get into years they are apt to grow garrulous. Do you know what that means? Never mind.

So Trip took Emilus Alvah and a travelling-bag of his clothes over to Lina's, and they went into a little bedroom that opened out of the great kitchen where the others were, and enjoyed themselves and their play just as much as Trip expected, though she had one disappointment, — for in the midst of their play Lina jumped up, shut the door cautiously, opened the lid of a big old wooden chest, and beckoned Trip to look. Trip ran to her, and Lina dug down nearly to the bottom, and unearthed a clean crash towel, which, being unfolded, displayed a pile of beautiful bulky, flaky mince turn-overs, of the shape and about the size of the half-moon in the sky. Now if Trip *had* a weakness, it was for mince turn-overs. Besides being mince, they had so much crust, and these in particular were of such royal dimensions, that they quite turned her head. Not unnaturally she concluded that they were going to be set forth in her and Jack and Gerty's honor; but the minute-hand kept going, and the clock kept striking, and that one speedily dissolving view was the last she ever got of the mammoth turn-overs. How-

ever, she with the others had "refreshments" of baked apples and milk, which was a great deal better for them; though here again Trip was not in luck, for no sooner had she tasted her brimming bowl than she exclaimed in dismay, "O, it's new milk!"

"Yes; don't you like new milk?" asked Huldah's mother.

"Yes, ma'am," said Trip quickly, smothering her disrelish, and permitting her instinct of politeness to get the mastery over her instinct of truth; for she had a great dislike to new milk, or "No I have n't either," she said to her conscience. "It is *warm* milk, not new milk, that I don't like; so I did n't tell a lie." If you would not get into Trip's trouble, you must not speak out so quickly as Trip. Just say nothing as long as you can, and when you do speak, speak the truth.

As the result of their deliberations, the girls were all set to making roses out of pink tissue-paper, and the boys went down into the swamps and woods after evergreen, and the girls kept saying to Trip, "Don't touch this!" "Don't spoil that!" "Don't come here!"—so she betook herself cheerily to the swamps and the boys, and they cried, "Look out, Trip-hammer, you'll slump through!" when she immediately "slumped through"; and after she had scrambled upon thicker ice, and slipped down half a dozen times, somebody would call, "Trip-up, you'll fall if you don't mind." By and by a very sad thing happened; for Asel, high up on a tree after boughs, was too heavy for the branch he stood on, and down it came, bringing him with it. He did not break his leg, but he might as well while he was about it, for it doubled under him and was sadly wrenched, so that he had to be carried home and keep his bed; and Trip cried very hard, for she was very fond of Asel, as she was indeed of nearly every one who took the least notice of her,—and if they took none it was all the same. But never went she into *that* swamp again as long as she lived.

And the old school-house was all festooned with ground-pine, and hung with hemlock and spruce, and gay with roses, and the children went to school in their best clothes for the "last day." Gerty and Trip had new muslin-de-laine dresses, with little plaits on the waist, and little lace ruffles on the throat,—very fresh and pretty, though Trip's had had a narrow escape; for when she went to the dressmaker's for her dress, her aunt called and asked her to take home a milk-can almost as large as she was herself. It was empty and light, but rather unwieldy for Trip; so, to simplify matters, she just tucked her new dress into the milk-can and forgot all about it. And next morning, when the milk went in, it did not rattle quite as much as usual, because Trip's new dress was soft! But the dress was speedily taken out and well shaken, and Trip well scolded, which she did not mind at all; and when the dress was on, you never would have suspected it had passed the night in a milk-can, or taken a milk-bath in the morning. "And where's the harm?" said Jack; "people have watered silks. Why should n't they have milked al-a-pack-ahs?" Stupid Jack, who called all sorts of girls' cloth "Al-a-pack-ah," first misspelling the word and then mispronouncing it with great rapidity. Also Gerty and Trip had beautiful black-silk aprons,

made expressly for "last day" out of their grandmother's cape, as good as new, and new polka boots, bought a fortnight before, which Trip had taken out of her drawer every day since and held up admiringly with one hand, while the other held a pair of nice little embroidered pantalets above them, thus feasting beforehand on the splendor that should be. When she was dressed, she asked Jack confidentially, did he think she looked as nice as Lina and Cicely and Meg and Olive would look, and Jack would like to see the fellow that could hoe their row with Trip and Gerty, sir! Whereat Trip laughed to the very bottom of her silly little heart, and trotted off to school well pleased.

I have not space to tell you how brilliantly successful this last day proved to be, — how the committee and the parents poured in and filled the rooms, and crowded the large scholars into the low seats, and the little scholars into no seats at all; how they read and spelled in loud shouts, and the louder they shouted the better everybody was pleased; what long "sums" they did on the blackboard, what heroic orations they uttered, what magnificent writing-books they showed, all gay with German text, and how the happy parents congratulated themselves and each other on having children so promising. But Trip had a special triumph which I must not fail to record. To be sure she was in high spirits all day, — as who could help being with a new delaine dress and polka boots? She answered every question which was asked her, read without any failure, and came off conqueror in a discussion with the head



committee-man; for when a class was reciting from some child's book of philosophy, he tried to puzzle them by asking which would weigh the most, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers? Some said the lead, but Trip an-

swered decidedly, "Both alike"; and then all the company smiled, Trip was so little.

"And which would fall to the ground soonest, if you should let them drop?"

"Both alike," said Trip again; and then they smiled again.

"O no," said the committee-man; "the feathers would float about and be a long while getting down."

"No they would n't," persisted Trip eagerly, "if they were tied up just as tight"; — and then everybody laughed outright, the committee-man hardest of all, and Trip was quite frightened at having "spoken right out in meeting."

And after the committee were gone, and the master had made his farewell address and delivered his "rewards of merit," he called up little Trip and put into her hand two cents, which he said Mr. Church, a strange gentleman who had been present, had desired him to give her. And you can imagine how Jack and Gerty and Trip gloried in it, and how all the children crowded around after school to look at the cents as they lay hot and coppery in her eager little fist.

Then there was great stir and jollity in gathering up their goods and chattels for the three months' vacation. Trip's treasures consisted of a lovely pasteboard horse which Eldred had given her, — Eldred and she were great friends. It had an extraordinarily long tail, and a hardly less wonderful head, and it stood on nothing in a very spirited manner. There was a busk which Nathan had made for her, — Nathan and she were intimate also. You don't know what a busk is? Well, sometimes it is whalebone and sometimes it is n't, and whatever it is, it is of no earthly use. This was one of the *is n'ts*, for it was made of white-wood polished, and with little figures pricked all over it. There was a ball, India-rubber, with a bright covering, which George gave her, for George and she were on the best of terms; and a medal which Benjamin gave her on this wise. He brought it to school one day and displayed it, black and bulging, with a bright pewter rim, a white log-cabin on one side and a head of Harrison on the other. It went from hand to hand till it got to Trip. "Whose is it?" asked Olive, just coming in. Trip told her, and she immediately rushed to Benjamin to beg him to give it to her. "It is n't mine," said Benjamin carelessly, sticking his jack-knife into the desk. Olive came back and reported, and just then the master came and school began; and little Trip pondered within herself what it could mean, and shrewdly guessed he meant to give it to her. So as soon as school was done she held it out to him with a beating heart, and he said, "'T is n't mine, it's yours"; and Trip put it into her pocket and never told Olive. And now little Benny sleeps in the China Sea.

If you wish to know why they befriended Trip in so knightly a fashion, I can tell you, I think it was because she would have been in an evil case if she had not been befriended. It was because she was such a ridiculous little puss; because her adventurous and rebellious hair was always blowing about over her sunburnt little face; because she was always running into places where she had no business to be, and took snubbings so sweetly, never even

knowing that she *was* snubbed; because she was perpetually tumbling down on her nose and making it bleed, and tumbling down on her forehead and bumping little black and yellow mounds all over it, and tumbling on the back of her head and being stunned, and pitching under the horses, and bruising her hands, and getting her wrists cut, and setting her clothes on fire, — in short, wherever there was anything going on, especially if it was mischief or danger, therein was Trip sure to poke her pug nose in a manner most trying to Gerty, who acted as surgeon-general, and never had any peace except when Trip was sick, and had to stay at home from school a day. So you see it was very fortunate that the big boys turned their gentle side to her; for if they had been as merciless as she was to herself, there is no knowing what would have become of her.

The children trooped home from school in military array, — that is, an awkward squad, — the girls chattering in lines six abreast, and the boys circling and circulating about them, and calling out now and then, “Trip, what’s in your hand?” “Who’s got any money to lend?” “Trip, are n’t you going to treat?” “Trip, give us an oyster supper, there’s a good girl.” But Trip was not good girl enough for that. She clutched close her two cents, displayed them to her admiring parents, and then put them into her little pitcher, and kept them there till she took them out, and then she lost them.

“Though lost to sight, to memory dear,”

said Jack, in doubtful consolation.

Gail Hamilton.

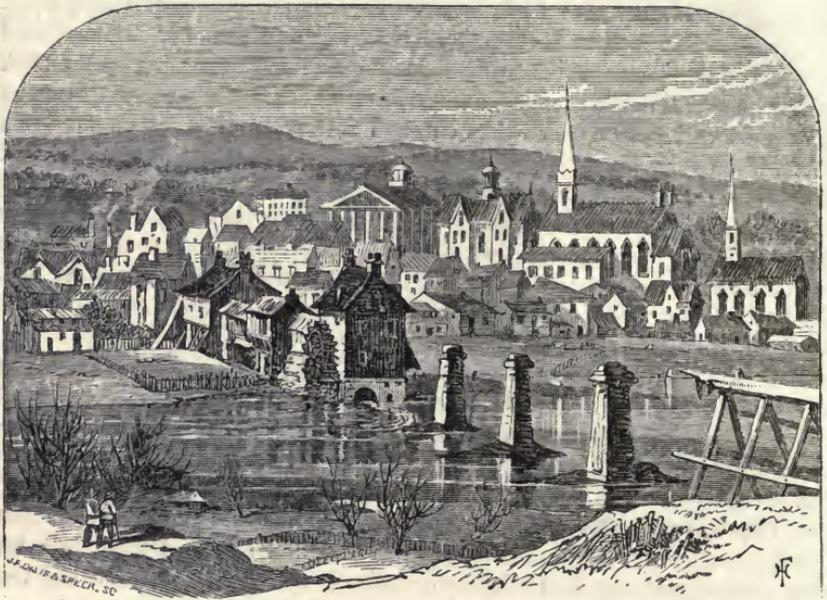


THE BATTLE-FIELD OF FREDERICKSBURG.

THE railroad bridge over the Rappahannock not having been rebuilt since the war, it was necessary to cross to Fredericksburg by another conveyance than the cars. A long line of coaches was in waiting for the train. I climbed the topmost seat of the foremost coach, which was soon leading the rumbling, dusty procession over the hills toward the city.

From a barren summit we obtained a view of Fredericksburg, pleasantly situated on the farther bank of the river. We crossed the brick-colored Rappahannock (not a lovely stream to look upon) by a pontoon bridge, and, ascending the opposite shore, rode through the half-ruined city.

Fredericksburg had not yet begun to recover from the effects of Burnside’s shells. Scarcely a house in the burnt portions had been rebuilt. Many houses were entirely destroyed, and only the solitary chimney-stacks remained. Of others, you saw no vestige but broken brick walls, and foundations overgrown with Jamestown-weeds, sumachs, and thistles. Farther up from the river the town had been less badly used; but we passed even there many a dwelling with a broken chimney, and with great awkward holes in



walls and roofs. Some were windowless and deserted ; but others had been patched up and rendered inhabitable again. High over the city soar the church-spires, which, standing between two artillery fires on the day of the battle, received the ironical compliments of both. The zinc sheathing of one of these steeples is well riddled and ripped, and the tipsy vane leans at an angle of forty-five degrees from its original perpendicular.

Sitting next me on the stage-top was a vivacious young expressman, who was in the battle, and who volunteered to give me some account of it. No doubt his description was beautifully clear ; but as he spoke only of "our army," without calling it by name, it was long before I could decide which army was meant. Sometimes it seemed to be one, then it was more likely the other ; so that, before his account of its movements was ended, my mind was in a delightful state of confusion. A certain delicacy on my part, which was quite superfluous, had prevented me from asking him plainly at first on which side he was fighting. At last, by inference and indirectly, I got at the fact ; — "our army" was the Rebel army.

"I am a son of Virginia!" he told me afterwards, his whole manner expressing a proud satisfaction. "I was opposed to secession at first, but afterwards I went into it with my whole heart and soul. Do you want to know what carried me in? State pride, sir! nothing else in the world. I'd give more for Virginia than for all the rest of the Union put together ; and I was bound to go with my State."

This was spoken with emphasis, and a certain rapture, as a lover might speak of his mistress. I think I never before realized so fully what "State pride" was. In New England and the West, you find very little of it. However deep it may lie in the hearts of the people, it is not their habit to

rant about it. You never hear a Vermonter or an Indianian exclaim, "I believe my State is worth all the rest of the Union!" with excited countenance, lip curved, and eye in fine frenzy rolling. Their patriotism is too large and inclusive to be stopped by narrow State boundaries. Besides, in communities where equality prevails there is little of that peculiar pride which the existence of caste creates. Accustomed to look down upon slaves and poor whites, the aristocratic classes soon learn to believe that they are the people, and that wisdom will die with them.

"I believe," said I, "there is but one State as proud as Virginia, and that is the fiery little State of South Carolina."

"I have less respect for South Carolina," said he, "than for any other State in the Union. South Carolina troops were the worst troops in the Confederate army. It was South Carolina's self-conceit and bluster that caused the war."

(So, State pride in another State than Virginia was only "self-conceit.")

"Yes," said I, "South Carolina began the war; but Virginia carried it on."

"Virginia," he replied, with another gleam, his eyes shining with the fine frenzy again, "Virginia made the gallantest fight that ever was; and I am prouder of her to-day than I ever was in my life!"

"But you are glad she is back in the Union again?"

"To tell the truth, I am. I think more of the Union, too, than I ever did before. It was a square, stand-up fight; we got beaten, and I suppose it is all for the best."

"What astonishes me," said I, "after all the Southern people's violent talk about the last ditch,—about carrying on an endless guerilla warfare after their armies were broken up, and fighting in swamps and mountains till the last man was exterminated,—what astonishes me is, that they take so sensible a view of their situation, and accept it so frankly; and that you, a Rebel, and I, a Yankee, are sitting on this stage talking over the bloody business so good-naturedly!"

"Well, it is astonishing, when you think of it! Southern men and Northern men ride together in the trains, and stop at the same hotels, as if we were all one people,—as indeed we are: one nation now," he added, "as we never were before, and never could have been without the war."

I got down at the hotel, washed and brushed away the dust of travel, and went out to the dining-room. There the first thing that met my eye was a pair of large wooden fans, covered with damask cloth, which afforded an ample flap to each, suspended over the table, and set in motion by means of a rope dropped from a pulley by the door. At the end of the rope was a shining negro boy about ten years old, pulling as if it were the rope of a fire-bell, and the whole town were in flames. The fans swayed to and fro, a fine breeze blew all up and down the table, and not a fly was to be seen. I noticed before long, however, that the little darky's industry was of an intermittent sort; for at times he would cease pulling altogether, until the landlady passed that way, when he would seem to hear the cries of fire again, and once more fall to ringing his silent alarm-bell in the most violent manner.

After dinner I went out to view the town. As I stood looking at the empty walls of the gutted court-house, a sturdy old man approached. He stopped to answer my questions, and, pointing at the havoc made by shells, exclaimed, "You see the result of the vanity of Virginia!"

"Are you a Virginian?"

"I am; but that is no reason why I should be blind to the faults of my State. It was the vanity of Virginia, and nothing else, that caused all our trouble."

(Here was another name for "State pride.")

"You were not very much in favor of secession, I take it?"

"In favor of it!" he exclaimed, kindling. "Did n't they have me in jail here nine weeks because I would not vote for it? If I had n't been an old man, they would have hung me. Ah, I told them how it would be, from the first; but they would n't believe me. Now they see! Look at this ruined city! Look at the farms and plantations laid waste! Look at the complete paralysis of business; the rich reduced to poverty; the men and boys with one arm, one leg, or one hand; the tens of thousands of graves; the broken families;—it is all the result of vanity! vanity!"

He showed me the road to the Heights, and we parted on the corner.

Fredericksburg stands upon a ridge on the right bank of the river. Behind the town is a plain, with a still more elevated ridge beyond. Along by the foot of this, just where it slopes off to the plain, runs a road with a wall of heavy quarried stones on each side. In this road the Rebels lay concealed when the first attempt was made to storm the Heights. The wall on the lower side, towards the town, was a perfect breastwork, of great strength, and in the very best position that could have been chosen. The earth from the fields is more or less banked up against it; and this, together with the weeds and bushes which grew there, served to conceal it from our men. The sudden cruel volley of flame and lead which poured over it into their very faces, scarce a dozen paces distant, as they charged, was the first intimation they received of any enemy below the crest. No troops could stand that near and deadly fire. They broke, and, leaving the ground strewn with the fallen, retreated to the ravine,—a deep ditch with a little stream flowing through it, in the midst of the plain.

"Just when they turned to run, that was the worst time for them!" said a young Rebel I met on the Heights. "Then our men had nothing to fear; but they just rose right up and let 'em have it! Every charge your troops made afterwards, it was the same. The infantry in the road, and the artillery on these Heights, just mowed them down in swaths! You never saw anything look as that plain did after the battle. Saturday morning, before the fight, it was brown; Sunday it was all blue; Monday it was white, and Tuesday it was red."

I asked him to explain this seeming riddle.

"Don't you see? Before the fight, there was just the field. Next it was covered all over with your fellows in blue clothes. Saturday night the blue clothes were stripped off, and only their white under-clothes left.

Monday night these were stripped off, and Tuesday they lay all in their naked skins."

"Who stripped the dead in that way?"

"It was mostly done by the North Carolinians. They are the trifin'est set of men!"

"What do you mean by *trifin'est*?"

"They ha'n't got no sense. They'll stoop to anything. They're more like savages than civilized men. They say '*we 'uns*' and '*you 'uns*,' and all such outlandish phrases. They've got a great long tone to their voice, like something wild."

"Were you in the battle?"

"Yes, I was in all of Saturday's fight. My regiment was stationed on the hill down on the right there. We could see everything. Your men piled up their dead for breastworks. It was an awful sight when the shells struck them, and exploded! The air, for a minute, would be just full of legs and arms and pieces of trunks. Down by the road there we dug out a wagon-load of muskets. They had been piled up by your fellows, and dirt thrown over them, for a breastwork. But the worst sight I saw was three days afterwards. I did n't mind the heaps of dead, nor nothing. But just a starving dog sitting by a corpse, which he would n't let anybody come near, and which he never left night nor day;—by George, that just made me cry! We finally had to shoot the dog to get at the man to bury him."

The young Rebel thought our army might have been easily destroyed after Saturday's battle,—at least that portion of it which occupied Fredericksburg. "We had guns on that point that could have cut your pontoon bridge in two; and then our artillery could have blown Burnside all to pieces, or have compelled his surrender."

"Why did n't you do it?"

"Because General Lee was too humane. He did n't want to kill so many men."

A foolish reason, but it was the best the young man could offer. The truth is, however, Burnside's army was in a position of extreme danger, after its failure to carry the Heights, and had not Lee been diligently expecting another attack, instead of a retreat, he might have subjected it to infinite discomfiture. It was to do us more injury, and not less, that he delayed to destroy the pontoon bridge and shell the town while our troops were in it.

The young man gloried in that great victory.

"But," said I, "what did you gain? It was all the worse for you that you succeeded then. That victory only prolonged the war, and involved greater loss. We do not look at those transient triumphs; we look at the grand result. The Confederacy was finally swept out, and we are perfectly satisfied."

"Well, so am I," he replied, looking me frankly in the face. "I tell you, if we had succeeded in establishing a separate government, this would have been the worst country, for a poor man, under the sun."

"How so?"

"There would have been no chance for white labor. Every rich man would have owned his nigger mason, his nigger carpenter, his nigger blacksmith; and the white mechanic, as well as the white farm-laborer, would have been crushed out."

"You think, then, the South will be better off without slavery?"

"Certainly I do. So does every white man that has to work for a living, if he is n't a fool."

"Then why did you fight for it?"

"We was n't fighting for slavery; we was fighting for our independence. That's the way the most of us understood it; though we soon found out it was the rich man's war, and not the poor man's. We was fighting against our own interests, that's shore?"

On the brow of the hill, overlooking the town, is the Marye estate, one of the finest about Fredericksburg before the blast of battle struck it. The house was large and elegant, occupying a beautiful site, and surrounded by terraces and shady lawns. Now, if you would witness the results of artillery and infantry firing, visit that house. The pillars of the porch, built of brick, and covered with a cement of lime and white sand, were speckled with the marks of bullets. Shells and solid shot had made sad havoc with the walls and the wood-work inside. The windows were shivered, the partitions torn to pieces, and the doors perforated.

I found a gigantic negro at work at a carpenter's bench in one of the lower rooms. He seemed glad to receive company, and took me from the basement to the zinc-covered roof, showing me all the more remarkable shot-holes.

"De Rebel sharpshooters was in de house; dat's what made de Yankees shell it so."

"Where were the people who lived here?"

"Dey all lef' but me. I stopped to see de fight. I tell ye, I would n't stop to see anoder one! I thought I was go'n' to have fine fun, and tell all about it. I *heerd* de fight, but I did n't *see* it!"

"Were you frightened?"

"Hoo!" flinging up his hands with a ludicrous expression. "Don't talk about skeered! I never was so skeered since I was bo'n! I stood hyer by dis sher winder; I 'spected to see de whole of it; I know I was green! I was look'n' to see de fir'n' down below dar, when a bullet come by me, *Wt!* quick as dat. 'Time fo' me to be away f'om hyer!' and I started; but I'd no sooner turned about, when de bullets begun to strike de house jes' like dat!" drumming with his fingers. "I went down stars, and out dis sher house, quicker 'n any man o' my size ever went out a house befo'e! Come, and I'll show you whar I was hid."

It was in the cellar of a little dairy-house, of which nothing was left but the walls.

"I got in thar wid anoder cullud man! I thought I was as skeered as anybody could be; but whew! he was twicet as skeered as I was. B-r-r-r-r! b-r-r-r-r! de fir'n' kep' up a reg'lar noise like dat, all day long. Every time

a shell struck anywhar near, I knowed de next would kill me. 'Jim,' says I, 'now de next shot will be our own!' Dem's de on'y wu'ds I spoke; but he was so skeered he never spoke at all."

"Were you here at the fight the year after?"

"Dat was when Shedwick [Sedgwick] come. I thought if thar was go'n' to be any fight'n', I'd leave dat time, shore. I hitched up my oxen, think'n' I'd put out, but waited fo' de mo'nin' to see. Dat was Sunday mo'nin'. I had n't slep' none, so I jest thought I'd put my head on my hand a minute till it growed light. I had n't mo'e'n drapped asleep; I'd nodded oncet or twicet, so," — illustrating, — "no longer 'n dat; when — c-r-r-r-r, — I looked up, — all de wu'd was fir'n'! Shedwick's men dey run up de road, got behind de batteries on dis sher hill, captured every one; and I never knowed how dey done it so quick. Dat was enough fo' me. If dar's go'n' to be any mo'e fight'n', I go whar da' a'n't no wa'!"

"A big fellow like you tell about being skeered!" said the young Rebel.

"I knowed de bigger a man was, de bigger de mark fo' de balls. I weighs two hundred and fifty-two pounds."

"Where is your master?" I asked.

"I ha'n't got no master now; Mr. Marye was my master. He's over de mountain. I was sold at auction in Fredericksburg oncet, and he bought me fo' twelve hundred dolla's. Now he pays me wages, — thirty dolla's a month. I wo'ked in de mill while de wa' lasted. Men brought me co'n to grind. Some brought a gallon; some brought two qua'ts; it was a big load if anybody brought half a bushel. Dat's de way folks lived. Now he's got anoder man in de mill, and he pays me fo' tak'n' keer o' dis sher place and fitt'n' it up a little."

"Are you a carpenter?"

"Somethin' of a carpenter; I kin do whatever I turns my hand to."

The young Rebel afterwards corroborated this statement. Although he did not like niggers generally, and wished they were all out of the country, he said Charles (for that was the giant's name) was an exception; and he gave him high praise for the fidelity and sagacity he had shown in saving his master's property from destruction.

The field below the stone wall belonged to this young man's mother. It was now a cornfield; a sturdy crop was growing where the dead had lain in heaps.

"Soon as Richmond fell, I came home; and 'Lijah and I went to work and put in that piece of corn. I did n't wait for Lee's surrender. Thousands did the same. We knew that, if Richmond fell, the war would be removed from Virginia, and we had no notion of going to fight in other States. The Confederate army melted away just like frost in the sun, so that only a small part of it remained to be surrendered."

He invited me to go through the cornfield and see where the dead were buried. Near the middle of the piece a strip some fifteen yards long and four wide had been left uncultivated. "There's a thousand of your men buried in this hole; that's the reason we did n't plant here." Some distance

below the cornfield was the cellar of an ice-house, in which five hundred Union soldiers were buried. And yet these were but a portion of the slain ; all the surrounding fields were scarred with graves.

Returning to Fredericksburg, I visited the plain northwest of the town, also memorable for much hard fighting on that red day of December. I found a pack of government wagons there, an encampment of teamsters, and a few Yankee soldiers, who told me they were tired of doing nothing, and "three times as fast for going home" as they were before the war closed.

In the midst of this plain, shaded by a pleasant grove, stands a brown brick mansion, said to have been built by George Washington for his mother's family. Not far off is a monument erected to Mary, the mother of Washington, whose mortal remains rest here. It is of marble, measuring some nine feet square and fifteen in height, unfinished, capped with a mat of weeds, and bearing no inscription but the names of visitors who should have blushed to desecrate the tomb of the venerated dead. The monument has in other ways been sadly misused ; in the first place, by balls which nicked and chipped it during the battle ; and afterwards by relic-hunters, who, in their rage for carrying away some fragment of it, have left scarce a corner of cornice or pilaster unbroken.

I had afterwards many walks about Fredericksburg, the most noteworthy of which was a morning visit to the Lacy House, where Burnside had his head-quarters. Crossing the Rappahannock on the pontoon bridge, I climbed the stone steps leading from terrace to terrace, and reached the long-neglected grounds and the old-fashioned Virginia mansion. It was entirely deserted. The doors were wide open, or broken from their hinges, the windows smashed, the floors covered with rubbish, and the walls with the names of soldiers and regiments, or pictures cut from the illustrated newspapers.

The windows command a view of Fredericksburg and the battle-field ; and there I stood, and saw in imagination the fight re-enacted, — the pontoniers at their work in the misty morning, the sharpshooters in rifle-pits and houses opposite driving them from it with their murderous fire, the shelling of the town, the troops crossing, the terrible roaring battle, the spouting flames, the smoke, the charging parties, and the horrible slaughter ; — I saw and heard it all again, and fancied for a time that I was the commanding general, whose eyes beheld, and whose wrung heart felt, what he would gladly have given his own life to prevent or retrieve.

J. T. Trowbridge.





WHO does not love birds? Who does not grieve when they leave us in autumn, with the bright days of summer, and who does not welcome them back as dear friends when they return to us again from their winter wanderings in the sunnier South? Who has not enjoyed the familiar song of the Bluebird or the first whistle of our Robin, when in early March they come once more to tell us that winter has gone and spring is coming? Who has not learned to love the gentle little Chipping Sparrow, as he picks up the crumbs at our feet? Or who has failed to admire the bright-colored Baltimore Oriole, as he weaves his curiously-hanging nest over our heads, so safe from snakes or prowling cats? Certainly not any of our young folks who read the pages of their namesake, if they have ever been privileged to live under the open sky of the country in the bright days of spring and early summer.

Among the many feathered visitors who come back to us in spring, to make their home among us during the few months of summer, there is one bird — not beautiful, for he is dressed from head to tail in dark and sombre slate-color — not always seemingly amiable, for when he thinks you are imposing upon him he will scold you in a very earnest manner — who deserves to be a great favorite with all. He cannot fail to be one when you appreciate all his good qualities. He is a beautiful singer, a wonderful mimic, a confiding and trusting companion when you treat him well, becomes very fond of your company if you deserve it, watches over your fruit-trees, and kills the insects that would injure or destroy them or their fruit. If now and

then he does help himself to a nice strawberry, or claims as his share your earliest cherry, be sure he has well earned them. Besides, he is never selfish or greedy. Ten to one he only takes them for his dear little children. Let us then bid him take them, and let us ever extend a warm and hearty welcome to the Cat-bird. Let us give our confiding, social little friend a welcome all the more cordial because he has the great misfortune of a bad name. Because he is called a Cat-bird he is not so popular as he should be. He is disliked by ignorant people, who do not appreciate his good qualities. He is too often persecuted by thoughtless boys and ungrateful men, who, unmindful of the good he is ever doing in the world, hate him for no good reason, are deaf to his varied song, and heed not his affectionate disposition or his many social virtues.

The Cat-bird is found, in certain seasons, all over North America, from Florida to Canada, and from the Atlantic coast to the Territories of Utah and Washington. He makes his first appearance in spring about the time the pear-trees are in blossom, which, near Boston, varies from the 5th to the 15th of May. He leaves us in the early autumn, towards the latter part of September.

From his first coming almost to his departure, he makes the air about us vocal with his quaint and charming melodies. These are made all the more attractive to us by being so amusingly interspersed with notes mimicked from the songs of other birds. Whether natural or copied, the song of the Cat-bird is always very varied, attractive, and beautiful.

The Cat-bird is never long in ascertaining where he is a welcome visitor, and there he at once makes himself perfectly at home. You may see him at all times, for he is ever in motion. As soon as he satisfies himself that you are his friend, he will approach you with a familiarity that is quite irresistible. He seems to wish to attract your attention by his great variety of positions, attitudes, and musical efforts. No musical young lady was ever more ambitious of entertaining an audience, however small and select, than our slate-colored songster. He will come down, in the excitement of his musical ardor, to the lowest bough, within a few feet of your head, and devote himself to your entertainment so long as you honor him with your attention.

A few years since a pair of Cat-birds ventured to make their home in our garden, where they secreted their nest in a corner hidden by vines and low bushes. They were at first shy and retiring. Later in the season, when they had become better acquainted with the children, they built a second nest nearer to the house, in a more open place, on the bough of an apple-tree. Having no time to lose, it was constructed, in haste, of the bleached leaves and stalks of weeds that had been pulled and left to dry in the sun. It was, of course, soon discovered, and the busy movements of the birds watched by the children with great delight, as the last finishing touches were given to the lining by the mother bird. It was about ten feet from the ground, and the little folks could only reach it by means of a ladder. When only the children visited it, the parent birds looked on with no complaints, but apparent complacency, at the children's admiration of their new home.

Though rough and coarse on the outside, it was neatly and prettily lined with fine black roots. If any one else ventured too near, the birds would be nervous and restless, and show their uneasiness by their harsh cry of *P-ā-y, p-ā-y!* But soon this passed away. The gentle and loving interest of the children, especially of little Charlie, with his frequent contributions of food, seemed to be appreciated. The birds became very tame and familiar, permitting without complaint their frequent visits to their nest, even when their young were ready to fly.

The next season our Cat-birds, to the great gratification of the younger portion of the family, built their nest in a running rose-bush, under one of the chamber-windows. It was completed and the eggs nearly hatched before the family had moved to their summer quarters. The father-bird seemed to welcome our coming with his best melodies, and the mother showed her confidence by her constant presence on the nest, undisturbed by the opening of the window, or by curious but kind and loving faces within a few inches of her treasures. She soon ceased even to leave her nest when Lucy or Charlie, or even their little cousins, ventured to take a look at her.

The next season their nest was repaired, and again occupied with a brood of four young birds when the family returned. It was interesting to watch the old birds feeding the greedy little fellows, who were just out of their shells. Our gentle, loving little Charlie — two months later so mysteriously recalled to the bosom of Him who had given him — delighted to lean over the window-sill and watch the parent birds. Their familiarity and confidence in the little fellow were quite as remarkable as his patient interest in their movements. One day the parents were missing. What had happened to them we never knew; but they were gone several hours, and we feared they had been killed. The children were in great distress; and at last, when the



hot sun had been pouring down on their unprotected little naked bodies, and it was feared the birds would die, permission was sought to feed them. A few worms were cut up and eagerly devoured by the hungry little fledglings, when, to the joy of all, the mother bird appeared. Such a rejoicing as there was on all sides! The children in the house and the children in the nest were equally delighted. The latter for a while kept up an earnest, eager clattering with their mother, telling her — so Lucy insisted — the whole story of their distress, loneliness, and hunger, and of the kind and loving little hands that had fed them with so much care and such affectionate interest.

Our little feathered family soon removed to the garden, where they carried with them their remembrance of their friends in the house. They were tame and familiar; and wherever the earth was dug over, they would come around us with the fearlessness of little chickens, keeping about our feet, perching on the hoe-handle when dropped from our hand, and slipping quietly off when it was retaken.

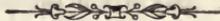
But clouds gathered over the bright scene. The bright little spirit, whose gentleness and loving purity and goodness had won for him all hearts, in one short week passed from the enjoyments of earth to a heavenly home; and his sister, spared to us but still suffering from the same epidemic, came back again, the following spring, to find that our Cat-birds had for a third time reconstructed their nest, only to be destroyed by a neighbor's cat; and though the garden is filled with their descendants, none of them have equalled their parents in their confiding and trustful disposition. We have missed their welcome in May, when we have revisited our country home; for no spaniel ever manifested more joy to greet its master than our Cat-bird did on the last spring he was with us. He would fly back and forth, overhead, alight on the ground, just a few steps in front, wherever we moved, accompanying our steps, and evincing his apparent desire to greet us by his outpouring of song and antic movements.

The power of mimicry of the Cat-bird, though limited, is often very striking and entertaining. He is very far from being the equal of the Mocking-bird. The more difficult notes he cannot successfully copy, and ludicrously fails when he tries. But the whistle of the common Quail, the clucking of a hen calling her brood, the cries of young chickens for their mother's aid, the notes of the Pewee and the refrain of the Towhee, he will repeat with perfect exactness, so as even to deceive the birds themselves. We were once crossing a swampy thicket, when the sound of "Bob-white!" so like the cry of a quail caused a useless search for that bird, which ended in our spying its author in a Cat-bird snugly hid away, and apparently hugely enjoying the cheat. At another time we have known the Cat-bird call off a brood of young chickens, greatly to the annoyance of the old hen.

To its own family the Cat-bird is devoted and constant in its care and attentions. To each other they are affectionate, kind, and sympathizing in their troubles; and the male bird, with a brood of its own, has been known to bring up another brood, not its own, that had been taken from their mother's nest and placed near that of its kind friend.

We hope we have said enough of the good qualities of our favorite bird to teach our young folks to treat these loving, confiding creatures with kindness, and to cultivate their good-will. They deserve your good-will, and they will repay with their charming songs, and their equally charming and affectionate confidence, your kind treatment of them.

T. M. B.



AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ROAST ANT-EATER.

INSTEAD of returning to the tree, the Indian and Richard swam directly to the dead-wood, where they were quickly joined by the rest of the party. Although the dead-wood was as hard as any other wood, and to sleep upon it would be like sleeping on a plank, still it would give them the feeling of security ; so, as if by general consent, though nothing was said, they stretched themselves along the trunk, and were soon fast asleep.

The old Indian, tough as the sipes of his native forests, seemed as if he could live out the remainder of his life without another wink of sleep ; and when the rest of his companions were buried in profound repose, he was engaged in an operation that required both energy and the most stoical

patience. In a place where the bark was dry, he had picked out a small circular cavity, beside which he had placed some withered leaves and dead twigs collected from the tree that spread its branches above. Kneeling over this cavity, he thrust down into it a straight stick, that had been cut from some species of hard wood, and trimmed clear of knots or other inequalities, twirling it between the palms of his hands so as to produce a rapid motion, now one way, now the other. In about ten minutes a smoke appeared, and soon after sparks were seen among the loose dust that had collected from the friction. Presently the sparks, becoming thicker, united into a flame; and then, dropping the straight stick, he hastily covered the hole with the dry leaves and chips, and, blowing gently under them, was soon cheered by a blaze, over which a cook with even little skill might have prepared a tolerable dinner. This had been Munday's object; and as soon as he saw his fire fairly under way, without dressing or trussing the game,—not even taking the hide off,—he laid the tamandua across the fire, and left it to cook in its skin.

It was not the first time by scores that Munday had made that repast, known among Spanish Americans as "*carne con cuero.*" He now proceeded to prevent the spreading of the flames. The dead-wood around was dry as tinder. Stripping off the cotton shirt that, through every vicissitude, still clung to his shoulders, he leant over the side of the floating log, and dipped it for several minutes under the water. When well soaked, he drew it up again, and taking it to the spot where the fire was crackling, he wrung the water out in a circle around the edge of his hearth. When the tamandua was done brown, he then awakened his companions, who were astonished to see the fire, with the bronzed body of the Indian, nude to the waist, squatting in front of it,—to hear the crackling of sticks, the loud sputtering of the roast, and the hissing of the water circle that surrounded the hearth. But the savor that filled the air was very agreeable. They accepted his invitation to partake of the repast, which was found greatly to resemble roast goose in taste; and in an inconceivably short time only the bones of the ant-eater, and these clean picked, could be seen upon the ceiba.

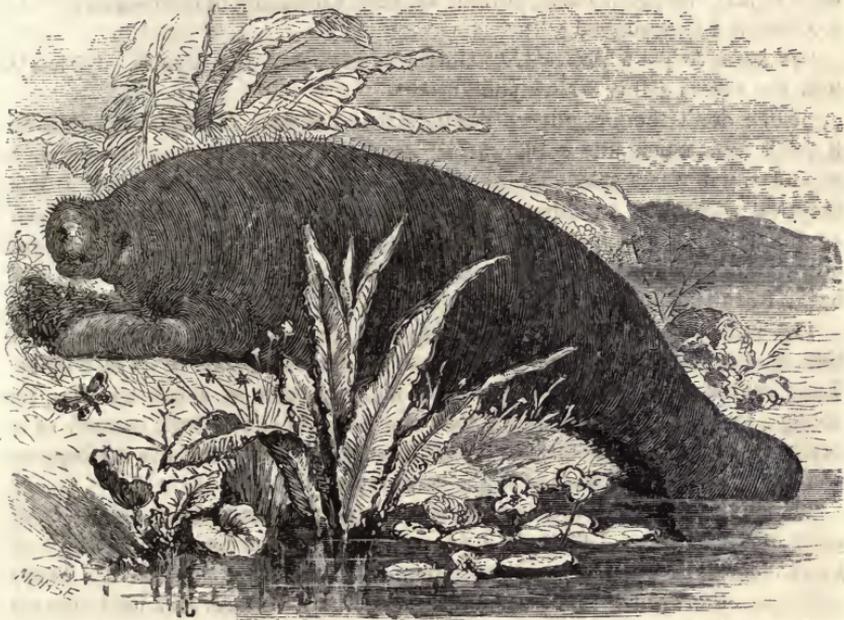
CHAPTER LXVII.

THE JUAROUÁ.

POSTPONING till the next day the task of making a canoe out of their log, the party soon betook themselves to rest again; but they had been slumbering only about an hour when a low whimpering noise made by the monkey awoke Tipperary Tom, close to whose ear the animal had squatted down. Its master raised himself up, and, leaning upon his elbow, looked out over the Gapo. There was nothing but open water, whose smooth surface was shining like burnished gold under the beams of the setting sun. He turned toward the trees. He saw nothing there,—not so much as a bird moving among the branches. Raising his head a little higher, and peeping over the

edge of the dead-wood, "It's thare is it, the somethin' that 's scyarin' ye?" he said to his pet. "An' shure enough there is a somethin' yandther. There 's a 'purl' upon the wather, as if some crayther was below makin' a disthurbance among the weeds. I wondther what it is!"

At length the creature whose motion he had observed, whatever it was, came near enough for him to obtain a full view of it; and though it was neither a snake nor a crocodile, still it was of sufficiently formidable and novel appearance to cause him a feeling of fear. In shape it resembled a



seal; but in dimensions it was altogether different, being much larger than seals usually are. It was full ten feet from snout to tail, and of a proportionate thickness of body. It had the head of a bull or cow, with a broad muzzle, and thick, overhanging lip, but with very small eyes; and instead of ears, there were two round cavities upon the crown of its head. It had a large, flat tail, not standing up like the tail of a fish, but spread in a horizontal direction, like that of a bird. Its skin was smooth, and naked of hairs, with the exception of some straggling ones set thinly over it, and some tufts resembling bristles radiating around its mouth and nostrils. The skin itself was of a dull leaden hue, with some cream-colored spots under the throat and along the belly. It had also a pair of flippers, more than a foot in length, standing out from the shoulders, with a teat in front of each, and looking like little paddles, with which the huge creature was propelling itself through the water, just as a fish uses its fins or a man his arms.

The Irishman did not stay to note half of these characteristics, but hastily woke Munday, crying, "What is it? O what is it?"

The Indian, rousing himself, looked round for a moment dreamily, and then, as he caught sight of the strange object, replied, "Good fortune! it is the *juarouá*."

CHAPTER LXVIII.

A FISH-COW AT PASTURE.

THE Irishman was no wiser for Munday's answer, "The *juarouá*." "But what is it?" he again asked, curious to learn something of the creature. "Is it a fish or a quadruphed?"

"A *peixe-boi*, — a *peixe-boi*!" hurriedly answered the tapuyo. "That's how the whites call it. Now you know."

"But I don't, though, not a bit better than before. A pikes-boy! Troth, it don't look much like a pike at all, at all. If it's a fish av any kind, I should say it was a sale. O, luk there, Munday! Arrah, see now! If it's the owld pike's boy, yandther's the young wan too. See, it has tuk howlt av the tit, an' 's sucking away like a calf! An' luk! the old wan has got howlt av it with her flipper, an' 's kapin' it up to the breast! Save us! did hever I see such a thing!"

The sight was indeed one to astonish the Irishman, since it has from all time astonished the Amazonian Indians themselves, in spite of its frequency. They cannot understand so unusual a habit as that of a fish suckling its young; for they naturally think that the *peixe-boi* is a fish, instead of a cetacean, and they therefore continue to regard it with curious feelings, as a creature not to be classified in the ordinary way.

"Hush!" whispered the Indian, with a sign to Tom to keep quiet. "Sit still! make no noise. There's a chance of our capturing the *juarouá*, — a good chance, now that I see the *juarouá-i* [little one] along with it. Don't wake the others yet. The *juarouá* can see like a vulture, and hear like an eagle, though it has such little eyes and ears. Hush!"

The *peixe-boi* had by this time got abreast of the dead-wood, and was swimming slowly past it. A little beyond there was a sort of bay, opening in among the trees, towards which it appeared to be directing its course, suckling the calf as it swam.

"Good," said Munday, softly. "I guess what it's going after up there. Don't you see something lying along the water?"

"Yes; but it's some sort av wather-grass."

"That's just it."

"An' what would it want wid the grass? Yez don't mane to till me it ates grass?"

"Eats nothing else, and this is just the sort it feeds on. Very like that's its pasturing place. So much the better if it is, because it will stay there till morning, and give me a chance to kill it."

"But why can't yez kill it now?" said Tom.

"For want of a proper weapon. My knife is of no use. The *juarouá* is too cunning to let one come so near. If it come back in the morning, I will take

care to be ready for it. From it we can get meat enough for a long voyage. See, it has begun to browse!"

Sure enough it had, just as the Indian said, commenced pasturing upon the long blades of grass that spread horizontally over the surface; and just as a cow gathers the meadow sward into her huge mouth, at intervals protruding her tongue to secure it, so did the great water-cow of the Amazon spread her broad lips and extend her rough tongue to take in the floating herbage of the Gapo.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE PASHUBA SPEAR.

MUNDAY was now prepared to set out on a little exploring excursion, as he said; so, enjoining upon Tom, who was determined to awake the sleepers that they might share the sight of the feeding fish-cow, to keep them all strictly quiet until his return, he slipped softly into the water and swam noiselessly away.

The enforced silence was tedious enough to the party, who were all eager to talk about the strange spectacle they saw, and it would surely have been soon broken, had not the Indian returned with a new object for their curiosity. He had stolen off, taking with him only his knife. At his reappearance he had the knife still with him, and another weapon as well, which the knife had enabled him to procure. It was a staff of about twelve feet in length, straight as a rush, slightly tapering, and pointed at the end like a spear. In fact, it *was* a spear, which he had been manufacturing during his hour of absence out of a split stem of the *pashuba* palm. Not far off he had found one of these trees, a water-loving species, — the *Martea exorhuza*, — whose stems are supported upon slanting roots, that stand many feet above the surface of the soil. With the skill known only to an Amazonian Indian in the use of a knife-blade, he had split the *pashuba*, (hard as iron on the outside, but soft at the heart,) and out of one of the split pieces had he hastily fashioned his spear. Its point only needed to be submitted to fire, and then steel itself would not serve better for a spear-head. Fortunately the hearth was not yet cold. A few red cinders smouldered by the wet circle, and, thrusting his spear-point among them, the Indian waited for it to become hardened. When done to his satisfaction, he drew it out of the ashes, scraped it to a keen point with the blade of his knife, and then announced himself ready to attack the *juarouá*.

The amphibious animal was yet there, its head visible above the bed of grass upon which it was still grazing. Munday, while rejoiced at the circumstance, expressed himself also surprised at it. He had not been sanguine of finding it on his return with the spear, and, while fabricating the weapon, he had only been encouraged by the expectation that the *peixe-boi*, if gone away for the night, would return to its grazing ground in the morning. As it was now, it could not have afforded him a better opportunity for *striking* it. It was reclining near the surface, its head several inches above it, and

directly under a large tree, whose lower limbs, extending horizontally, almost dropped into the water. If he could but get unperceived upon one of those limbs, it would be an easy matter to drive the spear into its body as far as his strength would enable him.

If any man could swim noiselessly through the water, climb silently into the tree, and steal without making sound along its limbs, that man was the *Mundurucú*. In less time than you could count a thousand, he had successfully accomplished this, and was crouching upon a limb right over the cow. In an instant his spear was seen to descend, as the spectators were expecting it to do; but to their astonishment, instead of striking the body of the peixe-boi, it pierced into the water several feet from the snout of the animal! What could it mean? Surely the skilled harpooner of fish-cattle could not have made such a stray stroke. Certainly he had not touched the cow! Had he speared anything?

"He's killed the calf!" cried Tipperary Tom. "Luk yanther! Don't yez see its carcass floatin' in the wather?"

Still the spectators could not understand it. Why should the calf have been killed, which would scarce give them a supper, and the cow spared, that would have provisioned the whole crew for a month? Why had the chance been thrown away? Was it thrown away? They only thought so, while expecting the peixe-boi to escape. But they were quickly undeceived. They had not reckoned upon the strong maternal instincts of that amphibious mother, — instincts that annihilate all sense of danger, and prompt a reckless rushing upon death in the companionship or for the protection of the beloved offspring. It was too late to protect the tiny creature, but the mother recked not of this. Danger deterred her not from approaching it again and again, each time receiving a fresh stab from that terrible stick, until, with a long-drawn sigh, she expired among the sedge.

These animals are extremely tenacious of life, and a single thrust from such a weapon as he wielded would only have put the peixe-boi to flight, never to be encountered again. The harpoon alone, with its barbed head and floats, can secure them for a second strike; and not being provided with this weapon, nor the means of making it, the old tapuyo knew that his only chance was to act as he had done. Experience had made him a believer in the affection of the animal, and the result proved that he had not mistaken its strength.

CHAPTER LXX.

CURING THE FISH-COW.

NOTHING was done for that night. All slept contentedly on the dead-wood, which next day became the scene of a series of curious operations. This did not differ very much from the spectacle that might be witnessed in the midst of the wide ocean, when whalers have struck one of the great leviathans of the deep, and brought their ship alongside for the purpose of cutting it up.

In like manner as the whale is "flensed," so was the fish-cow, Munday performing the operation with his knife, by first skinning the creature, and then separating the flesh into broad strips or steaks, which were afterwards made into *charqui*, by being hung up in the sun.

Previous to this, however, many "griskins" — as Tom called them — had been cut from the carcass, and, broiled over the fire kindled upon the log, had furnished both supper and breakfast to the party. No squeamishness was shown by any one. Hunger forbade it; and, indeed, whether with sharp appetites or not, there was no reason why they should not relish one of the most coveted articles of animal food to be obtained in Amazonia. The taste was that of pork; though there were parts of the flesh of a somewhat coarser grain, and inferior in flavor to the real dairy-fed pig.

The day was occupied in making it ready for curing, which would take several days' exposure under the hot sun. Before night, however, they had it separated into thin slices, and suspended upon a sort of clothes-line, which, by means of poles and sipos, Munday had rigged upon the log. The lean parts alone were to be preserved, for the fat which lies between these, in thick layers of a greenish color and fishy flavor, is considered rather strong for the stomach — even of an Indian not over nice about such matters. When a peixe-boi has been harpooned in the usual manner, this is not thrown away, or wasted. Put into a proper boiling-pot, it yields a very good kind of oil, — ten or twelve gallons being obtained from an individual of the largest and fattest kind.

In the present instance, the fat was disregarded and flung back into the flood, while the bones, as they were laid bare, were served in a similar fashion. The skin, however, varying from an inch in thickness over the back, to half an inch under the abdomen, and which Munday had removed with considerable care, was stowed away in a hollow place upon the log. Why it was kept, none of the others could guess. Perhaps the Indian meant it as something to fall back upon in the event of the *charqui* giving out.

It was again night by the time the cow-skin was deposited in its place, and of course no journey could be attempted for that day. On the morrow they intended to commence the voyage which it was hoped would bring them to the other side of the lagoon, if not within sight of land. As they ate their second supper of *amphibious steaks*, they felt in better spirits than for many days. They were not troubled with hunger or thirst; they were not tortured by sitting astride the branches of a tree; and the knowledge that they had now a craft capable of carrying them — however slow might be the rate — inspired them with pleasant expectations. Their conversation was more cheerful than usual, and during the after-supper hour it turned chiefly on the attributes and habits of the strange animal which Munday had so cleverly dissected.

Most of the information about its habits was supplied by the Indian himself, who had learned them by personal experience; though many points in its natural history were given by the Patron, who drew his knowledge of it from books. Trevannion told them that a similar creature — though believed to be

of a different species — was found in the sea ; but generally near to some coast where there was fresh water flowing in by the estuary of a river. One kind in the Indian seas was known by the name of *dugong*, and another in the West Indies as the *manati* or *manatee*, — called by the French *lamantin*. The Spaniards also know it by the name of *vaca marina* (sea-cow), the identical name given by the Dutch of the Cape Colony to the hippopotamus, — of course a very different animal.

The manati is supposed to have been so named from its fins, or flippers, bearing some resemblance to the hands of a human being, — in Spanish, *manos*, — entitling it to the appellation of the “handed” animal. But the learned Humboldt has shown that this derivation would be contrary to the idiom of the Spanish language, which would have made the word *manudo* or *manon*, and not *manati*. It is therefore more likely that this name is the one by which it was known to the aborigines of the southern coast of Cuba, where the creature was first seen by the discoverers of America. Certain it is that the sea species of the West Indies and the Guianian coast is much larger than that found in the Amazon and other South American rivers ; the former being sometimes found full twenty feet in length, while the length of the fish-cow of South America rarely reaches ten.

Here Munday took up the thread of the discourse, and informed the circle of listeners that there were several species of *juarouá* — this was the name he gave it — in the waters of the Amazon. He knew of three kinds, that were distinct, not only in size, but in shape, — the difference being chiefly observable in the fashion of the fins and tail. There was also some difference in their color, — one species being much lighter in hue than the others, with a pale cream-colored belly ; while the abdomen of the common kind is of a slaty lead, with some pinkish white spots scattered thinly over it.

A peculiar characteristic of the peixe-boi is discovered in its lungs, — no doubt having something to do with its amphibious existence. These, when taken out of the animal and inflated by blowing into them, swell up to the lightness and dimensions of an India-rubber swimming-belt ; so that, as young Richard observed while so inflating them, they could spare at least one set of the sapucaya-shells, if once more compelled to take to the water.

Munday gave a very good account of the mode practised in capturing the *juarouá*, not only by the Indians of his own tribe, but by all others in the Amazon valley. The hunter of the peixe-boi — or fisher, as we should rather call him — provides himself with a *montaria* (a light canoe) and a harpoon. He rows to the spot where the creature may be expected to appear, — usually some solitary lagoon or quiet spot out of the current, where there is a species of grass forming its favorite food. At certain hours the animal comes thither to pasture. Sometimes only a single individual frequents the place, but oftener a pair, with their calves, — never more than two of the latter. At times there may be seen a small herd of old ones.

Their enemy, seated in his canoe, awaits their approach in silence ; and then, after they have become forgetful of all save their enjoyment of the succulent grass, he paddles up to them. He makes his advances with the

greatest caution ; for the fish-cow, unlike its namesake of the farm-yard, is a shy and suspicious animal. The plunge of the paddle, or a rude ripple of the water against the sides of the montaria, would frighten it from its food, and send it off into the open water, where it could not be approached.

The occupant of the canoe is aware of this, and takes care not to make the slightest disturbance, till he has got within striking distance. He then rises gently into a half-crouching attitude, takes the measure of the distance between him and his victim, and throws his harpoon with unerring aim. A line attached to the shaft of the weapon secures the wounded animal from getting clear away. It may dive to the bottom, or rush madly along the surface, but can only go so far as that terrible tether will allow it, to be dragged back towards the montaria, where its struggles are usually terminated by two or three thrusts of a spear.

The sport, or, more properly speaking, the trade, of harpooning this river cetacean, is followed by most of the Amazonian Indians. There is not much of it done during the season of the floods. Then the animals, becoming dispersed over a large surface of inundated forest, are seen only on rare occasions ; and a chase specially directed to discover them would not repay the trouble and loss of time. It is when the floods have fallen to their lowest, and the lagoas or permanent ponds of water have contracted to their ordinary limits, that the harpooning of the fish-cow becomes profitable. Then it is followed as a regular pursuit, and occupies the Indian for several weeks in the year.

Sometimes a lagoon is discovered in which many of these creatures have congregated,—their retreat to the main river having been cut off by the falling of the floods. On such occasions the tribe making the discovery reaps a plentiful harvest, and butchering becomes the order of the day.

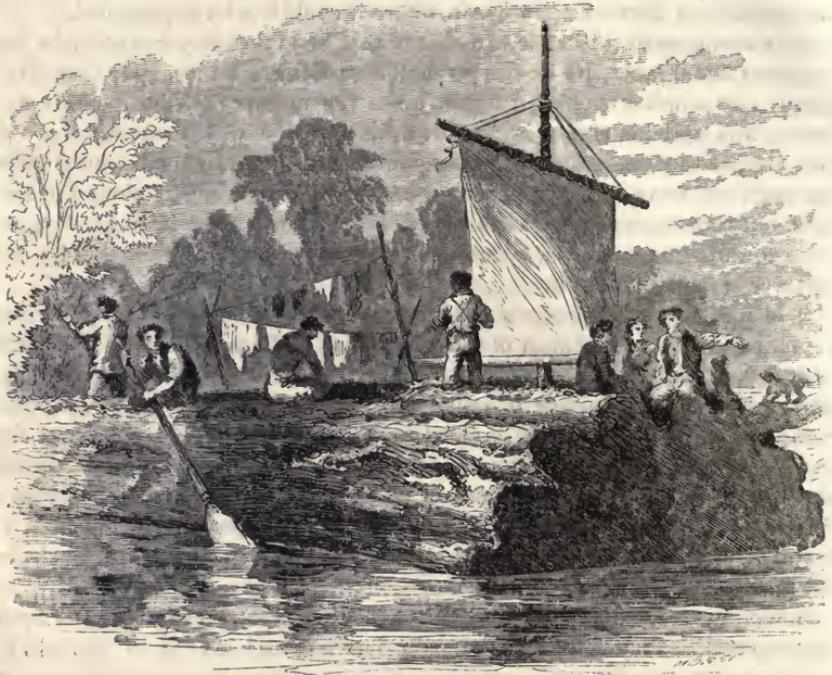
The malocca, or village, is for the time deserted ; all hands — men, women, children, and curs — moving off to the lagoon, and making their encampment upon its edge. They bring with them boiling-pots, for trying out the oil, and jars to contain it, and carry it to the port of commerce ; for, being of a superior quality, it tempts the Portuguese trader to make long voyages up many remote tributaries where it is obtained.

During these grand fisheries there is much feasting and rejoicing. The “jerked” flesh of the animal, its skin, and, above all, its valuable oil, are exchanged for knives, pigments, trinkets, and, worse still, for *cashaca* (rum). The last is too freely indulged in ; and the fishing rarely comes to a close without weapons being used in a manner to bring wounds, and often death.

As the old Mundurucú had been present at many a hunt of the fish-cow he was able to give a graphic account of the scenes he had witnessed, to which his companions on the log listened with the greatest attention. So interested were they, that it was not till near midnight that they thought of retiring to rest.

CHAPTER LXXI.

A SAIL OF SKIN.



By daybreak they were astir upon their new craft; and after breakfast they set about moving it away from its moorings. This was not so easily accomplished. The log was a log in every respect; and though once a splendid silk-cotton tree, covered with gossamer pods, and standing in airy majesty over the surrounding forest, it now lay as heavy as lead among the weeds and water-lilies, as if unwilling to be stirred from the spot into which it had drifted.

You may wonder how they were able to move it at all; supposing, as you must, that they were unprovided with either oars or sails. But they were not so badly off as that. The whole of the preceding day had not been spent in curing the fish-cow. Munday's knife had done other service during the afternoon hours, and a pair of paddles had been the result. Though of a rude kind, they were a perfect enough for the purpose required of them; while at the same time they gave evidence of great ingenuity on the part of the contriver. They had handles of wood, with blades of *bone*, made from the fish-cow's shoulder-blades, which Munday had carefully retained with the skin, while allowing the offal to sink. In his own tribe, and elsewhere on the Amazon, he had seen these bones employed—and had himself employed them—as a substitute for the spade. Many a cacao patch and field of mandioca had Munday cleared with the shoulder-blade of a fish-cow; and upon

odd occasions he had used one for a paddle. It needed only to shaft them; and this had been done by splicing a pole to each with the tough sipos.

Provided with these paddles, then,—one of them wielded by himself, the other by the sturdy Mozambique,—the log was compelled to make way through the water. The progress was necessarily slow, on account of the tangle of long stalks and broad leaves of the lilies. But it promised to improve, when they should get beyond these into the open part of the lagoon. Out there, moreover, they could see that there was a ripple upon the water; which proved that a breeze had sprung up, not perceptible inside the sheltering selvage of the trees, blowing in the right direction,—that is, from the trees, and towards the lagoon.

You may suppose that the wind could not be of much use to them with such a craft,—not only without a rudder, but unprovided with sails. So thought they all except the old tapuyo. But the Indian had not been navigating the Gapo for more than forty years of his life, without learning how to construct a sail; and, if nothing else had turned up, he could have made a tolerable substitute for one out of many kinds of broad, tough leaves,—especially those of the *miriti* palm.

He had not revealed his plans to any one of the party. Men of his race rarely declare their intentions until the moment of carrying them into execution. There is a feeling of proud superiority that hinders such condescension. Besides, he had not yet recovered from the sting of humiliation that succeeded the failure of his swimming enterprise; and he was determined not to commit himself again, either by too soon declaring his designs, or too confidently predicting their successful execution.

It was not, therefore, till a stout pole had been set up in a hollow dug out by his knife in the larger end of the log, two cross pieces firmly lashed to it by sipos, and the skin of the fish-cow spread out against these like a huge thick blanket of caoutchouc, and attached to them by the same cordage of creepers,—it was not till then that his companions became fully acquainted with his object in having cut poles, scooped the hollow, and retained the skin of the cow, as he had done to their previous bewilderment.

It was all clear now; and they could not restrain themselves from giving a simultaneous cheer, as they saw the dull dead-wood, under the impulsion of the skin sail, commence a more rapid movement, until it seemed to “walk the water like a thing of life.”

CHAPTER LXXII.

BECALMED.

ONCE out on the open lagoon, and fairly under sail, in what direction should they steer their new craft? They wanted to reach the other side of the lagoon, which the Indian believed to extend in the right direction for finding *terra firma*. They had skirted the edge upon which they were for several miles, without finding either the sign of land or an opening by

which they might penetrate through the forest, and it was but natural that they should wish to make trial on the other side, in the hope of meeting with better fortune.

Mozey, who prided himself on being the best sailor aboard, was intrusted with the management of the sail, while Trevannion himself acted as pilot. The Indian busied himself in looking after the curing of the charqui, which, by the help of such a hot sun as was shining down upon them, would soon be safely beyond the chance of decay. The young people, seated together near the thick end of the log — which Mozey had facetiously christened the quarter-deck of the craft — occupied themselves as they best might.

The cloud that had shadowed them for days was quite dispelled. With such a raft, there was every expectation of getting out of the Gapo. It might not be in a day, or even in a week. But time was of little consequence, so long as there was a prospect of ultimate release from the labyrinth of flooded forests. The charqui, if economized, would feed all hands for a fortnight, at least; and unless they should again get stranded among the tree-tops, they could scarcely be all that time before reaching dry land.

Their progress was sadly slow. Their craft has been described as "walking the water like a thing of life." But this is rather a poetical exaggeration. Its motion was that of a true dead-wood, heavily weighted with the water that for weeks had been saturating its sides. It barely yielded to the sail; and had they been forced to depend upon the paddles, it would have been a hopeless affair. A mile an hour was the most they were able to make; and this only when the breeze was at its freshest. At other times, when it unfortunately lulled, the log lay upon the water with no more motion than they caused as they stepped over it.

Towards noon their progress became slower; and when at length the meridian hour arrived the ceiba stood still. The sail had lost the power of propelling it on. The breeze had died away, and there was now a dead calm. The shoulder-blades of the peixe-boi were now resorted to, but neither these, nor the best pair of oars that ever pulled a man-o'-war's boat, could have propelled that tree-trunk through the water faster than half a knot to the hour, and the improvised paddles were soon laid aside.

There was one comfort in the delay. The hour of dinner had now arrived, and the crew were not unprepared for the midday meal; for in their hurry at setting out, and the solicitude arising from their uncertainty about their craft, they had breakfasted scantily. Their dinner was to consist of but one dish, a cross between fish and flesh, — a cross between fresh and dried, — for the peixe-boi was still but half converted into charqui.

The Indian had carefully guarded the fire, the kindling of which had cost him so much trouble and ingenuity. A few sparks still smouldered where they had been nursed; and, with some decayed pieces of the ceiba itself, a big blaze was once more established. Over this the choicest tit-bits were suspended until their browned surface proclaimed them "done to a turn." Their keen appetites furnished both sauce and seasoning; and when the meal was over, all were ready to declare that they had never dined more

sumptuously in their lives. Hunger is the best appetizer; scarcity comes next.

They sat after dinner conversing upon different themes, and doing the best they could to while away the time, — the only thing that at all discommoded them being the beams of the sun, which fell upon their crowns like sparks of fire showered from a burning sky. Tom's idea was that the heat of the sun could be endured with greater ease in the water than upon the log; and, to satisfy himself, he once more girdled on the cincture of shells, and slipped over the side. His example was followed by the Patron himself, his son and nephew.

Little Rosa did not need to retreat overboard in this ignominious manner. She was in the shade, under a tiny *toldo* of broad leaves of a *Pothos* plant, which, growing parasitically upon one of the trees, had been plucked the day before, and spread between two buttresses of the dead-wood. Her cousin had constructed this miniature arbor, and proud did he appear to see his little sylph reclining under its shade.

The tapuyo, accustomed to an Amazonian sun, did not require to keep cool by submerging himself; and as for the negro, he would scarce have been discommoded by an atmosphere indicated by the highest figure on the thermometer. These two men, though born on opposite sides of the Atlantic Ocean, were alike types of a tropical existence, and equally disregarded the fervor of a tropic sun.

Suddenly the four, who had fallen a little astern, were seen making towards the log; and by the terror depicted on their countenances, as well as their quick, irregular strokes, it was evident something in the water had caused them serious alarm. What could it all mean? It was of no use to ask the swimmers themselves. They were as ignorant of what was alarming them as their companions upon the log; they only knew that something was biting them about the legs and feet; but what it was they had not the slightest idea. It might be an insect, — it might be a water-snake, or other amphibious reptile; but whatever it was, they could tell that its teeth were sharp as needles, and scored their flesh like fish-hooks.

It was not till they had gained footing upon the log, and their legs were seen covered with lacerations, and streaming with fresh blood, that they ascertained the sort of enemy that had been attacking them. Had the water been clear, they might have discovered it long before; but discolored as it was, they could not see beneath the surface far enough to make out the character of their secret assailants. But the tapuyo well understood the signs, and, as soon as his eye rested upon them, his perplexity disappeared; and, with an exclamation that rather betokened relief, he pronounced the simple phrase, "Only *piranhas!*"

Mayne Reid.



Round the Evening Lamp

A Treasury of
 CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

CHARADES.

No. 4.

My *second* helped them to prepare
 The fury of my *first* ;
 They railed, they raved, they beat the air,
 They boasted, and they cursed :
 And when my *first*, with brow of ire
 And heart of slaughter, came,
 Led on by famine and by fire,
 My *second* fanned the flame.

My *first* has ended his career,
 And lies supine and bound ;
 We welcome in the better year,
 With peace and plenty crowned :
 But ere we cease with steel to hedge
 The authors of my *first*,
 We want my *whole*, the lasting pledge
 That they have done their worst.

EPES S.

No. 5.

My *first* is the name of a hero great, —
 A patriot true and bold,
 Who united his own with his country's
 fate,
 And flourished in days of old.

My *second* in everything is seen,
 In ocean, in earth, and in heaven.
 In deed you will find it twice I ween,
 For twice I am sure 't is given.

My *third* is intention, or drift, or space.
 If you doubt this exposition,

Refer to Worcester, and find the place ;
 I have quoted his definition.

My *whole*, whatever its size may be,
 May change it to smaller or greater ;
 It can paint anything on land or sea,
 From Iceland to the Equator.

Another thing is worthy of note,
 To assist in guessing the riddle :
 I am nearly all neck, with a metal throat, —
 And my *whole* thrice contains my mid-
 dle.

E. H., JR.

No. 6.

O, while my *first* is rushing by,
 My *second* must beware ;
 For she 's the treasure of my eye,
 The darling of my care ;
 And there 's no mortal joy I know
 Like that her wiles impart :
 Tell me, what name shall I bestow
 On one so near my heart ?

O, let her tread with me my *whole*,
 And enter not my *first* ;
 Her eyes shall be the brimming bowl
 To quench my spirit's thirst.
 I crave not wealth, nor fame, nor power,
 While she is by my side :
 All joy seems centred in that hour, —
 My *whole* than earth more wide !

EPES S.

ENIGMAS.

No. 4.

FOR STUDENTS OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

I am composed of 68 letters.

My 41, 64, 58, 10, 15, 31, 50, was Bacchus's instructor.

My 57, 22, 64, 22, was an Egyptian deity.
My 6, 42, 5, 30, 15, 44, presided over gardens.

My 5, 10, 58, 6, 42, 5, 11, 15, 18, was one of the Muses.

My 45, 66, 5, 67, 58, 48, 50, and 21, 4, 5, 66, 41, founded a celebrated city.

My 9, 20, 58, 51, 12, caused the Trojan War.

My 17, 31, 5, 28, 68, 30, 21, was grandfather of Romulus.

My 1, 6, 28, 51, 58, 35, presided over the fine arts.

My 6, 43, 28, 4, 12, 57, 54, 61, 1, 39, 50, were the Yankees of antiquity.

My 54, 1, 46, 5, 67, 22, carried letters into Greece.

My 9, 18, 45, 28, 13, 28, 49, 67, 22, is styled the father of history.

My 37, 18, 57, 58, 1, 22, was the ancient name of Greece.

My 38, 39, 1, 54, 55, 31, 41, was the last of the Titans.

My 14, 21, 40, 35, 22, was the name of the first vessel.

My 50, 30, 58, 28, 25, was one of the seven wise men.

My 45, 48, 47, 57, 40, 28, preserved corn from blight.

My 66, 53, 20, 24, 26, 50, presided over fountains.

My 54, 58, 18, 42, 6, 52, 27, 45, 44, was a celebrated queen of Egypt.

My 36, 53, 38, 3, 28, 17, 50, were sea-gods.

My 41, 23, 9, 4, 15, 66, was one of the Gorgons.

My 43, 44, 21, 6, 61, 51, 41, were winged monsters.

My 6, 18, 62, 44, 65, 51, 50, were household gods.

My 24, 59, 54, 57, 32, 64, 14, 16, 11, 50, was a distinguished Grecian orator and general.

My 16, 61, 63, 35, founded Carthage.

My 14, 23, 10, was the goddess of revenge.

My 5, 24, 53, 50, was the god of war.

My 47, 53, 48, 2, 67, 50, was a noble Roman.

My 6, 48, 34, 64, 54, 1, 60, 61, 63, 10, 50, was used by the Romans to express treachery.

My 18, 54, 9, 57, 16, 39, 1, was the mother of Sphinx.

My whole is an extract of old English poetry well worth remembering in the nineteenth century.

MARY B. EVERETT.

No. 5.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 6, 4, is one of the months.

My 5, 20, 10, 13, is the dearest spot on earth.

My 7, 20, 19, is the present.

My 16, 15, 20, 14, is not a boy.

My 20, 6, 12, 13, is a garden tool.

My 8, 2, 3, is a boy's nickname.

My 8, 13, 19, may be seen before the sun rises.

My 9, 1, 15, 14, 13, is often very sweet.

My 21, 20, 11, 8, is a way.

My 7, 11, 18, is an article of apparel.

My 22, 13, 21, 4, 13, 14, is part of a nut.

My whole is a well-known proverb.

DORA.

No. 6.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 24, 2, 15, 7, 8, 13, is a fruit.

My 12, 11, 25, 18, is a part of our body.

My 22, 19, 14, 15, 21, is a musical instrument.

My 26, 1, 4, 23, 11, 7, is a kind of fish.

My 18, 4, 5, is a yard and a quarter.

My 2, 11, 20, 13, is a common flower.

My 23, 3, 10, 17, is an insect.

My 16, 6, 23, is a boy's nickname.

My 9, 16, 15, 8, 18, is a vehicle.

My whole is an old proverb.

META.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 8.



W. G. H.

PUZZLES.

No. 4.

I am a word of five letters only ; but if you take a lesson from bell-ringers and play the changes upon me, my combinations are infinite. My original word as it stands, spelt with three consonants and two vowels, signifies a weapon formerly in great repute, and still of much use with savage nations. Transpose me, and I give you some fruit of a wholesome and delicious nature, chiefly imported from Guernsey and Jersey. Cut off one letter, and I give you a seed ; transpose me, and I cut your corn ; again, and I peel your fruit. Alter the letter, and I present a large form of the monkey tribe to you, which, if you transpose again, you will convert into a very largely used leguminous food. Alter the letter again, and you will have

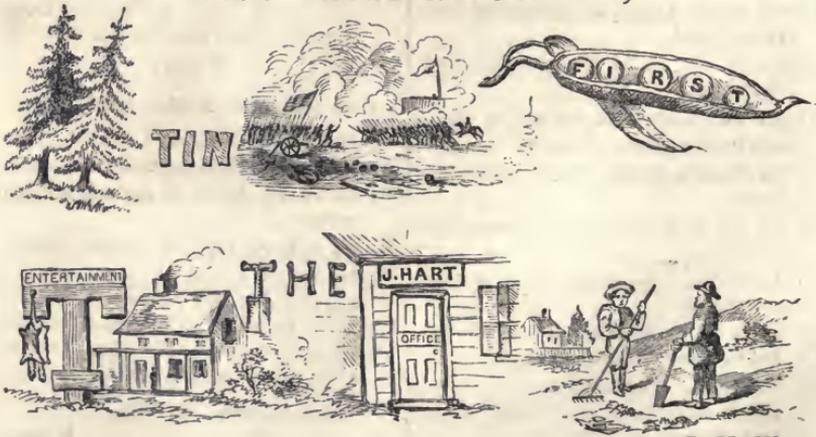
the organs of a sense ; transpose, and you level me to the ground again, and you mark me with scars. Alter my letters again, and I grate for you, when, if you behead me, I become a poisonous reptile. Alter the letters again, and I go upon "Change" ; transpose me, and I speak to a "medium." Alter me three times more, and I become successively the material for a dress, the blood for a plant, and what you must be. Finally, use my whole five letters once more, and, if you are accustomed to the very useful grammatical exercise they show you, I think you ought to be able to make out all my meanings.

No. 5.

My first is a plant, my second 's a plant, my whole is a plant.

PAUL.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 9.



C. H. W.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 10.



TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. Did you ever know *men eat beaver* ?
G. BURR.
2. We were sitting in the parlor last evening, when I proposed a *gameni* for *Korys of gunlou*. My brother said a *hard ec* would be better. "No," said my sister, "try *rats yo*, or a *brues*." "I think," said our mother, "you had best send *that anoniell*."
S. B.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 11.



ANSWERS.

- CHARADES.
2. Pen-knife.
 3. Hope-less.
- ENIGMA.
3. Is Saul also among the Prophets? (1 Sam. x. 12.)
- PUZZLES.
2. A clock.
 3. Mouth.
- ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.
5. My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

- [(Mice on *if's*) (inn) er (scent) (ice) thee (C on cent) thou (knot).]
6. Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes. [(Tea) a (key) us T (he) (foxes) t (he) (*little* foxes) t (hats) p (oil) t (he) (vines) 4 (hour) (vines) (hay) ve (tender) (grapes).]
 7. Carrying coal to Newcastle. [(Car) Y (eye) ng (coal) (tea) (one) W (castle).]



Josiah T. "The Prince of Whales" will not do. *W. Arthur D.* Rebus sketches are well enough in pencil. But your subjects do not quite come up to the standard. And—let us whisper it in your ear—you must look sharply to your spelling, which is faulty, both in your letter and your puzzles.

J. L. S. sends an enigma which is not quite worth printing, but the subject presents a curious inversion, and we preserve it. It is the name of a baker's shop in Siskiyou County, Cal.,—*Yreka Bakery.*

C. W. P. The name is not *Thorwaldsen* but *Thorwaldsen*.

R. S. C.—a correspondent in whom we have entire confidence—has sent (to quote from his letter) "a worded thought, which I cannot help thinking is something of a literary curiosity. It was written a few days since by my little daughter, only ten years old, and it is, I feel quite sure, wholly the emanation of her mind. In transcribing it I have adhered strictly to her own manuscript." As we agree with Mr. C. in thinking that this is something remarkable for so young a child, we reproduce it entire.

A SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

An artist sat in his studio late one summer night. The full moon shone brightly through the open window, flooding with a silver light the unfinished pictures which were grouped about, and lingering with a loving brightness on the face of the artist, who was reclining listlessly upon a couch in the centre of his studio. His dreamy dark eyes were fixed with a sorrowful gaze upon the bright stars. At length he spoke aloud. "I have wandered far in many lands. I have searched in vain in the beauties of sunny Spain, in the cloudless skies of Italy, in every portion of God's beautiful earth, for the gem of happiness,—true peace of mind. I have sometimes when gazing upon the beauties of foreign countries felt an inspiration of the heart, and I have taken up my pencil in very desperation and created most beautiful pictures. Men wondered and admired, and for a time I thought I had found the object of my search. But again the old passionate yearning would steal over me, and I would despise my pic-

tures which but a moment before I had thought so beautiful. And now I am again in the land of my birth; but I have not found that for which I sought." The artist paused, till at length he heard a sweet and solemn voice within him say these words: "My son, arise and follow me for a little while." The artist sat perfectly still; but now a glorious thought came over him, and he was soon deeply absorbed in a picture which he had hastily sketched. The picture grew under his hand, until at length it stood perfect, glorious,—an image of the Crucified on Mount Calvary. With reverential love and holy awe the artist knelt before the creation of his own pencil, while he listened with delight to the voice which he had heard before; but now it said, "Son, thou hast done well: receive thy reward." A sweet smile passed over the beautiful face of the young artist; sounds of sweet music floated over him, and he fell back upon his couch in a deep and dreamless sleep; and in that sleep the soul of the artist passed before its God.

Mary B. E. No, thank you.

Frank G. N. suggests for an inversion the line, "Madam, I'm Adam."

James C. P. writes us:—

"I offer you a sentence which does not indeed read backward and forward the same, but reads forward in English and backward in Latin,—making sense, it seems to me, both ways; granting that it is hardly classical Latin.

Anger? 't is safe never. Bar it! Use love!

Evoles ut ira breve nefas sit; regna!

Which being freely translated, may mean,

Rise up, in order that your anger may be but a brief madness: control it!"

Recluse. Before we can publish your cipher and your offer of reward for reading it, we must have some better guaranty of your good faith and responsibility than a fictitious signature.

Tudor. You must learn the rules of composition—how to use capitals and all marks of punctuation, etc.—before what you write can be printed anywhere.

Emma M. D. Your little note is very pleasant to us, and we thank you for it; but we must put the little puzzle aside.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1866.

No. IV.

THE FOUR SEASONS,

AND A LITTLE ABOUT THEIR FLORA.

MARCH AND APRIL.—BUDS AND THE FIRST FLOWERS.



WHAT are the Four Seasons? Can you tell me how you would describe them? When we begin to tell over their names according to the months, we who live in New England shudder a little. Is it fair to call March a month of Spring? On the contrary, we think of it as the time for storms and winds, and are all of us ready for the "six weeks' sledding in March" so often facetiously prophesied. We have to content ourselves with a few days of promise scattered here and there among the snows and east winds of March and April. Our Spring is a short, capricious season, all the more charming in her sudden surprises. She stays with us but a few days, and then suddenly gives us over to her sister Summer, who is ready to visit us even in May, but who is somewhat capricious also. It is only with rare exceptions that we can speak of three months of Summer. There is a rich fulness of life from June through August among the plants and trees, but not a series of warm summer days.

Neither can we say with strictness that Spring is the time for buds and blossoms, Summer for flowers; that Autumn is the season of fruits, and Winter of death. For as to fruits I will pick with you the Checkerberry, that Winter has been storing up, in the first spring day,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

near where the Mayflower has opened full under the melting snow. In mid-summer we gather the rich fruits of the Strawberry and the Raspberry; but ah! we may sometimes see the fall of the leaf in the hasty Horsechestnut. And Autumn prepares the buds upon the trees that began to form in the Summer, and that I want to show you now, in the winter days of March, before we are occupied with the rich succession of summer flowers. Yes, we have buds and blossoms in the Winter!

All winter long you could have seen how a light snow would gather around little knobs on the tree branches. These little knobs were the tender



buds. Spring will open them, but Winter has been fostering them under the soft snow.

If you bring into the house some of these naked-looking branches, taken from different trees, you will see how varied they are in their growth, and how you can already begin to study the differences of the trees.

Here are specimens of the Beech, the Hornbeam, the Oak,

the Elm, the Linden, and the Willow. You see there are differences in the position of their buds with regard to each other, in the way that they are set upon the branch, and also in the kind of scales of which they are composed. All these examples I have chosen have terminal buds, — that is, buds at the end of the branches.

There are certain herbs, shrubs, and trees that do not branch out, but carry up a single leafy stem, that develops joint by joint, as you have seen in Indian corn. These form a large class by themselves. These plants grow always from a terminal bud only. This bud shows itself in the Horsechestnut, which will serve as a fine specimen even early in winter. Break off a branch of it. You will see that, besides this large terminal bud, it has buds upon the side, an admirable example for our study of their position. These lateral buds are placed just over broad places, that are scars left where the leaf-stalk fell the autumn before. They stand, therefore, in the angle which the leaf formed with the branch, and which is known as its *axil*; they are thence called axillary buds.

These leaf-scars you can see plainly on the Horsechestnut shoot. You can see it, too, on the other specimens, — not only the scar, but the little dots that show where the vessels that carried the sap to the



leaf were broken off. So every leaf in falling leaves behind it a bud to take its place, and this bud contains within itself the power to grow into a branch, which is to develop new leaves. These axillary buds, that we see so plainly on these specimens, are sometimes carefully hidden. In the Buttonwood the leaf-stalk is hollowed out into a little cup where it joins the branch, with which it covers the bud, like an extinguisher, until it is ready to fall.

The specimens will show you that these axillary buds are either opposite or alternate. They are opposite when two are borne on the same joint of the stem, being on exactly opposite sides of the stem, as you see in the Horsechestnut. They are alternate when there is only one from each joint of the stem, as in the Oak, Beech, Elm, Linden, etc. The leaves that fell to make room for them were alternate, and so will the branches be that they are to form. Only they do not always go on in the perfect symmetry that this would seem to show, for all the buds do not grow. Those that have the advantage in nourishment or sunshine begin to grow first, and starve out their weaker brothers.

Sometimes it is the terminal bud that takes the advantage. This is the case with the Horsechestnut. Its terminal and upper axillary buds are the strongest. In the Lilac the terminal bud rarely appears at all; the uppermost pair of axillary buds takes its place, so each stem branches every year into two. If you watch this different growth, you will see how it helps to produce all our charming variety of foliage. Yet, with all their variety, these buds in their position follow a *mathematical law*.

Yes, it is Colburn's Arithmetic and its hard sums that must explain to you the law by which these buds take their places on the branches, as well as that by which the stars find their courses. Take courage, then, with slate and pencil. Your sums are not so dull and tiresome, after all. You know it was with just such sums a man found a planet in the sky that he never saw, and never has seen yet, for aught I know. Until you have mastered these sums, I cannot explain to you fully the arrangement of these alternate buds, but an examination will give you some idea of it.



You will see that no bud is on the same side of the stem as the one next above or next below it. They are seldom placed one above the other on exactly opposite points of the stem; but the second will rise a little to the right or left of the opposite point, and the third a little on one side of the perpendicular to the first. In the Apple and the Pear tree it is only when

we reach the sixth leaf that we find one placed exactly over the third, and so on. They are thus placed in series of fives, so that, if you were to trace a line from point to point, you would form a spiral, making two turns for each series, along which the buds are regularly placed. This method of series of fives prevails in most of the twigs we are looking at. But in the Linden the buds are on exactly opposite sides of the stem, so that the third leaf is placed over the first, completing the first spire and beginning the second. This spiral arrangement extends to other parts of the plant, and is very apparent in the scales of the Pines and Firs we have studied.

In our climate, the buds of all plants that endure the winter are usually sheltered with scales, to protect them from sudden changes of cold to warm, or warm to cold. In warmer regions naked buds are frequent. We have a few specimens of these. Those of the Hobblebush are bare, and pretty large; in the Sumach they are small, and sunk in the bark.

The position of the scales and their form correspond to that of the bud on the stem. In the Elm, they are alternate; with the Horsechestnut, opposite. See if, from the specimens you have gathered, or in the illustrations I have given, you can recognize with my description the different varieties of buds.

The buds of the Hornbeam (*Carpinus*) and Birch (*Betula*) are alternate. They are spindle-shaped, a little bent towards the stem, pressing closely against it, and rise perpendicularly above the leaf-scar. Their many scales are imbricated, that is, set over each other, as bricks are in building, and are covered with fine hairs. Those of the Beech (*Fagus ferruginea*) are of similar form, spindle-shaped, but more stiff, standing below an angle of the stem, that bends like a knee.

The buds of the Linden and Elm on so small a twig look much alike. But the Linden bud has but two scales, in the picture resembling three, as the edge of the larger scale, that embraces the bud, appears there like a dividing line. In the Elm the scales are numerous, but plainly alternate in two rows placed closely together. In both the leaf-scar is plainly seen, with the marks left by the three sap-vessels when they fell away.

The Oak has a little cluster of buds raised on a projection of the bark, so that each bud seems sitting on a little cushion, which has a semicircular leaf-scar. The Oak, too, can be recognized by cutting through a small piece of its stem, for it has a star-shaped pith.

The Willow buds are easily found out. They are covered with a single pointed scale.

The Horsechestnut I have already described. It can afford to put out its shoots boldly, for besides its scales it has a warm covering of varnish, that you can see shining in the sun as early as November.

These buds which I have been describing, you will have seen, hold the germs of blossom, leaf, and branch. If you cut open the large terminal bud of the Horsechestnut, you will find packed away there pairs of leaves ready formed, even the blossoms of the coming season plainly visible as small buds. The name of bud, then, is not limited to the bud of the flower, such as we

speak of in the words rose-bud and orange-bud, but it is used for the first germ of growth. Each bud upon a tree sends down the little fibres that attach it through its trunk, just as the roots of the tree plunge into the earth. It is these fibres that, with each year's growth, form the fresh wood of the tree beneath its bark. Each tree is then like a little city, which enlarges itself each year by new buds that produce new branches.

Besides this growth from the branches come the flower-buds, and each flower develops its seeds, that burst away from their birthplace, scatter themselves, and go into the world to create new tree-growths. These seeds are like emigrants, that, leaving the tree to increase by its buds the families left at home, go out to plant new colonies. It is these blossoms that produce the seed that we associate with spring and summer, the flower-blossoms that are to produce the fruit. Now winter can show even these. We can find tree-blossoms in the winter.

Here the branches of two sisters cross each other, — thirsty sisters, for they stand along the streams and rivers impatient; they cannot wait for the spring to bring out their blossoms. They are of the sort that carry their pistils and stamens in separate flowers. One branch shows how both of these have weathered the winter together. They belong to an Alder



(*Alnus*). The staminate aments (as the long bunches, like catkins, are called) began to appear towards the end of the summer, and were perfectly formed before the end of autumn, and have hung naked all winter, and expand with the first warmth of March and April. The staminate aments are the longer ones hanging downwards, while the pistillate aments are shorter, on a bent foot-stalk.

Its sister the Birch (*Betula alba*) sent out its sterile aments last July, and they hung unprotected all winter, to open into golden flowers in the spring. The fertile catkins come out later with the leaves.

The American Hazelnut (*Corylus Americana*), too, we can find in the winter, bearing its staminate catkins that unfold in March or April. These are of a grayish yellow, and hang gracefully on their stalks, spreading in the air a yellow dust.

THE FIRST FLOWER.

There ought to be a special holiday in all the schools to celebrate the appearance and opening of the first spring flower. But these flowers are so very shy that nobody ever knows when they are to appear. They open stealthily in the warm sun, under the snow, and only the very adventurous will be the first discoverers. Some of these have found the Mayflower even in March, and in favorable seasons it can be gathered early in April. Let us be of the adventurous sort, and set out on a walk of discovery. How

early do you suppose the Pilgrim Fathers found it? How glad they must have been to welcome it, the very first flower in their new home! They were so grateful to it that they gave it the name of Mayflower, from the ship that had been the ship of their hopes, and that had brought them to the New World.

The botanists call it *Epigæa repens*, a name which means that it creeps closely to the earth, and which you will see describes it exactly. I have heard it called Ground Laurel, Trailing Arbutus, and Wild Lilac, as well as Mayflower. It has smelled as sweetly and looked as freshly under either name.

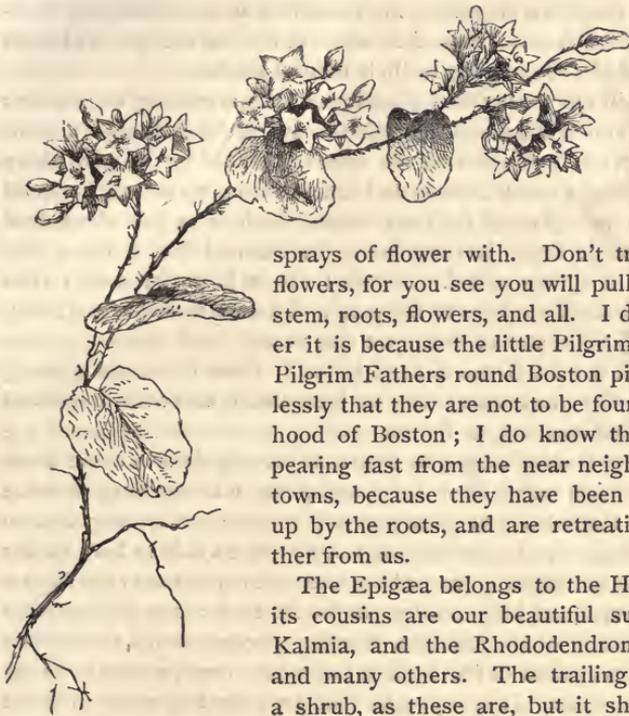
We must hasten out while the sun is hot, for Winter still disputes for these early spring days, and there is a cold blast that may bring up a snow-storm before the day is over. There are still banks of snow along the edges of the fields, and over in our garden border the snow lingers. Here are a few delicate Snowdrops, that claim to be the first flowers of the season, and we could not have passed them by, for they are very brave to have forced their way up through the frozen earth, with their tender white buds. And some of the children can tell of purple and yellow Crocuses that have come out in the sunny borders sheltered by the blocks of brick houses in town. But these are real wild flowers we are going to pick, and we must take with us some experienced guides, or it will be hard to find them.



Away through by-roads, over the fences, along which the winter's wind has piled up heaps of leaves, by the snow-banks, into the woods we go. Not in the thick pine woods, but here where there is a little opening, and where among the nut-trees and the oaks and birches a high pine rises we will stop. The moss offers a pleasant seat, a good place to rest; but no, the busy ones of the party begin to fumble round among the dry stalks and rubbish and moss, and seize hold of a bunch of large, brown, dead-looking leaves. Pushing away the sticks and dry, rustling weeds, they pull up a long, trailing stem, and already you can begin to smell a sweet fragrance, and presently there hang before your eyes the bunches of rich pink flowers, fresh and delicate and warm, as if they had in them all the luxuriousness of the summer, and all the grace of spring. They are not unlike the splendid Daphne that is cultivated in the greenhouse, with their almost bell-shaped flowers and rich smell. The Daphne has had all winter the constant fire in the furnace to give it warmth, and the hot rays of the sun, collected on the glass roof, pouring down upon it to paint it with color. And all winter long it has been living with luxurious tropical plants, the very finest society of rare foreign flowers, dainty exclusives that could not bear a winter's air, and must be shut out from frost and ice.

Our little Mayflower, like its namesake that set itself on a foreign shore

in a cold winter's day, has been sheltering its buds, formed last August, and has kept them all winter under snow and earth, waiting for the spring, without being coaxed or caressed by any hot-house frame or gardener. Where did it get its soft pink color? Some of the underground fairies must have brought it all these treasures from a mine of rubies, or some upper fairies may have stolen for it from the greenhouse color and smell. No, its own little servants, its roots, went digging into the earth that shut it in so warmly, and brought it drink and food out of all her secret cells. You can trace how its fragrance, besides the rich odor of the greenhouse flowers, has a fresh, healthy earth smell, that tells of growing things, and of all the wild-flowers summer is going to bring.



Wait a minute! I forgot to ask you to bring in your pocket or basket a stubbed, round-pointed pair of scissors, that you can cut off the

sprays of flower with. Don't try to break off the flowers, for you see you will pull up a long, trailing stem, roots, flowers, and all. I do not know whether it is because the little Pilgrim Mothers and little Pilgrim Fathers round Boston picked them so ruthlessly that they are not to be found in the neighborhood of Boston; I do know that they are disappearing fast from the near neighborhood of all our towns, because they have been thoughtlessly torn up by the roots, and are retreating farther and farther from us.

The *Epigæa* belongs to the Heath family, and so its cousins are our beautiful summer Laurel, the *Kalmia*, and the *Rhododendron*, and the *Azalias*, and many others. The trailing Mayflower is not a shrub, as these are, but it shares some of their brilliant coloring, and is a choice specimen to represent this handsome family. It belongs to this family because its tube-shaped corolla is of one piece, or has one petal, which gives it the name *Monopetalous*. This little tube, spreading out into five scallops, white or rose-colored, is the *corolla*. It is held in a little green dish, which is the *calyx*. This calyx is cut into five parts about as long as the tube of the corolla. If these parts of the calyx were quite separate, they would be called its sepals; but here it is but one sepal, deeply cut, just as the corolla is one petal formed into a tube cut at the margin. Each leaf or separate part of a corolla is called a petal; each leaf of a calyx is called a sepal. These protect the stamens and pistils. We will not yet pull it to pieces to count its ten stamens, twice as many as

there are parts to the border of the corolla, but you can see the yellow anthers that crown the stamens in the throat of the tube, which is a little hairy within. It has one pistil; you can see its top, the *stigma*, with its fine points.

What else can you add to its description? It has rounded, heart-shaped leaves placed alternately on the stem, with hairy foot-stalks, or *petioles*, sometimes half as long as the leaves. The flowers grow in crowded clusters, and beneath each foot-stalk is a *whorl* of scaly, pointed *bracts*; these are leaves that are not quite leaves, but look as if they were trying to be. Ah, how much pleasanter to pick them than to buy them from the shops, where they have been clubbed together into pyramidal bunches with the Ground Pine (of the Club-Moss family), a singularly inappropriate way of arranging trailing plants, which must feel an inward shudder at finding themselves bound up together in a fashion so contrary to their natural tastes.

As we lean back in our mossy seat against the pine, arranging our flowers in our baskets, the sun sends down through the evergreen branches a heating ray, and a warm smell comes from the woods. Down by the pool there is, too, an edge of green grass; a few little blades venture up among the dead leaves; one or two have pierced their way through a hole in a dead oak-leaf that some insect made there last summer. In the midst of these spring sights there comes a spring sound. Silence! It is, it is the song of the frogs. There is a rush of the boys to the pond. You will find it is not really a frog. It is the *Hylas*, a sort of toad, that sings so.

Did you ever read the old Greek fable of Hylas? Once there was a young man of that name, who was a companion of Hercules, going with him on all his wanderings. But one day, as he was passing a fountain, he heard the sweet voices of some Naiads calling to him, and inviting him to come down to them. He could not resist their song, and plunged down, deep down in the stream. Now Hercules was getting ready to go upon a long voyage after the Golden Fleece you have heard of, but he had to wait to look for his favorite Hylas. He wandered up and down, and lost his chance of going on the voyage, and never found him; only at last he heard his complaining voice down at the very bottom of the fountain, wanting to come out. For by this time he had grown very tired of the Naiads, and would much rather be going to the wars with Hercules. It is supposed that he gave his name to these small water-lizards, because of their plaintive voice. Perhaps they too want to come out of their marsh, or would rather be frogs. To me their voices sound very cheery, because it is the first note of Spring, and I think they are only calling to beg her to come quickly before another snow, or before a cold wind that may freeze up their pond.

They say that whatever you are doing when you first hear the frogs—that is, the Hylas—sing, you will be doing all summer long. Are we then to have a long summer picnic in the woods? What a happy prospect! Is this true? you ask. I only know that, one spring, I was shutting the piano as I heard the sharp song of the Hylas, and that piano was shut all summer long!

But the Mayflower is not, after all, our only flower in these spring days. Next to appear, hidden shyly under its last summer's leaves, we shall find the Hepatica. Such a soft, tender, delicate flower! We should hardly expect it to be the first to venture out. It has not had the warm shelter of the earth, as the Mayflower did, but it ventured to send its delicate hairy stem up into the spring air.

I have spoken of the flowers of the Pines, how they have only stamens and pistils. They have no corolla or calyx, whose duty it is to shield these delicate parts of the flower. The petals of the corollas usually stay till the seed is ready to form, to protect the stamens and pistils, while the sepals of the calyx generally linger till it, the seed, is quite ripened. You often see it holding the fruit, as in the strawberry, where indeed it seems like a green dish, carrying the red, ripe berry. The corolla and the calyx, therefore, are the folds of the dress that Flora wraps round her flower-seeds to protect and shelter them. Ah, you will say the Hepatica has both,—deep-purple petals and a green calyx. But the botanist will tell you no. These three downy green leaves are not the calyx; they are the stem leaves growing close to the flower, and are called the *involucre*. They surround the calyx, which here is not green, and forms the flower, purple or blue, sometimes pink, more or less pale. Within are its many stamens and its pistils. It is sometimes called Liverleaf, or Liverwort, from the shape of its leaves, supposed to resemble that of the liver. These large dusky-green, heart-shaped leaves last through the winter, and the new ones do not usually appear till after the flowers.

Next time I want to tell you what all the parts of the flower are in flowers that have all the parts, and how these will help you to find their names. You see already how they vary, and that, just as it is not safe to say that Spring has all the blossoms, and Autumn all the fruits, so you cannot say that the painted part of the flower is always the corolla, or that the calyx is always green. Indeed, by and by we shall find the Painted Cup, whose brilliant scarlet belongs neither to its flower nor calyx, but to its stem-leaves.

The flowers all follow a law, but each in its own way, like a set of happy children, that start off for school,—one stopping by the way for a cardinal-flower in the swamps, one clambering over the fences, another going through the woods, and some straight along the road, but all reaching the school-room at the very moment the schoolmistress expects them, neither before nor after,—so we will hope.

Lucretia P. Hale.



K I T T Y .

ALAS! little Kitty — do give her your pity! —
 Had lived seven years, and was never called pretty!
 Her hair was bright red and her eyes were dull blue,
 And her cheeks were so freckled,
 They looked like the speckled
 Wild lilies, which down in the meadow-lands grew.
 If her eyes had been black, if she 'd only had curls,
 She had been, so she thought, the most happy of girls.

Her cousins around her, they pouted and fretted,
 But they were all pretty and they were all petted;
 While poor little Kitty, though striving her best
 To do her child's duty,
 Not sharing their beauty,
 Was always neglected and never caressed.
 All in vain, so she thought, was she loving and true,
 While her hair was bright red and her eyes were dull blue.

But one day, alone 'mid the clover-blooms sitting,
 She heard a strange sound, as of wings round her flitting;
 A light not of sunbeams, a fragrance more sweet
 Than the wind's blowing over
 The red-blossomed clover,
 Made her thrill with delight from her head to her feet;
 And a voice, sweet and rare, whispered low in the air,
 "See that beautiful, beautiful child sitting there!"

Thrice blessed little Kitty! She almost looked pretty!
 Beloved by the angels, she needed no pity!
 O juvenile charmers! with shoulders of snow,
 Ruby lips, sunny tresses, —
 Forms made for caresses, —
 There's one thing, my beauties! 't is well you should know:
 Though the world is in love with bright eyes and soft hair,
 It is only *good* children the angels call fair.

Marian Douglas.



MRS. WINCHESTER.

WOULD you like to hear about what I did when I was a little girl? It is all true, and I will tell you the story. We lived just outside the village of Quannepaug, now changed to Brushville, — more 's the pity, — and it was then the most quiet, sleepy place that ever was seen, before the Brushville Manufacturing Company turned it upside down, and changed its pretty river into water-power. Double rows of great elms shaded the grass-grown streets, where you seldom saw anything moving except a long row of geese, or a few children "creeping like snail unwillingly to school." A little stream wound lazily through the village, and then tumbled down and waked itself up, surprised to find itself turning an old mill, the drip of whose large wheel was enough to put it to sleep again. In the mill-pond shadows slept, fishes dozed, and frogs and mud-turtles might be caught napping on the floating logs. Even the old miller nodded in his chair, and the fishermen by the weir were so still that one such remark as "Horned paout yanked peert," or "Traout's pooty cherk this arternoon," served them for talk for the whole day.

I was not sleepy, however, but full of life and restlessness, and yet the quiet of the place gave a certain dreamy unreality to my little pranks and plans. I had all sorts of fancies about fairies and imaginary people, in whom I believed and did n't believe at the same time. I went to a nice little school, kept by two maiden ladies, — Miss Wealthy Ann and Miss Mehitable Sperry. They were good, kind women, though somewhat sour and grim-looking, and dressed exactly alike, in gray merino in winter, and Merrimac print in summer, with snowy caps and collars. Stern and terrible were their eyes to the offender, yet they were not really severe, and a little bed in the corner of the room for sleepy children showed that they felt for the infirmities of nature. I did not learn much of books from these good ladies; but I was taught to spell, to knit, and to sew, and, as the saying is, kept out of mischief, — which means that I was forced to sit still and dream away long hours over my needle, watching the clouds and the birds, and longing to fly as they did.

My walks to school and back again were the pleasantest part of my life in those days. Full of strange questionings and vague glimpses of beauty were my thoughts, — full too of curiosity and lively, lonely fancies. Is not "I want to know?" the answer in New England to every question? Well, I wanted to know everything, and, among other things, all about the people who lived in the houses that I passed every day. Their doors often stood open in summer weather, so that I could see nice-looking people moving about, and children at play; and they were far apart, with shady court-yards, where there were lilacs always, and sometimes a cat or some chickens. I longed to go in, and used to amuse myself with all sorts of guesses about what was going on there.

I don't know how the thought came into my head, but one day I was seized with the impulse to go to one of these houses and ask if Mrs. Winchester

lived there. Why I selected that name I do not remember, but I meant to make good use of my eyes as I made the inquiry, and find out all I could. So I went boldly up to my favorite house, through the little green gate and the garden I thought so beautiful, with its hollyhocks and larkspurs, pinks and sweet herbs, and its row of currant-bushes bounding the vegetables on either side, knocked at the door unquestioning as in a dream, and inquired for Mrs. Winchester.

"She does n't live here Miss," replied a neat little maid, "but just step in and I'll ask the ma'am where she does live."

She showed me into the parlor. What a charming interior! It struck my childish eyes with delight. I had happened upon the oldest house in the village, once a fine old mansion, built before the Revolution, and now inhabited by a lady who was herself a remnant of the Revolutionary days. The ceiling was low, the walls were wainscoted and full of mysterious-looking cupboards. The wide fireplace was surrounded with Dutch tiles of Scripture history, where a lizard-like whale cast forth a tadpole-like Jonah, and Adam and Eve were eating apples as big as watermelons. All the furniture might have come over in the Mayflower, and the carpet was so clean and fresh that I hardly dared to step on it.

But such a nice old lady, such a pattern old lady, sat by an open window, in the sweet air! She was like a picture, with her high-crowned cap, her Bible open before her, and her cat purring to the click of her knitting-needles. She laid down her work, and with a kind smile answered my faltered questions, asking my name; and where I lived, till we fell into a long chat together. At last I remembered that, though this was much pleasanter than school, yet, if I lingered longer, I might perhaps meet with a severer punishment than the tardy mark which already awaited me. How I wished that the dear old lady was my schoolmistress!

As I took my leave she kissed me, and asked me to come again, for she was very lonely and loved little children, and I reminded her of a little girl whom she had lost. Then, opening one of those delightful cupboards, and taking out a little cake so nice that I remember the taste of it to this day, she walked with me to the gate, and gathered a bunch of flowers, which she said I might give to Miss Wealthy Ann, the teacher whom we feared the most, so that she might not be angry. I wondered how she found out about her. I went often to see her afterwards, and she used to tell me long stories about her voyages with her husband, who was a sea-captain, and to show me a cupboard full of wonderful shells, corals, and sea-fans, and whale's teeth with ships engraved on them.

Once I was almost frightened out of my wits by finding myself in a dentist's room, and seeing the bloodthirsty man take out his instruments of torture, saying that he supposed I wanted some teeth extracted. Out I ran without waiting to ask for Mrs. Winchester, and never entered *that* house again.

The next day, however, I took courage and went in at a back gate, where in a dusty yard some boys were playing on a wood-pile. They looked like

rough ones, and I did n't like boys, so I drew back ; but one of them called out, "What do you want? saay, gal."

I stammered out my question about Mrs. Winchester. "Don't know nothin' about her," said a sharp boy. "What do you want to know for? I say, Bill! she's a gummin' on us! let's set the dog on her! Here Nep! Nep!" If I did n't fly! and, being a fast runner, was soon round the corner, where the boys did not pursue me, for, after all, I suppose they only meant to frighten me in revenge for my hoax.

All this time it never occurred to me that I was doing anything wrong, or that there was any deception in this kind of amusement. By talking and thinking so much about Mrs. Winchester, I almost believed in her, and quite expected to see her at last. Still I must have had a vague idea that it was n't all right, for I avoided the houses where I was acquainted, though I got a peep into most of the others in the village, seeing some very odd people, and meeting with all sorts of treatment.

I had passed a large house several times which seemed to be quite shut up, but at last I saw a smoke coming out of the back kitchen chimney, and tried a knock at that door, which I found half open. A woman who stood by the fire called out, in a tremendous voice, "I don't want you here! Get out of my kitchen this minute, or I'll pin your ears back, and butter your head!"



Then, turning round to look at me, she said, in a milder tone, "Thought 't was beggars! What do you want, little girl?"

She was a most strange-looking creature. If I had then read Walter

Scott, I should have taken her for Meg Merrilies, for, though she lacked many inches of the height of that worthy, she was equally broad, muscular, and gypsy-like, and swarthy with the smoke of many kitchens and the suns of many wash-yards. I must say I felt afraid of her, and hardly dared ask the unfailing question, "Does Mrs. Winchester live here?"

"I guess she don't. What do you want to know for?"

Before I had time to speak, she began to sing, in most wonderful and nasal tones, and a minor key,

"The old woman aro-ose,
And put on her clo-ose,
And down to the sea-side a fishing she goes."

"What's your mar's name?"

I told her our name and where we lived.

"Well, a'n't that queer! I swan! I'm goin' to live with your mar next week.

'Our old dog had broke his leg,
Eatin' skim-milk cheese.'

You see when Square Mix died, Miss Mix she went away to hum with her par in Mumford, and she left me to take care of the house; and now she's sold it to Judge Wilcox, and so I'm going to live with your mar.

'The nanny-goat got in the boat,
And set the pigs to rowin';
The little cock got on the rock,
And split his throat a crowin';
The old mare she kicked the bear,
And set the colts a prancin';
The little pig went fiddle-de-jig,
And set 'em all a dancin'.'

I tell *you*, I guess you'll have doughnuts! Folks always think a sight of me, and if your mar's a real lady, as they say she is, I guess I'll stay round there a good while.

'He drewed the old wether all up to a pin,
So nimble he took off its skin.
Dandu, Dandu, Climminy clishmaclingo.'

Your par's a good pervider, they say, and your mar a'n't always a pokin' in the kitchen. I won't live with *such* folks! Don't tell *me*!"

This queer woman did come the next week, and lived with us many years, ruling the kitchen with a rod of iron, termagant on washing days, tender and gentle in sickness and sorrow, sometimes frightening us out of our wits, and sometimes loading us with cakes and caresses. She scared a playmate of my brothers who had kicked over her pet geranium, by pursuing him with a knife and fierce words and gestures, so that he never dared to go near the kitchen again. Her language was not always choice, yet she was a good American woman of the shouting Methodist persuasion, and fond of flowers and children. She always carried a huge jackknife to protect herself when she came home late from meeting, and once, as she was fond of telling, when a young fellow was dared by his comrades to speak to her, she fairly lifted

him off his feet and seated him in the gutter, with his bran-new overcoat on. "Learn how to behave yourself, sir," said she, brandishing her jackknife in his face, and walked off with a terrible look, as he sat crestfallen, a good deal frightened, and jeered at unmercifully by his companions.

But to come back to Mrs. Winchester. I had been already to all the most promising houses, so one day I knocked at the door of a small cottage, and was admitted to its single room, whose bare walls and floor and scanty fire of shavings told of poverty and distress. I had never seen anything like this before, and I thought of my own warm cloak and mittens, and the bright fire at home, for by this time winter had come. A woman, who looked cold and thin, stood at a washing tub, and a little girl about my own age, and two or three younger children, barefooted and poorly clad, sat on the damp brick floor. A man lay sick upon the only bed, and, though everything was clean, the place looked very desolate. I forgot Mrs. Winchester, and began to ask questions of the woman. She told me that they had been very comfortable until this winter, for she and her husband had plenty of work; but now he had been sick a long time, and perhaps would never get well. She had worked hard and paid everything as well as she could, but medicine and food and things had taken much more than she could earn, and she had sold clothes and furniture, and even the clock, though it went hard, she said, to part with *her*, it seemed so lonesome without *her*. Yet she had n't been forced to beg, thank God, and she hoped she should get through without it, if *he* could only get his health again. She poured all this out to me as if it were a relief to tell some one, if it were but a pitying child, and I, who had never before heard a story from the lips of poverty, went crying all the way to school, and missed my lessons for thinking about it. At last a bright thought struck me. I had laid aside a little sum from my pocket-money to purchase "Evenings at Home," which I had once borrowed from a school-mate and was longing to possess. Yes, that would do!

The next morning I carried my small hoard to the cottage, and putting it into the woman's hand ran away as fast as I could. After this I took all the money that was given to me to this poor family, till at last I took courage and told my mother about them. She knew much better how to help them, and with her aid the father at last recovered, the clock came home again, and they were made more comfortable than ever before.

Meanwhile, I had an adventure which quite cured me of my inquiring fancies. A new house had been built at the end of the village, and was now occupied for the first time. I felt rather shy of venturing there, but at last, one day, I knocked at the door. Who should open it but our own old clergyman, Dr. Pillow, who had lately moved into the house. There he was, and I must explain why I came, for he knew me, and paused to hear what I had to say.

In a low voice I asked him if he knew where Mrs. Winchester lived.

"No indeed, my dear," he replied; "who is she?"

I did not know what to say, but the temptation to escape was irresistible, and, without much hesitation, I told him that Mrs. Winchester was a poor

woman who had been at our house to beg, and my mother wished to find out where she lived, and to do something for her.

“Winchester, Winchester! no, I cannot say I have heard of her. Strange too, I thought I knew everybody! I must be losing my memory. Mrs. Pillow,” said he, bustling into the parlor, “do *you* know where a poor woman named Winchester lives?”

“Never heard of such a person! must be a mistake! Who wants to know?”

As he mentioned my name, a tall, sharp-looking woman, whose eyes I had often dreaded in church, came out of the room, and glanced at me keenly. “Winchester; never heard of anybody of the name. Sure it’s not Wilson? There’s a Mrs. Wilson. Better ask your mother to send you again, and to write the name carefully down on a piece of paper. I’m sure you’ve made a mistake. Children *are* so heedless!”

Then followed a long talk between the Doctor and his wife, upon the important question as to who Mrs. Winchester could possibly be, in the midst of which I slipped away, and ran home, feeling a little uncomfortable.

But what was my horror in the afternoon to see the Doctor himself jogging along on his old mare toward the house. I heard him come in, and, conscience-struck, ran up to the garret to hide myself in an old packing-box, where I had often before crouched to devour a book by myself. Soon there was a great looking and calling for me. I trembled, but kept quiet. Then I heard steps coming up the garret stairs, and my brother, who knew the secret of my lurking-place, burst in upon me and made me come down into the parlor. There I was forced to confess the whole truth before the Doctor, who had come for the sole purpose of satisfying his mind about Mrs. Winchester. My mother and he could not help laughing at my story, and so I escaped punishment that time. But afterwards my mother talked kindly to me about my fault, and of the real nature of truth and of the danger of tampering with its sacredness,—of the importance of strict accuracy, and the harm of forming habits of falsehood,—so that my friend Mrs. Winchester helped me to a good lesson after all. But my merciless brothers teased me about it forever afterward, and I never lost the nickname of Mrs. Winchester.

L. W. J.



LITTLE THINGS.

THERE are many things, dear Young Folks, which you cannot be, however much you try, and there are many things which you can be by trying. And it so happens that the things which lie within your power are the important ones, while the things over which you have no control are of very little consequence. For instance, you cannot all be good scholars. Some children try very hard to learn their lessons and keep up with their class, yet cannot do it because God has given them minds which do not work quickly, or retain firmly. But then it is no great matter if you are not good scholars. A dull scholar may do just as much good in the world, and be just as happy, as a bright one. There are very learned and brilliant persons whom no one loves, and there are persons of very moderate abilities whom all the world thinks charming. What is required of the dull scholar is to do the best that *he* can do, not to do as well as some one else who has a quicker grasp and a stronger hold of facts than he. What you all can do, what you all ought to do, is this:—

See that you are as little disagreeable as possible to those with whom you associate.

This is a very simple thing, is it not, — hardly worth putting in Italics? My dear children, read it over again, for it is one of the first requirements both of Christianity and politeness. It is of great importance now, and it is becoming more important every day of your life. For if, while you are young, you allow yourselves to be disagreeable, you will become so fixed in the bad habit that by and by you cannot help yourselves. You will be unpleasant, however much you wish to be attractive. Now let me tell you one or two ways in which you may prevent yourselves from being disagreeable.

Suppose a piece of mischief has been done in school. The teacher wishes to find out who was the perpetrator. He tells the whole story of what has happened, and bids the guilty one report to him after school, or perhaps only expresses his regret that any of his scholars should be concerned in such doings. Here is a good opportunity for you to practise the art of not being disagreeable. Do not cast your eyes about, here, there, and everywhere, to see who is the guilty one. You have not been appointed a police-officer, and discovery is not your business. Secondly, if you happen to see any one with downcast eyes or blushing cheeks or any apparent signs of guilt, do not you increase his embarrassment by staring at him. It is quite possible that he is entirely innocent, and that the real culprit sits in his seat as bold as a lion and shows no change of countenance. Many persons are so organized that they blush without any direct personal cause. The innocent pupil, by his lively imagination, may feel the shame of the guilt and the fear of detection more keenly than the true mischief-maker feels them, almost as keenly as if he were himself that mischief-maker; or he may blush simply because, being nervous and agitated, the thought comes into his mind, "Now

if I *should* blush, they would all think I was the one";—and with that unlucky thought up comes the torturing blood into his unresisting cheek and makes him very miserable. Your young eyes cannot always detect guilt or innocence by outward signs, but you can greatly increase your schoolmate's embarrassment by fastening your gaze upon him. Do it not. As you value the character of a high-minded gentleman or lady, do it not. Obey the command of Solomon, and let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee; but look not at the discomfiture of thy friend. And not only in the school-room, but everywhere and at all times, make it a law of your life not to look in any direction in which your looking will cause embarrassment, unless you are officially employed to detect crime or fault. Put your eyes in your pocket, if you cannot keep them where they belong. No person of delicacy ever wishes to see in another that which another does not wish him to see, and if that other incautiously or involuntarily reveals what he wishes to hide, the first will appear to take no notice of it.

Of course, there are a great many cases in which this principle can be brought into play. Your little friends may be awkward through shyness, and make blunders; you may sometimes come upon them suddenly, when they are not prepared to see you. Some person may say to them something which shall wound them. A thousand causes may excite in them feelings which they do not wish to show. I have only given you one example that you may understand what I mean.

Again: never ask your friend a question which he may not wish to answer. And if you have been so truly unfortunate as to stumble upon an unwelcome question, stumble away from it as fast possible. Put your tongue into your pocket along with your eyes, rather than permit it to insist upon a question which your friend's hesitancy has shown you to be an improper one. Be sure, in the first place, that your heart is right, and then your tongue will not often be wrong. Do not wish to know what your friend does not wish you to know. Take it for granted that he will tell you of his own accord what he desires you to be informed of. Let me give you an instance or two. When Charlotte Bronte, a writer of surpassing genius and a most heroic woman, was beginning to write books, she visited a very intimate old school friend. This friend suspected that she and her sisters wrote for magazines; but as they never said a word to her about it, she said never a word to them. The proofs of one of her books were forwarded to her while she was on that visit, and she occasionally sat at the same table with her friend correcting them, but neither of them spoke a word on the subject. So perhaps you may remember, in "The Wide, Wide World,"—an excellent book which it is well worth your while to read,—Ellen Montgomery is befriended while she is shopping by an old gentleman who afterwards makes her little gifts and does many kind services. Ellen is very anxious to find out his name, but her mamma says no. Since he has not told her his name, and evidently does not care to have her know it, it would be very ill-bred to attempt to find it out. Yet, children, sad as it is, there are persons who really seem to pride themselves on their skill in "finding out" things which they are desired not to

know. And I have no doubt, if you have so degrading an ambition, you can acquire a good deal of skill in the business. Where you are pretty sure that a direct question would not be answered, you can put two or three roundabout ones; or, if you think your friend is too wary to answer as you wish, you can ask a younger brother or sister, or some one who is less on his guard or less skilful at parrying impertinent inquiries, and so perhaps worm out the secret. But remember, while you are thus gratifying your curiosity, you are destroying or exhibiting the destruction of all delicacy of feeling; you are developing vulgarity and narrow-mindedness, and are rapidly becoming disagreeable and disliked to an extent which probably you little suspect. So far from pluming yourself on your shrewdness in making such discoveries, you ought to be ashamed even of wishing to make them. It is much better to be a dull scholar than to be bright and use your brightness for unlawful purposes. It is better to be well-bred than well-read, careful of feelings than quick at figures, to fail in spelling than to fail in politeness. If you can be both a good scholar and a pleasant companion, by all means be so, and the brighter the better; but if you will persist in being disagreeable, — if you will not take pains to be agreeable, — you might just as well be a dunce. All your scholarship will only make your ill manners more conspicuous and your company more unwelcome.

Dear little friends, perhaps you do not need these reminders. You are so frank and gay and charming, one can hardly think you would ever willingly be anything else. But we are all likely to err, and I do not believe these suggestions will do you any harm. Read them carefully, I pray you; think upon them and practise them; for, be assured, nothing in this world is so beautiful and so desirable as to love your neighbor as yourself, — in which case your neighbor will be pretty sure to love you.

Gail Hamilton.



A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

IV.

UP — up — up, — from glory to glory!

This was what it seemed to Leslie Goldthwaite, riding, that golden June morning, over the road that threaded along, always climbing, the chain of hills that *could* be climbed, into the nearer and nearer presence of those mountain majesties, penetrating farther and farther into the grand solitudes sentinelled forever by their inaccessible pride.

Mrs. Linceford had grown impatient; she had declared it impossible, when the splendid sunshine of that next day challenged them forth out of their dull sojourn, to remain there twenty-four hours longer, waiting for anything. Trunks or none, she would go on, and wait at Jefferson, at least, where there

was something to console one. All possible precaution was taken ; all possible promises were made ; the luggage should be sent on next day, — perhaps that very night ; wagons were going and returning often now ; there would be no further trouble, they might rest assured. The hotel-keeper had a “capital team,” — his very best, — at their instant service, if they chose to go on this morning ; it could be at the door in twenty minutes. So it was chartered, and ordered round, — an open mountain wagon, with four horses ; their remaining luggage was secured upon it, and they themselves took their seats, gayly.

“Who cares for trunks or boxes now ?” Leslie cried out in joyousness, catching the first, preparatory glimpse of grandeur, when their road, that wound for a time through the low, wet valley-lands, began to ascend a rugged hillside, whence opened vistas that hinted something of the glory that was to come. All the morning long, these wheeled about them, and smiled out in the sunshine, or changed to grave, grand reticence under the cloud-shadows, those shapes of might and beauty that filled up earth and heaven.

Leslie grew silent, with the hours of over-full delight. Thoughts thronged in upon her. All that had been deepest and strongest in the little of life that she had lived wakened and lifted again in such transcendent presence. Only the high places of spirit can answer to these high places of God in his creation.

Now and then, Jeannie and Elinor fell into their chatter, about their summer plans, and pleasures, and dress ; about New York, and the new house Mrs. Linceford had taken in West Twenty-ninth Street, where they were to visit her next winter, and participate for the first time, under her matronizing, in city gayeties. Leslie wondered how they could ; she only answered when appealed to ; she felt as if people were jogging her elbow, and whispering distractions, in the midst of some noble eloquence.

The woods had a word for her ; a question, and their own sweet answer of help. The fair June leafage was out in its young glory of vivid green ; it reminded her of her talk with Cousin Delight.

“We *do* love leaves for their own sake ; trees, and vines, and the very green grass, even.” So she said to herself, asking still for the perfect parable that should solve and teach all.

It came, with the breath of wild grape-vines, hidden somewhere in the wayside thickets. “Under the leaf lies our tiny green blossom,” it said ; “and its perfume is out on the air. Folded in the grass-blade is a feathery bloom, of seed or grain ; and by and by the fields will be all waving with it. Be sure that the blossom is under the leaf.”

Elinor Hadden’s sweet child-face, always gentle and good-humored, though visited little yet with the deep touch of earnest thought, — smiling upon life as life smiled upon her, — looked lovelier to Leslie as this whisper made itself heard in her heart ; and it was with a sweeter patience and a more believing kindness that she answered, and tried to enter into, her next merry words.

There was something different about Jeannie. She was older; there was a kind of hard determination sometimes with her, in turning from suggestions of graver things; the child-unconsciousness was no longer there; something restless, now and then defiant, had taken its place; she had caught a sound of the deeper voices, but her soul would not yet turn to listen. She felt the blossom of life yearning under the leaf; but she bent the green beauty heedfully above it, and made believe it was not there.

Looking into herself and about her with asking eyes, Leslie had learned something already by which she apprehended these things of others. Heretofore, her two friends had seemed to her alike, — able, both of them, to take life innocently and carelessly as it came; she began now to feel a difference.

Her eyes were bent away off toward the Franconia hills, when Mrs. Linceford leaned round to look in them, and spoke, in the tone her voice had begun to take toward her. She felt one of her strong likings — her immense fancies, as she called them, which were really warm sympathies of the best of her with the best she found in the world — for Leslie Goldthwaite.

“It seems to me you are a *stray* sunbeam this morning,” she said, in her winning way. “What kind of thoughts are going out so far? What is it all about?”

A verse of the Psalms was ringing itself in Leslie's mind; had been there, under all the other vague musings and chance suggestions for many minutes of her silence. But she would not have spoken it — she *could* not — for all the world. She gave the lady one of the chance suggestions instead. “I have been looking down into that lovely hollow; it seems like a children's party, with all the grave grown folks looking on.”

“Childhood and grown-up-hood; not a bad simile.”

It was not indeed. It was a wild basin, within a group of the lesser hills close by; full of little feathery birches, that twinkled and played in the light breeze and gorgeous sunshine slanting in upon them between the slopes that lay in shadow above, — slopes clothed with ranks of dark pines and cedars, and hemlocks, looking down seriously, yet with a sort of protecting tenderness, upon the shimmer and frolic they seemed to have climbed up out of. Those which stood in the half-way shadow were gravest. Hoar old stems upon the very tops were touched with the selfsame glory that lavished itself below. This also was no less a true similitude.

“Know ye not this parable?” the Master said. “How then shall ye know all parables?” Verily, they lie about us by the wayside, and the whole earth is vocal with the wisdom of the Lord.

I cannot go with our party step by step; I have a summer to spend with them. They came to Jefferson at noon, and sat themselves down in the solemn high court and council of the mountain kings. First, they must have rooms. In the very face of majesty they must settle their traps.

“You are lucky in coming in for one vacancy, made to-day,” the proprietor said, throwing open a door that showed them a commodious second-floor corner-room, looking each way with broad windows upon the circle of glory, from Adams to Lafayette. A wide balcony ran along the southern side,

against the window which gave that aspect. There were two beds here, and two at least of the party must be content to occupy. Mrs. Linceford, of course; and it was settled that Jeannie should share it with her.

Up stairs, again, was choice of two rooms,—one flight or two. But the first looked out westward, where was comparatively little of what they had come for. Higher up, they could have the same outlook that the others had; a slanting ceiling opened with dormer window full upon the grandeur of Washington, and a second faced southward to where beautiful blue, dreamy Lafayette lay soft against the tender heaven.

“O, let us have this!” said Leslie, eagerly. “We don’t mind stairs.” And so it was settled.

“Only two days here?” they began to say, when they gathered in Mrs. Linceford’s room at nearly tea-time, after a rest and a freshening of their toilettes.

“We might stay longer,” Mrs. Linceford answered. “But the rooms are taken for us at Outledge, and one can’t settle and unpack, when it’s only a lingering from day to day. All there is here one sees from the windows. A great deal, to be sure; but it’s all there at the first glance. We’ll see how we feel on Friday.”

“The Thoresbys are here, Augusta. I saw Ginevra on the balcony just now. They seem to have a large party with them. And I’m sure I heard them talk of a hop to-night. If your trunks would only come!”

“They could not, in time. They can only come in the train that reaches Littleton at six.”

“But you’ll go in, wont you? ’Tis n’t likely they dress much here,—though Ginevra Thoresby always dresses. Elinor and I could just put on our blue grenadines, and you’ve got plenty of things in your other boxes. One of your shawls is all you want, and we can lend Leslie something.”

“I’ve only my thick travelling-boots,” said Leslie; “and I should n’t feel fit without a thorough dressing. It won’t matter the first night, will it?”

“Leslie Goldthwaite, you’re getting slow! Augusta!”

“As true as I live, there is old Marmaduke Wharne!”

“Let Augusta alone for not noticing a question till she chooses to answer it,” said Jeannie Hadden, laughing. “And who, pray, is Marmaduke Wharne? With a name like that, if you did n’t say ‘old,’ I should make up my mind to a real hero, right out of a book.”

“He’s an original. And—yes—he is a hero,—out of a book, too, in his way. I met him at Catskill last summer. He stayed there the whole season, till they shut the house up and drove him down the mountain. Other people came and went, took a look, and ran away; but he was a fixture. He says he always does so,—goes off somewhere and ‘finds an Ararat,’ and there drifts up and sticks fast. In the winter he’s in New York; but that’s a needle in a haystack. I never heard of him till I found him at Catskill. He’s an Englishman, and they say had more to his name once. It was Wharne-cliffe, or Wharne-leigh, or something, and there’s a baronetcy in the family. I don’t doubt, myself, that it’s his, and that a part of his oddity

has been to drop it. He was a poor preacher, years ago; and then, of a sudden, he went out to England, and came back with plenty of money, and since then he's been an apostle and missionary among the poor. That's his winter work; the summers, as I said, he spends in the hills. Most people are half afraid of him; for he's one you'll get the blunt truth from, if you never got it before. But come, there's the gong,—ugh! how they batter it!—and we must get through tea, and out upon the balcony, to see the sunset and the 'purple light.' There's no time now, girls, for blue grenadines; and it's always vulgar to come out in a hurry with dress in a strange place." And Mrs. Linceford gave a last touch to her hair, straightened the things on her dressing-table, shut down the lid of a box, and led the way from the room.

Out upon the balcony they watched the long, golden going-down of the sun, and the creeping shadows, and the purple half-light, and the after-smile upon the crests. And then the heaven gathered itself in its night stillness, and the mountains were grand in the soft gloom, until the full moon came up over Washington.

There had been a few words of recognition with the Thoresby party, and then our little group had betaken itself to the eastern end of the piazza. After a while, one by one, the others strayed away, and they were left almost alone. There was a gathering and a sound of voices about the drawing-room, and presently came the tones of the piano, struck merrily. They jarred, somehow, too; for the ringing, thrilling notes of a horn, blown below, had just gone down the diminishing echoes from cliff to cliff, and died into a listening silence, away over, one could not tell where, beyond the mysterious ramparts.

"It's getting cold," said Jeannie, impatiently. "I think we've stayed here long enough. Augusta, *don't* you mean to get a proper shawl, and put some sort of lace thing on your head, and come in with us for a look, at least, at the hop? Come, Nell; come, Leslie; you might as well be at home as in a place like this, if you're only going to mope."

"It seems to me," said Leslie, more to herself than to Jeannie, looking over upon the curves and ridges and ravines of Mount Washington, showing vast and solemn under the climbing moon, "as if we had got into a cathedral!"

"And the 'great nerve' was being touched! Well,—that don't make *me* shiver. Besides, I did n't come here to shiver. I've come to have a right good time; and to look at the mountains—as much as is reasonable."

It was a pretty good definition of what Jeannie Hadden thought she had come into the world for. There was subtle indication in it, also, that the shadow of some doubt had not failed to touch her either, and that this with her was less a careless instinct than a resolved conclusion.

Elinor, in her happy good-humor, was ready for either thing; to stay in the night-splendor longer, or to go in. It ended in their going in. Outside, the moon wheeled on in her long southerly circuit, the stars trembled

in their infinite depths, and the mountains abided in awful might. Within was a piano-tinkle of gay music, and demi-toilette, and demi-festival, — the poor, abridged reproduction of city revelry in the inadequate parlor of an unpretending mountain-house, on a three-ply carpet.

Marmaduke Wharne came and looked in at the doorway. Mrs. Linceford rose from her seat upon the sofa close by, and gave him courteous greeting. "The season has begun early, and you seem likely to have a pleasant summer here," she said, with the half-considered meaning of a common fashion of speech.



"No, madam!" answered Marmaduke Wharne, out of his real thought, with a blunt emphasis.

"You think not?" said Mrs. Linceford, suavely, in a quiet amusement. "It looks rather like it to-night."

"*This?* — It's no use for people to bring their bodies to the mountains, if they can't bring souls in them!" And Marmaduke Wharne turned on his heel, and, without further courtesy, strode away.

"What an old Grimgriffinhoof!" cried Jeannie, under her breath; and Elinor laughed her little musical laugh of fun.

Mrs. Linceford drew up her shawl, and sat down again, the remnant of a well-bred smile upon her face. Leslie Goldthwaite rather wished old Marmaduke Wharne would come back again and say more. But this first glimpse of him was all they got to-night.

“Blown crystal clear by Freedom’s northern wind.”

Leslie said the last line of Whittier’s glorious mountain sonnet, low, to herself, standing on the balcony again that next morning, in the cold, clear breeze; the magnificent lines of the great earth-masses rearing themselves before her sharply against a cloudless morning sky, defining and revealing themselves anew.

“Freedom’s northern wind will take all the wave out of your hair, and give you a red nose!” said Jeannie, coming round from her room, and upon Leslie unaware.

Well, Jeannie *was* a pretty thing to look at, in her delicate blue cambric morning dress, gracefully braided with white, with the fresh rose of recent sleep in her young cheeks, and the gladness of young life in her dark eyes. One might look away from the mountains to look at her; for, after all, the human beauty is the highest. Only, it must express high things, or at last one turns aside.

“And there comes Marmaduke; he’s worse than the north wind. I can’t stay to be ‘blown clear’ by him.” And Jeannie, in high, merry good-humor, flitted off. It is easy to be merry and good-humored when one’s new dress fits exquisitely, and one’s hair has n’t been fractious in the doing up.

Leslie had never, apparently to herself, cared less, somehow, for self and little vanities; it seemed as if it were going to be quite easy for her, now and henceforth, to care most for the nobler things of life. The great mountain-enthusiasm had seized her for the first time, and swept away before it all meaner thought; and, besides, her trunk had been left behind, and she had nothing to put herself into but her plain brown travelling-dress.

She let the wind play with the puffs of her hair, and send some little light locks astray about her forehead. She wrapped her shawl around her, and went and sat where she had sat the night before, at the eastern end of the balcony, her face toward the morning hills, as it had been toward the evening radiance and purple shade. Marmaduke Wharne was moving up and down, stopping a little short of her when he turned, keeping his own solitude as she kept hers. Faces and figures glanced out at the hall-door for an instant each, and the keen salute of the north wind sent them invariably in again. Nobody wanted to go with a red nose or tossed hair to the breakfast-table; and breakfast was almost ready. But presently Mrs. Linceford came, and, seeing Mr. Wharne, who always interested and amused her, she ventured forth, bidding him good morning.

“Good morning, madam. It *is* a good morning.”

“A little sharp, is n’t it?” she said, shrugging her shoulders together, irresolute about further lingering. “Ah, Leslie? Let me introduce you to the Reverend Mr. Wharne. My young friend and travelling companion,

Miss Leslie Goldthwaite, Mr. Wharne. Have you two driven everybody else off, or is it the nipping air?"

"I think it is either that they have not said their prayers this morning, or that they don't know their daily bread when they see it. They think it is only saleratus cakes and maple molasses."

"As cross this morning as last night?" the lady questioned playfully.

"Not cross at all, Mrs. Linceford. Only jarred upon continually by these people we have here just now. It was different two years ago. But Jefferson is getting to be too well known. The mountain places are being spoiled, one after another."

"People will come. You can't help that."

"Yes, they will come, and frivel about the gates, without ever once entering in. 'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity.'" "

Leslie Goldthwaite's face quickened and glowed; they were the psalm-lines that had haunted her thought yesterday, among the opening visions of the hill-country. Marmaduke Wharne bent his keen eyes upon her, from under their gray brows, noting her narrowly. She wist not that she was noted, or that her face shone.

"One soul here, at least!" was what the stern old man said to himself in that moment.

He was cynical and intolerant here among the mountains, where he felt the holy places desecrated, and the gift of God unheeded. In the haunts of city misery and vice, — misery and vice shut in upon itself, with no broad outlook to the heavens, — he was tender, with the love of Christ himself.

"My house shall be called the house of prayer; but these have made it a den of thieves." It is true not alone of the temples built with hands."

"Is that fair? How do you *know*, Mr. Wharne?" The sudden, impetuous questions came from Leslie Goldthwaite.

"I see — what I see."

"The whole?" said Leslie, more restrainedly. She remembered her respect for age and office. Yet she felt sorely tempted, shy, proud girl as she was, to take up cudgels for her friends, at least. Mr. Wharne liked her the better for that.

"They turn away from this, with five words, — the toll of custom, — or half a look, when the wind is north; and they go in to what you saw last night."

"After all, is n't it just *enjoyment*, either way? May n't one be as selfish as the other? People were kind, and bright, and pleasant with each other last night. Is that a bad thing?"

"No, little girl, it is not." And Marmaduke Wharne came nearer to Leslie, and looked at her with a gentle look that was wonderfully beautiful upon his stern gray face. "Only, I would have a kindness that should go deep, — coming from a depth. There are two things for live men and women to do. To receive, from God; and to give out, to their fellows. One cannot be

done without the other. No fruit, without the drinking of the sunshine. No true tasting of the sunshine that is not gathering itself toward the ripening of fruit."

Here it was again ; more teaching to the selfsame point, — as we always do get it, with a seeming strangeness, whether it be for mind only, or for soul. You never heard of a new name, or fact in history, that did not come out again presently in some fresh or further mention or allusion. It is the tender training of Him before whom our life is of so great value.

At this moment, the gong sounded again ; saleratus cakes and maple molasses were ready ; and they all went in.

Leslie saw Imogen Thoresby change seats with her mother, because the draft from the door was less in her place ; and take the pale top-cake from the plate, leaving a brown one for the mother. Everybody likes brown cakes best ; and it was very unbecoming to sit opposite a great, unshaded window, to say nothing of the draft. Surely a little blossom peeped out here from under the leaf. Leslie thought Imogen Thoresby might be forgiven for having done her curls so elaborately, and put on such an elegant wrapper ; even for having ventured only a half-look out at the balcony door, when she found the wind was north. The parable was already teaching her both ways.

I do not mean to preach upon every page. I have begun by trying to tell you how a great influencing thought was given into Leslie Goldthwaite's life, and began to unravel for her perplexing questions that had troubled her, — questions that come, I think, to many a young girl just entering upon the world, as they came to her ; — how, in the simple history of her summer among the mountains, a great deal solved itself and grew clear. I would like to succeed in making you divine this, as you follow out the simple history itself.

"Just in time !" cried Jeannie Hadden, running up into Leslie's room at mid-afternoon that day. "There 's a stage over from Littleton, and your trunk is being brought up this minute."

"And the hair-trunk and the mail-bag came on, too, after all, and the queerest people with them !" added Elinor, entering behind her.

They both stood back and were silent, as a man came heavily along the passage with the trunk upon his shoulder. He set it down and unfastened the straps, and in a minute more was gone, and Leslie had the lid open. All there, just as it had been in her own room at home three days ago. Her face brightened, seeing her little treasures again. She had borne it well ; she had been able to enjoy without them ; but she was very glad that they were come.

"It 's nice that dinner is at lunch-time here, and that nobody dresses until now. Make haste, and get on something pretty. Augusta won't let us get out organdies, but we 're determined on the blue grenadines. It 's awfully hot, — hot enough for anything. Do your hair over the high rats, just for once."

"I always get into such a fuss with them, and I can't bear to waste the

time. How will this do?" Leslie unpinned from its cambric cover a gray iron barège, with a narrow puffing round the hem of the full skirt and the little pointed bertha cape. With it lay bright cherry ribbons for the neck and hair.

"Lovely! Make haste and come down to our room." And having to dress herself, Jeannie ran off again, and Elinor shut the door.

It was nice to have on everything fresh; to have got her feet into rosetted slippers instead of heavy balmoreal boots; to feel the lightness and grace of her own movement as she went down stairs and along the halls in floating folds of delicate barège, after wearing the close, uncomfortable travelling-dress, with the sense of dust and fatigue that clung about it; to have a little flutter of bright ribbon in her hair, that she knew was, as Elinor said, "the prettiest part of her." It was pleasant to see Mrs. Linceford look pleased, as she opened her door to her, and to have her say, "You always do get on exactly the right thing!" There was a fresh feeling of pleasure even in looking over at Washington, sunlighted and shadowed in his miles of heights and depths, as she sat by the cool east window, feeling quite her dainty self again. Dress is but the outside thing, as beauty is but "skin deep"; but there is a deal of inevitable skin-sensation, pleasurable or uncomfortable, and Leslie had a good right to be thoroughly comfortable now.

The blinds to the balcony window were closed; that led to a funny little episode presently, — an odd commentary on the soul-and-body question, as it had come up to them in graver fashion.

Outside, to two chairs just under the window, came a couple newly arrived, — the identical proprietors of the exchanged luggage. It was an elderly countryman, and his home-bred, matter-of-fact wife. They too had had their privations and anxieties, and the outset of their evidently unusual travels had been marred in its pleasure. In plain truth, the good woman was manifestly soured by her experience.

Right square before the blinds she turned her back, unconscious of the audience within, lifted her elbows, like clothes-poles, to raise her draperies, and settled herself with a dissatisfied flounce, that expressed beforehand what she was about to put in words. "For *my* part," she announced, deliberately, "I think the White Mountains is a clear — *hummut*!"

"Good large hummocks, any way," returned her companion.

"You know what I mean. 'T aint worth comin' for. Losin' baggage, an' everything. We'd enough sight better ha' stayed at Plymouth. An' if it had n't a ben for your dunderheadedness, givin' up the checks an' never stoppin' to see what was comin' of 'em, trunks or hen-coops, we might. There's somethin' to see, there. That little bridge leadin' over to the swings and seats across the river was real pretty and pleasant. And the cars comin' in an' startin' off, right at the back door, made it lively. I alwers *did* like to see passin'."

The attitudes inside the blinds were something, at this moment. Mrs. Linceford, in a spasm of suppressed laughter herself, held her handkerchief to her lips with one hand, and motioned peremptory silence to the girls with

the other. Jeannie was noiselessly clapping her hands, and dancing from one toe to the other with delight. Leslie and Elinor squeezed each other's fingers lightly, and leaned forward together, their faces brimming over with fun; and the former whispered with emphatic pantomime to Mrs. Linceford, "If Mr. Wharne were only here!"

"You've been worried," said the man. "And you've ben comin' up to 'em gradooal. You don't take 'em in. If one of these ere hills was set out in our fields to home, you'd think it was something more than a hummock, I guess."

"Well, why ain't they, then? It's the best way to put things where you can see 'em to an advantage. They're all in the way of each other here, and don't show for nothing to speak of. Worried! I guess I hev ben! I shan't git over it till I've got home an' ben settled down a week. It's a mercy I've ever laid eyes agin on that bran-new black alpacky!"

"Well, p'raps the folks felt wuss that lost them stylish-lookin' trunks. I'll bet they had somethin' more in 'em than black alpackys."

"That don't comfort me none. I've had *my* tribulation."

"Well, come, don't be grouty, Hannah. We've got through the wust of it, and if you ain't satisfied, why, we'll go back to Plymouth again. I can stand it awhile, I guess, if 't is four dollars a day."

He had evidently sat still a good while for him, honest man; and he got up with this, and began to pace up and down, looking at the "hummocks," which signified greater meanings to him than to his wife.

Mrs. Linceford came over and put the window down. It was absolutely necessary to laugh now, however much of further entertainment might be cut off.

Hannah jumped up, electrified, as the sash went down behind her.

"John! John! There's folks in there!"

"Spose likely," said John, with quiet relish of amends. "What's good for me 'ill do for them!"

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."



PATTY MUDGE'S PIES.

LITTLE Patty Mudge looked up from her story-book with a sigh, and as she looked up she caught the reflection of her face in a mirror over the table, and sighed again.

"O dear! if I were only slender and pale and graceful, and a grown-up young lady, — or a princess, and lived in an elegant mansion or a palace, and had heaps of money, and could carry bunches of flowers to sick folks lying on 'snowy couches,' — or could glide like an angel over battle-fields, to 'bathe the pallid brows of dying heroes,' — or could 'seek out the gloomy abodes of poverty, and illuminate them with my presence!' But here I am, nothing but Patty Mudge, short and stout and homely, with a broad face and a wide mouth, and — not exactly poor, but then I have to work rather hard for a little girl; and as for the troubles of this world, somehow I don't feel so badly about them as I ought to, or else the folks round here don't have any to speak of. It is n't easy for me to feel badly about anything, I believe. But I should like to know how to say sympathizing things, and 'have a mission,' such as the sermons and poems tell about, and do something great 'for the good of mankind.' I wonder if I ever shall."

"Now 's your chance," said a little squeaking voice. Where did it come from? There was nothing in sight but a heap of pumpkins on a board just outside the window, and a small mulatto girl passing the garden-fence, scantily clad, and shivering in the cold November sunshine. All that Patty knew of her was that her name was "Poppy," — "Poppæa" abbreviated, — and that she belonged to a family who had lately been helped to come North by the Freedmen's Aid Society; a family who had been slaves, and very shiftless ones, it appeared, from their unwillingness to labor, and their ignorant ways of doing the little they could do. They were staying in one end of an old tumble-down house a little way from Patty's, and of late had been a good deal neglected by the thrifty people of the village, who somehow had forgotten that it takes an education of work to love it and do it well.

But it could not be this little girl who spoke; she was hurrying on, without turning a glance towards the house, eager no doubt to reach her miserable shelter from the cold. Shelter! the hens and the pigs would scarcely call it that. How cheerless it must be, with the wind screaming and puffing between the loose clapboards! And what kind of a dinner did they sit down to yesterday, and what would they have for Thanksgiving to-morrow? But somebody would bake something for them; and so, after all this thinking, Patty was gliding back into her visions of sentimental benevolence, when the faint squeak was heard again, "Now 's your chance!"

Patty's curiosity was fully aroused. She went out and stood upon the doorstep. The mulatto child was out of sight, and everything was still but the wind, and that hardly whispered through the leafless boughs of the pear-trees. But there was the voice, close to her now. "Help me down," it said.

And Patty's mouth opened wider than ever, as she saw the topmost pumpkin of the pile at her side, moving itself without aid of hands. She took hold of its stem, and, although it was one of the heaviest of the lot, she scarcely felt its weight at all. The pumpkin seemed of itself to give one great leap to the ground, where it stood shaking its thick sides, as if wearied by the unusual exertion.

"Carry me in!" said the voice again, pantingly.

Patty had not believed her own ears until now. A pumpkin talking! That was more wonderful than Æsop's fables, truly. But why should n't it speak, as well as brambles and oak-trees and brass kettles? So she turned the great thing over upon its side, and rolled it, or rather let it roll itself, up the steps into the kitchen.

"Cook me," said the little, panting, squeaking voice again. "Cook me."

Patty knew how to work very well. She had been helping her mother make the Thanksgiving pies and puddings for some time; but the idea of a pumpkin walking into the house and asking to be cooked was so funny,



that she sat down on the floor opposite the plump, yellow-faced vegetable. and laughed, the pumpkin meanwhile rocking backward and forward, as if it were laughing too.

Just then her mother came in. "Mother, may I make some pumpkin pies?" said Patty.

"Well, I don't care," was the answer of the busy woman. "Our folks don't seem to be very fond of 'em, and I'm afraid they would n't fancy any of your mussin' up. But you can make 'em, if you'll only promise to get somebody to eat 'em."

Patty had become so much interested in the talking pumpkin, that she willingly promised; but when she took the knife to peel off the golden rind, it seemed almost wicked to do it! There was such a glow over it, from the ruddy firelight, such a look of live heartiness and comfort about it, lying there, ripe and stout, on the floor, she was reminded indistinctly of the reflection of her own fat face and figure in the mirror. Really, it seemed almost human. Would n't she be haunted by some goblin with fiery eyes, such as the boys made of hollow pumpkin-shells, if she cut this one to pieces?

But the pumpkin began to squeak impatiently, "Cut me up! cut me up!" and Patty obeyed without more ado. Determined to have her pies as nice as they could be made, she poured out her milk, stirred in spice and sweetening, and made the crust light, wondering, while she rolled it out, who would eat them when they were done.

But the pumpkin told her, as it boiled in the kettle; no longer with that low squeak, but with a deep musical rumble, as if laughing with joy over its own fate. "Black Poppy's people; black Poppy's people." And why should n't a pumpkin rejoice in the sacrifice of its own life for a benevolent purpose? A certain poet says it is his faith "that every flower enjoys the air it breathes." And so, doubtless, every vegetable used for the nourishment of mankind enjoys the death it dies, if it enjoys anything. At all events, the pumpkin, though it had ceased to speak, looked as bright and happy in Patty's eyes, when it emerged from the oven in the form of half a dozen glossy, flaky pies, as when it rolled so clumsily down from the pile by the door-step, and a great deal handsomer.

And Patty herself, when she carried the pies to Poppy's wretched home, — having first set one aside in the cupboard, that her mother might see that she could bake pies worth anybody's eating, — looked almost beautiful with the excitement of doing a kindly deed. Her sun-browned hands and stout arms were just fitted for the healthy work they had been doing, and she had as much reason to be proud of them as any lady of her delicate fingers; for certainly those are the prettiest hands that do most willingly the work they were made for.

And black Poppy's people could not have received one of the graceful ministering spirits of the story-books with more eloquent gratitude than they did the homely little girl and her heavy basket of pies. Indeed, to these half-starved beings she was a vision of loveliness, — a real angel of mercy.

And in helping to keep them comfortable for the winter, and in teaching them how to take care of themselves, Patty, without knowing it, has "found her mission." She does not get much time now for looking at her own broad face and large features in the mirror, nor to plan for herself picturesque labors of charity. But since her ears were opened to hear the pumpkin speak, she hears invitations enough to works of kindness close about her home. Indoors and out, everything that can be turned to useful account seeks the acquaintance of little Patty Mudge. All the plants and the animals, and fire and water and air, have found voices, and are always whispering to her eagerly, — "Now's your chance!"



THE HISTORY OF TIP-TOP.

UNDER the window of a certain pretty little cottage there grew a great old apple-tree, which in the spring had thousands and thousands of lovely pink blossoms on it, and in the autumn had about half as many bright red apples as it had blossoms in the spring.

The nursery of this cottage was a little bower of a room, papered with mossy-green paper, and curtained with white muslin; and here five little children used to come, in their white nightgowns, to be dressed and have their hair brushed and curled every morning.

First, there were Alice and Mary, bright-eyed, laughing little girls, of seven and eight years, and then came stout little Jamie, and Charlie, and finally little Puss, whose real name was Ellen, but who was called Puss, and Pussy, and Birdie, and Toddle, and any other pet name that came to mind.

Now it used to happen; every morning, that the five little heads would be peeping out of the window, together, into the flowery boughs of the apple-tree; and the reason was this. A pair of robins had built a very pretty, smooth-lined nest in a fork of the limb that came directly under the window, and the building of this nest had been superintended, day by day, by the five pairs of bright eyes of these five children. The robins at first had been rather shy of this inspection; but, as they got better acquainted, they seemed to think no more of the little curly heads in the window, than of the pink blossoms about them, or the daisies and buttercups at the foot of the tree.

All the little hands were forward to help; some threw out flossy bits of

cotton,— for which, we grieve to say, Charlie had cut a hole in the crib quilt, — and some threw out bits of thread and yarn, and Allie ravelled out a considerable piece from one of her garters, which she threw out as a contribution; and they exulted in seeing the skill with which the little builders wove everything in. “Little birds, little birds,” they would say, “you shall be kept warm, for we have given you cotton out of our crib quilt, and yarn out of our stockings.” Nay, so far did this generosity proceed, that Charlie cut a flossy, golden curl from Toddle’s head and threw it out; and when the birds caught it up, the whole flock laughed to see Toddle’s golden hair figuring in a bird’s-nest.

When the little thing was finished, it was so neat, and trim, and workmanlike, that the children all exulted over it, and called it “our nest,” and the two robins they called “our birds.” But wonderful was the joy when the little eyes, opening one morning, saw in the nest a beautiful pale-green egg; and the joy grew from day to day, for every day there came another egg, and so on till there were five little eggs; and then the oldest girl, Alice, said, “There are five eggs; that makes one for each of us, and each of us will have a little bird by and by”; — at which all the children laughed and jumped for glee.

When the five little eggs were all laid, the mother-bird began to sit on them; and at any time of day or night, when a little head peeped out of the nursery window, might be seen a round, bright, patient pair of bird’s eyes contentedly waiting for the young birds to come. It seemed a long time for the children to wait; but every day they put some bread and cake from their luncheon on the window-sill, so that the birds might have something to eat; but still there she was, patiently watching!

“How long, long, long she waits!” said Jamie, impatiently. “I don’t believe she’s ever going to hatch.”

“O, yes she is!” said grave little Alice. “Jamie, you don’t understand about these things; it takes a long, long time to hatch eggs. Old Sam says his hens set three weeks; — only think, almost a month!”

Three weeks looked a long time to the five bright pairs of little watching eyes; but Jamie said, the eggs were so much smaller than hen’s eggs, that it would n’t take so long to hatch them, he knew. Jamie always thought he knew all about everything, and was so sure of it that he rather took the lead among the children. But one morning, when they pushed their five heads out of the window, the round, patient little bird-eyes were gone, and there seemed to be nothing in the nest but a bunch of something hairy.

Upon this they all cried out, “O mamma, *do* come here! the bird is gone and left her nest!” And when they cried out, they saw five wide little red mouths open in the nest, and saw that the hairy bunch of stuff was indeed the first of five little birds.

“They are dreadful-looking things,” said Mary; “I did n’t know that little birds began by looking so badly.”

“They seem to be all mouth,” said Jamie.

“We must feed them,” said Charlie.

“Here, little birds, here’s some gingerbread for you,” he said; and he

threw a bit of his gingerbread, which fortunately only hit the nest on the outside, and fell down among the buttercups, where two crickets made a meal of it, and agreed that it was as excellent gingerbread as if old Mother Cricket herself had made it.

"Take care, Charlie," said his mamma; "we do not know enough to feed young birds. We must leave it to their papa and mamma, who probably started out bright and early in the morning to get breakfast for them."

Sure enough, while they were speaking, back came Mr. and Mrs. Robin, whirring through the green shadows of the apple-tree; and thereupon all the five little red mouths flew open, and the birds put something into each.

It was great amusement, after this, to watch the daily feeding of the little birds, and to observe how, when not feeding them, the mother sat brooding on the nest, warming them under her soft wings, while the father-bird sat on the tip-top bough of the apple-tree and sang to them. In time they grew and grew, and, instead of a nest full of little red mouths, there was a nest full of little, fat, speckled robins, with round, bright, cunning eyes, just like their parents; and the children began to talk together about their birds.

"I'm going to give my robin a name," said Mary. "I call him Brown-Eyes."

"And I call mine Tip-Top," said Jamie, "because I know he'll be a tip-top bird."

"And I call mine Singer," said Alice.

"I'll call mine Toddy," said little Toddle, who would not be behindhand in anything that was going on.

"Hurrah for Toddle!" said Charlie, "hers is the best of all. For my part, I call mine Speckle."

So then the birds were all made separate characters by having each a separate name given it. Brown-Eyes, Tip-Top, Singer, Toddy, and Speckle made, as they grew bigger, a very crowded nestful of birds.

Now the children had early been taught to say, in a little hymn:—

"Birds in their little nests agree,
And 't is a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight";—

and they thought anything really written and printed in a hymn must be true; therefore they were very much astonished to see, from day to day, that *their* little birds in their nest did *not* agree.

Tip-Top was the biggest and strongest bird, and he was always shuffling and crowding the others, and clamoring for the most food; and when Mrs. Robin came in with a nice bit of anything, Tip-Top's red mouth opened so wide, and he was so noisy, that one would think the nest was all his. His mother used to correct him for these gluttonous ways, and sometimes made him wait till all the rest were helped before she gave him a mouthful; but he generally revenged himself in her absence by crowding the others and making the nest generally uncomfortable. Speckle, however, was a bird of spirit, and he used to peck at Tip-Top; so they would sometimes have a

regular sparring-match across poor Brown-Eyes, who was a meek, tender little fellow, and would sit winking and blinking in fear while his big brothers quarrelled. As to Toddy and Singer, they turned out to be sister birds, and showed quite a feminine talent for chattering; they used to scold their badly behaving brothers in a way that made the nest quite lively.

On the whole, Mr. and Mrs. Robin did not find their family circle the peaceable place the poet represents.

"I say," said Tip-Top one day to them, "this old nest is a dull, mean, crowded hole, and it's quite time some of us were out of it; just give us lessons in flying, won't you, and let us go."

"My dear boy," said Mother Robin, "we shall teach you to fly as soon as your wings are strong enough."

"You are a very little bird," said his father, "and ought to be good and obedient, and wait patiently till your wing-feathers grow; and then you can soar away to some purpose."

"Wait for my wing-feathers? Humbug!" Tip-Top would say, as he sat balancing with his little short tail on the edge of the nest, and looking down through the grass and clover-heads below, and up into the blue clouds above. "Father and mother are slow old birds; keep a fellow back with their confounded notions. If they don't hurry up, I'll take matters into my own claws, and be off some day before they know it. Look at those swallows, skimming and diving through the blue air! That's the way I want to do."

"But, dear brother, the way to learn to do that is to be good and obedient while we are little, and wait till our parents think it best for us to begin."

"Shut up your preaching," said Tip-Top; "what do you girls know of flying?"

"About as much as *you*," said Speckle. "However, I'm sure I don't care how soon you take yourself off, for you take up more room than all the rest put together."

"You mind yourself, Master Speckle, or you'll get something you don't like," said Tip-Top, still strutting in a very cavalier way on the edge of the nest, and sticking up his little short tail quite valiantly.

"O my darlings," said the mamma, now fluttering home, "cannot I ever teach you to live in love?"

"It's all Tip-Top's fault," screamed the other birds in a flutter.

"My fault? Of course, everything in this nest that goes wrong is laid to me," said Tip-Top; "and I'll leave it to anybody, now, if I crowd anybody. I've been sitting outside, on the very edge of the nest, and there's Speckle has got my place."

"Who wants your place?" said Speckle. "I'm sure you can come in, if you please."

"My dear boy," said the mother, "do go into the nest and be a good little bird, and then you will be happy."

"That's always the talk," said Tip-Top. "I'm too big for the nest, and I want to see the world. It's full of beautiful things, I know. Now there's the most lovely creature, with bright eyes, that comes under the tree every day, and wants me to come down in the grass and play with her."

"My son, my son, beware!" said the frightened mother; "that lovely seeming creature is our dreadful enemy, the cat,—a horrid monster, with teeth and claws."

At this, all the little birds shuddered and cuddled deeper in the nest; only Tip-Top, in his heart, disbelieved it. "I'm too old a bird," said he to himself, "to believe *that* story; mother is chaffing me. But I'll show her that I can take care of myself."

So the next morning, after the father and mother were gone, Tip-Top got on the edge of the nest again, and looked over and saw lovely Miss Pussy washing her face among the daisies under the tree, and her hair was sleek and white as the daisies, and her eyes were yellow and beautiful to behold, and she looked up to the tree bewitchingly, and said, "Little birds, little birds, come down; Pussy wants to play with you."

"Only look at her!" said Tip-Top; "her eyes are like gold."

"No, don't look," said Singer and Speckle. "She will bewitch you and then eat you up."

"I'd like to see her try to eat me up," said Tip-Top, again balancing his short tail over the nest. "Just as if she would! She's just the nicest, most innocent creature going, and only wants us to have fun. We never do have any fun in this old nest!"

Then the yellow eyes below shot a bewildering light into Tip-Top's eyes, and a voice sounded sweet as silver: "Little birds, little birds, come down; Pussy wants to play with you."

"Her paws are as white as velvet," said Tip-Top; "and so soft! I don't believe she has any claws."

"Don't go, brother, don't!" screamed both sisters.

All we know about it is, that a moment after a direful scream was heard from the nursery window. "O mamma, mamma, do come here! Tip-Top's fallen out of the nest, and the cat has got him!"

Away ran Pussy with foolish little Tip-Top in her mouth, and he squeaked dolefully when he felt her sharp teeth. Wicked Miss Pussy had no mind to eat him at once; she meant just as she said, to "play with him." So she ran off to a private place among the currant-bushes, while all the little curly heads were scattered up and down looking for her.

Did you ever see a cat play with a bird or a mouse? She sets it down, and seems to go off and leave it; but the moment it makes the first movement to get away,—pounce! she springs on it, and shakes it in her mouth; and so she teases and tantalizes it, till she gets ready to kill and eat it. I can't say why she does it, except that it is a cat's nature; and it is a very bad nature for foolish young robins to get acquainted with.

"O, where is he? where is he? Do find my poor Tip-Top," said Jamie, crying as loud as he could scream. "I'll kill that horrid cat,—I'll kill her!"

Mr. and Mrs. Robin, who had come home meantime, joined their plaintive chirping to the general confusion; and Mrs. Robin's bright eyes soon discovered her poor little son, where Pussy was patting and rolling him from

one paw to the other under the currant-bushes ; and, settling on the bush above, she called the little folks to the spot by her cries.

Jamie plunged under the bush, and caught the cat with luckless Tip-Top in her mouth ; and, with one or two good thumps, he obliged her to let him go. Tip-Top was not dead, but in a sadly draggled and torn state. Some of his feathers were torn out, and one of his wings was broken, and hung down in a melancholy way.

"O, what *shall* we do for him? He will die. Poor Tip-Top!" said the children.

"Let's put him back into the nest, children," said mamma. "His mother will know best what to do with him."

So a ladder was got, and papa climbed up and put poor Tip-Top safely into the nest. The cat had shaken all the nonsense well out of him ; he was a dreadfully humbled young robin.

The time came at last when all the other birds in the nest learned to fly, and fluttered and flew about everywhere ; but poor melancholy Tip-Top was still confined to the nest with a broken wing. Finally, as it became evident that it would be long before he could fly, Jamie took him out of the nest, and made a nice little cage for him, and used to feed him every day, and he would hop about and seem tolerably contented ; but it was evident that he would be a lame-winged robin all his days.

Jamie's mother told him that Tip-Top's history was an allegory.

"I don't know what you mean, mamma," said Jamie.

"When something in a bird's life is like something in a boy's life, or when a story is similar in its meaning to reality, we call it an allegory. Little boys, when they are about half grown up, sometimes do just as Tip-Top did. They are in a great hurry to get away from home into the great world ; and then Temptation comes, with bright eyes and smooth velvet paws, and promises them fun ; and they go to bad places ; they get to smoking, and then to drinking ; and, finally, the bad habit gets them in its teeth and claws, and plays with them as a cat does with a mouse. They try to reform, just as your robin tried to get away from the cat ; but their bad habits pounce on them and drag them back. And so, when the time comes that they want to begin life, they are miserable, broken-down creatures, like your broken-winged robin.

"So, Jamie, remember, and don't try to be a man before your time, and let your parents judge for you while you are young ; and never believe in any soft white pussy, with golden eyes, that comes and wants to tempt you to come down and play with her. If a big boy offers to teach you to smoke a cigar, that is Pussy. If a boy wants you to go into a billiard-saloon, that is Pussy. If a boy wants you to learn to drink anything with spirit in it, however sweetened and disguised, remember, Pussy is there ; and Pussy's claws are long, and Pussy's teeth are strong ; and if she gives you one shake in your youth, you will be like a broken-winged robin all your days."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



LYDIA'S LAMB.

LYDIA'S home was with her grandmother in the country, for her mother was dead, and her father, who was a sea-captain, and seldom at home, did not keep house after the death of the little girl's mother, but sent her to live with his mother; and there he used to come and visit her on his return from his voyages. It was a large, old-fashioned house where Mrs. Knowlton lived; but she did not occupy it all, for one of her sons, who was married, lived at the homestead and carried on the farm; and his children, Lydia's cousins, were her playmates and schoolmates.

Her Uncle John kept a flock of sheep, beside the other animals that are usually kept upon a farm, and Lydia was very anxious to have a lamb for her own to make a pet of, — one that would know her as its mistress and love her and follow her about. There were no young lambs at the farm when Lydia went there to live; but her Uncle John said that, when there were any, she should have one for her own.

In the spring, very early, there came on a terrible snow-storm. It snowed for two days and two nights, and everything was buried under the drifts. Uncle John's sheep had been turned out to browse among the shrubbery in the pastures and among the woods, and the great storm overtook them there, and they did not come home. The storm was so severe that the men could not find the sheep, and feared they would all perish of cold and hunger. It was several days before the snow settled enough to permit a search for them; and when at last the men did go out, it was with great

snow-shoes, to prevent them from sinking too deep in the immense drifts. After a long and fruitless search for the missing flock, as they were returning home, they came to a place where there was a little valley or hollow between the partly wooded hillocks, and one of them noticed that it was filled almost to a level with snow; but all over the surface there were little holes not larger than a pipe-stem, through which a steam was rising.

"Look here, Mr. Knowlton," said one of the men. "What do you make of this?"

"Ah, my sheep are under there," said Mr. Knowlton. "Bring on the snow-shovels, boys, and we'll dig 'em out."

And, true enough, there were the sheep, all huddled together in this little hollow, whither they had resorted to escape the fury of the storm, and in which the snow had buried them; but their warm breaths had kept open the little breathing-holes, and they gnawed the bark and twigs off the shrubs and trees as high as they could reach.

As soon as the opening was made, the poor creatures rushed out; but the piercing March wind was so much colder than their snow-covered retreat, that they shivered with cold, and many of them stiffened and died. Among these was a mother-sheep that left a poor little bleating lamb, bewildered and chilled. Uncle John wrapped the little creature up in the great cape of his overcoat, and carried it home and gave it to Lydia. All the children gathered round to see the poor little thing, but no one thought it would live. The sheep were driven into the barn, but many of them died of the sudden chill they had taken while so exhausted for want of food and fresh air.

Lydia devoted herself to her little lamb, and fed and tended it with the kindest care, and it soon began to grow and thrive. It would follow its young mistress all about the house, its little feet going tap, tap, tap, on the floor, and it was full of fun and frolic; all the children loved Kate,—for that was the name which Lydia gave her lamb,—and Kate would run after them as they scampered down the long orchard-slope to the spring, and hop up, almost like a kitten, if they turned suddenly and clapped their hands to her. Kate was always on the clean, soft grass as the spring and summer came on; and her wool was white as snow. She never went away to the pastures and woods with the old sheep in the flock, for she was such a little pet that she could not be happy except when near her kind little playmates, the children; and they were so afraid that any harm might come to their darling Kate, that they kept her always in the orchard, which was close behind the house. The back door opened right out upon the grass, and there were three or four large old oaks close to the house. Sometimes in the summer evenings the tea-table was carried out and spread under the interlacing boughs, greatly to the delight of all the children; and there they romped and frolicked with Kate till bed-time, after the table was removed,—and sometimes Uncle John would take off his coat and have a merry game with them.

One summer morning, very early, Lydia was up, and with her little pan of milk went out to give Kate her breakfast. Kate was usually at the door by the time the first member of the family was stirring; but now she was not at

her accustomed place, and though Lydia called her loud and long, she did not come. Lydia hastened to the barn, but she was not there, nor in the shed, nor garden. The man milking in the farm-yard had not seen her ; but to Lydia's anxious inquiries, he only said that he noticed "a strange yaller dog round here at the dawn o' day ; like enough he 'd been a-worryin' on her."

Lydia rushed through the house, out at the orchard door, and into the high, wet grass ; it was trampled, and the dew brushed off, as though something had been chased through it ; and at last, under the old sweet apple-tree, she found her pet, cold and stiff, with a few bright drops of blood just under her snow-white neck.

Down upon the wet grass dropped Lydia, and, laying her face upon the soft wool, she cried as if her heart would break. "O my poor, poor Kate !" she sobbed. "To think you should come to this ! All those hundreds of common sheep alive and well in the pastures, and you, my poor little lamb, killed, murdered ! It's too cruel !"

The horn was sounded for breakfast, but Lydia did not heed it ; she was too choked with grief to eat ; and when her cousin Hannah came out to find her, she met her hugging her dead pet in her arms and bringing it to the house. Then there was a fresh outburst of grief, and Uncle John and all the family came out to look at poor Kate and sympathize with Lydia.

"It was that 'ere yaller dog that done it," said the man Reuben. "I knew he wa' n't round here for nothing."

"Let's kill him, if we ever can find him," whispered Hannah.

"So we will," said Lydia.

After breakfast, Uncle John brought a box, and poor Kate was laid in it, and covered with sweet-brier roses and buttercups, and a little grave was dug under one of the old oaks, and there the pet was buried. A large slate, without a frame, was set up endwise in the ground, after Lydia's cousin Jane had scratched deeply upon it, with the point of an awl, these words : —

"To the Memory of our Darling Kate.

*"No light comes to her little eyes,
And she can hear no sound."*

All the children thought it was very solemn ; and so it was to them, whatever the grown people thought of it.

That night, after the children went to bed, they lay awake a long time, talking over the fate of poor Kate, and devising means for being revenged upon the dog in case he should have the audacity to come there again in search of more prey. Nothing was too bad to be done to him ; they would shoot him, — only they had no gun, and if they had, they did not know how to use it ; they would scald him, — only that might put him in misery without killing him, and he must be killed to rid the world of such a monster of cruelty ; they would poison him, but they had n't any poison and did n't know where to get any ; they would drown him, but if he was large and strong, he might n't be easy to manage ; they would beat him, but he would n't stand still to let them do that. They nearly despaired of being revenged upon him, till sud-

denly a bright thought struck Lydia : they would hang him, so they would ; they could do that easily enough, — anybody could hang a dog ; and besides, he deserved hanging, for he had committed a murder, and murderers are hanged for their crimes ; — and so the yellow dog was sentenced to be hung.

The children did not disclose their plans, for somehow they had misgivings that they had not the victim yet in their hands, and might have some trouble in catching him ; and if they should fail in their designs, they did not want to be laughed at. They were careful, however, to get a very minute description of the culprit from Reuben, who was the only person who had seen him, and they were then sure they should recognize him at sight.

That evening, after tea, when Lydia had been out to feed the chickens and shut them up for the night, what should she see but the very dog prowling about the sweet apple-tree in the orchard where the dead lamb had lain ! Quick as a flash, she darted into the house, seized a piece of raw meat unobserved, and, beckoning to her two cousins, who were looking out of the window, started for the orchard at a flying pace, and the two cousins after her.

Calling to the dog in her kindest tones, she approached him, and he came toward them, wagging his tail. He smelt the meat, but she would not give him any there, and they ran on, out of the orchard, across the road, into a field leading down to a bushy, swampy meadow, where an old apple-tree grew out of the hillside, in such a way that one of its branches nearly touched the ground, the dog still following them ; and here they gave him the meat, which he swallowed at a mouthful.

“The wretch ! It’s the last supper he’ll eat !” said Lydia. “Hold him tight by the collar, girls ! But oh ! we have n’t brought any rope ! O, is n’t it too bad ? You hold him while I run home for a rope !”

“O, it’s too far ! He’ll pull away from us,” said Jane, “before you can get back, and he might bite us too !”

“Let’s take our garters !” said Hannah.

No sooner said than done. The six stout, home-knit garters came off in a twinkling, and were tied together, while the yellow dog stood wagging his tail and wondering if a second piece of meat were coming. A slip-noose was placed over his head, the end thrown across the low limb of the apple-tree, and the united strength of the three girls pulled him slowly up till he dangled in the air, just above the ground. They made the string fast to the limb, though the poor creature struggled terribly, and then started for home as fast as they could run. The feeling of exultation over the common enemy was short-lived, however, and Lydia’s heart misgave her before she fairly reached the house. She went in ; but she did not like to meet her grandmother lest she should ask her where she had been. So she stole up to her room ; but she could not read or sew or knit, or amuse herself in any way.

“He’s only a dog,” she said to herself, “an old ugly tiger of a dog, to kill my poor Kate ; his name ought to be Tiger, anyhow. But then I suppose he did n’t know any better than to kill Kate ; dogs naturally worry sheep, as they do cats. Perhaps he was n’t so much to blame after all ! And then what if he is somebody’s pet ? Perhaps somebody thinks as much of him

as I did of my Katie," and Lydia's heart grew very soft. "If I was n't afraid, I'd go and cut him down; but he might bite me. But then perhaps he is dead by this time,"—and the tears came into her eyes.

Just then Hannah opened the door softly. "Lydia," said she in a whisper, "do you suppose that poor dog is dead yet?"

"I don't know; if I thought he was n't, I believe I'd go and cut him down."

"So would I," said Hannah. "Perhaps he was n't the dog that killed poor Kate after all!"

"Yes, he was, I almost know; but I don't suppose he knew any better."

"No, he did n't," said Hannah; "and how he trusted us, and wagged his tail when we fed him, and never tried to get away from us, nor bite us!"

"Let's go," said Lydia.

Down the back stairs they glided, noiselessly, and then on a swift run they started for the old apple-tree. The way seemed to lengthen before them.

"If he's dead," said Hannah, "let's bring him home and bury him beside poor Kate."

"Yes, so we will!" said Lydia. "But what will Uncle John say? O dear! I hope he is n't dead!"

Just then they came in sight of the apple-tree. The dog was gone! Breathless the girls ran on. There hung a part of the rope of garters, broken short off just above the animal's head. He had carried off the noose around his neck. The girls gave a sigh of relief, and looked at each other. "Where do you suppose he went to?" said each, at the same instant.

"Look there!" said Hannah. "What's that?" and she walked toward the swamp. "There he is now," she exclaimed, pointing to a knoll of grass, some yards before them; and sure enough, there lay the poor animal moaning piteously.

"He's choked with that string," said Lydia. "How I wish I could get it off!"

But there was water all over the surface of the meadow between them and the dry hillock on which the dog was lying; it was getting nearly dusk, and with reluctant feet and heavy hearts they turned homeward.

"Let's get Reuben to go and get him," said Hannah, "and cut off the string!"

"O, he would plague us so," said Lydia, "we should never hear the last of it! Besides, you know he always goes to bed as soon as he milks."

That night Lydia's grandmother was not very well, and wanted Lydia to sleep with her; and she went to bed, but not to sleep. Hannah, too, tossed restlessly about, and whenever she closed her eyes she seemed to see the poor dog lying on the grassy hillock, moaning in pain, and with his head all swollen. The night—one of the shortest of the year—seemed endless to her, and as soon as the yellow light of the summer sun came creeping up the eastern sky, she was up and dressed, and, before any one in the house was stirring, started for the meadows. She did not forget her scissors, a small tin pan, and a piece of meat. Through the high, wet grass she ran, regardless of dress or stockings, and when at last she reached the edge of

the water, she could dimly see the yellow dog still lying just where he lay the night before. Taking off her shoes and stockings, she boldly waded into the swamp, jumping here and there from one bunch of grass to another, which grew up through the oozy ground.

"He must be dead," thought she, "he lies so still and makes no noise"; but as she came nearer, he wagged his tail faintly at the sound of her steps. His head and eyes were so swollen that he could not see, and his tongue lolled out of his mouth, dry and parched with suffering. He breathed with a short and choking sound.

"Poor dog! poor dog!" said Hannah, her voice choking, "you shall not be abused any more!"—and, applying the scissors to the string, she had it off in a moment. Dipping up a pan of water, she brought it and wet the poor creature's tongue. In a minute or two he tried to drink, and with difficulty swallowed a little of the water. This seemed to revive him; he got upon his feet, staggered a little, but finally settled down again, still wagging the tip of his tail faintly. Again Hannah held the basin of water to his mouth, and he drank more, opened his eyes a little, and tried to lick her hand. This was too much forgiveness,—a poor victim caressing the hands that had hung him; and Hannah cried over him almost as hard as she had over poor Kate. Presently he ate the meat she placed before him, and then with a joyful heart Hannah started for the house. She had only just got on her shoes and stockings, when, looking up, she saw Lydia running down the hill; in her hand were scissors and a piece of meat. She had come on the same errand. Looking round for the dog, they saw him just disappearing in the woods.

They returned to the house and kept the matter secret, but had no more visits from the yellow dog. Reuben said, several times, he thought it was "mazing strange that 'ere yaller dog never come round here no more. He reckoned he kinder thought they had a plot agin him!" but the girls said never a word.

The next autumn, Hannah and Lydia took the old horse and chaise to go to a town some five or six miles off, and on their way stopped at the house of one of Lydia's cousins, where she had not been for a year or two. As they drew up to the door, what should they see but that very yellow dog lying on the door-step.

The two girls looked at each other curiously enough. In the course of the forenoon the dog came in, and Lydia's cousin patted him on the head, calling him a "dear old fellow";—and then she went on to tell how he had been missing all night once during the last summer, and had come home in the morning with his head and eyes all swollen, and she supposed some one must have beaten him dreadfully. "He is one of the best dogs in the world," she said, "and loves us all dearly; but he will sometimes worry the sheep."

Hannah and Lydia blushed, and made haste to change the subject of conversation, and got away as soon as they could. They kept their secret till they were grown up, deeply thankful that they had not succeeded in avenging too cruelly the death of poor Kate.

DILLY-DALLY.

I SUPPOSE you think this quite a fanciful name for a little girl, and feel, upon reflection, rather glad that your mother did n't call *you* Dilly-dally ; now the fact was, she had n't been christened Dilly-dally (although it suited her so precisely, that Adam himself would have been puzzled to find her a better name), but Gertrude, or Ida, or some fine thing or other, no matter what, since nothing but Dilly-dally told the story of her character, and since it clung to her like any bur.

She began very early to show her natural disposition, as you may see when I tell you that she was the longest while in the world cutting her first teeth ; after her mother had detected the earliest glimmer of a tiny pearl creeping through the pink gum, it positively seemed a hundred years to a day before it could be coaxed far enough along to assure an impartial beholder of its existence ; it was just as though Dilly-dally said to herself, "There now ! I've got it along so far, I guess I'll wait till to-morrow to finish the job !" Though one could hardly blame her, for I suspect it *is* trying to be cutting teeth from morning till night.

One might, however, have forgiven her that, if she had n't made the same to-do over learning to walk. When her mother held out her arms and cried, "Baby walk to mamma its own se'f, and then baby shall go ridy-pidy in the coachy-poachy," — and all the rest of the nursery rhyme in nursery language, which only babies are supposed to understand, — baby would take two steps, with her little arms used as the tight-rope dancers use their poles, and, finding walking all work and no play, would plump down and finish the distance with hands and knees, looking much like an overgrown lizard. At one period, her friends flattered themselves that she would talk early ; but after having achieved "Pa" and "Ma," she appeared to think she had acquired enough English for all practical purposes, and relapsed into her original Hebrew. Upon which followed a war of words, wherein there was a good deal said on both sides to little or no purpose ; and after all was said and done, Dilly-dally showed a strong inclination to stammer, to clip her words, to abridge her sentences, even to drawl, and wilfully to plunder and murder the King's English, rather than say the right thing, at the right time, in the right place.

I will spare you a relation of the Dilly-dally primer, the Dilly-dally multiplication-table, the Dilly-dally penmanship, other than to say, that the pitfalls were numerous between twice one and twelve times twelve, and that from straight lines to pot-hooks was an affair of time.

"Will you run up stairs and bring my thimble ?" her mother would ask, sometimes.

"In a minute."

"But I am waiting, child."

"Just half a second, mamma ; just till I put Rosa's arm into her sleeve."

"I want you to go directly; do not stay for that."

"Yes, mamma."

And having got fairly launched on the staircase, she would perhaps encounter Freddie spinning his top on the landing, and proceed to assist in that delicate task, till her mother, out of all manner of patience, would call, "Can't you find it?"



"In a second, mamma; only Freddie says I can't spin a top, and I can."

"Never mind what Freddie says, but bring my thimble."

After some time she calls to her mother over the balusters, "Mamma, *where* did you say your thimble was?" for having been employed before the glass in disposing her mother's breakfast-cap jauntily upon her own head, together with a bunch of false curls, she has contrived to forget about the thimble.

"You naughty girl, what *have* you been doing? It is on my toilette table." But still Dilly-dally does not appear, and her mother in despair goes herself to see what detains her, and finds her in cap and curls, with the window raised, listening to a hand-organ in the street.

"Is this the way you do my errands?"

"O, I was coming in a minute, mamma."

"And how many minutes does it take to make an hour? Do you ever think of that when you dilly-dally your time away?"

"No, mamma; but the monkey is *so* engaging."

In the mornings, Dilly-dally was longer at her toilette than any belle preparing for a ball; she must dabble in the water awhile, and watch the drops hanging like gems, as she said, from the tips of nose, chin, and fingers,

and imagine herself an Indian princess, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes. Sometimes she devoted herself to the manufacture of paper junks, sailing them in her bath-tub; at other times she would wet her hair till it resembled a mermaid's for moisture, and then she must needs sit in the sun to dry it, and turban her head with a towel. She would often be found, after every one else had done breakfast, "with one stocking off and one stocking on," the water dripping from her hair and making little rivers all across the carpet, one arm hooked into the sleeve of a sack while the rest of the garment dangled behind, delving in the piece-bag for some silk to make Rosa a gown. Then, if any one attempted to assist or hasten matters, the fastenings of her skirts were found to be in a perilous condition, the button-holes in her frock gaped as though they were bent upon swallowing a regiment of buttons, the knots in her boot-lacings defied competition, and all this, and much more, because she had neglected to take the stitch in time that saves nine.

But Dilly-dally had read a good deal; that is to say, she had *begun* a host of books. She could tell you all about the first chapter or so of the "Rollo Books"; she had made the acquaintance of *one* of "The Seven Little Sisters"; she had looked into "The Magician's Show-Box"; she had become entangled in "Tanglewood Tales"; the "Memoirs of a London Doll" came very near conquering her; she had bidden adieu to Christian at the House Beautiful, and had given Robinson Crusoe the cut long before Friday appeared to parry it; and she had left Cinderella at the door of the ball-room! It is true, she fully intended to pursue Rollo to the world's end; she had dreamed about Cinderella all one night, and had been heard to say that the step-sisters deserved a box with five nails in it; she had carried Christian's burden every step of the way, and had quaked with Crusoe over the mysterious footprints; but she had always said, "I will finish this to-morrow," or, "I mean to read the rest of that when I get time," or, "When I have romped a little with Freddie, or tried on the new hat I am making for Rosa, I will see who answered the bell at the 'House Beautiful.'" And so it came about that the things she was always going to do somehow never were done.

Dilly-dally had the dearest little work-basket, that stood on straw legs of its own, and was just at her elbow whenever she wanted to use it; it was bronze and gold color, braided in a quaint and curious pattern. No one knew exactly what it contained, although it was pretty full, till one day it was upset and the contents dispersed all over the carpet. Everybody of course scrambled to find and pick them up, and thus were brought to light a host of unfortunate articles that had vainly been awaiting the finishing touch for six months or more. There was a doll's hat, the crown hanging by just two stitches, from which a long thread still dangled, precisely as she had left it, when, losing her needle, she had gone to beg another, and, finding Freddie playing horse in the nursery with a string and a chain, allowed herself to be put into harness, and the hat to be laid upon the shelf, so to speak. There was a doll's dress half sewed on the waist, another record of delay; there lay a rag-baby losing flesh, or sawdust rather, daily, from a ghastly hole in one

foot, the result of a defect in its constitution that had never been properly remedied ; a needle-book, which needed sadly to turn over a new leaf, like its mistress ; a spool-bag that had never fulfilled its destiny ; a Zouave with one arm and no legs ; a soldier's sock down at the heel in every sense, the yarn having been broken off and entangled wofully with a skein of blue sewing-silk and a mass of pink crochet-cotton, backed by the germ of a crocheted mat. There was a cotton-flannel rabbit with one eye ; a book-mark that would probably never mark anything but Dilly-dally's sad habit ; a velvet butterfly impaled on the passive needle, looking as if it had just burst from the chrysalis, and had lost a wing in the struggle ; a pin-cushion that seemed likely to turn itself inside out ; the skeleton of a cardboard cradle ; and a pen-wiper merely cut out. You may imagine what she had to endure on the event of that catastrophe, — how they all laughed and joked about these unfinished articles, and how she tried to defend herself by saying that Fanny Gray came in just as she was getting on nicely with the butterfly, — that she was just *going* to sew up the hole in the rag-doll's foot, — that Rosa did n't need the dress right away, — that the hat had gone quite out of fashion, — and as for the cradle, Rosa had grown too old to use one ; all of which excuses did not mend matters, for her mother said, " I bought you this pretty basket, my dear, in hopes it would make you industrious ; but now that you have used it so ill, I shall take it away until every article begun here is well finished." And Dilly-dally cried herself into a headache, a favorite custom of hers whenever she meant to have her own way, and one which she had too often found successful not to be overcome with dismay when it proved no longer available. Nevertheless, she needed a few more lessons in the tactics of adversity to effect a reform in her habits.

Dilly-dally was invited one day to a grand picnic ; they were to get into the cars for a few minutes, when they would suddenly find themselves transported, as if by witchcraft, out of the gray city, into the most delightful countryside, where the blue sky was endless, as well as the green pasture-lands, and where groves of oak-trees offered as cool and beautiful a retreat as any Gothic palace. She was to go, and what would she not enjoy ! She would hear the birds sing, free and bold, not at all like the poor old blind canary, who always sang a little as if he expected some one to clap him ; she would see the brooks that were always running away from home, and seemed in such a hurry to get down hill and to take short cuts across the fields, — the merry brooks, that always laughed, no matter what fell out, and that the loudest when the day was darkest and the way stoniest, — the brooks that were like "traps to catch sunbeams." O yes ! and the air would be fragrant with clover and wild-rose ; and the reapers would be out in the meadows cutting the long grasses and setting free the hived-up odors ; and, O ecstasy ! she would wear her new pink lawn ! I don't dare to tell how long she lay awake thinking about it all, nor how late she awoke in the morning, having gone to the picnic in her dreams, but without her shoes and stockings. It is due to her to say, however, that she neither engaged in shipping nor mantua-making while dressing ; but, overhearing a whisper to the effect that her kitten had

caught its first mouse, she could not forbear to throw on her wrapper and steal down the back stairs to pat the kitten for her wonderful exploit; and once there, puss must have some milk as due desert, and cook declared she must wait till it was skimmed; and then, as the cook was picking over berries for preserves, she must assist sufficiently to stain her hands and spill a dishful over her spick-and-span skirts. And when she was all dressed anew, there was her luncheon-basket to pack, which her mother had directed her to ask Bridget to do the night before, but which Dilly-dally had put off doing till to-morrow; then, at the last moment, she must run up stairs for her sunshade, and, on her way, tuck Rosa into bed for fear she would come to grief if left at large, and rush over to Fanny Gray's to see if Fanny's mother was *really* going to be so cruel as to keep her at home. And when at length she arrived at the station, it was plain that the cars, as well as time and tide, waited for nobody,—they had been gone just one moment! Birds and brooks and haymakers, and wide perfumed fields and bowers of oak-leaves all lost in that one moment!

"I am very sorry for you," said her mother when she returned; "that one little squandered minute was all you needed to reach the station in time. Can you tell whereabouts you lost it? Was it at Fanny Gray's, or tucking Rosa into bed?"

"Perhaps so," murmured the contrite Dilly-dally; "but I think it was lost last night, where I played at catch a minute in the hall, when you had sent me for Bridget to pack my luncheon, instead!"

Some time after this, a gentleman who had been travelling in South America brought her a present of two beautiful cardinal-birds, whose bright, eager eyes seemed mightily inquisitive concerning the new state of things, and who sat all day bunched up on their perch, while one would now and then moodily pipe a homesick strain, as though he asked his companion in metre if it were possible that they were not birds bewitched. Dilly-dally took great pleasure in watching them, they had such pretty ways of pluming themselves, such brilliant scarlet crowns, with half-handkerchiefs of the same color coming down in a peak on their breasts; and she wished a hundred times that they would sing "just as if they were at home, and nothing had happened."

"They miss their freedom among the magnolia and oleander trees of the South," said her mother.

"O, but may n't I let one of them out, and see if he will sing in your rose-geranium tree?"

So she carried the cage to the flower-stand, and opened the tiny wire door, and invited one of the cardinals to a promenade, or, in bird language, to a wing. The poor bird looked askance at the open door, put out his head, took a bird's-eye view of the location, after the manner of one who has "seen the world," and flew into the nearest plant with one wild trill of melody, like a fountain in the air! A ray of sunlight burnished the green leaves and his scarlet vest, while his nervous motion shook down the perfume that nestles no one knows where.

"Put him back into the cage now," said her mother, after he had picnicked on the geranium some time. "Puss may happen in."

"In a minute," replied Dilly-dally.

"You had better not delay."

"A minute can't make much difference, mamma."

But as she spoke, the bird—having by short flights from plant to plant got up a belief in liberty, now spread its wings, whirred across the room, alighted one instant on the old time-piece, as if to signify, "We are both of a piece, Time and I: that is to say, we fly, we elude you"—gave one farewell chirrup, and sailed boldly out at a window that had been left open,—the very window Dilly-dally had been told to close some time before, and in delaying had forgotten about. Dilly-dally saw him glance along in the sun, take breath on a neighboring spire, heard him drop her a merry rondeau, and from that day to this their acquaintance has ceased; his deserted mate grew melancholy, refused to eat, and so one day dropped off her perch.

When the gentleman who had brought them came to hear about it all, he said to Dilly-dally, "Would you like a parrot?"

"O, so much, sir!"

"A parrot of splendid plumage, a parrot that can learn to talk?"

"O how nice!" cried she, clapping her hands.

"A parrot that will sing, if you don't take care," he continued,

"Cruel, cruel Dilly-dally,
To treat me so, to treat me so!"

Dilly-dally was silent.

"Very well," said he, "I am going back to South America to-morrow. I shall be gone twelve months; when I come home, if you have lost the name of Dilly-dally, then you shall have just such a parrot; otherwise, you know, I should be afraid you would neglect to feed him."

"I will try," she promised, hanging her head.

"You see," he went on to say, "I am in a way responsible for its well-being. I bring it hundreds of miles away from its country and kind; for the gay forests of the South, I give it solitary confinement. Let me then be sure that, in intrusting it to your care, it shall enjoy all the little privileges to which a prisoner is entitled; that it shall have a careful jailer, who will never dilly-dally about providing it with figs and apples."

The twelve months have not yet passed, and I have to record the completion by Dilly-dally of several of the articles contained in her forfeited work-basket, among which is the butterfly, developed into a Purple Emperor, while the invalid doll has been at the needle-cure, and is now as buxom as doll need be. So she is keeping her promise, and the name "Dilly-dally" is becoming so odious to her that I expect daily to see it drop off from her like an ugly garment, and that she will emerge the Pink of Propriety.

Mary N. Prescott.



WORK AND PLAY.

IN the depths of a cool and breezy wood
Three little children romping all day,
Frolicsome, laughing, and bright, and good,
Happily passing the time away.
And the old woods ring, as the children sing:
"O Work is all evil, and Life is all Play!"

There came a red squirrel over the ground,
Pattering, clattering, frisking along;
And he paused in his run at the joyous sound,
And stopped to list to the children's song.
"O you are not wise," he cries with surprise;
"You dear little ones, you are wrong, you are wrong."

"My wife and I in an old oak-tree
Have laid up a store of nuts and corn;
And five little babies there have we, —
The prettiest squirrels that ever were born.
Can we play? Nay! nay! we must work all day,
Till late in the night, from the earliest morn.
We gather a store for the winter cold,
And rest in peace when the year grows old."

There came an old crow flying over the trees,
Dusky and hoarse and ragged of wing;
And he paused when he heard on the passing breeze
The happy sound as the children sing.
And the song he broke with a surly croak:
"You silly young creatures, 't is no such thing!"

"In the top of a tall and ancient pine,
Rough and rugged and ugly to see,
Is a great, strong nest, — 't is my mate's and mine;
And we worked hard to build it, indeed did we.
And there hide inside, their mouths open wide,
Nine little crows, whom we feed, you see.
We pull them corn, and we pluck them meat,
And we must work hard that our young may eat."

There came a fox, with a stealthy tread, —
Sharp nose before and long tail behind, —
And he pricked up his ears, and he tossed his head,
As the song of the children came down the wind.
And he laughed with glee: "Yes, I see," said he,
"One need n't go far young geese to find!"

"In a burrow deep, by a ledge of rocks,
 Cosey and warm and very secure,
 Is dozing in comfort good Mrs. Fox,
 With the little foxes, three or four.
 And chickens we kill, their stomachs to fill,—
 It's hard enough work to do that, I'm sure.
 We creep and crawl when the nights are dark,
 And shake when we hear the watch-dog's bark."

A wood-thrush sat on a hanging spray,
 And poured from its beautiful, swelling breast
 The cheerfullest, happiest roundelay,—
 All of its speckled eggs and its nest.
 "We work for our young," was the song it sung;
 "To work for our loved ones is best, is best!"

In the depths of a cool and breezy wood
 Three little children romping all day,
 Frolicsome, laughing, and bright, and good,
 Happily passing the time away.
 And the old woods ring, as the children sing:
 "Give Work to the old folks,—the young must have Play!"
J. Warren Newcomb, Jr.



FARMING FOR BOYS.

XI.

ONE of the striking results of the boys' visit to their neighbor's model farm was the change of conversation in the Spangler family. When the boys came in to their meals, they talked continually of what they had seen there, and when out at work there was no end to the references to what had somehow become a sort of standard for their imitation. Uncle Benny was therefore careful to encourage all the good resolutions which his pupils seemed insensibly to be making, as well as to answer the crowd of new questions that were put to him at every turn. The boys could not help making comparisons between the general neatness of the Allen farm and the squalid condition of their own; and they were not slow in endeavoring to copy their neighbors, though their opportunities for doing so were not very great.

Farmer Spangler was of necessity obliged to listen to numerous discussions, in which his neighbor's superior management was so highly extolled and his own so much condemned. Luckily for all, Spangler was a man of few words, and hence was a capital listener. He very seldom replied to any attack on

his management, — as much because of his habitual taciturnity as from a conviction that was insensibly taking possession of him, that there must be some truth in what was said. Generally, Uncle Benny was quite moderate in his depreciation of Spangler's style of farming, as he was unwilling to give offence. But there were occasions, such as when he witnessed some gross departure from good management, or some example that would be really injurious to the boys, and then he would explain himself for Spangler's especial benefit. But even then he talked at Spangler over the boys' shoulders; that is, though he addressed his words to them, he was really intending them for the father. In this way he could drop hints in much sharper language than if he had spoken to the man himself. Spangler took no offence at these side thrusts, and rarely made any reply.

On one occasion, when the latter was putting a young and skittish horse to the wagon, he threw the harness suddenly and with great violence on its back, instead of gently placing it there. The timid creature, not yet accustomed to being harnessed, shrunk back and became quite unmanageable, and ended by treading on the wagon-shaft, which he broke in two. Seeing this, Spangler became enraged, and gave the horse a violent kick in the side. Uncle Benny and the boys were standing by and saw it all.



“That will never do,” said the old man, addressing the boys, but loud enough for Spangler to hear. “A horse should never be kicked, or even punished. It is gentle treatment alone that makes a horse valuable, and cruel treatment makes him worthless. We Americans abuse our horses more

unfeelingly than any other people, and control them through fear of us instead of love for us. Even the unchristianized Arabs never abuse their horses, nor do the Chinese ever punish theirs. 'As obstinate as a mule,' is a common expression; but a mule is not naturally obstinate, but is made so by being educated to bad treatment. The mule which, in the hands of most Americans, would be not only useless, but dangerous to all who came near him, would, in the hands of a Chinaman, become quiet as a lamb and tractable as a dog. A vicious, jibing, or runaway mule is almost unknown among the Chinese, because of the uniform gentleness with which they treat them. They educate all other domestic animals by the same rule, securing obedience through the agency of love instead of fear. Cattle, pigs, ducks, and birds are equally cared for. These dumb beasts have sensibilities and affections as well as ourselves. Never let me see a horse kicked by any of *you*. A hired man who should kick *my* horse, or beat him with a shovel, as is often done, should be turned off immediately."

"That must be the reason why our Nancy and the pigs like me so well," added Bill Spangler when the old man had concluded. "I curry them up, and never scold them, and they come to me just like a dog."

"Yes," replied Uncle Benny, "the law of kindness operates as strongly on the brute creation as it does on human hearts. The man who is truly merciful will always be merciful to the dumb, dependent creatures around him."

This accident to the wagon-shaft delayed Spangler a whole hour in starting for Trenton, because, as he had but one wagon, the damage must in some way be repaired. It was so broken that nailing would not answer; so they tied the shaft round with a small horse-blanket, and kept that in its place by ropes and straps, and with this unsightly contrivance Spangler drove off for Trenton. There was no real necessity for his going, even before the breakdown; but then there was to be a vendue, or auction sale, of household goods and farming utensils, and, though he had no occasion to purchase any of them, yet he thought it would be well for him to be there, "just to see how they sold." There are some people in this world who have a passion for attending funerals, and one of Spangler's fancies was for attending vendues, no matter how much home business he might neglect by going.

All this happened just after dinner, in the month of June, when there were strong indications of a thunder-gust. But off Spangler went, and, as Uncle Benny had expected, the gust broke upon him while he was on the road, and gave him a complete drenching. Of course, it drove all hands into their usual refuge, — the barn; and there they sat while the rain poured down in torrents. It was the first good rain there had been for two weeks, and was much wanted by the farming community. It poured down so heavily, and continued so long, that Uncle Benny observed, "There must be at least an inch of this rain."

"What is an inch of rain?" inquired Joe Spangler, looking through a knot-hole in the side of the barn, over a great pond that had been suddenly filled by the shower. "I should say it was a foot."

"Well, boys," replied the old man, "an inch of rain don't mean the water that is collected in puddles where the ground happens to be full of holes, but that which falls on a level all over the land. Now, when this shower is over, look into the bucket out by the pump, — I remember it was empty when the rain began, — and whatever depth of water you may find in it will be the extent of the rain-fall. This is what we call a rain-gauge; and it is by having so simple a contrivance at all times in use that observing men, who watch the clouds and the weather, have been able to prove that about as much rain falls in one year as in another. Thus, if we have long spells of dry weather, they are succeeded by heavy rains, and thus very extraordinary rains are followed by long dry spells, making the rain-fall of many years average about the same."

"But an inch of rain don't sound much, though it looks to be a great deal," exclaimed Tony King.

"Why, Tony," replied Uncle Benny, "an inch of rain weighs more than a hundred tons to the acre, and is equal to nearly twenty-three thousand gallons. A watering-pot must have a big nozzle to discharge that quantity in an hour, as the clouds often do for us. This rain will be worth a great many thousands of dollars to the farmers about here, especially if it should be followed by really fine weather.

"Fine weather," he continued, "is a wonderful thing for the farmer! — next among his blessings to the Divine promise that seed-time and harvest should never fail. A single day of sunshine is considered worth ten millions of dollars to the farming interest of England in a season of doubtful harvests. There is said, in Europe at least, to be more war in a day's rain than in the ill-temper of the most quarrelsome monarch, and more peace in a morning's sunshine than even in a treaty of commerce; because people, having their time occupied and their stomachs full, have neither leisure nor disposition to quarrel."

"What can be the use of so much rain, Uncle Benny?"

"Use?" returned the old man; "it has a thousand uses. Water is the great nourishment and stimulant of vegetation. Some plants will seem to live on water alone, neither needing nor receiving manure beyond what nature enables them to gather from the water below and the air above. Take one of your corn-hills as an illustration. The corn-stalk stands exactly where it grew. It spreads its roots all around, but does not change its place. As it cannot travel about in search of food, such as it may need must therefore be brought to it. Who is to do this? Not you, because you supposed you had done all that was necessary when you planted the grain. It is water, the rain-water, that performs this important office of bringing to the plant the food which has been deposited in the soil. A mere sprinkle will not do this; it must be just such a soaking shower as we are now having. Besides, water dissolves many substances which exist in the air as food for plants, — so graciously has Heaven provided, — and then, when these are brought into the soil by rains, they there come in contact with another set of substances which the plants require also, and the whole being thus combined and lique-

fied with water, they constitute the very food by which vegetation lives and grows. The water, thus saturated with vegetable food, travels along under ground, feeding the plants which Providence requires to remain stationary. This is one of the great uses of so much rain."

The next morning being bright and sunny, the old man piloted the boys into the two-acre corn-field they had planted. On the way thither they passed under a fine Mayduke cherry-tree, then loaded with delicious fruit. The rain and wind had shaken off quantities of cherries, which lay upon the ground. These the boys stopped to gather and eat, spitting out the stones in every direction. Noticing their actions, Uncle Benny spoke up: — "Boys, when I was in Spain, I learned a proverb which has been in use in that country for centuries, — 'He who plants trees loves others beside himself.' It means, that, as it takes nearly a lifetime for many trees to grow and produce fruit, the chance is that he who plants the tree will hardly live long enough to eat the product, and that he must therefore love those who are to come after him, or he would not plant trees of whose fruits they are more likely to partake than he. Now, whenever a Spaniard eats a peach, a cherry, or a pear by the roadside, he works out a little hole in the ground with his foot, and plants the stone; he thinks of those who are to come after him, — he loves others beside himself. It is a thank-offering to the memory of the kind soul by whom the tree was planted from which he has just eaten. Hence the roadsides throughout that beautiful country are lined with abundance of the most tempting fruits, all free to every one. Boys, not one of you has ever planted a tree. It is time for you to begin. I shall never live to gather the fruit, but all of you may be spared to do so. It is our duty to leave the world as good at least as we found it, — better if we can. I have no good opinion of the fellow who is content to snore under the shadow of a noble shade-tree without planting another for the next generation to enjoy, or to eat the fruit from trees which others have planted, without at some time imitating their example. The sooner one sows, the sooner will he reap. There, boys, right along the fence, two or three for each of you."

Each boy struck his heel into the soft ground, made a slight hole, dropped into it a couple of cherry-stones, covered them over, and pressed down the earth with his foot. It was certainly a very small affair, but it was nevertheless something for the boys. Each one could not help feeling that he had done a good deed, for he had planted a tree.

"O," exclaimed the old man, "what a roady this would be if every owner of a farm would go and do likewise! The roadsides would everywhere be lined with noble trees, glorious to look upon, grateful in their shadiness, and affording bountiful harvests of delightful fruit, free to the passing traveller, and yielding a profusion even to the birds. There would be plenty of fruit for all. Even the thieves who now prey upon the fruit-grower would have no further inducement to steal."

Finding the ground too wet for hoeing, they deferred that operation for a week, when Tony ran twice over the cornfield with the cultivator, to mellow up the ground and cut off the weeds. Then all hands turned in with hoes to

clean up the rows and give the corn its first hilling. Before undertaking this, Uncle Benny had brought a large file from his tool-chest, with which he had sharpened up the boys' hoes to such an edge as had never before been seen on Spangler's farm. The hoes were great, clumsy things, unfit for the hands of a small boy; but they shaved off the weeds with so much ease that the excessive weight of the tool was forgotten in the sharpness of the edge. Instead of two or three chops being required to cut up a stout weed, a single clip went clean through it. There could be no doubt that the trifling work of filing enabled the boys to get over two or three times as much ground as if they had been working with dull hoes. There was a real economy of time in thus beginning right, besides comfort, and a thorough execution done upon the weeds.

The whole party worked together, each taking a row. Uncle Benny, having an old back, which he knew would very soon begin to ache if he should stoop much, had provided himself with a long-handled hoe. This enabling him to work without stooping, he flourished it about among the weeds so actively as to surprise the boys, who observed, moreover, that the old man contrived somehow to keep a little ahead of them all. Between the sharp hoes and the full force of hoers, the weeds had a poor chance of surviving that day.

Presently the youngest boy, Bill, while chopping vigorously at a thistle, struck his hoe violently against a stone. He was about repeating the blow, when the old man called out to him to stop and examine his hoe. Bill did so, and found a great indentation had been made in the edge. The other boys of course came round to see what was the matter, and they too saw how the keen edge of the tool had been turned by the blow against the stone.

"Now, Bill," said Uncle Benny, "pick up the stone, put it in your pocket, and when you get to the end of the row we'll put it under the fence, where you may be sure it will not be likely to dull your hoe a second time. All of you must do the same with the stones or broken bricks or oyster-shells you meet with, as I won't have anything on this ground big enough to dull a hoe. If you calculate on having sharp tools, you must keep the ground clear."

Such careful management was new to the boys, but they had equally been strangers to the luxury of a sharp hoe. Dull hoes, and plenty of brickbats to strike against, were regular incidents of their early agricultural education, and they now thought this new lesson of Uncle Benny was one of the queerest he had taught them. But they soon discovered there was something to be gained, for, on coming out at the end of his row, each boy found that he had three or four shells or stones in his pocket, all which were carefully placed under the bottom rail of the fence.

As all farm laborers have an hour allowed them for dinner, there was time, after that meal, for Uncle Benny to sharpen their hoes again. The morning's experience had made each boy a full convert to the new doctrine. Indeed, as they were taking up the line of march for the cornfield, for the afternoon's work, Tony inquired of the old man if it would n't be a good thing to put the file in his pocket and bring it along;—the hoes might want sharpening again

before night. During the afternoon's work there was a good deal of slashing among the stones, and an occasional demand for the file to retouch the hoes, which quite pleased the old man.

Well, after worrying through some rows that were much fouler than the others, the parties drew up to the fence, and Uncle Benny proceeded to file up the hoes for the second time that afternoon. He could see no actual necessity for doing so, but thought it could do no harm to gratify the boys. While thus engaged, with his hoe resting on the fence, which ran along the public road, a stranger stepped up and inquired if he would like to buy some trees or grape-vines. At the same moment he opened a large book which he carried in his hand, and, resting it on the top rail of the fence, displayed a highly colored picture of a bunch of grapes, larger and finer in appearance than had ever been seen by any of the party. They all gathered round the book, as the man ran over the leaves with just enough deliberation to afford a full view of the magnificent specimens it contained. There were great bunches of peaches, apples, plums, cherries, currants, and other fruits, colored up and set off in just such a style as would be likely to tempt every one who examined them to become a purchaser.

Uncle Benny took the book in his hand, and made a long examination, during which the stranger was very lavish of his praise of each specimen as it fell under the old man's eye. Then addressing the stranger, he inquired, "Did you raise all these trees?"

"O no," was the reply, "my business is to sell them."

"Where were they grown?" inquired Uncle Benny.

"Well, a good way off," answered the stranger.

"But don't you tell us where they were cultivated, and who is the nurseryman?" continued Uncle Benny.

"Well, not often," was the answer.

"No," rejoined the shrewd old man; "I don't think we want to buy anything from a nurseryman who is ashamed of his name."

He closed the book, returned it to the stranger, and resumed his business of touching up the hoes. When the stranger was fairly out of hearing, the old man addressed the boys: "This man is what is known as a tree-pedler. Now, Tony, if ever you get a farm of your own, take care how you buy anything from a tree-pedler. Things sold by these fellows are generally considered cheap because the price is low. But what is thus called a cheap tree or vine is the very dearest thing you can buy. You can't get a really valuable article without paying for it a fair price. Plants that are sold at an excessively low price should be avoided, as they invariably have some defect about them. They have either been badly grown, or been stunted, or have a poor supply of roots, or they are the refuse of a nursery which has been bought up by a pedler, to be worked off among the farmers. Especially you should never touch a plant, even as a gift, when the seller refuses to tell you where or by whom it was grown."

"But that was nice fruit that he showed in his book," interrupted Tony.

"O yes," replied Uncle Benny, "they looked very well on paper, like

many other impositions. They sounded very cheap also, — peach-trees at three dollars a hundred, when the price is usually ten or twelve. Now, suppose I were to set out a hundred of these trees, saving five or six dollars in the price, and, after cultivating them two or three years, should then discover that, instead of their producing the fine fruit that was promised, it was scarcely good enough for the pigs? There would be the loss of at least two years' time and labor, and all the money I had paid, besides the vexation which every one feels on discovering that he has been cheated. It would be even worse in the case of pear-trees, for there one has to wait longer for them to come into bearing. By saving ten cents in the purchase of a tree, he may find that, instead of the Bartlett he bargained for, he has been cheated into the purchase and cultivation of a choke-pear. It is the poorest sort of economy to buy cheap trees; and it is sometimes dangerous to get them, even at full prices, from persons in whose character you do not have full confidence. But there are others who think just as I do on this subject, as I will show you."

Taking from his pocket a number of "The Country Gentleman," he read to them the following article: —

"No man can obtain anything valuable without paying its full price. If he makes a purchase of a fine horse for a small sum, he will probably find that the horse has some hidden disease, — heaves, founder, spavin, ringbone, — or else that he has obtained the name of a cheating horse-dealer, which is still more undesirable. If he attempts to build a house at a lower contract price than the builder can afford it, he will ultimately discover that a good deal of bad material has been used, or that he has a long string of extras, which, by dexterous contrivance, have been thrust in. It is so in buying fruit-trees. If a purchaser finds a lot offered at low retail prices, he will probably discover them to have been badly cultivated, neglected, moss-covered, or to have been carelessly dug up, with chopped roots, — or to consist of some unsalable varieties, or to have been poorly packed, or the roots left exposed till they have become dry and good for nothing.

"Now, suppose a purchase is made of one of these trees at five cents below the regular market price among the best nurserymen. The owner congratulates himself on having effected a saving of the sum of five cents. Let us see how much he is likely to lose. If the tree is stunted, it will be at least three years before it can attain the vigor of its thrifty compeer. In other words, he sells three years of growth, three years of attention, if it gets any, three years of occupancy of the ground, and three years of delayed expectation, for the sum of five cents. Or suppose the tree has been purchased below price because it is the last in a pedler's wagon, and has been dried or frozen. The owner pays for the tree, digs a hole, and sets it out; it will probably die, — in which case he loses only what he has paid, the labor expended, and one year of lost time and expectation. He has gained nothing. If the tree lives, the former estimate will then apply. Or, again, suppose that he buys a tree, and saves five cents, as aforesaid, because the quality, or the sort, or the honesty of the dealer, as to its genuineness, may be questionable. After several years of waiting and labor, it turns out to be a poor sort, and the tree continues to bear this poor fruit for thirty years to come. The fruit, being unsalable, will probably bring no more than ten cents a bushel. In thirty years the average annual crop will be about three bushels, or ninety bushels in all, equal to nine dollars total value. But if, instead of this miserable specimen, the purchaser procures a tree at full price, and one of the most productive and marketable varieties, the crop will always sell in market at twenty-five, and sometimes fifty, cents a bushel; and for the whole thirty years will average at least eight bushels annually, — sixty dollars for the thirty years, at the lowest computation. There is a loss of fifty-one dollars made by purchasing the cheap tree, all for the sake of saving five cents."

While the hoeing of this cornfield was going on, there was continual opportunity for observing the difference in growth of that end of the rows which received the drainage from the barn-yard. The plants were double the height of the others, and there was a deep, rank green that was nowhere else per-

ceptible. Here too the weeds grew taller and stouter, as well as more abundantly. Uncle Benny had always taught the boys that the greatness of a farmer's crop was not to be measured by the number of his acres, but by the thoroughness with which he enriched his land, and the care bestowed upon the crop. His theory was to put a large amount of labor on a small amount of land. The two-acre cornfield was an excellent illustration of his theories. The boys saw for themselves that in that portion which received the washing from the barn-yard they would have a far greater crop than from the other portion, because of the full supply of manure which it received. Whenever he came to a remarkably fine hill of corn, the old man would tell them that the earth was really of no great use except to afford a standing-place for plants while the farmer was feeding them, and that money laid out in manure must not be considered as money lost, because it always reproduced itself in the crop. He rarely gave chemical reasons, or used scientific terms, as the boys had had no knowledge of them.

But he explained how it was that plants acquired their growth. The earth kept them in an upright position, but they grew by feeding on the fertilizing materials added to the soil, from water, and from the air which surrounded them. Both air and water were indispensable; hence the necessity for rain, and for the continued stirring up of the soil by harrowing the surface, so that the air should penetrate to the roots, and the water, in a heavy shower, should soak into the ground, instead of running off and wetting only the surface. Thus, if the day's hoeing was useful to the growing crop, it was made equally instructive to the minds of the boys, for a practical lecture was delivered on the spot, with fact and illustration united. Lessons thus learned are usually the most instructive, as well as most likely to be remembered.

When the day's work was done, the old man sat down upon the stump of an apple-tree to rest, the boys gathering about him, and Tony asked, "Uncle Benny, how much money can an acre of ground be made to produce?"

"Ah," replied the old man, "you ask me too much. It would require a great book to answer that question, and even then it would be only half answered. I do not think the capacity of an acre of ground has ever been ascertained. You do not put the question in the right way. It is not the *acre* that produces the crop, but the *man* who cultivates the acre. All agricultural history is full of instances of this being the case. There are families who starve on fifty acres, while there are others who live comfortably on one or two. But another time we'll look a little further into this question, for it is one that a farmer's boy should have answered as promptly as possible. There are grown-up people, too, who would be benefited by examining the subject more closely than they have been in the habit of doing."

Author of "Ten Acres Enough."



Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY
of
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

CHARADES.

No. 7.

My FIRST and my LAST each two words
comprise,
Of respectable shape, but diminutive size.
The *first* of my FIRST, and *last* of my
LAST,
Will redden small ears like a wintry blast.
The *last* of my FIRST we often inflame ;
With the *first* of my LAST being one and
the same.
My FIRST into type is successfully carved ;
My LAST in cold weather should never
be starved.

WILLY WISP.

No. 8.

Fierce of nature and strong of frame,
With a spirit that naught can tame,
You'll guess my name with ease.
Low I crouched in the dusky shade,
Slow rode a knight through the forest
glade,
Beneath the shadowing trees.
Swift as the arrow that leaves the bow
Sprang I, but swifter fell the blow
From the rider's falchion keen.
Sheer through my neck the weapon sped,
On the ground rolled the severed head,
When a wondrous sight was seen.
Down he sprang, as the head he spurned ;
Straight to a letter and insect it turned,
And he saw his work undone.

Quick my body became a place
Where, as he gazed with wondering face,
He saw the rising sun.

CARL.

No. 9.

Poor wounded soldier,
Borne from the field,
Musket and sabre
Now must thou yield.
Tenderly cared for,
Watched over, nursed,
Still is thy resting-place
Laid on my *first*.

Ignorant, haughty,
Foolish, and vain,
Heedless of countrymen
Bleeding or slain, —
Seeking but tinsel
And flattery's song, —
Who to my *second*
Would care to belong ?

Out of a little seed
Grows mighty fruit.
I have draped empires,
Slight though my root.
Well said the statesmen,
Ere black treason stole
The life-blood of freemen,
A King is my *whole*.

L. L.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 12.



THOMAS Y.

ENIGMAS.

No. 7.

- I am composed of 16 letters.
 My 8, 16, 12, 14, 8, is a character in Dickens's "Oliver Twist."
 My 3, 6, 10, 5, is one of the Muses.
 My 11, 7, 13, 2, 15, 7, 9, is a character in Shakespeare's "Tempest."
 My 4, 10, 1, is a Hebrew measure of liquids.
 My whole is the name of a very interesting book.

No. 8.

- I am a word of 14 letters.
 My 1, 11, 6, 12, 2, 7, is a writer on art.
 My 4, 6, 13, 11, 6, is a member of a religious order.
 My 10, 11, 9, 5, is a native of Denmark.
 My 3, 5, 1, 2, 5, is a group of the Friendly Islands.
 My 8, 14, 13, 2, 6, is a species of willow.
 My whole is a specimen of modern chivalry.

No. 9.

- I am composed of 16 letters.
 My 13, 5, 16, 9, 12, signifies force and energy.
 My 1, 14, 7, is a head covering.
 My 11, 15, 10, is a place of entertainment.
 My 4, 2, 12, 8, is a fleet-footed animal.

- My 3, 11, 6, is what we are all prone to do.
 My whole is one of our celebrated American authors.

DICK DILVER.

No. 10.

- I am composed of 13 letters.
 My 13, 12, 4, 5, 11, is what nervous people dread.
 My 5, 3, 13, is an orb of light.
 My 1, 9, 8, is to cut off.
 My 8, 7, 6, is a dish.
 My 8, 2, 10, 11, is a rod.
 My whole is a foreign monarch.

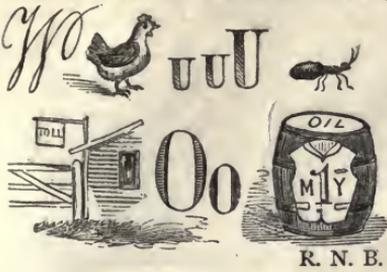
A LITTLE GIRL.

No. 11.

- I am composed of 30 letters.
 My 11, 20, 25, 7, 4, 8, 3, is easily broken.
 My 11, 16, 18, 22, 28, is harder than iron.
 My 7, 26, 18, 27, 6, 12, 4, 10, is exceedingly large.
 My 5, 9, 1, 4, 15, is a yellowish-brown color.
 My 13, 2, 24, 19, is another word for fancy.
 My 23, 17, 3, 30, is left after making cheese.
 My 21, 14, 11, 11, 20, 29, is like cinnamon.
 My whole is a well-known couplet.

J. P. V.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 13.



ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 14.



PUZZLES.

No. 6.

What is the longest and shortest thing in the world, the swiftest and slowest, the most divisible and the most extended, the least valued and the most regretted, — without which nothing can be done, — which devours all that is small, yet gives life to all that is great ?

A.

No. 7.

What English word contains all the vowels in their alphabetical order ?

W. E. S.

No. 8.

Entire, I am the opposite of fast ; behead me, and I am the noise of cattle ; curtail me, and I am an exclamation ; behead me again, and I am another exclamation.

PAUL.

No. 9.

My whole, of course, you've often heard, — A name to many dear ; Read carefully, and scan each word, — You'll find it written here.

A. S.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 15.



C. D.

ANSWERS.

CHARADES.

4. War-rant. 5. Tel(l)-e-scope. 6. Car-pet.

ENIGMAS.

4. Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt ; Nothing so hard but search will find it out.
5. Many hands make light work.
6. A rolling stone gathers no moss.

PUZZLES.

4. Spear. 5. Pepper-mint.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. A bereavement.
2. Enigma, — Our Young Folks, — charade, — a story, — rebus, — nothing at all.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

8. Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty. [(50=L) (oven) ot s (leap) (50=L) est thou (comet) (op over ty).]
9. First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen. [(Firs) tin (war), (first in peas), (furs) T (inn) the (Hart's office) (country-men).]
10. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families. [(Accident) (swill) (hay) (pen) (in) (Thebes) (tree) (gull) 8 (head) (s) (mill) (ease)].
11. Circumstances alter cases. [Sir come St. Ann says (awl) (Turk) (aces).]



E. A. T. We should like to use your rebus, but some of the symbols are too far-fetched in their ingenuity. Thank you. Shall we hear from you again?

Edith. We had engraved your rebus when your note came.

S. Thanks, hearty thanks, for your French puzzles.

Willy Wisp thinks that we misrepresented him in our note upon his communications in a former number. Perhaps we did, — but certainly without intention. The point he wished to establish was, that he had made a rebus which required no *letters* to complete it, and which had no symbols that were used metaphorically, as we might say. We admit this; and we only wished to point out to him that his excellent efforts had not succeeded in doing away with symbols that were rather far-fetched, or used in different ways. The faults of the rebuses which we print are as plain to us as they can be to anybody else, and we only allow them to pass because the puzzles in which they occur are the best we have, and we cannot alter them greatly without destroying the authors' ideas. We do not consider the use of *key* for *k*, by way of example, as at all proper; but that symbol crept in, as did *hay* for *ha* in "have," by some oversight, and would not bear our criticism any more than that of our correspondents. One word more, friend *Willy*, and we have done. We beg to be excused for not having stated your position fully, but don't think that any of the rebuses are our own; they all have come from our contributors; and when there has been no signature, the reason has been that none was supplied, or that the engraver did not return the sketch in time to have the name printed.

"*Cosie Coo.*" We want the address of the author of this story, which we accept.

J. P. V. Read "A Business Letter" in our issue of June, 1865.

H. L. H. Not perfect enough.

E. H. B. } Post-office box 1792, New York
Chas. D. F. } city.

W. G. S. offers for an inversion, "Snug & raw was I ere I saw war & guns," but does not say whether he claims to be the author of it.

Charles T. of St. Louis writes: — "Here is a sentence which is grammatically correct, and makes sense when read both ways, but is not quite so long as your example, — 'Red root put up to order.'" "

From *Fall River* comes a pleasant note, with an enclosure, both of which we are delighted to print.

"Dear Editors, —

"My young folks think 'Strange Stairways' is (highest praise!) good enough for your 'Young Folks.' Do you?

"If you don't, here is an envelope for it to come back in.

Sincerely yours,

"MARY B. C. SLADE."

"STRANGE STAIRWAYS.

"The first step of the stairway
Was made of unbaked bread.
The second was a sunbeam
That shone from overhead.
The third I stepped upon myself;
The fourth was distant far;
The fifth just like a spirit seemed;
Sixth, half the Turk's Allah;
The seventh was like the ocean wave,
The rocking, tossing main.
So to the eighth a leap I gave, —
'T was unbaked bread again!
I hurried down another flight
Just like the ones before!
Yet folks of note, both black and white,
Climb these strange stairways o'er."

The solution will be given in the next "Letter Box."

H. A. D. has written us a letter from which we take a sentence that makes us both sorry and glad. She says, after speaking of some things she has read in our magazine: — "Now about myself. I am twelve years old, and I am a cripple, — have n't walked for four years; and 'Our Young Folks' is much pleasure to me in my lonely hours." Little friend, thousands of warm young hearts, reading this simple sentence, will be filled with sympathy for you, while we are very happy to think that our labors have helped to lighten your lot.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. II.

MAY, 1866.

No. V.

WANDERING ABOUT.

HISTORIC INCIDENTS AND SKETCHES AROUND PORT ROYAL.

THE HUGUENOT FORT.



THE steamer *Augusta Dinsmore* came to anchor late in the evening of the 15th of February, 1863, off the entrance to Port Royal. The night was cloudy and dark; the wind northeast. There had been a gentle breeze through the day, but when the sun went down the wind came up. Great waves were rolling past us, tumbling headlong upon the sand-bars. Loud the wind and ceaseless the roar of the breakers. Through the night I heard the voices of the sea, — solemn and fearful. Yet it was glorious to stand upon the deck, holding on to the ropes, and look out upon the ocean white with foam, — the steamer rolling, pitching, and tossing, as if tugging to break the great iron chain which held her. The storm-clouds were flying past, so low down that they almost touched the masts.

“If it blows much harder we shall have to put out to sea,” said the Captain, who walked the deck, looking sometimes out to sea, then anxiously towards the shore, to see if the pilot-boat was coming. But the pilot had run in to the harbor, to find safe anchorage. The gulls screamed around us; the salt spray swept over the deck; and the breakers kept pounding the bows of the ship through the long, weary, dreary night.

The morning dawned. How wild the clouds, which flew past us like horses on a race! The sea was

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

foaming furiously; but the steamer was riding gloriously over the mighty swells.

"We must either go out or in," said the Captain, once more looking anxiously around, to see if the pilot was coming.

The steamer was pitching, tossing, rolling, and tugging harder than ever at her anchor, to get away and drift broadside upon the beach. We could see under the fog the black buoys which marked the channel dancing on the waves.

"I 'll go in," said the Captain, "although I don't know the channel."

"Up anchor there! Quick, lively, boys! Starboard your helm!"

The sailors sprang to the capstan. The anchor was lifted. The engine began to work. The steamer came broadside to the sea. A great wave rolled in upon the deck, throwing the spray high upon the mast. The vessel staggered, reeled, and trembled in every timber, but rose upon the wave, came round before the wind, and turned her bow towards the channel. So we moved on, through the wide entrance, past the shoal,—all froth and foam,—reaching the calmer water and the end of our voyage, glad to find a shelter before the storm burst upon us in all its fury.

We were in the harbor of Port Royal. There have been many stirring events along its now peaceful shores. I remembered that three hundred years had passed since the first European vessel came to anchor in the bay. Then, tall pines, wide-spreading oaks, and green-tufted palmettos covered the low lands along the shores with perpetual green. Then, as now, long trails of moss hung drooping from the trees. Innumerable flowers perfumed the air. Sea-birds swam in the calm waters, and built their nests and reared their young along the reedy marshes. A few Indians dwelt along the inland rivers; but the solitude of the sea-coast was undisturbed by the footsteps of men, except when the Indians came down in their canoes, paddling along the creeks and inlets, to hunt deer upon the islands or gather oysters from the marshes.

I passed many pleasant weeks around Port Royal, sometimes riding horseback over the island, visiting the plantations from which the planters had fled; sitting down in the camps of the soldiers, listening to their stories; sometimes sailing across the bay in a boat, and visiting interesting places.

About ten miles up the Beaufort River we found an old fort,—one of the oldest in America,—built long before Jamestown was settled, or before the Pilgrims thought of leaving their homes in England. It stands on the bank of the Beaufort river, in a lovely spot. It is a low wall, enclosing a piece of ground not larger than a small garden. The great oaks which overshadow it must have been little shrubs when the wall was laid. Perhaps the acorns from which they grew were not grown at that time. There is a gravelled walk leading past the fort, up a gentle slope, to a house. The beautiful magnolia-trees which stand on either side of the walk make a delightful shade through the long sultry summer days. Although it was midwinter, roses were in bloom. The orange-trees were loaded with ripening fruit. Birds were merrily singing in the trees. Sitting on the wall, inhaling the sweet perfume of

the flowers, with the balmy south wind fanning my cheek, I thought of those who stood there long time ago. And now let us in imagination sail over the sea to France, and take a look at what was going on there three hundred years ago, for that is the way to find out how the fort came to be built.



All Europe was in turmoil. Mary—the “Bloody Mary,” the name by which she is best known—was Queen of England. She was burning men, women, and children alive, in a place called Smithfield, just out of London; not because they were robbers, or murderers, or had done anything worthy of death, but because they did not choose to acknowledge all the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and obey all the commands of the Pope of Rome and the priests of that Church. Charles V., King of Spain and Emperor of Germany, had been hunting down those who *protested* against the Pope’s authority, and who thus were called Protestants. Henry II., King of France, was equally bloodthirsty. He rode through the kingdom with a great company of noblemen and officers and court favorites, men and women. There were five or six thousand, dressed in crimson, scarlet, and purple, with nodding plumes in their caps. It was a magnificent sight, and the country people stood amazed when they saw the gay cavaliers on their prancing steeds. As Henry was a zealous Catholic, the Holy Inquisition of the Roman Catholic Church planned an entertaining spectacle when he entered Paris. Outside the city gates there was a row of gibbets, from which Protestants hung dangling by the neck, or were roasting alive over slow fires. All of this hanging, burning, and roasting, in England, France, and Spain, gave great delight to the wicked old Pope, Paul IV., in Rome. He was seventy years old, tall and thin, with fiery eyes, bloodthirsty

and bigoted, who said to those around him, "I am chosen of God to kill heretics and purify the Holy Church." He used to sit several hours alone at his table, drinking thick black wine, and talking to his cardinals of what he intended to do. But one day in August, 1559, the wicked old tyrant died, which gave great joy to Protestants everywhere. The bloody Mary of England died also, and her sister Elizabeth became queen. Henry of France had a tilt at a tournament with a stout Scotch knight, and received his death-wound, and his son Francis, sixteen years old, became king; but he also died in 1559.

Then there came a boy-king to the throne of France, Henry's second son, Charles IX. He was only eleven years old when he became king, which seems very foolish to us, who live in this age and under a free republican government. It was foolish. Boys are not fit to be kings. The boy was called the king, but his mother told him what to do. Her name was Catharine de' Medici. She was crafty and cruel, and one of the most wicked women that ever lived.

The Protestants in France were called Huguenots, — a word which means a sudden gathering of people. Among the Huguenots was one noble soldier, Admiral Coligny, who had fought gloriously for the kingdom. He was a pure-minded, noble man. He wished for peace and quietness, and influenced the king to call the great council of the kingdom together to consult upon the matter. They assembled at the king's palace of Fontainebleau.

"We claim the right to worship God publicly, in our own way, and we ask that we may have churches of our own," said Admiral Coligny in behalf of the Huguenots.

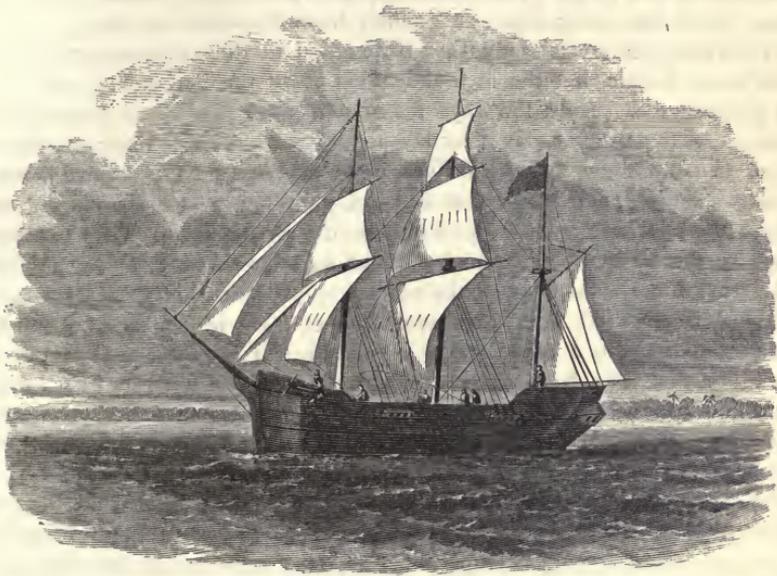
"If you allow them to have churches and set up their own worship," said Cardinal Lorraine, "you will be responsible for their heresy and destroy your own soul."

The king heard all that they had to say, — or his mother heard it for him; and he decided that the Roman Catholic cardinals, bishops, and priests should be judges of what was heresy, and that all heretics should be sent to prison or banished from the empire. This was better than to be hung, or roasted over a slow fire; but it seemed very hard to the Huguenots.

The good Admiral Coligny then obtained permission from the king for Huguenots to settle in America. Two ships were sent to Brazil, but the attempt to found a colony there was a failure. But another expedition, composed of two ships, commanded by John Ribault, was sent out to make a settlement in Florida.

Ribault had a safe passage, reached the coast, sailed along the shores, and one bright May morning entered a river which he named "the River of May"; it is the St. John's River in Florida. Then, sailing north, he came to an inlet which was so wide and spacious that he called it Port Royal. He sailed up the harbor, enchanted with the prospect around him. He cast anchor, and sent out parties in his small boats to explore the shores. They were charmed by the music of the strange birds, which sang in the woods through the long summer days. Deer were feeding in the meadows. The

air was fragrant with flowers. Grape-vines grasped the tallest trees in their embrace. It made them think of their own sunny France, to gaze upon the heavy clusters of ripening fruit. This was their promised land,—this the place for their future home. So, selecting a suitable site for a settlement, they built this fort and called it Fort Carolina, after the boy-king of France.



Ribault left Captain Albert with twenty-five men to begin the colony, and sailed down the bay, passed out to sea, and trimmed his sails for a voyage to France. The Indians were kind to the new-comers. The chiefs used to come down Broad River in their canoes, and have a talk with the Frenchmen. It is not difficult to imagine the dusky warriors sitting cross-legged by the camp-fires,—making signs, telling Captain Albert that there is plenty of corn to be had away in the west. We can imagine the Captain going up the river in his boat, the oars gently plashing in the water.

The Captain received kind treatment from the chiefs, and came back with his boat loaded with corn, to find that a fire had accidentally caught in the fort and burned up several of their huts and a large portion of their supplies. But two Indian chiefs, with their warriors, came down Beaufort River, drew their boats up on the beach, and made signs that they would help them rebuild the fort, for which the Captain thanked them.

But Captain Albert was harsh and cruel to his men. He ordered one, who had done something out of the way, to be starved to death. The soldiers stood by their comrade, mutinied, and killed the Captain. Then they elected Nicholas Barre to be their commander. They lived peaceably among themselves after that, as also with the Indians.

But, as the months rolled by, they longed to return to France. They feared

that Ribault was lost, or had forgotten them. Their home-sickness was hard to bear. They resolved to make the attempt to get back to their friends. All hands went to work to build a ship. It was a small craft; but they had axes and saws, and after months of patient labor they were able to launch it. They caulked the seams with grass. They cut down the tall pitch-pines, and obtained tar and resin. They made ropes of the tough fibres of the grape-vine. They took their shirts and sewed them together for sails.

When everything was ready, they bade adieu to the Indians, parted from their good friends, left the fort, and sailed down the harbor and out upon the heaving sea. For a few days they made good progress. Then a calm came on, and day after day they lay almost motionless. Their provisions began to fail. They put themselves upon an allowance of twelve kernels of corn a day. Their water was fast going. Then a storm came on, and their little craft was tossed like a chip on the great waves. They expected to go to the bottom, but the wind lulled and their hopes revived. Their last kernel of corn was gone,—their last drop of water. Some of their number had already died, and death stared all of them in the face. Then up spake one of them, a noble fellow, who said, "It is better that one of us should die than all. I am ready." But they would not listen to him. They could not bear the thought of eating human flesh, and they floated on another day. Then they cast lots to see who should die, and the lot fell to the one who had said that he was ready.

Calmly, as if lying down to sleep, he folded his hands, bared his neck, and, when the fatal stroke was given, died without a struggle. It was horrible; but starving men will do anything. Their lives were saved; for they soon fell in with an English vessel, homeward bound from the West Indies, and were carried some to France and some to England.

Such is the brief story of this old Fort Carolina, which has given a name to two States of the Union, and which, as we walk round the low wall, sets us to thinking of those terrible times when Elizabeth was Queen of England; of Mary of Scotland, who was beheaded by Elizabeth; of the great Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which came a few years later, in 1572, when the boy-king was a young man, and issued the order, at the instigation of his mother, which caused the slaughter of seventy thousand Protestants,—among them the noble old Admiral Coligny, who had sent out Ribault's expedition.

Sitting there beneath the magnolias, it seemed as if I could hear the great bell of the Church of St. Germain, in Paris, toll the signal for the commencement of the slaughter. How horrible those scenes! Thousands of corpses of men, women, and children in the streets! the pavements thick with blood! the king shooting the fleeing fugitives from his palace windows! his mother rejoicing at the sight, sitting down to write to the Pope an account of what was going on,—taking great pleasure in describing the shooting and hanging, the cries of the murdered thousands begging for mercy, and how God had been honored by their destruction! Then in Rome we see the Pope, who claims to be the head of the true Church, the representative of pure

religion, walking in solemn procession to St. Peter's, to give thanks to God that seventy thousand Protestants had been hacked to pieces!

But the conscience of the boy-king began to trouble him. He became haggard and pale. He could not sleep. There was no pleasure in life. He had a physician named Ambrose Pace, who gave him medicine, and who did all that he could to give sleep and rest to the king, but in vain. Three days after the massacre he said, "Sleeping or waking, the murdered Huguenots seem ever present to my eyes, with ghastly faces and weltering in blood. I wish the helpless and innocent had been spared."

His wicked mother kept crying, "Kill them! kill them!" and so for days and weeks, all over France, the Huguenots were murdered in cold blood.

But the king was wasting away. He was wrinkled, withered, and looked like an old man. He suffered great pain, and died in excruciating agony of body and mind when he was only twenty-five years old, — with the murdered Huguenots ever before his eyes.

These terrible events — this wholesale destruction of so many people, many of them the best citizens of France — put an end to all further attempts to build up a colony at Port Royal; and so for one hundred years the old fort stood in the solitudes, visited only by the Indians. The oak-trees grew up around it, and threw out their sheltering branches. Vines began to creep over the crumbling walls, and birds built their nests undisturbed in the crevices of the rocks. But after many years Englishmen came to Jamestown, in Virginia. Other colonists came to Charleston, and, as time rolled on, settled along the shore, and purchased negroes from John Hawkins, an Englishman, who carried rum, tobacco, knives, and beads to Africa, and brought back slaves, sold them to the planters, and made himself rich. A great many other men went into the business, setting the tribes of Africa by the ears, — urging them to make war upon each other, that they might buy rum with the captives taken in battle. A great fleet of ships was employed in the slave-trade. There were dreadful scenes: — thousands of poor creatures were chained together, crowded between the decks, suffocated for want of air, their bodies tossed overboard to the hungry sharks which ever followed the ships. Men who called themselves good were engaged in this horrible business. Other men who thought they were doing justly bought them, and so encouraged the trade. It seems horrible to us now, but it was thought to be all right then. The great war which we have had was brought about because men did not recognize justice and equity. God is just. His laws are right and holy. We cannot violate them without suffering for it. Because John Hawkins and other-old pirates stole slaves from Africa, because our fathers bought them and put them to unrequited labor, we in this generation have to pay the penalty, in weeping and mourning for our friends who have fallen upon the battle-field. God says, "Be sure your sin will find you out"; — and it is just as true of a nation as of an individual. France paid a fearful penalty for the murdering of seventy thousand men, women, and children. She had terrible war and desolation, — the guillotine set up in every town. The Southern States rebelled against a

just government, and began a terrible civil war. They have been defeated. Their fine houses are burned, their plantations destroyed, their homes broken up, their sons killed, because they undertook to do wickedly. Such is the historic lesson which we read while sitting by the old fort. The owner of the plantation on which the fort stands was a fugitive. He fled very suddenly on the morning of the 7th of November, 1861, when he heard that the Yankees had captured the forts at the entrance of the harbor. He left his furniture, his hundreds of negroes, and fled in great fear, riding as fast as he could go up the road toward Beaufort. But of what happened on that morning, and what has transpired since then around Port Royal, I will tell you at another time.

Carleton.



A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

V.

“GRIMGRIFFINHOOF won't speak to you to-night,” said Jeannie Hadden, after tea, upon the balcony.

She was mistaken. There was something different, still, in Leslie Goldthwaite's look, as she came out under the sunset-light, from the looks that prevailed in the Thoresby group when they too made their appearance. The one moved self-forgetfully, — her consciousness and thought sent forth, not fluttering in her robes and ribbons; with the others there was a little air and bustle, as of people coming into an opera-box in presence of a full house. They said “Lovely!” and “Splendid!” of course, — their little word of applause for the scenic grandeur of mountain and heaven, and then the half of them turned their backs upon it, and commenced talking together about whether waterfalls were really to be given up or not, and of how people were going to look in high-crowned bonnets.

Mrs. Linceford told the “hummut” story to Marmaduke Wharne. The old man laughed till the Thoresby party turned to see.

“But I like one thing,” he said. “The woman was honest. Her ‘black apacky’ was most to her, and she owned up to it.”

The regular thing being done, outside, the company drifted back, as the shadows fell, to the parlor again. Mrs. Linceford's party moved also, and drifted with the rest. Marmaduke Wharne, quite graciously, walked after. The Lancers was just forming.

“The bear is playing tame and amiable,” whispered Jeannie. “But he 'll eat you up, for all that. I would n't trust him. He 's going to watch, to see how wicked you 'll be.”

“I shall let him see,” replied Leslie, quietly.

“Miss Goldthwaite, you 're for the dance to-night? For the ‘bright and kind and pleasant,’ eh?” the “bear” said, coming to her side within the room.

"If anybody asks me," answered Leslie, with brave simplicity. "I like dancing—*very* much."

"I 'll find you a partner, then," said Mr. Wharne.

She looked up, surprised; but he was quite in earnest. He walked across the room, and brought back with him a lad of thirteen or so,—well grown for his age, and bright and manly-looking; but only a boy, and a little shy and stiff at first, as boys have to be for a while. Leslie had seen him before, in the afternoon, rolling the balls through a solitary game of croquet; and, afterward, taking his tea by himself at the lower end of the table. He had seemed to belong to nobody, and as yet hardly to have got the "run" of the placé.

"This is Master Thayne, Miss Leslie Goldthwaite, and I think he would like to dance, if you please."

Master Thayne made a proper bow, and glanced up at the young girl with a smile lurking behind the diffidence in his face. Leslie smiled outright, and held out her hand.

It was not a brilliant *début*, perhaps. The Haddens had been appropriated by a couple of youths in frock coats and orthodox kids, with a suspicion of moustaches; and one of the Thoresbys had a young captain of cavalry, with gold bars on his shoulders. Elinor Hadden raised her pretty eyebrows, and put as much of a mock-miserable look into her happy little face as it could hold, when she found her friend, so paired, at her right hand.

"It's very good of you to stand up with me," said the boy, simply. "It's awful slow, not knowing anybody."

"Are you here alone?" asked Leslie.

"Yes; there was nobody to come with me. Oliver—my brother—will come by and by, and perhaps my uncle and the rest of them, to meet me where I'm to be, down among the mountains. We're all broken up this summer, and I'm to take care of myself."

"Then you don't stay here?"

"No; I only came this way to see what it was like. I've got a jolly place engaged for me, at Outledge."

"Outledge? Why, we are going there!"

"Are you? That's—jolly!" repeated the boy, pausing a second for a fresher or politer word, but unable to supply a synonyme.

"I'm glad you think so," answered Leslie, with her genuine smile again.

The two had already made up their minds to be friends. In fact, Master Thayne would hardly have acquiesced in being led up for introduction to any other young girl in the room. There had been something in Leslie Goldthwaite's face that had looked kind and sisterly to him. He had no fear of a snub with her; and these things Mr. Wharne had read, in his behalf, as well.

"He's a queer old fellow, that Mr. Wharne, is n't he?" pursued Master Thayne, after forward and back, as he turned his partner to place. "But he's the only one that's had anything to say to me, and I like him. I've been down to the old mill with him to-day. Those people"—motioning slightly toward the other set, where the Thoresbys were dancing—"were down there too. You'd ought to have seen them look! Don't they hate him, though?"

"Hate him? Why should they do that?"

"O, I don't know. People feel each other out, I suppose. And a word of his is as much as a whole preach of anybody's else. He says a word now and then, and it hits."

"Yes," responded Leslie, laughing.

"What *did* you do it for?" whispered Elinor, in hands across.

"I like him; he's got something to say," returned Leslie.

"Augusta's looking at you, like a hen after a stray chicken. She's all but clucking now."

"Mr. Wharne will tell her."

But Mr. Wharne was not in the room. He came back just as Leslie was making her way again, after the dance, to Mrs. Linceford.

"Will you do a gallop with me presently?—if you don't get a better partner, I mean," said Master Thayne.

"That would n't be much of a promise," answered Leslie, smiling. "I will, at any rate; that is, if—after I've spoken to Mrs. Linceford."

Mr. Wharne came up and said something to young Thayne, just then; and the latter turned eagerly to Leslie. "The telescope's fixed, out on the balcony; and you can see Jupiter and three of his moons! We must make haste, before *our* moon's up."

"Will you go and look, Mrs. Linceford?" asked Mr. Wharne of the lady, as Leslie reached her side.

They went with him, and Master Thayne followed. Jeannie and Elinor and the Miss Thoresbys were doing the inevitable promenade after the dance,—under difficulties.

"Who is your young friend?" inquired Mrs. Linceford, with a shade of doubt in her whisper, as they came out on the balcony.

"Master ——" Leslie began to introduce, but stopped. The name, which she had not been quite certain of, escaped her.

"My name is Dakie Thayne," said the boy, with a bow to the matron.

"Now, Mrs. Linceford, if you'll just sit here," said Mr. Wharne, placing a chair. "I suppose I ought to have come to you first; but it's all right," he added, in a low tone, over her shoulder. "He's a nice boy."

And Mrs. Linceford put her eye to the telescope. "Dakie Thayne! It's a queer name; and yet it seems as if I had heard it before," she said, looking away through the mystic tube into space, and seeing Jupiter with his moons, in a fair round picture framed expressly to her eye; yet sending a thought, at the same time, up and down the lists of a mental directory, trying to place Dakie Thayne among people she had heard of.

"I'll be responsible for the name," answered Marmaduke Wharne.

"'Dakie' is a nickname, of course; but they always call me so, and I like it best," the boy was explaining to Leslie, while they waited in the doorway.

Then her turn came. Leslie had never looked through a telescope upon the stars before. She forgot the galop, and the piano tinkled out its gayest notes unheard. "It seems like coming all the way back," she said, when she moved away for Dakie Thayne.

Then they wheeled the telescope upon its pivot eastward, and met our own moon coming up, as if in a grand jealousy, to assert herself within her small domain, and put out faint, far satellites of lordlier planets. They looked upon her mystic, glistening hill-tops, and down her awful craters; and from these they seemed to drop a little, as a bird might, and alight on the earth-mountains, looming close at hand, with their huge, rough crests and sides, and sheer escarpments white with nakedness; and so — got home again. Leslie, with her maps and gazetteer, had done no travelling like this.

She would not have cared, if she had known, that Imogen Thoresby was looking for her, within, to present, at his own request, the cavalry captain. She did not know in the least, absorbed in her pure enjoyment, that Marmaduke Wharne was deliberately trying her, and confirming his estimate of her, in these very things.

She danced her galop with Dakie Thayne, after she went back. The cavalry captain was introduced, and asked for it. "That was something," as Hans Andersen would say; but "What a goose not to have managed better!" was what Imogen Thoresby thought concerning it, as the gold bars turned themselves away.

Leslie Goldthwaite had taken what came to her, and she had had an innocent, merry time; she had been glad to be dressed nicely, and to look her best; — but somehow she had not thought of that much, after all; the old uncomfortableness had not troubled her to-night.

"*Just to be in better business.* That's the whole of it," she thought to herself, with her head upon the pillow. She put it in words, mentally, in the same off-hand fashion in which she would have spoken it to Cousin Delight. "One must look out for that, and keep at it. *That's* the eyestone-woman's way; and it's what has kept me from worrying and despising myself to-night. It only happened so, this time; it was Mr. Wharne, — not I. But I suppose one can always find something, by trying. And the trying —" The rest wandered off into a happy musing; and the musing merged into a dream.

Object and motive, — the "seeking first"; she had touched upon that, at last, with a little comprehension of its working.

She liked Dakie Thayne. The next day they saw a good deal of him; he joined himself gradually, but not obtrusively, to their party; they included him in their morning game of croquet. This was at her instance; he was standing aside, not expecting to be counted in, though he had broken off his game of *solitaire*, and driven the balls up to the starting-stake, as they came out upon the ground. The Thoresbys set had ignored him, always, being too many already among themselves, — and he was only a boy.

This morning there were only Imogen, and Etty, the youngest; a walking-party had gone off up the Cherry-Mountain road, and Ginevra was up stairs, packing; for the Thoresbys had also suddenly decided to leave for Outledge on the morrow. Mrs. Thoresby declared, in confidence, to Mrs. Linceford, that "old Wharne would make any house intolerable; and that Jefferson, at any rate, was no place for more than a week's stay." She "would n't have it mentioned in the house, however, that she was going, till the time came, —

it made such an ado ; and everybody's plans were at loose ends among the mountains, ready to fix themselves to anything at a day's notice ; they might have to-morrow's stage loaded to crushing, if they did not take care."

"But I thought Mrs. Devreaux and the Klines were with you," remarked Mrs. Linceford.

"Of our party? 'O, no indeed ; we only fell in with them here."

"Fell in" with them ; became inseparable for a week ; and now were stealing a march, — *dodging* them, — lest there might be an overcrowding of the stage, and an impossibility of getting outside seats ! Mrs. Thoresby was a woman of an imposing elegance and dignity, with her large curls of resplendent gray hair, high up on her temples, her severely-handsome dark eyebrows, and her own perfect, white teeth ; yet she could do a shabby thing, you see, — a thing made shabby by its motive. The Devreaux and Klines were only "floating people," boarding about, — not permanently valuable as acquaintances ; well enough to know when one met them, — that was all. Mrs. Thoresby had daughters ; she was obliged to calculate as to what was worth while. Mrs. Linceford had an elegant establishment in New York ; she had young sisters to bring out ; there was suitability here ; and the girls would naturally find themselves happy together.

Dakie Thayne developed brilliantly at croquet. He and Leslie, with Etty Thoresby, against Imogen and the Haddens, swept triumphantly around the course, and came in to the stake, before there had been even a "rover" upon the other side. Except, indeed, as they were *sent* roving, away off over the bank and down the road, from the sloping, uneven ground, — the most extraordinary field, in truth, on which croquet was ever attempted. But then you cannot expect a level, velvet lawn on the side of a mountain.

"Children always get the best of it at croquet, — when they know anything at all," said Imogen Thoresby, discontentedly, throwing down her mallet. "You 'poked' awfully, Etty."

Etty began an indignant denial ; unable to endure the double accusation of being a child, — she, a girl in her fourteenth year, — and of "poking." But Imogen walked away quite unconcernedly, and Jeannie Hadden followed her. These two, as nearest in age, were growing intimate. Ginevra was almost too old, — she was twenty.

They played a four-ball game then ; Leslie and Etty against Elinor and Dakie Thayne. But Elinor declared — laughing, all the same, in her imper- turbably good-natured way — that not only Etty's pokes were against her, but that Dakie would *not* croquet Leslie's ball down hill. Nothing ever really put Elinor Hadden out, the girls said of her, except when her hair would n't go up ; and then it was funny to see her. It was a sunbeam in a snarl, or a snow-flurry out of a blue sky. This in parenthesis, however ; it was quite true, as she alleged, that Dakie Thayne had taken up already that chivalrous attitude toward Leslie Goldthwaite which would not let him act otherwise than as her loyal knight, even though opposed to her at croquet.

"You 'll have enough of that boy," said Mrs. Linceford, when Leslie came in and found her at her window that overlooked the wickets. "There 's



nothing like a masculine creature of that age for adoring and monopolizing a girl two or three years older. He 'll make you mend his gloves, and he 'll beg your hair-ribbons for hat-strings; and when you 're not dancing or playing croquet with him, he 'll be after you with some boy-hobby or other, wanting you to sympathize and help. 'I know their tricks and their manners.'” But she looked amused and kind while she threatened, and Leslie only smiled back and said nothing.

Presently fresh fun gathered in Mrs. Linceford's eyes. “You 're making queer friends, child, do you know, at the beginning of your travels? We shall have Cocky-locky, and Turkey-lurky, and Goosie-pooseie, and all the rest of them, before we get much farther. Don't breathe a word, girls,” she went on, turning toward them all, and brimming over with merriment and mischief,—“but there 's the best joke brewing. It's just like a farce. Is the door shut, Elinor? And are the Thoresbys gone up stairs? They 're going with us, you know? And there 's nothing to be said about it? And it's partly to get away from Marmaduke Wharne? Well, *he's* going, too. And it's greatly because they 're spoiling the place for him here. He thinks he 'll try Outledge; and there 's nothing to be said about that either! And I 'm the unhappy depository of all their complaints and secrets. And if

nobody's stopped, they'll all be off in the stage with us to-morrow morning! I could n't help telling you, for it was too good to keep."

The secrets were secrets through the day; and Mrs. Linceford had her quiet fun, and opportunity for her demure teasing.

"How long since Outledge was discovered and settled? By the moderns, I mean," said Mr. Wharne. "What chance will one really have of quiet there?"

"Well, really, to be honest, Mr. Wharne, I'm afraid Outledge will be just at the rampant stage this summer. It's the second year of anything like general accommodation, and everybody has just heard of it, and it's the knowing and stylish thing to go there. For a week or two it may be quiet; but then there'll be a jam. There'll be hops, and tableaux, and theatricals, of course; interspersed with 'picnicking at the tomb of Jehoshaphat,' or whatever mountain solemnity stands for that. It'll be human nature right over again, be assured, Mr. Wharne."

Yet, somehow, Mr. Wharne would not be frightened from his determination. Until the evening; when plans came out, and good-byes and wonders and lamentations began.

"Yes, we have decided quite suddenly; the girls want to see Outledge; and there's a pleasant party of friends, you know, — one can't always have that. We shall probably fill a stage, — so they will take us through, instead of dropping us at the Crawford House." In this manner Mrs. Thoresby explained to her dear friend, Mrs. Devreaux.

"We shall be quite sorry to lose you all. But it would only have been a day or so longer, at any rate. Our rooms are engaged for the fifteenth, at Saratoga; we've very little time left for the mountains, and it would n't be worth while to go off the regular track. We shall probably go down to the Profile on Saturday."

And then — *da capo* — "Jefferson was no place really to *stay* at; you got the whole in the first minute," &c., &c.

"Good night, Mrs. Linceford. I'm going up to unpack my valise and make myself comfortable again. All things come round, or go by, I find, if one only keeps one's self quiet. But I shall look in upon you at Outledge yet." These were the stairway words of Marmaduke Wharne to-night.

"'One gets the whole in the first minute'! How can they keep saying that? Look, Elinor, and see if you can tell me where we are?" was Leslie's cry, as, early next morning, she drew up her window-shade to look forth — on what?

Last night had lain there, underneath them, the great basin between Starr King, behind, and the roots of that lesser range, far down, above which the blue Lafayette uprears itself. An enormous valley, filled with evergreen forest, over whose tall pines and cedars one looked, as if they were but juniper and blueberry bushes; far up above whose heads the real average of the vast mountain-country heaped itself in swelling masses, — miles and miles of beetling height and solid breadth. This morning it was gone; only the great peaks showed themselves, as a far-off, cliff-bound shore, or here and there a green island in a vast, vaporous lake. The night-chill had come

down among the heights, condensing the warm exhalations of the valley-bosom that had been shone into all day yesterday by the long summer sun ; till, when he lifted himself once more out of the east, sending his leaping light from crest to crest, white fallen clouds were tumbling and wreathing themselves about the knees and against the mighty bosoms of the giants, and at their feet the forest was a sea.

"We must dress, and we must look!" exclaimed Leslie, as the early summons came for them. "O dear! O dear! if we were only like the birds! or if all this would wait till we get down!"

"Please drop the shade just a minute, Les. This glass is in such a horrid light! I don't seem to have but half a face, and I can't tell which is the upside of that! And—O dear! I've no *time* to get into a fuss!" Elinor had not disdained the beauty and wonder without; but it was, after all, necessary to be dressed, and in a given time; and a bad light for a looking-glass is such a disastrous thing!

"I've brushed out half my crimps," she said again; "and my ruffle is basted in wrong side out, and altogether I'm got up *à la furieuse!*" But she laughed before she had done scolding, catching sight of her own exaggerated little frown in the distorting glass, that was unable, with all its malice, to spoil the bright young face when it came to smiles and dimples.

And then Jeannie came knocking at the door. They had spare minutes, after all, and the mists were yet tossing in the valley when they went down. They were growing filmy, and floating away in shining fragments up over the shoulders of the hills, and the lake was lower and less, and the emerging green was like the "Thousand Islands."

They waited a little there, in the wide, open door, together, and looked out upon it; and then the Haddens went round into their sister's room, and Leslie was left alone in the rare, sweet, early air. The secret joy came whispering at her heart again; that there was all this in the world, and that one need not be utterly dull and mean, and dead to it; that something in her answered to the greatness overshadowing her; that it was possible, sometimes, and that people did reach out into a larger life than that of self and every-day. How else did the great mountains draw them to themselves so? But then she would not always be among the mountains.

And so she stood, drinking in at her eyes all the shifting and melting splendors of the marvellous scene, with her thought busy, once more, in its own questioning. She remembered what she had said to Cousin Delight: "It is all outside. Going, and doing, and seeing, and hearing, and having. In myself, am I good for any more, after all? Or only—a green fig-tree in the sunshine?"

Why, with that word, did it all flash together for her, as a connected thing? Her talk that morning, many weeks ago, that had seemed to ramble so from one irrelevant matter to another,—from the parable to her fancy-travelling,—the scenes and pleasures she had made for herself, wondering if the real would ever come,—to the linen-drawer, representing her little feminine absorptions and interests,—and back to the fig-tree again, ending with that word,— "the real living is the urging toward the fruit"? Her day's journey,

and the hints of life — narrowed, suffering, working — that had come to her, each with its problem? Marmaduke Wharne's indignant protest against people who "did not know their daily bread," and his insistence upon the *two* things for human creatures to do, — the *receiving* and the giving; the taking from God, in the sunshine, to grow; the ripening into generous uses for others; was it all one, and did it define the whole, and was it identical, in the broadest and highest, with that sublime double command whereon "hang the law and the prophets"?

Something like this passed into her mind and soul, brightening there, like the morning. It seemed, in that glimpse, so clear and gracious, — the truth that had been puzzling her.

Easy, beautiful summer-work; only to be shone upon; to lift up one's branching life, and be — reverently — glad; to grow sweet and helpful and good-giving, in one's turn; — could she not begin to do that? Perhaps — by ever so little; the fruit might be but a berry, yet it might be fair and full, after its kind; and, at least, some little bird might be the better for it. All around her, too, the life of the world that had so troubled her, — who could tell, in the tangle of green, where the good and the gift might ripen and fall? Every little fern-frond has its seed.

Jeannie came behind her again, and called her back to the contradictory phase of self, that, with us all, is almost ready, like Peter, to deny the true. "What are you deep in now, Les?"

"Nothing. Only — we go *down* from here, don't we, Jeannie?"

"Yes. And a very good thing for you, too. You've been in the clouds long enough. I shall be glad to get you to the common level again."

"You've no need to be anxious. I can come down as fast as anybody. *That* is n't the hard thing to do. Let's go in, and get salt-fish and cream for our breakfast."

The Haddens were new to mountain travel; the Thoresbys, literally, were "old stagers"; they were up in the stable-yard before Mrs. Linceford's party came out from the breakfast-room. Dakie Thayne was there too; but that was quite natural for a boy.

They got their outside seats by it, scrambling up before the horses were put to, and sitting there while the hostlers smiled at each other over their work. There was room for two more, and Dakie Thayne took a place; but the young ladies looked askance, for Ginevra had been detained by her mother, and Imogen had hoped to keep a seat for Jeannie, without drawing the whole party after her, and running aground upon politeness. So they drove round to the door.

"First come, first served," cried Imogen, beckoning Jeannie, who happened to be there, looking for her friend. "I've saved a place for you"; — and Jeannie Hadden, nothing loath, as a man placed the mounting-board, sprang up and took it.

Then the others came out. Mrs. Thoresby and Mrs. Linceford got inside the vehicle at once, securing comfortable back corner-seats. Ginevra, with Leslie and Elinor, and one or two others too late for their own interests, but

quite comprehending the thing to be preferred, lingered while the last trunks went on, hoping for room to be made somehow.

"It's so gay on the top, going down into the villages. There's no fun inside," said Imogen, complacently, settling herself upon her perch.

"Won't there be another stage?"

"Only half-way. This one goes through."

"I'll go half-way on the other, then," said Ginevra.

"This is the best team, and goes on ahead," was the reply.

"You'll be left behind," cried Mrs. Thoresby. "Don't think of it, Ginevra!"

"Can't that boy sit back, on the roof?" asked the young lady.

"That boy" quite ignored the allusion; but presently, as Ginevra moved toward the coach-window to speak with her mother, he leaned down to Leslie Goldthwaite. "I'll make room for *you*," he said.

But Leslie had decided. She could not, with effrontery of selfishness, take the last possible place, — a place already asked for by another. She thanked Dakie Thayne, and, with just one little secret sigh, got into the interior, placing herself by the farther door.

At that moment she missed something. "I've left my brown veil in your room, Mrs. Linceford"; — and she was about to alight again to go for it.

"I'll fetch it," cried Dakie Thayne from overhead, and, as he spoke, came down, on her side, by the wheel, and, springing around to the house entrance, disappeared up the stairs.

"Ginevra!" Then there came a laugh and a shout and some crinoline against the forward open corner of the coach, and Ginevra Thoresby was by the driver's side. A little ashamed, in spite of herself, though it was done under cover of a joke; but "All's fair among the mountains," somebody said, and "Possession's nine points," said another, and the laugh was with her, seemingly.

Dakie Thayne flushed up, hot, without a word, when he came out, an instant after.

"I'm *so* sorry!" said Leslie, with real regret, accented with honest indignation.

"It's your place," called out a rough man, who made the third upon the coach-box. "Why don't you stick up for it?"

The color went down slowly in the boy's face, and a pride came up in his eye. He put his hand to his cap, with a little irony of deference, and lifted it off with the grace of a grown man. "I know it's my place. But the young lady may keep it — now. *I'd* rather be a gentleman!" said Dakie Thayne.

"You've got the best of it!" This came from Marmaduke Wharne, as the door closed upon the boy, and the stage rolled down the road toward Cherry Mountain.

There is a "best" to be got out of everything; but it is neither the best of place or possession, nor the chuckle of the last word.

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."

THE ENGLISH REDBREAST AND THE AMERICAN ROBIN.

WHEN our ancestors first came from Old England to America, they brought with them the old associations and recollections of the home they were leaving. Unwilling to part at once with these old and dear associations, they sought to keep alive many familiar names by bestowing them upon similar objects in America. In so doing they have caused much confusion. The same terms do not mean the same things in Old England and in New England. The ivy of Europe is a very different plant from the poisonous species of sumac which is here called by that name. Our New-England dogwood is also a sumac, and not a true dogwood. Our woodbine is not the same vine meant in English books by that name; and the Robin of North America is totally unlike the dear old Robin Redbreast whose benevolent attentions to the unfortunate Babes in the Wood have invested the name of Robin with the affectionate associations of childhood wherever the English language is spoken.



The Robin Redbreast more nearly resembles our common Bluebird than any other of our native birds, although the latter is somewhat larger. The Redbreast of Europe is quite a small bird, being only about five inches and three quarters from the tip of its bill to the end of its tail-feathers. The principal color of this bird is a yellowish olive-brown. The throat and breast are of a reddish-orange color, and this gives to them their name of Redbreast.

They are very common in Europe, and especially so in England. They remain all the year round, and appear to be even more numerous

in winter than in summer. This may be partly owing to their deserting the frozen fields and snow-covered gardens, where they can no longer obtain food, and resorting to the habitations of man.

In the summer time they feed upon insects and berries. In the winter, every rural dwelling is resorted to by these charming little birds, who seldom

fail to meet with a cordial welcome from the young folks of Old England. Where they are well treated they soon become very familiar and make themselves quite at home, entering the cottage doors, picking up the crumbs thrown to them, and often roosting contentedly over night in their warm and hospitable kitchens.

The poet Thomson thus describes the manner in which little Robin Redbreast enters a cottage to pick up the needed food : —

“The Redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet.”

Mr. Yarrell, the English naturalist, tells us that the Redbreast has a sprightly air, a full, dark eye, which, with the sidelong turn of its head which it puts on when thus appealing for human aid, gives an appearance of sagacity and inquiry to its character. This, aided by its trusting confidence, gains it friends everywhere, and the Robin has accordingly become a familiar domestic pet in almost every country of Europe.

The Redbreast has a sweet and plaintive, but not a powerful song, which it keeps up, like our own Bluebird, — which in this respect also it most resembles, — from early spring to late in autumn. It builds a very pretty and neatly-constructed nest of mosses, dried leaves, and dead grasses, lined with fine hair and soft feathers. These are placed near the ground, in thick bushes, or in holes in walls, among branches of ivy. English books of natural history are full of interesting narratives of the beautiful confidence in man shown by the Redbreast in selecting a place for its nest.

One pair selected a small cottage adjoining a large blacksmith's shop, where, throughout the day, a constant noise was made by the forge. They entered through an open window, and built their nest in a child's covered cart, hanging on a peg over the fireplace. Here the pair built their first nest early in spring. Although they were attentively watched by crowds of curious spectators, they raised their brood, and, as soon as these could fly, built a second nest on a shelf on the opposite side of the room. Here, too, they raised successfully a second brood ; and as soon as these could take care of themselves, the same pair built a third nest in a different part of the room, on a bundle of papers on a shelf ; and there, late in June, the pair were seen feeding their four fledglings, unmindful of a roomful of featherless bipeds looking curiously on.

Another pair of Redbreasts chose for their nest a shelf in a school-room, in which there were some seventy children at school, and directly over the heads of a little class of girls, who never once disturbed them. There they hatched out five eggs. One of their little birds died, and the parents carried

out its dead body during school hours. The other four little Robins were fed and reared, day by day, in the presence of the seventy children. Do you wonder that the young folks of England are so fond of their confiding Robin Redbreast?

But we will tell you one more anecdote, still more interesting. In one of the churches of Old England the Bible had been left on the sacred desk lying open, with one part resting on a raised ledge, leaving a hollow place between it and the cushion. There a pair of Robins, before the following Sunday, built their nest and deposited their eggs. The next Sunday, during divine service, there the mother bird boldly sat, undisturbed either by the music of the choir, the reading of the services, or the responses of the congregation. On the following Sunday there were five little young Robins in the nest; and all through the morning and evening services the parent birds were flying in and out, bringing food to their little ones, unmindful of the congregation over whose heads they passed and repassed in the discharge of their parental duties.

Such is the Robin Redbreast of Europe. We have no bird in this part of America which quite equals it in its confiding trust and its sociable and affectionate familiarity. Our Robin, so called from some fancied resemblance in its colors, is a very different bird in all respects.



The Robin of North America belongs to a very different family, — that of the Thrushes. It is of nearly twice the length of the Redbreast, and more than twice its size. Having been so fortunate as to receive the name by which it is now generally known, and having some good qualities of its own, the American Robin is quite as much of a favorite as it deserves to be, — more so than a good many other birds far more worthy of our favor.

Our Robin is probably one of the most common birds all over North America. In summer it is found as far to the north as the Arctic seas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans; and in winter it is found in all the Southern States and in Mexico. It is called the Migratory Thrush by Audubon, because it leaves us when winter comes on, and

does not return until the frost is out of the ground. It does this probably because its food fails it in winter, — not because of the cold. In the thick woods in the valleys of the White Mountains, where berries are plentiful all the year round, the Robin stays through all the very severe winters.

The American Robin possesses some traits of character not altogether to be commended. He is greedy, voracious, and wasteful of the good things of our gardens. He helps himself to our cherries. He eats more than he needs, and wastes more than he eats. He plunders our strawberry-beds, and there too he picks to pieces and destroys unnecessarily more than he eats. So, too, the Robin appropriates our currants, and, later in the season, helps himself to ripe pears, if we leave them to ripen within his reach; and he is also accused of helping himself in the autumn to our grapes. The worst of it is that he does not seem to know when he has had enough. Too often will he eat more than is good for himself. In South Carolina he will devour the berries of a tree called the *Pride of India*, in such large quantities as to disable himself from flying, and large numbers are taken and destroyed after they have thus fed upon these berries, becoming an easy prey.

The Robin is also a quarrelsome fellow, and will sometimes drive away from the garden where it resorts other kinds of unoffending birds which deserve better treatment. A pair of Robins once undertook to prevent several families of Swallows from returning to their own homes in a Martin-box, in order to feed their young. The Robins stood doggedly before the entrance to the nest of the Swallows, and refused to permit them to pass in. The poor Swallows, not strong enough to fight their own battles alone, told their grievances to their neighbors, who came in large numbers and resolutely attacked the Robins; but even they were not strong enough to break the blockade until the owner of the garden appeared, and raised the siege by driving the Robins away.

But these are the worst points in our Robin's character. It has its good points too, and these are not few. Its very greediness enables it to do a great deal of good. In the spring of the year, when there are no berries for it to feed upon, it destroys a vast number of injurious insects, slugs, and worms, which, but for the Robin, might destroy whole crops.

Like the Robin of Europe, our bird also has a confiding disposition; though its confidence has more of the boldness of one who demands a right, than of the gentle trust of one who seeks a favor. Early in spring, long before there are any leaves to shelter or hide his nest, our Robin openly constructs his large coarse nest of mud and hay, in places more or less exposed. His very boldness assures his safety, under the protection of man, from other enemies. He builds his nest often in places singularly exposed to interruption and observation. In one instance it was near a blacksmith's forge; in another, it was on the timbers of a half-finished ship on the stocks, upon which the carpenters were still at work. It is a very common thing to find its nests on the porches of houses, over window-sills, and in other places which bring it into similar intimacy with man.

The Robin is a deservedly popular singer. Its notes are said, by persons

familiar with those of the far-famed Blackbird of Europe, to so greatly resemble those of the latter bird as to be hardly distinguishable. These are earnest, simple, and thrilling; and, being the first to open and among the last to close the great vernal concert of Nature, their notes are even more esteemed than those of many of our superior songsters.

The parental devotion of our Robin is one of its best traits. It is watchful, provident, and faithful to its young; jealous of any approach to its nest, and evincing the greatest anxiety at any appearance of danger. If its nest is approached too near, or its young molested, its cries of distress and alarm are made almost articulate with reproaches and remonstrances.

Our Robins, when taken sufficiently young, are easily tamed and reconciled to confinement. They soon become strongly attached to their benefactors where they are kindly treated, and perfectly tame and familiar. In our younger days, a pair of tame Robins made a part of our large family. They were allowed to come and go from their cage at pleasure, and would follow our father, when permitted to do so, wherever he went, — ever on the watch for food from his hands, or ready to see if he turned over the ground, that they might search for worms. They would come at his call, alight on his finger, or head, or shoulder; and would resent, with an amusing air of jealousy, any attempt of the smaller children to interfere with their privileges in these respects. One of our pets, very much to our sorrow, was accidentally killed. But our childish grief, sincere as it was, did not equal the inconsolable sorrow of its bereaved mate, which, refusing to be comforted, resisted all attempts to induce it to take food, and in a few days its loving spirit — for who can doubt that it had one? — had left it to follow its loved and loving mate.

Such is our American Robin, — bearing little resemblance in size, shape, colors, or character to its English namesake, yet not wholly undeserving of our favorable regard. We might all imitate with advantage its affectionate, loving disposition to its kindred and family; and esteem ourselves fortunate if we can make ourselves so generally welcome with our sweet and simple harmony as the Robin. Its faults, we will remember, are but the promptings of its natural instincts, planted there by a common Creator; and that we, who are better taught, have no excuse when we imitate them.

There are other birds called Robins also in America, but not properly. The Baltimore Oriole, of which we may say something in another number, is often called the Golden Robin. The Towhee Finch, one of the common birds of the woods, is known by many as the Ground Robin. In some parts of the State of New York, the showy Scarlet Tanager is only known as the French Robin. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the Hermit Thrush and the Olive-backed Thrush are both called the Swamp Robin. All this only shows that, as a people, we have little or no originality in giving names to new objects, — which is rather unfortunate, as it necessarily makes a good deal of confusion that might have been avoided.

T. M. B.

M A Y - D A Y .

“ May, sweet May, again is come,
 May, that frees the land from gloom ;
 Children, children, up and see
 All her stores of jollity ! ”

THUS sang a German Minnesinger of the twelfth century, Earl Conrad of Kirchberg by name, title, and residence. Suppose we “go a Maying” among old traditions and old poets for a little, and see with what rites and ceremonies our English ancestors welcomed the “merry month.”

We do not celebrate the first day of May to any extent in this country. When those grim old Puritans came across the sea in the good ship *Mayflower*, and landed on ice-covered Plymouth Rock, they brought with them, together with other stiff and uncomfortable things (their straight-backed, hard-seated chairs, for instance), an abhorrence for the light observance of any festival-day that might be traced to Heathen or Popish “idolatry.” And May-day, alas ! dates from both the Romans and the Druids. So May-day, Christmas, and other holidays found no footing on New England soil.

Christmas (clearly Papistical in origin) has asserted itself again, but May-day can never hope for much favor with us. For even farther to the south, where men of less rigid tastes and opinions settled, we lack at this season that profusion of wild-flowers that renders the month so great a favorite with English boys and girls. (In the far South, flowers bloom all the year, and May-day can possess no significance.) With us, that most sweet and lovely blossom, the *Trailing Arbutus*, — “Darling of the forest,” as *Rose Terry* prettily calls it, — has long since passed away. It came very early ; we plucked it perhaps from beneath a light spring snow ; it gladdened us beyond measure, but it is gone, and there is little to take its place. And, certainly, without flowers in plenty one cannot fitly celebrate a floral festival.

I know, indeed, some pleasant country places where little parties are made up to visit the woods and choose and crown a Queen ; but these are only feeble indications of that youthful love for the day which inspired *Tennyson’s* beautiful “*May Queen*.”

In England it is very different. The season has advanced with rapid stride ; already the earth is covered with luxuriance of wild-flowers, and Summer, lusty and impatient, knocks at the door. English writers upon country life abound with pictures of fragrant and beautiful May. What a wealth of wild blossoming does not that admirable writer for the young, *Thomas Miller*, spread before us when he says : “If May produced not another blossom beyond those which she hangs out upon our thousands of miles of hawthorn hedges, we should still hail her as *Queen of the Year*. O, is it not a pleasant thought to know that even ‘looped and windowed raggedness,’ the poorest beggar that ever wandered by the wayside, now inhales a fragrance worthy of the gardens of Heaven ?”

May-day is fitly celebrated where so much material for floral decoration

exists; but even in England the old customs have sadly fallen away. Once upon a time every village had its annual setting up of the May-pole, which was consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, the garlands upon it being left undisturbed till the ensuing year. At the present time, I presume a May-pole would hardly be discovered if one searched from end to end of "Merry England."

Washington Irving says: "I shall never forget the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green banks with all the dancing revelry of May-day. One can readily imagine what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London, when the doors were decorated with flowering branches, when every hat was decked with hawthorn, and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the morris-dancers, and all the other fantastic masks and revellers, were performing their antics about the May-pole in every part of the city."

Robin Hood, personated by some gay young fellow, presided in those gay old times as Lord of the May; while beside him Maid Marian, crowned as Lady of the May,

"With eyes of blue
Shining through dusk hair, like the stars of night,
And habited in pretty forest plight,
His greenwood beauty, sat, young as the dew."

Early on May morning, while the gradually brightening east shot upward faint spires of grayish light, and the damp breath of the night still floated over meadow and wood, the young people were up and out to "gather the May." The matter of the first moment was the May-pole. It was the custom in most parts of England for the landed gentry to allow the villagers the choice of a suitable tree on their domains; and a tall, straight sapling having been selected, it was speedily cut down and dragged to the village-green by oxen gayly decorated with flowers and bright-colored ribbons. It is stated that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was not uncommon to see as many as forty yoke of cattle employed in drawing a May-pole. Following it came youths and maidens bearing green branches and gay wreaths and nose-gays. Besides decorating the May-pole with these floral treasures, they fastened them to the cottage-doorways and twined them about the pillars in the village church. For it was a simple age, when simple pleasures satisfied the country people.

The custom of erecting a May-pole, as well as the practice of choosing a King and Queen (or Lord and Lady) of May, dates from the time of the Saxons, when yearly "Wittenagemotes," or assemblies of the Barons, were held in the month of May. During the absence of their chiefs the common people chose a King, who selected a Queen, and the two ruled in the stead of their lords, — he crowned with an oaken, she with a hawthorn wreath. A pole was put up to dance about, and the authority of the pair was respected while the Wittenagemote continued in session. The May-pole was sometimes a "Liberty-pole" too, in those days, its erection with a garland upon

its top being the signal for a meeting of the people when they saw cause for punishing or deposing their governors. But I must return to more modern times.

In some parts of the country the young men, rising earlier than the earliest maidens, were away to the woods with the following song: —

“Come, lads, with your bills,
To the woods we ’ll away,
We ’ll gather the boughs,
And we ’ll celebrate May.

“We ’ll bring our load home,
As we ’ve oft done before,
And leave a green bough
At each pretty maid’s door.”

Another English practice on the morning of May-day was the washing one’s face in newly-fallen dew. So late as the 2d day of May, 1791, the London “Morning Post” contained the following paragraph: “According to annual and superstitious custom, a number of persons went into the fields yesterday, and bathed their faces with dew on the grass, under the idea that it would render them beautiful.” Samuel Pepys, a noted gentleman of Charles the Second’s time, whose quaint diary many of our young folks will doubtless read some day, has the following note of the custom: “My wife away down to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre, and to lie there, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner has told her is the only thing to wash her face with.” He adds, — the sinner, — “I am contented with it”; and gives the reason for his contentment immediately thereafter: “I by water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring-garden; and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will or nothing — all as one: but to hear the nightingale and other birds; and here a fiddler, and there a harp, and here a laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty diverting,” says honest Mr. Pepys, whose wife is gone to Woolwich, “in order to a little ayre, and to gather May-dew.”

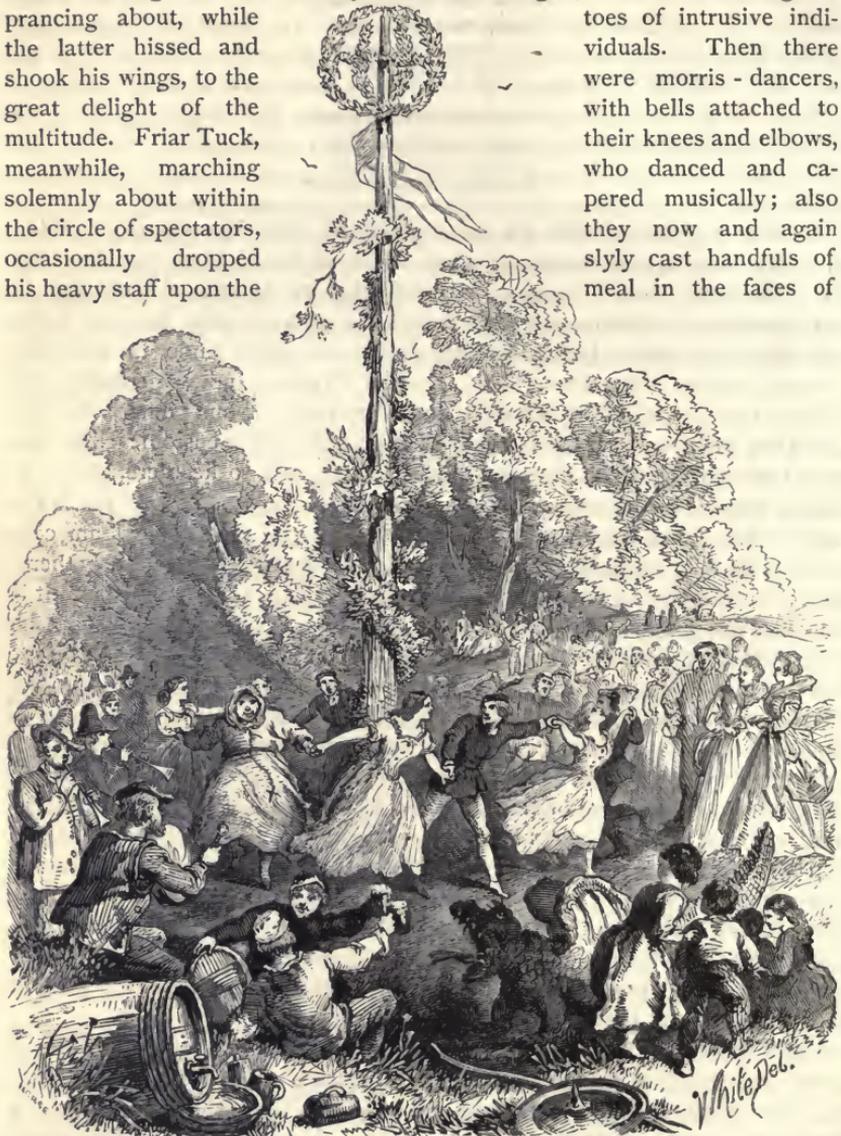
After the May-pole was fairly raised and decorated, when green bowers had been erected for the use of the Lord and Lady of the May, came the merry dances, the maskings and mummings peculiar to the day. In many places the nobles and gentry graced the festivities with their presence, and grotesque pantomime added to the enjoyment of the villagers. On these occasions there were Robin Hood and Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, Much the Miller’s Son, Little John, Will Scarlet, and all the other famous characters of merry Sherwood. Maid Marian was often splendidly attired, as the following ancient chronicle of one of these maskings setteth forth: —

“She was habited in a watchet-colored tunic reaching to the ground; over which she wore a white linen rochet with loose sleeves, fringed with silver and very neatly plaited; her girdle was of silver baudekin, fastened with a double bow on the left side; her long flaxen hair was divided into many ringlets, and flowed upon her shoulders; the top part of her head was covered with a network caul of gold, upon which was placed a garland of silver, ornamented with blue violets.”

[Possibly some of the young lady readers of "Our Young Folks" may fancy taking the pains to ascertain what was "watchet color," or what material was "silver baudekin." I protest that I know no more about it than my great-grandson will about "mauve" or "magenta," or "rats," "mice," "waterfalls," and other adjuncts of the present style of toilet.]

Into the ring came also a hobby-horse and a dragon, the former ambling and prancing about, while the latter hissed and shook his wings, to the great delight of the multitude. Friar Tuck, meanwhile, marching solemnly about within the circle of spectators, occasionally dropped his heavy staff upon the

toes of intrusive individuals. Then there were morris-dancers, with bells attached to their knees and elbows, who danced and capered musically; also they now and again slyly cast handfuls of meal in the faces of



the admiring rustics, or tapped them resoundingly on the head with an inflated bladder hung at the end of a pole. Not intellectual or refined

amusements, certainly, but well fitted to the cultivation and manners of the times, and far better than some of the more brutal sports that modern Englishmen delight in. After trials of skill in archery by Robin Hood and his fellows the regular pageant was concluded, and the villagers, thronging about the May-pole, passed the day in promiscuous dancing.

In the smaller places — the little villages lying here and there, far removed from the great world — much simpler ceremonies were practised, nearly every locality having its own peculiar observances, handed down from father to son. In Cornwall, for instance, it was the custom for a number of young men and women to assemble at a public-house on the evening of the 30th of April, and, waiting till the clock struck the hour of midnight, sally out with violins, drums, and other instruments to the various farm-houses within four or five miles around, where they were expected, and where they were treated to “junket” (curds and whey), cake, etc. Having thus feasted before daylight, they proceeded to gather the May. In Wales, similar parties go about to the farm-houses collecting money, which is used to defray the expenses of a village festival. In all cases, a dance around the village May-pole was the principal feature of the day’s proceedings.

Perhaps the most peculiar custom on record was that observed at Temple Sowerby, a village in Westmoreland, where on May-day the villagers assembled on the green and strove who should tell the most thoroughly improbable story, the winner receiving a prize. On one occasion a certain Bishop of Carlisle, passing in his carriage, was arrested by the throng, and inquired its cause. Upon being told, he delivered an impromptu sermon on the sin and folly of such conduct, concluding by saying that, for his part, he had never told a lie in his life. “The Bishop has won!” cried judges and people with one accord, and, whether he would or no, the prize was thrust upon him.

Those Mayers who went about in the early morning from house to house, affixing green branches to the doors, dancing, and sometimes begging, sang rude songs at each stopping-place, of one of which the following is a literal copy: —

“THE MAYERS’ SONG.

- “Remember us poor Mayers all,
And thus we do begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.
- “We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day,
And now returned back again
We have brought you a branch of May;
- “A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands,
It is but a sprout,
But it’s well budded out
By the work of our Lord’s hands.
- “The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leek,
Our Heavenly Father he watered them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

"The moon shines bright and the stars give a light
A little before it is day,
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

All the songs used upon these occasions that I have seen contain a quaint mixture of piety with May-flowers, and many of them not a little sage wisdom put in homely phrase. The following verse from one of them contains a sentiment found in nearly all: —

"Mirth we love, — the proverb says
Be ye merry, be ye wise;
We will walk in Wisdom's way,
There alone true pleasure lies."

But the May-poles and May dances, songs, and ceremonies were by no means confined to the country. Allusions to them by Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and all the lesser lights of English song, show their universality in the kingdom; and we find them flourishing with unabated gusto in the busy city of London itself, where, at one time, upon May morning, tall poles were duly erected, and verdant arbors stood in Cornhill and the Strand, while green branches overhung the street.

This was a great day for the milkmaids and chimney-sweeps, who paraded the streets in companies, begging a trifle from their customers. It is some sixty years now since the milkmaid of song and picture-book disappeared from the streets of London. Thirty odd years since a Londoner wrote as follows: —

"In London thirty years ago,
When pretty milkmaids went about,
It was a goodly sight to see
Their May-day pageant long drawn out: —

"Themselves in comely colors dressed,
Their shining garland in the middle,
A pipe and tabor on before,
Or else the foot-inspiring fiddle.

"They stopped at houses where it was
Their custom to cry, 'Milk below!'
And, while the music played, with smiles
Joined hands and pointed toe to toe.

"Such scenes and sounds once blest my eyes
And charmed my ears, — but all have vanished;
On May-day, now, no garlands go,
For milkmaids and their dance are banished."

When the sweeps turned out, they made a grotesque show indeed. One of the party, known as "Jack in the Green," was covered, with the exception of his legs, with green boughs, garlands, and nosegays; and moved, a dancing bouquet, up and down the streets. They had a Lord and Lady of May, also, attired with all the magnificence possible. And they collected considerable sums of money from the populace, the greater portion of which, I am sorry to say, their hard masters took from them and appropriated to themselves.

But there are neither May-poles nor morris-dancers nor Jacks in the Green now. The festival withstood the attacks of persecution, but died when the ancient simplicity of manners departed from the lower orders of the people, who were its chief upholders. Great abuses had arisen in the observance of the day, and the reforming Parliament (the men who afterwards beheaded Charles the First) passed an act in 1644 to the effect that "all and singular May-poles that are or shall be erected, shall be taken down and removed by the constables, bossholders, tithingmen, petty constables, and churchwardens of the parishes where the same be, and that no May-pole be hereafter set up, erected, or suffered to be set up within the kingdom of England or dominion of Wales; the said officers to be fined five shillings weekly till the said May-poles be taken down."

So the May-poles came down.

But though the erection of May-poles was abolished, the celebration of the day could not be entirely suppressed even by the stern hand of Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell; and in 1654 a London print entitled "The Moderate Intelligencer" contained the following notice: "This day was more observed by people's going a Maying than for divers years past, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meetings, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like."

The restoration of the gay and frivolous Charles the Second was of course a signal for the re-establishment of all those public amusements the "Round-heads" had frowned upon; and May-poles again arose, flower-crowned, garlanded with green, in every part of England. They flourished for a long time,—in remote rural nooks even to within the memory of many living men; but it is a question if they will ever arise again from their present downfall.

It would, perhaps, be a good and pleasant thing if they might. Many of the readers of this Magazine play a pretty, innocent, and healthful game, only a few years since revived in England. In Charles the Second's time it was called "Pall Mall," and the gay lords and ladies of his court enjoyed it hugely. Now we call it "Croquet." Possibly, before we are all gray, a fashion for May games and a May Queen may arise once more across the ocean, in which case, doubtless, we shall follow it to the best of our ability.

J. Warren Newcomb, Jr.





THE BLUEBIRD.

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
 Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging;
 Brave little fellow, the skies may be dreary;
 Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat, —
 Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
 Listen a while and you 'll hear what he 's saying,
 Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.

“Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
 You must be weary of winter I know;
 Hark while I sing you a message of cheer:
 Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!

“Little white snowdrop! I pray you arise;
 Bright yellow crocus! come open your eyes;
 Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
 Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
 Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear? —
 Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!”

Emily Huntington Miller.



SOMETHING ABOUT OUR BABY.

BY A DOLLY.

I AM the Dolly that came over in the big ship. I live now in the house with a baby. He is a great talker in his own way. Baby-talk is not a real language. It is made up from the language of flowers, and of birds, and of fishes. Have you never seen a baby hold up a flower and talk to it? They would like to do the same with a goldfish.

I will tell how our baby jabbers away to himself, or to me, or the rocking-horse. Some of it I heard, and some I dreamed, and some I guessed at. I learned to guess of a Yankee hen. She could guess when company was coming, and how soon it would be Thanksgiving Day, and which eggs would hatch out ducks.

Please to think of our baby sitting on the floor, and jabbering away, as I said before, after his own fashion, something like this :—

“Dear horse, whoa! and don’t rock on my toes. Rock on the cat. She’s a scratch-cat. Her tail is too short. I can’t reach it. She bites. I want to bite, but I can’t bite. I’m in a teething humor, but I can’t bite. They have n’t come,—I mean teeth. But they’re coming. They’ve been heard from.

“I want to get up, but I can’t get up. I tip over easy. Please turn round your tail this way. I want to get hold. There I go. I’m rolled over. You did n’t hold still. I’ll cry, for I’m not a well baby. Grandma says so; says no wonder; says I ought to have clear milk, with sugar in it, and ginger-bread crumbed in.

“Why don’t somebody jingle my playthings? I’ve done with the candle-

sticks. I don't want the button-bag tied up. I want the door-handle. I want the tin. I want a pile of it. Make a house. Knock it over. Hurrah! Clap your hands. Drum on a pan. Rattlety-bang. Make a racket. Dance me, trot me, shake me, cuddle me. Throw me up to the wall. Hurrah for a great stir!

"I don't want to tell what the sheep says. Why does everybody wish to know? Nor the cow, nor the rooster. They don't want it told of. The cat's got a secret. (P. K. Keep it private.) She's going to change her boarding-place, if they don't stop giving her sour milk. Thinks it hurts her voice. Likewise, if she can't have a night-key. P. K.

"No, I don't want to rock-a-by. I want to put sand in my mouth. I want all my clothes off. I want to spat in the water. Give me the poker. No, I sha'n't shake a day-day. I want to go myself. Bring out my hat and feather.

"One day I went to a party. Ten babies. They set us in a row. We all wore our best bibs, and towards night we all sang the same tune. Then the bottle was passed round.

"They told me to lay my little heddy downy, and go s'eeepy. But I'd rather pull hair.

"One little girl baby sat upon the floor. She was a pretty baby. Her eyes were blue as skim-milk, her skin white as a cotton-flannel rabbit, her hair curled up like a snarl of silk.

"I pulled it; I picked her eyes, I grabbed her, I mauled her, I fisted her, I cuffed her, I crawled over her. But next day I was sorry."

This is all true. He was rough with the little delicate girl baby. But the next day he was very sober, and cried more than once. They thought it was owing to something he had eaten at the party. But the canary-bird knew better. It was all plain to him. And he sang it to a little girl in white, and the little girl in white told it to the one she loved best, and the one she loved best wrote such verses as she thought our baby would like to have written if he had known enough.

They were sent to the delicate little girl baby. Also, there was sent a beautiful blue apron, with something rolled up in it very good and sweet.

Here are the verses:—

TO A VERY LITTLE MAIDEN.

Little maiden, maiden fair,
 List to me, list to me!
 Maiden with the wavy hair,
 I speak to thee.

Haughty little Lady May,
 Smooth thy brow, smooth thy brow!
 Graciously to what I say
 Hearken thou.

Excuses I have tried to find
 To smooth it over, smooth it over.
 But all in vain; my peace of mind
 I can't recover.

But when we thus have gone astray,
 And sadly grieve, sadly grieve,
 I've heard 't were much the prettier way
 To say, "Forgive."

And this sweet word, on bended knee,
 I now will say, humbly say.
 For all the wrong I did to thee,
 Forgive me, May I

Forgive me, too, that I make bold
 To send you this, send you this;
 Within it I have softly rolled
 A loving kiss.

'T is for an apron, sweetest love;
 Don't you see? don't you see?
 And when you wear it, little dove,
 Think of me.

Fairy one, with cheek so fair,
 Dark blue eye, sweet blue eye,
 Rosy mouth and golden hair,
 Good by.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.



MISS KATY-DID AND MISS CRICKET.

MISS KATY-DID sat on the branch of a flowering Azalia, in her best suit of fine green and silver, with wings of point-lace from Mother Nature's finest web.

Miss Katy was in the very highest possible spirits, because her gallant cousin, Colonel Katy-did, had looked in to make her a morning visit. It was a fine morning, too, which goes for as much among the Katy-dids as among men and women. It was, in fact, a morning that Miss Katy thought must have been made on purpose for her to enjoy herself in. There had been a patter of rain the night before, which had kept the leaves awake talking to each other till nearly morning, but by dawn the small winds had blown brisk little puffs, and whisked the heavens clear and bright with their tiny wings, as you have seen Susan clear away the cobwebs in your mamma's parlor; and so now there were only left a thousand blinking, burning water-drops, hanging like convex mirrors at the end of each leaf, and Miss Katy admired herself in each one.

"Certainly I am a pretty creature," she said to herself; and when the gallant Colonel said something about being dazzled by her beauty, she only tossed her head and took it as quite a matter of course.

"The fact is, my dear Colonel," she said, "I am thinking of giving a party, and you must help me make out the lists."

"My dear, you make me the happiest of Katy-dids."

"Now," said Miss Katy-did, drawing an azalia-leaf towards her, "let us see, — whom shall we have? The Fireflies, of course; everybody wants them, they are so brilliant; — a little unsteady, to be sure, but quite in the higher circles."

"Yes, we must have the Fireflies," echoed the Colonel.

"Well, then, — and the Butterflies and the Moths. Now, there 's a trouble. There 's such an everlasting tribe of those Moths; and if you invite dull people they 're always sure all to come, every one of them. Still, if you have the Butterflies, you can't leave out the Moths."

"Old Mrs. Moth has been laid up lately with a gastric fever, and that may keep two or three of the Misses Moth at home," said the Colonel.

"What ever could give the old lady such a turn?" said Miss Katy. "I thought she never was sick."

"I suspect it 's high living. I understand she and her family ate up a whole ermine cape last month, and it disagreed with them."

"For my part, I can't conceive how the Moths can live as they do," said Miss Katy with a face of disgust. "Why, I could no more eat worsted and fur, as they do —."

"That is quite evident from the fairy-like delicacy of your appearance," said the Colonel. "One can see that nothing so gross and material has ever entered into your system."

"I 'm sure," said Miss Katy, "mamma says she don't know what does keep me alive; half a dewdrop and a little bit of the nicest part of a rose-leaf, I assure you, often last me for a day. But we are forgetting our list. Let 's see, — the Fireflies, Butterflies, Moths. The Bees must come, I suppose."

"The Bees are a worthy family," said the Colonel.

"Worthy enough, but dreadfully hum-drum," said Miss Katy. "They never talk about anything but honey and housekeeping; still they are a class of people one cannot neglect."

"Well, then, there are the Bumble-Bees."

"O, I doat on them! General Bumble is one of the most dashing, brilliant fellows of the day."

"I think he is shockingly corpulent," said Colonel Katy-did, not at all pleased to hear him praised; — "don't you?"

"I don't know but he *is* a little stout," said Miss Katy; "but so distinguished and elegant in his manners, — something martial and breezy about him."

"Well, if you invite the Bumble-Bees you must have the Hornets."

"Those spiteful Hornets, — I detest them!"

"Nevertheless, dear Miss Katy, one does not like to offend the Hornets."

"No, one can't. There are those five Misses Hornet, — dreadful old maids! — as full of spite as they can live. You may be sure they will every one come, and be looking about to make spiteful remarks. Put down the Hornets, though."

"How about the Mosquitos?" said the Colonel.

“Those horrid Mosquitos,—they are dreadfully plebeian! Can't one cut them?”

“Well, dear Miss Katy,” said the Colonel, “if you ask my candid opinion as a friend, I should say *not*. There's young Mosquito, who graduated last year, has gone into literature, and is connected with some of our leading papers, and they say he carries the sharpest pen of all the writers. It won't do to offend him.”

“And so I suppose we must have his old aunts, and all six of his sisters, and all his dreadfully common relations.”

“It is a pity,” said the Colonel, “but one must pay one's tax to society.”

Just at this moment the conference was interrupted by a visitor, Miss Keziah Cricket, who came in with her work-bag on her arm to ask a subscription for a poor family of Ants who had just had their house hoed up in clearing the garden-walks.

“How stupid of them!” said Katy, “not to know better than to put their house in the garden-walk; that's just like those Ants!”

“Well, they are in great trouble; all their stores destroyed, and their father killed,—cut quite in two by a hoe.”

“How very shocking! I don't like to hear of such disagreeable things,—it affects my nerves terribly. Well, I'm sure I have n't anything to give. Mamma said yesterday she was sure she did n't know how our bills were to be paid,—and there's my green satin with point-lace yet to come home.” And Miss Katy-did shrugged her shoulders and affected to be very busy with Colonel Katy-did, in just the way that young ladies sometimes do when they wish to signify to visitors that they had better leave.

Little Miss Cricket perceived how the case stood, and so hopped briskly off, without giving herself even time to be offended. “Poor extravagant little thing!” said she to herself, “it was hardly worth while to ask her.”

“Pray, shall you invite the Crickets?” said Colonel Katy-did.

“Who? I? Why, Colonel, what a question! Invite the Crickets? Of what can you be thinking?”

“And shall you not ask the Locusts, or the Grasshoppers?”

“Certainly. The Locusts, of course,—a very old and distinguished family; and the Grasshoppers are pretty well, and ought to be asked. But we must draw a line somewhere,—and the Crickets! why, it's shocking even to think of!”

“I thought they were nice, respectable people.”

“O, perfectly nice and respectable,—very good people, in fact, so far as that goes. But then you must see the difficulty.”

“My dear cousin, I am afraid you must explain.”

“Why, their *color*, to be sure. Don't you see?”

“Oh!” said the Colonel. “That's it, is it? Excuse me, but I have been living in France, where these distinctions are wholly unknown, and I have not yet got myself in the train of fashionable ideas here.”

“Well, then, let me teach you,” said Miss Katy. “You know we republicans go for no distinctions except those created by Nature herself, and we found our rank upon *color*, because that is clearly a thing that none has any hand in but our Maker. You see?”

“Yes; but who decides what color shall be the reigning color?”

“I’m surprised to hear the question! The only true color—the only proper one—is *our* color, to be sure. A lovely pea-green is the precise shade on which to found aristocratic distinction. But then we are liberal;—we associate with the Moths, who are gray; with the Butterflies, who are blue-and-gold-colored; with the Grasshoppers, yellow and brown;—and society would become dreadfully mixed if it were not fortunately ordered that the Crickets are black as jet. The fact is, that a class to be looked down upon



is necessary to all elegant society, and if the Crickets were not black, we could not keep them down, because, as everybody knows, they are often a great deal cleverer than we are. They have a vast talent for music and dancing; they are very quick at learning, and

would be getting to the very top of the ladder if we once allowed them to climb. But their being black is a convenience,—because, as long as we

are green and they black, we have a superiority that can never be taken from us. Don't you see now?"

"O yes, I see exactly," said the Colonel.

"Now that Keziah Cricket, who just came in here, is quite a musician, and her old father plays the violin beautifully; — by the way, we might engage him for our orchestra."

And so Miss Katy's ball came off, and the performers kept it up from sundown till daybreak, so that it seemed as if every leaf in the forest were alive. The Katy-dids, and the Mosquitos, and the Locusts, and a full orchestra of Crickets made the air perfectly vibrate, insomuch that old Parson Too-Whit, who was preaching a Thursday evening lecture to a very small audience, announced to his hearers that he should certainly write a discourse against dancing for the next weekly occasion.

The good Doctor was even with his word in the matter, and gave out some very sonorous discourses, without in the least stopping the round of gayeties kept up by these dissipated Katy-dids, which ran on, night after night, till the celebrated Jack Frost epidemic, which occurred somewhere about the first of September.

Poor Miss Katy, with her flimsy green satin and point-lace, was one of the first victims, and fell from the bough in company with a sad shower of last year's leaves. The worthy Cricket family, however, avoided Jack Frost by emigrating in time to the chimney-corner of a nice little cottage that had been built in the wood that summer.

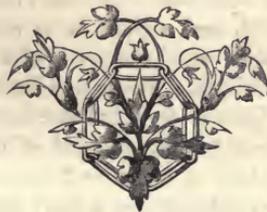
There good old Mr. and Mrs. Cricket, with sprightly Miss Keziah and her brothers and sisters, found a warm and welcome home; and when the storm howled without, and lashed the poor naked trees, the Crickets on the warm hearth would chirp out cheery welcome to papa as he came in from the snowy path, or mamma as she sat at her work-basket.

"Cheep, cheep, cheep!" little Freddy would say. "Mamma, who is it says 'cheep'?"

"Dear Freddy, it's our own dear little cricket, who loves us and comes to sing to us when the snow is on the ground."

So when poor Miss Katy-did's satin and lace were all swept away, the warm home-talents of the Crickets made for them a welcome refuge.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.





SUSY'S DRAGON.

IT was after school, and Susy sat in one of the great windows of the library, writing out her French exercises. It was evidently dull work for her, for she yawned, and fidgeted, and sighed, in a very restless manner; and every now and then she would stop in the midst of a line, and watch the boys playing at marbles on the sidewalk. There was little Kit, and Jimmy Grant; what good times they did have! O dear! she wished she was a boy, and was playing marbles on the sidewalk, instead of toiling at these tiresome French exercises. Nobody had to study so hard as she did, she was sure. There was Tom, now, flying his kite an hour ago; and there—yes, there was Fanny Hamlin going after trailing arbutus, as true as the world! This was

too great a temptation. Down went the exercises, and up went the window, in a breath. "O Fanny! Fanny! are you going after trailing arbutus?"

Yes, Fanny was going after trailing arbutus, and she wished Susy would come with her. Why could n't she? Susy asked herself the very question, and came to the conclusion that there was really no sufficient reason why she could n't. "Because I can write the rest of my exercises out to-morrow morning," she thought.

"I'm just going for a walk to Pine-woods," she said to Aunt Cathy, who had the charge of Susy and her brothers since their mother's death.

Aunt Cathy lifted her kind but penetrating gaze to Susy's face, and Susy felt uncomfortable, though all her aunt said in reply was, "Very well, my dear; you know best whether you can spare the time."

This was always Aunt Cathy's way. She said a sensible girl of thirteen, like Susy, should be taught to depend on her own judgment in matters of this kind. Susy was the one who went to school; Susy was the one who had lessons to learn;—then Susy was the only one who could tell when these school duties were over, and whether her lessons were learned. And if Susy was n't faithful to her duty, then she must suffer the penalty. She was a baby no longer, to be governed blindly; she must learn to govern herself; it would teach her to know herself a great deal better, and to be self-reliant.

Susy liked Aunt Cathy's "way," but she always knew when Aunt Cathy thought she had neglected anything, and it always made her feel very uneasy, as people do when they abuse the trust reposed in them. And now this lovely spring afternoon, searching for arbutus with Fanny Hamlin, there was this shadow of uneasiness, of something unfulfilled, which clouded the bright day, and made the pleasure half a pain. But they were very successful in their hunt for flowers. Susy had never carried home such a big basketful, and dear, kind Aunt Cathy admired them to her heart's content.

"But you look tired, Susy," she said to her.

"Yes, we went farther than we meant to at the start; why, we went almost to Long-Roads, Aunt Cathy."

"Which is almost three miles. I should think you 'd be tired, Susy. Now I should advise you, my dear, to eat your supper at once and go to bed."

And Susy was sensible enough to take this advice, for she remembered what she had to do in the morning: and if she *should* oversleep the time!

"Will you call me when you get up, Bridget?" she asked of the cook, when she went up stairs.

"Shure, it's not at five o'clock you 'd be wanting to rise?" exclaimed Bridget, in astonishment.

"But I do, Bridget; and I want you to call me."

"O well, I can do that aisy, Miss; but it'll not be so aisy for you to mind it," Bridget replied in her dry way; "for shure," she said to Katy Malony, the chambermaid, "have n't I tried her at this calling before, and did n't she always fail at the minding!"

It did n't seem more than an hour to Susy when she heard Bridget calling at her door, "Come, Miss Susy, it's five o'clock, and you remember you wanted me to call yez."

"Yes, Bridget, I hear," she answered, "and I'm going to get right up," which she certainly meant to do. But it was *so* early, so long before nine o'clock, she would lie just a minute: and that was the last she remembered until a great thumping at her door broke into a morning dream.

It was her brother Tom. "Come, Sue," he shouted, "are n't you ever going to get up? It's breakfast-time, and Bridget says she woke you hours ago. Come, hurry up! I want you to see me fly my new kite. I bought it of Sam Green yesterday; it's the tallest kite you ever saw."

Susy was horrified at one part of Tom's communication. Breakfast-time! How *could* she have slept so long? Only an hour to school-time,—and those exercises! Was there ever such an unlucky girl? "Do go away, Tom," she said petulantly to her brother, as she hurried into the library after a hasty breakfast. "I can't attend to your kite now; I'm in a hurry."

Tom flung out of the room in disgust. "I never saw such a girl in my life as you are, Sue. You're always in a hurry, and you never get out of it."

There was no time given her to reply to this assertion, for Tom had banged the door, and was half-way down the avenue in a minute. Then what could she have replied? When the truth is told us, however unpleasantly, what is there for us to say?

But the fact was, at present Susy did n't think much about the *saying*; it was the *doing* that occupied her. Here were two pages yet to translate! She set to work now in good earnest, but, of necessity, it had to be very hurried work; and Susy was never a ready translator. She was always a little uncertain with those perplexing verbs and pronouns. There was one rule she had to repeat to herself over and over again: "*Ne* before the verb, and *pas* after it." She had no time this morning to go back and correct mistakes, however, for there rang the quarter bell, and she was only at that moment at the foot of the page.

"Dear me!" she sighed; "if I get another tardy mark, or an imperfect one, Miss Hill will change my seat, I know. Everything has gone wrong this week. I suppose it's what Cousin Bella calls a Fate."

Poor Susy! she got both,—the tardy mark and the imperfect one; for that French lesson was an awful boggle.

"What does ail you, Susy?" said Miss Hill, as Mademoiselle Le Brun reported her angrily.

"She has de grand talent; but she is not attenteev!" cried Mademoiselle, in her broken English, and her little shrill, impatient voice.

"I am afraid that is it, Susy," said Miss Hill, kindly.

Susy burst into tears. A dim consciousness was stealing over her, that the "everything going wrong" was n't Fate exactly.

Her eyes were so red from these tears when she went home that Aunt Cathy asked the same question Miss Hill had asked, but with a different solicitude,— "What does ail you, Susy?"

Then Susy told her troubles: how she had missed yesterday in her geography, and to-day in her French; how she had been marked tardy just for being a second behind the last bell-ringing; and then the dreaded result of all,—losing her seat beside Fanny Hamlin.

Aunt Cathy heard her gently and patiently, but at the end she did not say much ; she felt sure that Susy was finding out for herself the cause of these troubles, and she thought this would be better for her in the end than to have her fault held up before her by somebody else. That time, at least, Susy was on her guard. She took her history lesson into a little back room, where she could neither see the boys playing at marbles, nor Tom flying his kite, nor Fanny Hamlin if she passed ; and then she put her mind upon her task, and was astonished to find that, by this steady, uninterrupted application, she had accomplished in an hour what she had many a time spent three hours over.

When she went down stairs, Tom was crossing the hall whistling one of his favorite negro melodies ; and, remembering her ungraciousness of the morning, she said to him, "I want to see your new kite, Tom."

"O you're over your hurry, are you? Well, the new kite's gone to bed for to-day,—you'll have to wait till to-morrow";—and away he went towards the parlor, looking rather "huffy" and injured still.

Susy followed him, and found Aunt Cathy reading aloud to little Kit. It was a pleasant story, and Aunt Cathy was a pleasant reader ; and after the reading, which both Susy and Tom had enjoyed as much as little Kit, they all began looking over the engravings in the book ; and here Susy came across a picture of St. George and the Dragon.

"Who was St. George, Aunt Cathy?" she asked.

"St. George? O, he was a saint or hero, whose story belongs to the age of the Crusades. The Crusaders, you know, were those who fought in what are called 'The Holy Wars,' for the conquest of Palestine. Palestine, you see, was in the hands of unbelievers, and the Christians were horrified that the land where Jesus had lived, and taught, and died, should be in such possession ; so for years they disputed this possession by fighting these battles. The legend of St. George is, that he was a renowned prince, whose greatest achievement was the slaying of an enormous dragon, by which exploit he effected the deliverance from bondage of Aja, the daughter of a king. His story and character were so popular with the ancient Christians, that they bore the representation of the knight upon their standards. And at this day the badge of the famous Order of the Knights of the Garter, in England, is the image of St. George. To every one now it is a symbol of victory of some kind,—the victory gained over any weakness or sin ; for we all of us have some weakness or sin which is a dragon for us to fight. Thackeray, the great novelist, whom your father admires so much, said he had not one dragon, but two, and that they were Indolence and Luxury ; and he said it in connection with this picture of St. George, which had just been given him, and which he declared he should hang at the head of his bed, where he could see it every morning."

As Aunt Cathy concluded, Susy's face grew very grave and earnest, and, bending over the picture of St. George, she looked at it a long time in silence ; but it was not until she was alone with Aunt Cathy that she spoke what was in her mind.

The boys had both gone to bed, and she still held the picture before her, regarding it with great interest, when she said: "Aunt Cathy, I've found out my dragon. It is that long word beginning with P, that little Kit was trying to spell the other day; and it means to keep putting everything off till another time,—what ought to be done right away."

"I know. Procrastination,—that is the word, Susy."

"Yes, that is it; that is my dragon, and it's been the cause of all my troubles, Aunt Cathy. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to ask father if he will let me have this picture cut out and framed, and I'll hang it at the *foot* of my bed, and try to remember, when I look at it, that I've got a battle to fight every day; for I have, Aunt Cathy. O, you don't know what hard work it is for me to sit and study. If it is n't one thing, it is another that makes my mind wander. Sometimes it's little Kit at his marbles, or the school-girls passing, or what people are saying; and then at the end of an hour I won't know a word of my lesson, and the tea-bell will ring, or somebody'll call for me to go somewhere, and I'll think, 'O, well, I can get the lesson to-morrow.' And then when to-morrow comes, all sorts of things will happen, so there won't be a scrap of time; and that's the way the dragon has gone on beating me, ever and ever so long; and—I don't know, Aunt Cathy, but—but he always will." And here Susy began to choke a little; the next moment she burst out bravely, in a determined voice: "But I shall try real hard to beat *him*, any way!"

"That's it, Susy!" Aunt Cathy exclaimed. Try 'real hard'; it's all anybody can do; and in trying I know you will win the battle, my dear."

And Susy was true to her word. She did try "real hard," and at last she won the battle.

Nora Perry.

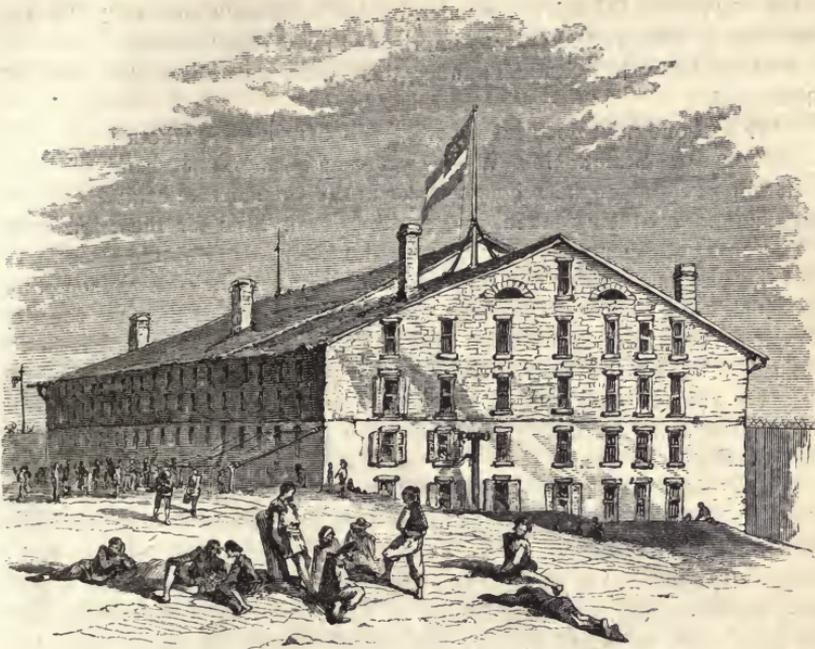


RICHMOND PRISONS.

STROLLING along a street near the river, below the burnt district, I looked up from the dirty pavements, and from the little ink-colored stream creeping along the gutter, (for Richmond abounds in these villanous rills,) and saw before me a sign nailed to the corner of a large, gloomy brick building, and bearing in great black letters the inscription,—

LIBBY PRISON.

Passing the sentinel at the door, I entered. The ground-floor was partitioned off into offices and store-rooms, and presented few objects of interest. A large cellar-room below, paved with cobble-stones, was used as a cook-house by our soldiers then occupying the building. Adjoining this, but separated from it by a wall, was the cellar which is said to have been mined



for the purpose of blowing up Libby with its inmates, in case the city had at one time been taken.

Ascending a flight of stairs from the ground-floor, I found myself in a single, large, oblong, whitewashed, barren room. Two rows of stout wooden posts supported the ceiling. The windows were iron-grated, those of the front looking out upon the street, and those of the rear commanding a view of the canal close by, the river just beyond it, and the opposite shore.

There was an immense garret above, likewise embracing the entire area of the floor. These were the prison-rooms of the infamous Libby. I found them occupied by a regiment of colored troops, some sitting in Turkish fashion on the floor, (for there was not a stool or bench,) some resting their backs against the posts or whitewashed walls, and others lying at length on the hard planks, with their heads pillowed on their knapsacks.

But the comfortable colored regiment faded from sight as I ascended and descended the stairs, and walked from end to end of the dreary chambers. A far different picture rose before me,—the diseased and haggard men crowded together there, dragging out their weary days, deeming themselves oftentimes forgotten by their country and their friends,—men who mounted those dungeon-stairs, not as I mounted them, but to enter a den of misery, starvation, and death.

On the opposite side of the same street, a little farther up, was Castle Thunder,—a very commonplace brick block, considering its formidable name. It was still used as a prison; but it had passed into the hands of the United States military authorities. At the iron-barred windows of the

lower story, and behind the wooden-barred windows above, could be seen the faces of soldiers and citizens imprisoned for various offences.

Besides Libby and Castle Thunder, there were several smaller prisons in Richmond.

"We had one next door to us here," said Mr. W——, whom I saw at his house on 25th Street. Mr. W—— was one of the small band of Union men who lived under the reign of terror in the Confederate capital, enduring persecution, sacrificing much, and perilling their lives for the good cause. "There was another prison on the opposite side, farther up the street. We had the prisoners under our very eyes, and could n't help doing something for them. We collected a fund for their benefit. One of the first contributors towards it was an illiterate poor man named White. He put in five dollars. 'That 's too much,' said I, 'for a poor man like you.' 'No,' said he, 'I 's got two fives, and I reckon the least I can do is to go halves.' From that small beginning the fund grew to the handsome sum of thirteen thousand dollars."

White, concealing his Union sentiments from the authorities, got permission to sell milk and other things to the prisoners, which they paid for often with money he smuggled in to them. With small bribes he managed to secure the good-will of the guard. He played his part admirably, higgling with his customers, and complaining of hard times and small profits, while he gave them milk and money, and carried letters for them. One day a prisoner was observed to slip something into his can. To divert suspicion, White pretended great surprise, and, appearing to fish out a dime, held it up to the light as if to assure himself that it was real. "I 's durned if there a'n't one honest Yankee!" said he with a grin of satisfaction.

Mrs. W—— obtained permission to send some books to the prisoners; very few reached them, however, — the greater part being appropriated by the Rebels. Donations of clothing and other necessities met with a similar fate. In this state of things, White's ancient mule-cart and honest face proved invaluable. He carried a pass-book, in which exchanged prisoners were credited with sums subscribed for the benefit of their late companions. Many of these subscriptions were purely fictitious, — the money coming from the Union-men's fund. On the strength of one fabulous contribution, set down at fifty dollars, he had given the prisoners over a hundred dollars' worth of provisions, when a Rebel surgeon stopped him.

"Have n't you paid up that everlasting fifty dollars yet?"

"Doctor," said White, producing his pass-book, "I 's an honest man, I is; and if you say I can't put in no more on this yer score, you jest write your name hyer."

The surgeon declining to assume the responsibility, White managed to take in to the prisoners, on the same imaginary account, milk and eggs to the amount of fifty dollars more.

"I told you there were only twenty-one Union men in Richmond," said Mr. W——. "I meant *white* Union men. Some of the colored people were as ready to give their means and risk their lives for the cause as anybody.

One poor negro woman, who did washing for Confederate officers, spent her earnings to buy flour and bake bread, which she got in to the prisoners through a hole under the jail-yard fence, — knowing all the while she 'd be shot, if caught at it."

Mr. W—— assisted over twenty Union prisoners to escape. Among other adventures, he related to me the following: —

"From our windows we could look right over into the prison-yard adjoining us here. Every day we could see the dead carried out. In the evening they carried out those who had died since morning, and every morning they carried out those that had died over night. Once we counted seventeen dead men lying together in the yard, all stripped of their clothes, ready for burial; so terrible was the mortality in these prisons. The dead-house was in a corner of the yard. A negro woman occupied another house outside of the guard-line, and close to my garden fence."

He took me to visit the premises. We entered by a heavy wooden gate from the street, and stood within the silent enclosure. It was a clear, beautiful evening, and the moonlight lay white and peaceful upon the gable of the warehouse that had served as a prison, upon the old buildings and fences, and upon the ground the weary feet of the sick prisoners had trodden, and where the outstretched corpses had lain.

"Every day some of the prisoners would be marched down to the medical department, a few blocks below, to be examined. A colored girl who lived with us used to go out, with bread hid under her apron, and slip it into their hands, if she had a chance, as she met them coming back. One morning she brought home a note, which one of them, Captain ——, had given her. It was a letter of thanks 'to his unknown benefactors.' Miss H——, who was visiting us at the time, proposed to answer it. It was much less dangerous for her to do so than it would have been for me, for I was a suspected man; I had already been six months in a rebel prison. But if she was discovered writing to a Yankee, her family would be prepared to express great surprise and indignation at the circumstance, and denounce it as a 'love affair.' (The H——s are one of the Union families of Richmond; and Miss H—— was a young girl of nerve and spirit.)

"In this way we got into communication with the Captain. It was n't long, of course, before he made proposals to Miss H——; not of the usual sort, however, but of a kind we expected. He and another of the prisoners, a surgeon, had resolved to attempt an escape, and they wanted our assistance. After several notes on the subject had passed, — some through the hands of the colored girl, some through a crack in the fence, — everything was arranged for a certain evening.

"Citizens' clothes were all ready for them; and I obtained a promise from G——, a good Union man, to conceal them in his house until they could be got away. To avoid the very thing that happened, he was not to tell his wife; but she suspected mischief, — for it's hard for a man to hide what he feels, when he knows his life is at stake, — and she gave him no peace until he let her into the secret. She declared that the men should never be

brought into their house. 'We've just got shet of one boarder,' says she, meaning a prisoner they had harbored, 'and I never 'll have another.'

"I could n't blame her much; for we were trifling with our lives. But G—— felt terribly about it. He came down to let me know. It was the very evening the men were to come out, and too late to get word to them. If their plans succeeded, they would be sure to come out; and what was to be done with them? They would not be safe with me an hour. My house would be the first one searched. G—— went off, for he could do nothing. Then, as it grew dark, we were expecting them every moment. There was nobody here but Miss H——, my wife, and myself. The colored girl was in the kitchen. It was dangerous to make any unusual movements, for the rebel guard in the street was marching past every three minutes, and looking in. We sat quietly talking on indifferent subjects, with such sensations inside as nobody knows anything about who has n't been through such a scene. My clothes were wet through with perspiration. Every time after the guard had passed, we held our breath, until — tramp, tramp! — he came round again.

"At last in came the colored girl, rushing from the kitchen, in great fright, and gasped out in a hoarse whisper, — 'O master! two Yankees done come right into our back yard!'

"'We have nothing to do with the Yankees,' I said; 'go about your work, and let 'em alone.' And still we sat there, and talked, or pretended to read, while once more — tramp, tramp, tramp — the guard marched by the windows."

"But there was a guard inside the prison-yard; how then had the Yankees managed to get out?"

"I'm coming to that now. I told you the dead were borne out every morning and evening. That evening there was an extra body. It was the Yankee Doctor. He had bribed the prisoners, who carried out the dead, to carry him out. The dead-house was outside of the guard. They laid him with the corpses, and returned to the prison. Poor fellows! there were four of them; they were sent to Andersonville for their share in the transaction, and there every one of them died.

"A little while after, as some prisoners were going in from the yard, they got into a fight near the door. The guard ran to interfere; and the Captain, who was waiting for this very chance, — for the scuffle was got up by his friends expressly for his benefit, — darted into the negro woman's house, and ran up stairs. From a window he jumped down into my garden. In the mean time the Doctor came to life, crawled out from among the dead men, pushed a board from the back side of the dead-house, climbed the fence, and joined his friend the Captain, under our kitchen windows.

"Not a move was made by any of us. We kept on chatting, yawning, or pretending to read the newspaper; and all the while the guard in the street was going his rounds and peeping in. Everything — the freedom of these men, and my life — was hanging by a cobweb. One mistake, a single false step, would ruin us. But everything had been pre-arranged. They found

the clothes ready for them, and we were waiting only to give them time to disguise themselves. So far, it could not be proved that I had anything to do with the business, but the time was coming for me to take it into my own hands.

“I showed you the alley running from the street to my back yard, and now you ’ll see why I took you around there. The Captain and the Doctor, after getting on their disguise, were to keep watch by the corner of the house at the end of the alley, and wait for the signal,—a gentleman going out of the house with a lady on his arm and a white handkerchief in his hand. They were to come out of the alley immediately, and follow at a respectful distance.



“Having given them plenty of time,—not very many minutes, however, though they seemed hours to us,—Miss H— put on her bonnet, and I took my hat; I watched my opportunity, and, just as the guard had passed, gave her my arm, and set out to escort her home. As we went out, I had occasion to use my handkerchief, which I flirted, and put back into my pocket. We did n’t look behind us once, but walked on, never knowing whether our men were following or not, until, after we had passed several corners, Miss H— ventured to peep over her shoulder. Sure enough, there were two men coming along after us.

“We walked past Jeff Davis’s house, and stopped at her father’s door. There I took leave of her, and walked on alone. I had made up my mind what to do. G— having failed us, I must try R—; an odd old man, but

true as steel. It was a long walk to his house, and it was late when I got there. I hid my men in a barn, and knocked at the door.

“‘Anything the matter?’ says Mrs. R——, from the window.

“‘I want to speak with Mr. R—— a moment,’ said I. I saw she was frightened, when she found out who I was; but she made haste to let me in. Serious as my business was, I could n’t help laughing when I found R——. He sleeps on a mattress, his wife sleeps on feathers; and both occupy the same bed. They compromise their difference of taste in this way: they double up the feather-bed for Mrs. R——; that gives her a double portion, and makes room for R—— on the mattress. She sleeps on a mountain in the foreground; he, in the valley behind her.

“‘W——,’ says he, looking up over the mountain, ‘there’s mischief ahead! You would n’t be coming here at this hour if there was n’t. Is it a Castle Thunder case?’

“‘No,’ I said, quietly as I could, for he was very much agitated.

“‘I’m afraid of Castle Thunder!’ says he. ‘I’m afraid of you! If it is n’t a Castle Thunder case, I demand to know what it is.’

“‘It’s a halter case,’ I said. And then I told him. He got up and pulled on his clothes. I took out fifty dollars in Rebel money, and offered him, for the feeding of the men till they could be got away.

“‘You can’t get any of that stuff on to me!’ says he. ‘I’m afraid of it. We shall all lose our lives, this time, I’m sure. Why did you bring ’em here?’

“But, though fully convinced he was to die for it, he finally consented to take in the fugitives. So I delivered them into his hands; but my work did n’t end there. They were nine days at his house. Meantime, through secret sources, by means of bribes, I got passes to take them through the lines. These cost me a hundred dollars in greenbacks; then, when everything was ready, all passes were revoked, and they were good for nothing. Finally Dennis Shane took the job of running them through the lines for five hundred dollars in Rebel money.

“He got them safely through; and just a month from that time one of those men came back for me. General Butler sent him: he wanted to talk with me about affairs in Richmond. I went out with a party of seven; and when near Williamsburg we were all captured by a band of Confederate soldiers.

“I determined not to be taken back to Richmond and identified, if I could help it. I got down at a spring to drink, crawled along under the bank a little way, as fast as I could, then jumped up, and ran for my life. I was shot at, and chased; they put dogs on my track; I was four days and nights without shelter or food; but I escaped. After that, I ran the lines to Butler whenever I had any important information for him; until at last it was n’t safe for me to come back to Richmond at all. This is the way we worked for our country, almost with halters about our necks.”

J. T. Trowbridge.

KATY MUST WAIT.

LITTLE Katy, good and fair, —
 Rosy cheeks and yellow hair,
 Yellow ringlets, soft and curly, —
 Waking in the morning early,

Waking at the dawn of day,
 On her pillow as she lay,
 Heard a robin, loud and clear,
 Sing, the chamber window near.

Katy listened to the bird,
 Did not stir nor speak a word,
 Happy thus to hear him sing,
 Thinking, now it would be Spring, —

Thinking that there soon would be
 Blossoms on the apple-tree, —
 Smiling, that ere long she should
 Hunt for violets in the wood.

Oh! the winter had been long,
 Without flowers and without song,
 Without rambles in the grove,
 Such as eager children love.

Spring was coming! To begin it,
 She would rise that very minute.
 Off with night-gown, off with cap!
 Hark! She listens: tap, tap, tap!

Drop by drop the pattering rain
 Pelts against the window pane!
 Katy shall not have her will;
 But the robin charms her still.

So by him her heart is stirred
 That she does not speak a word, —
 Does not speak a word, nor stir,
 While the robin sings to her; —

Tells her how he came to bring
 Earliest tidings of the Spring;
 How the flowers will earlier blow,
 For the rain that makes them grow;

How there will be pleasant days,
 Sunshine following rain always.
 Thus sings robin unto Kate,
 "Trust me, Katy, — trust and WAIT."

Mrs. Anna M. Wells.



AFLOAT IN THE FOREST:

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE PIRANHAS.

THE companions of the tapuyo were no wiser for his words, until piranhas was explained to them to mean "biting fish," for such were the unseen enemies that assailed them.

They belong to the great tribe of the *Salmonidæ*, of which there are many varieties in the different Amazonian rivers, all very voracious, and ready to bite at anything that may be thrown into the water. They often attack bathers, putting them to flight; and a swimmer who should unfortunately be surrounded by them, when far from the shore or a boat, would have the greatest difficulty to escape the fearful fate of being eaten up alive. Most of the species are fish of small size, and it is their numbers that the swimmer has chiefly to dread.

As it was, our adventurers were more scared than hurt. The commotion which they had made in the water, by their plunging and kicking, had kept the piranhas at a distance, and it was only an odd one that had been able to get a tooth into them.

For any injury they had sustained, the Mundurucú promised them not only a speedy revenge, but indemnification of a more consolatory kind. He knew that the piranhas, having tasted blood, would not willingly wander away, at least for a length of time. Although he could not see the little fish through the turbid water, he was sure they were still in the neighborhood of the log, no doubt in search of the prey that had so mysteriously escaped them. As the dead-wood scarcely stirred, or drifted only slightly, the piranhas could keep alongside, and see everything that occurred without being seen themselves. This the tapuyo concluded they were doing. He knew

their reckless voracity, — how they will suddenly spring at anything thrown into the water, and swallow without staying to examine it.

Aware of this habit, he had no difficulty in determining what to do. There was plenty of bait in the shape of half-dried charqui, but not a fish-hook to be found. A pair of pins, however, supplied the deficiency, and a piece of string was just right for a line. This was fastened at one end to the pashuba spear, to the pin-hook at the other ; and then, the latter being baited with a piece of peixe-boi, the fishing commenced.

Perhaps never with such rude tackle was there more successful angling. Almost as soon as the bait sank under the water, it was seized by a piranha, which was instantly jerked out of its native element, and landed on the log. Another and another and another, till a score of the creatures lay upon the top of the dead-wood, and Tipperary Tom gave them the finishing touch, as they were caught, with a cruel eagerness that might to some extent have been due to the smarting of his shins.

How long the "catch" might have continued it is difficult to say. The little fish were hooked as fast as fresh bait could be adjusted, and it seemed as if the line of succession was never to end. It did end, however, in an altogether unexpected way, by one of the piranhas dropping back again into the water, and taking, not only the bait, but the hook and a portion of the line along with it, the string having given way at a weak part near the end of the rod.

Munday, who knew that the little fish were excellent to eat, would have continued to take them so long as they were willing to be taken, and for this purpose the dress of Rosita was despoiled of two more pins, and a fresh piece of string made out of the skin of the cow-fish.

When the new tackle was tried, however, he discovered to his disappointment that the piranhas would no longer bite ; not so much as a nibble could be felt at the end of the string. They had had time for reflection, perhaps had held counsel among themselves, and come to the conclusion that the game they had been hitherto playing was "snapdragon" of a dangerous kind, and that it was high time to desist from it.

The little incident, at first producing chagrin, was soon viewed rather with satisfaction. The wounds received were so slight as scarce to be regarded, and the terror of the thing was over as soon as it became known what tiny creatures had inflicted them. Had it been snakes, alligators, or any animals of the reptile order, it might have been otherwise. But a school of handsome little fishes, — who could suppose that there had been any danger in their attack ?

There had been, nevertheless, as the tapuyo assured them, — backing up his assurance by the narrative of several narrow escapes he had himself had from being torn to pieces by their sharp triangular teeth, further confirming his statements by the account of an Indian, one of his own tribe, who had been eaten piecemeal by piranhas.

It was in the river Tapajos, where this species of fish is found in great plenty. The man had been in pursuit of a peixe-boi, which he had har-

pooned near the middle of the river, after attaching his weapon by its cord to the bow of his montaria. The fish being a strong one, and not wounded in a vital part, had made a rush to get off, carrying the canoe along with it. The harpooner, standing badly balanced in his craft, lost his balance and fell overboard. While swimming to overtake the canoe, he was attacked by a swarm of piranhas ravenous for prey, made so perhaps by the blood of the peixe-boi left along the water. The Indian was unable to reach the canoe; and notwithstanding the most desperate efforts to escape, he was ultimately compelled to yield to his myriad assailants.

His friends on shore saw all, without being able to render the slightest assistance. They saw his helpless struggles, and heard his last despairing shriek, as he sank below the surface of the water. Hastening to their canoes, they paddled rapidly out to the spot where their comrade had disappeared. All they could discern was a skeleton lying along the sand at the bottom of the river, clean picked as if it had been prepared for an anatomical museum, while the school of piranhas was disporting itself alone, as if engaged in dancing some mazy minuet in honor of the catastrophe they had occasioned.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

A STOWAWAY.

THE new-caught fishes looked too temptingly fresh to be long untasted; and although it was but an hour since our adventurers had eaten their dinner, one and all were inclined for an afternoon meal upon piranha. The Mundurucú set the fire freshly astir, and half a dozen piranhas were soon browned in the blaze and distributed among the party, who one and all indorsed the tapuyo, by pronouncing them a delicacy.

After the second dinner they were more gay than ever. The sun sinking westward indicated the quarters of the compass; and already a few puffs of wind promised them an evening breeze. They saw that it was still blowing in the same direction, and therefore favorable to the navigation of their craft, whose thick sail, spread broadly athwart ships, seemed eager to catch it.

Little dreamt they at that moment that, as it were, a volcano was slumbering under their feet; that separated from them by only a few inches of half-decayed wood was a creature of such monstrous size and hideous shape as to have impressed with a perpetual fear every Indian upon the Amazon, from Para to Peru, from the head waters of the Purus to the sources of the Japura! At that moment, when they were chatting gayly, even laughingly, in confidence of a speedy deliverance from the gloomy Gapo,—at that very moment the great *Mai d'Agoa*, the "Mother of the Waters," was writhing restlessly beneath them, preparing to issue forth from the cavern that concealed her.

The tapuyo was sitting near the fire, picking the bones of a piranha, which

he had just taken from the spit, when all at once the half-burned embers were seen to sink out of sight, dropping down into the log, as cinders into the ash-pit of a dilapidated grate. "Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian, giving a slight start, but soon composing himself; "the dead-wood hollow at the heart! Only a thin shell outside, which the fire has burnt through. I wondered why it floated so lightly, — wet as it was!"

"Was n't it there the tocandeiras had their nest?" inquired Trevannion.

"No, Patron. The hole they had chosen for their hive is different. It was a cavity in one of the branches. This is a hollow along the main trunk. Its entrance will be found somewhere in the but, — under the water, I should think, as the log lies now."

Just then no one was curious enough to crawl up to the thick end and see. What signified it whether the entrance to the hollow, which had been laid open by the falling in of the fire, was under water or above it, so long as the log itself kept afloat? There was no danger to be apprehended, and the circumstance would have been speedily dismissed from their minds, but for the behavior of the coaita, which now attracted their attention.

It had been all the time sitting upon the highest point which the dead-wood offered for a perch. Not upon the rudely rigged mast, nor yet the yard that carried the sail; but on a spar that projected several feet beyond the thick end, still recognizable as the remains of a root. Its air and attitude had undergone a sudden change. It stood at full length upon all fours, uttering a series of screams, with chatterings between, and shivering throughout its whole frame, as if some dread danger was in sight, and threatening it with instant destruction.

It was immediately after the falling in of the fagots that this began; but there was nothing to show that it was connected with that. The place where the fire had been burning was far away from its perch; and it had not even turned its eyes in that direction. On the contrary, it was looking below; not directly below where it stood, but towards the but end of the ceiba, which could not be seen by those upon the log. Whatever was frightening it should be there. There was something about the excited actions of the animal, — something so heart-rending in its cries, — that it was impossible to believe them inspired by any ordinary object of dread; and the spectators were convinced that some startling terror was under its eyes.

Tipperary Tom was the first to attempt a solution of the mystery. The piteous appeals of his pet could not be resisted. Scrambling along the log he reached the projecting point, and peeped over. Almost in the same instant he recoiled with a shriek; and, calling on his patron saint, retreated to the place where he had left his companions. On his retreat Munday set out to explore the place whence he had fled, and, on reaching it, craned his neck over the end of the dead-wood, and looked below. A single glance seemed to satisfy him; and, drawing back with as much fear as the man who had preceded him, he exclaimed in a terrified shriek, "*Santos Dios!* 't is the Spirit of the Waters!"

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WATERS.

“The *Mai d’Agoa!* the Spirit of the Waters!” exclaimed Trevannion, while the rest stood speechless with astonishment, gazing alternately upon the Indian and the Irishman, who trembled with affright. “What do you mean? Is it something to be feared?”

Munday gave an emphatic nod, but said no word, being partly awed into silence and partly lost in meditating some plan of escape from this new peril.

“What did *you* see, Tom?” continued Trevannion, addressing himself to the Irishman, in hopes of receiving some explanation from that quarter.

“Be Sant Pathrick! yer honor, I can’t tell yez what it was. It was something like a head with a round shinin’ neck to it, just peepin’ up out av the wather. I saw a pair av eyes, — I did n’t stay for any more, for them eyes was enough to scare the sowl out av me. They were glittherin’ like two burnin’ coals! Munday calls it the spirit av the wathers. It looks more like the spirit av darkness!”

“The *Mai d’Agoa*, uncle,” interposed the young Paraense, speaking in a suppressed voice. “*The Mother of the Waters!* It’s only an Indian superstition, founded on the great water serpent, — the anaconda. No doubt it’s one of these he and Tom have seen swimming about under the but end of the log. If it be still there I shall have a look at it myself.”

The youth was proceeding towards the spot so hastily vacated by Munday and Tom, when the former, seizing him by the arm, arrested his progress. “For your life, young master, don’t go there! Stay where you are. It may not come forth, or may not crawl up to this place. I tell you it is the Spirit of the Waters!”

“Nonsense, Munday; there’s no such thing as a *spirit* of the waters. If there were, it would be of no use our trying to hide from it. What you’ve seen is an anaconda. I know these water-boas well enough, — have seen them scores of times among the islands at the mouth of the Amazon. I have no fear of them. Their bite is not poisonous, and, unless this is a very large one, there’s not much danger. Let me have a look!”

The Indian, by this time half persuaded that he had made a mistake, — his confidence also restored by this courageous behavior, — permitted Richard to pass on to the end of the log. On reaching it he looked over; but recoiled with a cry, as did the others, while the ape uttered a shrill scream, sprang down from its perch, and scampered off to the opposite extremity of the dead-wood.

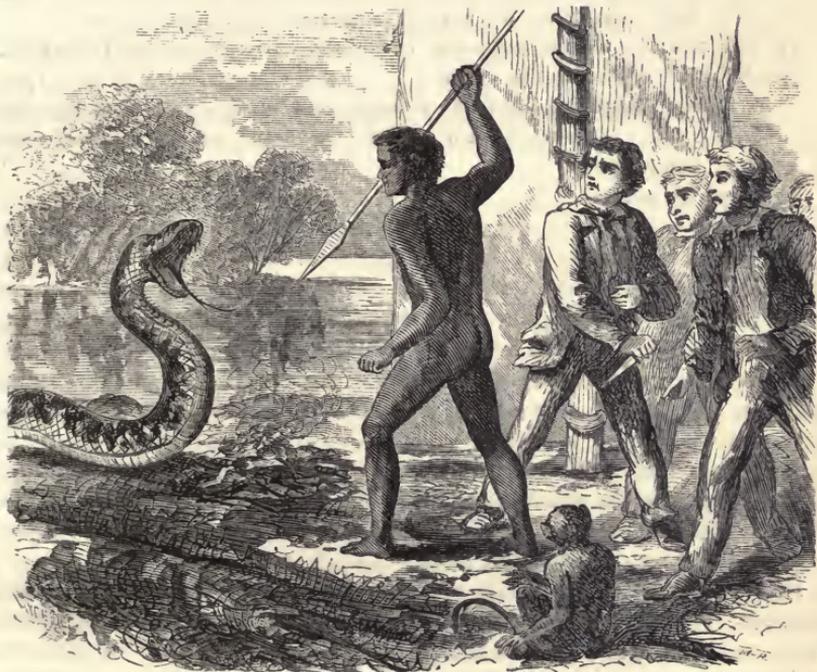
“It *is* an anaconda!” muttered the Paraense, as he made his way “amidships,” where the rest were awaiting him; “the largest I have ever seen. No wonder, Munday, you should mistake it for the *Mai d’Agoa*. ’T is a fearful-looking creature, but I hope we shall be able to destroy it before it can do any of us an injury. But it is very large, and we have no arms! What’s to be done, Munday?”

“Be quiet, — make no noise!” entreated the Indian, who was now himself again. “May be it will keep its place till I can get the spear through its neck, and then — Too late! The *sucuruju* is coming upon the log!”

And now, just rising through a forked projection of the roots, was seen the horrid creature, causing the most courageous to tremble as they beheld it. There was no mistaking it for anything else than the head of a serpent; but such a head as not even the far-travelled *tapuyo* had ever seen before. In size it equalled that of an otter, while the lurid light that gleamed from a pair of scintillating orbs, and still more the long, forked tongue, at intervals projected like a double jet of flame, gave it an altogether demoniac appearance.

The water out of which it had just risen, still adhering to its scaly crown, caused it to shine with the brightness of burnished steel; and, as it loomed up between their eyes and the sun, it exhibited the coruscation of fire. Under any circumstances it would have been fearful to look at; but as it slowly and silently glided forth, hanging out its forked red tongue, it was a sight to freeze the blood of the bravest.

When it had raised its eyes fairly above the log, so that it could see what was upon it, it paused as if to reconnoitre. The frightened men, having retreated towards the opposite end of the dead-wood, stood as still as death, all fearing to make the slightest motion, lest they should tempt the monster on.



They stood about twenty paces from the serpent, Munday nearest, with

the pashuba spear in hand ready raised, and standing as guard over the others. Richard, armed with Munday's knife, was immediately behind him. For more than a minute the hideous head remained motionless. There was no speech nor sound of any kind. Even the coaita, screened by its friends, had for the time ceased to utter its alarm. Only the slightest ripple on the water, as it struck against the sides of the ceiba, disturbed the tranquillity of the scene, and any one viewing the tableau might have supposed it set as for the taking of a photograph.

But it was only the momentary calm that precedes the tempest. In an instant a commotion took place among the statue-like figures,—all retreating as they saw the serpent rise higher, and, after vibrating its head several times, lie flat along, evidently with the design of advancing towards them. In another instant the monster was advancing,—not rapidly, but with a slow, regular motion, as if it felt sure of its victims, and did not see the necessity for haste in securing them.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

AN UNEXPECTED ESCAPE.

THE great reptile had already displayed more than a third of its hideous body, that kept constantly thickening as it rose over the but end of the log; and still the tapuyo appeared irresolute. In a whisper, Trevannion suggested their taking to the water.

"No, Patron; anything but that. It would just be what the sucuruju would like. In the water it would be at home, and we should not. We should there be entirely at his mercy."

"But are we not now?"

"Not yet,—not yet,—stay!" From the fresh confidence with which he spoke, it was evident some plan had suggested itself. "Hand me over that monkey!" he said; and when he took the ape in his arms, and advanced some paces along the log, they guessed for what the pet was destined,—to distract the attention of the anaconda, by securing for it a meal!

Under other circumstances, Tom might have interfered to prevent the sacrifice. As it was, he could only regard it with a sigh, knowing it was necessary to his own salvation.

As Munday, acting in the capacity of a sort of high-priest, advanced along the log, the demon to whom the oblation was to be made, and which he still fancied might be the *Spirit of the Waters*, paused in its approach, and, raising its head, gave out a horrible hiss.

In another instant the coaita was hurled through the air, and fell right before it. Rapidly drawing back its head, and opening wide its serrated jaws, the serpent struck out with the design of seizing the offering. But the ape, with characteristic quickness, perceived the danger; and, before a tooth could be inserted into its skin, it sprang away, and, scampering up the mast, left

Munday face to face with the anaconda, that now advanced rapidly upon him who had endeavored to make use of such a substitute.

Chagrined at the failure of his stratagem, and dismayed by the threatening danger, the tapuyo retreated backwards. In his confusion he trod upon the still smouldering fire, his scorched feet scattering the fagots as he danced through them, while the serpent, once more in motion, came resolutely on.

His companions were now more frightened than ever, for they now saw that he was, like themselves, a prey to fear. For again had he become a believer in the Spirit of the Waters. As he stood poising his spear, it was with the air of a man not likely to use it with effect. The young Paraense, with his knife, was more likely to prove a protector. But what could either do to arrest the progress of such a powerful monster as that, which, with only two thirds of its length displayed, extended full twenty feet along the log? Some one of the party must become a victim, and who was to be the first?

The young Paraense seemed determined to take precedence, and, with the generous design of protecting his friends, — perhaps only little Rosa was in his thoughts, — he had thrown himself in front of the others, even the spearman standing behind him. It appeared that his time was come. He had not confidence that it was not. What could he do with a knife-blade against such an enemy? He stood there but to do his duty, and die.

And both would quickly have been accomplished, — the duty and the death, — but that the Omnipotent Hand that had preserved them through so many perils was still stretched over them, and in its own way extricated them from this new danger. To one unacquainted with the cause, it might have been a matter of surprise to see the reptile, hitherto determined upon making an attack, all at once turn away from its intended victims; and, without even showing its tail upon the log, retreat precipitately into the water, and swim off over the lagoon, as if the ceiba was something to be shunned beyond everything else that might be encountered in the Gapo!

CHAPTER LXXVII.

HISTORY OF THE ANACONDA.

THOUGH it may be a mystery to the reader why it had retreated, it was none to our adventurers, who had seen it crawl over the scattered fagots; they had heard the hissing, sputtering sound, as the live coals came in contact with its wet skin; they had witnessed its dismay and flight at a phenomenon so unexpected. They were therefore well aware that it was the scorching hot cinders that had caused the sucuruju to forsake the dead-wood in such a sudden and apparently mysterious manner.

It was some time before they were entirely relieved of their fears. Notwithstanding its precipitate retreat, they could not tell but that the anaconda might change its mind and come back again. They could see it swimming for some time in a tortuous track, its head and part of its neck erect above

the water; then it took a direct course, as if determined upon leaving the lagoon. It was, therefore, with no ordinary feeling of relief that they saw it finally disappearing from view in the far distance.

The mystery of its presence upon the dead monguba was soon cleared up. The log was hollow inside, the heart-wood being entirely decayed and gone. In the cavity the serpent had perhaps sought a sleeping-place secure from intrusion during some protracted slumber that had succeeded the swallowing of a gigantic prey,—deer, paca, or capivaia. Here it had lain for days,—perhaps weeks; and the log, carried away by the rising of the floods, had done nothing to disturb its repose. Its first intimation that there was any change in the situation of its sleeping-place was when the fire fell in through the burnt shell, and the hot cinders came in contact with its tail, causing it to come forth from its concealment, and make the observation that resulted in its attacking the intruders. The hollow that had contained the colony of tocandeiras was altogether a different affair. It was a cavity of a similar kind, but unconnected with that in the heart of the tree; and it was evident that the little insects and the great reptile, although dwelling in such close proximity,—under the same roof, it may be said,—were entirely unacquainted with each other.

When the serpent was quite out of sight, our adventurers once more recovered their spirits, and conversed gayly about the strange incident. The breeze, having freshened, carried their raft with considerable rapidity through the water, in the right direction, and they began to scan the horizon before them in the hope of seeing, if not land, at least the tree-tops ahead. These, however, did not show themselves on that day, and before the sun went down the forest behind them sank out of sight. The night overtook them, surrounded by a smooth surface of open water, spotless and apparently as limitless as the great ocean itself.

They did not “lay to,” as on the night before. The breeze continued favorable throughout the night; and, as they were also favored with a clear sky, and had the stars to pilot them, they kept under sail till the morning. Before retiring to rest they had supped upon roast charqui and fish broiled over the coals; and, after supper, talk commenced, as usual, the chief topic being the anaconda. On this subject the tapuyo had much to say, for of all the animals that inhabit the water wilderness of the Amazon there is none that inspires the Indian with greater interest than the *sucuruju*. It is the theme of frequent discourse, and of scores of legends;—some real and true, while others have had their origin in the imagination of the ignorant aboriginal; some even having proceeded from the excited fancy of the colonists themselves, both Spanish and Portuguese, who could boast of a higher intelligence and better education.

The fanciful say that there are anacondas in the waters of the Amazon full thirty yards in length, and of a thickness equalling the dimensions of a horse! This has been stated repeatedly,—stated and believed in, not only by the ignorant Indian, but by his instructors, the monks of the missions. The only fanciful part of the statement is what regards the size,

which must be merely an exaggeration. What is real and true is of itself sufficiently surprising. It is true that in the South American rivers there are anacondas, or "water boas," as they are sometimes called, over thirty feet in length and of proportionate thickness; that these monstrous creatures can swallow such quadrupeds as capivaia, deer, and even large-sized animals of the horse and cattle kind; that they are not venomous, but kill their prey by *constriction*, — that is, by coiling themselves around it, and crushing it by a strong muscular pressure; and that, once gorged, they retire to some safe hiding-place, — of which there is no scarcity in the impenetrable forests of Amazonia, — go to sleep, and remain for a time in a sort of torpid condition. Hence they are much more rarely seen than those animals which require to be all the time on the alert for their daily food.

Of these great snakes of Tropical America there are several species; and these again are to be classified, according to their habits, into two groups markedly distinct, — the "boas," properly so called, and the "water boas," or anacondas. The former are terrestrial in their mode of living, and are to be found upon the dry road; the latter, though not strictly living in the water or under it, are never met with except where it is abundant; that is to say, on the banks of rivers and lagoons, or in the submerged forests of the Gapo. They swim under water, or upon the surface, with equal facility; and they are also arboreal, their powers of constriction enabling them to make their way to the tops of the highest trees. It is these that are more properly called *sucuruju*, — a name belonging to the common language spoken upon the Amazon, a mixture of Portuguese with the ancient tongue of the Supinambas, known as the *lingua geral*. No doubt, also, it is from some unusually large specimen of *sucuruju*, seen occasionally by the Indian hunters and fishermen, that these simple people have been led into a belief in the existence of the wonderful *Mai d'Agoa*, or "Mother of the Waters."

Mayne Reid.



THE ENCHANTRESS.

A SPRING-TIME LYRIC FOR MABEL.

IT is only in legend and fable
 The fairies are with us, you know;
 For the fairies are fled, little Mabel,
 Ay, ages and ages ago.

And yet I have met with a fairy, —
 You need n't go shaking your curls, —
 A genuine spirit and airy,
 Like her who talked nothing but pearls!

You may laugh if you like, little Mabel ;
I know you 're exceedingly wise ;
But I've seen her as plain as I 'm able
To see unbelief in your eyes.

A marvellous creature ! I really
Can't say she is gifted with wings,
Or resides in a tulip ; but, clearly,
She's queen of all beautiful things.

Whenever she comes from her castle,
The snow fades away like a dream,
And the pine-cone's icicle tassel
Melts, and drops into the stream !

The dingy gray moss on the boulder
Takes color like burnished steel ;
The brook puts its silvery shoulder
Again to the old mill-wheel !

The robin and wren fly to meet her ;
The honey-bee hums with delight ;
The morning breaks brighter and sweeter,
More tenderly falls the night !

By roadsides, in pastures and meadows,
The buttercups, growing bold,
For her sake light up the shadows
With disks of tremulous gold.

Even the withered bough blossoms,
Grateful for sunlight and rain, —
Even the hearts in our bosoms
Are leaping to greet her again !

What fairy in all your romances
Is such an Enchantress as she,
Who blushes in roses and pansies,
And sings in the birds on the tree ?

T. B. Aldrich.



Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY
of
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

CHARADE.

No. 10.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

"Ho for my *first*!" my *second* said,
 "All strangers as we are!
 The wind, so long right dead ahead,
 Now freshly blows, and fair."
 And tho' 't was growing dark and late,
 Without a sign or word,
 Thro' lane and road and turnpike gate
 They sped to gain my *third*!

It was the dewy morning hour;
 The birds began to sing;
 The sun, which lighted up their bower,
 Lit up my *third's* pale wing.

It saw my *first*, in wild affright,
 Dash over plain and cliff,
 And ah! it saw a sadder sight,
 My *second* stark and stiff!

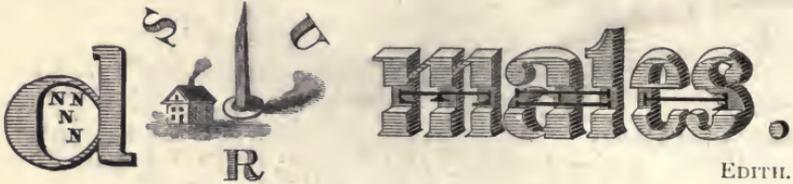
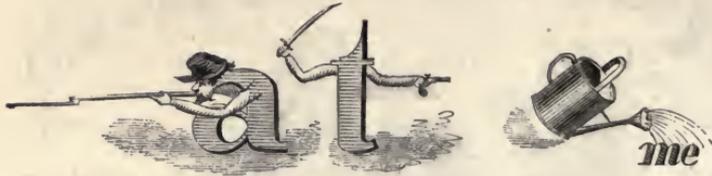
They caught my *first*, but not my *third*,
 It was too far away;
 And all, with hearts by sorrow stirred,
 Hid where my *second* lay.
 And then a jury came and said
 (While priests prayed for his soul)
 Their verdict was, to wit, "Found dead,
 Because he lacked my *whole*!"

A. R.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 16.



ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 17.



EDITH.

ENIGMAS.

No. 12.

I am composed of 10 letters.

- My 10, 6, 7, is what ignorant nurses sometimes give innocent infants.
 My 4, 9, 2, 10, is an age at which babies are thought interesting.
 My 3, 9, 2, 10, is what they are foolishly made afraid of.
 My 8, 2, 7, 2, is the way they speak of their fathers and mothers.
 My 10, 6, 1, — 10, 2, 8, — 5, 2, 7, and 1, 6, 7, 8, are what they often get and cry about.
 My whole is what they are frequently exercised with.

No. 13.

I am composed of 10 letters.

- My 9, 2, 6, 10, 7, is the rock on which the church is founded.
 My 1, 5, 10, is an agricultural implement well known by the Southern negroes.
 My 9, 8, 3, 4, 6, 2, is what everybody ought to be, but too few are.
 My whole is more attractive to the smell than to the sight.

No. 14.

I am composed of 20 letters.

- My 13, 6, 3, 9, 4, catches many rogues.
 My 5, 14, 8, 16, oft a drudge, and oft the poet's theme.

- My 1, 14, 11, 20, 15, separates many friends.
 My 5, 10, 7, 18, 17, is a fruit.
 My 19, 2, 17, 10, is near 8, and not far from 10.
 My 4, 10, 6, 16, 14, 9, 4, 20, is what this enigma has given me.
 My whole is a quotation from President Lincoln's Inaugural Address.

J. E. M.

No. 15.

I am composed of 43 letters.

- My 5, 25, 14, 27, 40, 9, 1, 30, was a famous Grecian warrior.
 My 17, 26, 7, 16, 39, is a city noted for the signing of a treaty.
 My 6, 35, 19, 32, 16, 42, 10, 16, 28, 6, 36, 4, 10, 24, is the hero of a remarkable book.
 My 6, 15, 8, 23, 12, 34, 27, 7, 36, was the founder of the French Academy.
 My 31, 7, 33, 9, 32, 16, 2, 43, 35, 16, was a British general.
 My 16, 41, 13, 26, 38, 16, 14, 5, 34, 24, was one of the noblest heroes of the Revolution.
 My 20, 18, 3, 6, 41, 16, 22, was present at the surrender of Lee.
 My 31, 38, 9, 37, 24, 6, 11, 28, 10, 21, 43, is a popular novelist.
 My 29, 5, 16, 24, is an explorer.
 My whole is a Chinese proverb.

C.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

No. 1.

Combine six nines so as to make 100.
E. I. H.

No. 2.

Arrange the ten digits, using each but once, so that their sum shall be 100. Also arrange the nine digits so that their sum shall be 100, — giving a different answer from that supplied to Arithmetical Puzzle No. 2 of 1865. ONE OF O. Y. F.

No. 3.

I am composed of five letters.
My first — my fifth gives my second.
My second + 1 gives my fourth.
Five times my first + five times my fifth gives my third.
My whole is funny. ALEXANDER H.

No. 4.

From 45 take 45, and have 45 for an answer. M. Y.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 18.



PUZZLE.

No. 10.

I am a word of six letters, and when known am shunned by all. Behead me twice, and I am in a hospital. Cut off three letters, and I am an animal. Transpose me, and I make a quarrel. Transpose me again, and I am useful in a gun; again, and I am feared by school-boys. Behead and curtail me, and I am no longer at peace. Alter my letters again, and I am a mode of conveyance; again, and I am in misery. Change me again, and

I am part of a circle. Another change in my various parts, and I afford you amusement; another, and I am a fish; another, and I am uncooked; and, lastly, I am a girl's name.

VIOLET.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 19.



ANSWERS.

CHARADES.

7. Box-wood; wood-box. 8. B-east. 9. Cot-ton.

ENIGMAS.

7. Nicholas Nickleby. 9. Washington Irving.
8. Jefferson Davis. 10. Louis Napoleon.

11. When the cat's away,
The mice will play.

PUZZLES.

6. Time. 8. Slow.
7. Facetious. 9. Mary (acrostic).

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

12. I long to lay this aching head
And wounded heart beneath the soil,

To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

[(I long) 2 (lathe) is (a king head) and (wounded heart beneath the soil) (toes) (lumber) (inn) T (hat) d (ream) (less) (bed) from (awl) m (eye) t (oil).]

13. When you want to lose money, invest in oil.
[W (hen) u double-u (ant) toll oo's (m-one-y in vest in oil).]
14. Potatoes cannot be bought for nothing. [(Pot) (8 o's) (can) (knot) (bee) B o* 4 o.]
15. Evil pursues the wicked. [(Eve) (ill) (purse) (ewes) (tea) (he) (wee kid).]

* Omitted by the draughtsman.



HERE is an entertaining account, from a correspondent over the sea, of one of the ways by which Viennese children amuse themselves. We are sure our American young folks will like to hear his description of "A Half-hour on the Paradeplatz," and to see it illustrated.

A HALF-HOUR ON THE PARADEPLATZ.

"You do not know where the Paradeplatz is. — It is here in Vienna, Austria. It is an open park where the twenty thousand soldiers, who form the garrison of this city, are reviewed and exercised in arms. Some years ago they dug up all the trees that used to shade the ground, in order to make it suitable for this purpose. This rendered it also a favorable place for kite-flying. In the midday sun it is an uninviting common, but in the evening it is thronged with active players. And in the fall kite-flying is the sport that is uppermost in the minds of the young Viennese. Sometimes the children of a family bring with them their little wagon, containing their implements of play, and enjoy an hour's evening picnic, having the wagon for their rallying-point.

"A kite is called *Drachen* here. The name signifies a fabled flying serpent, a dragon. In Prussia they call it *Aif*, which means an air-spirit, an elfin. In France they name it *Cerf volant*, or flying deer; and we give it the name of a bird, the kite or hawk.



"The young Austrians love to flaunt in the air the double-headed Austrian eagle, and black and yellow, their national colors. Also one sees on the kites the emblems of different orders, that is, classes of men who are honored by the Emperor with a particular badge. Here is the Kaiser (Emperor), wearing the emblem of an order on his breast. And because Franz Josef, the Kaiser, married a Bavarian princess, the colors of Bavaria, blue and white, are adopted by many of the children.

"In Europe it is the custom that many families live in the same large house; and so the children have not much freedom to romp and halloo at home. Therefore the open space and free air of the common are doubly dear to them. But the winter will soon be here, when they will have to stay in the house and be quiet, and the kites too must be laid by.

Next fall the old skeleton of sticks will be clothed with new paper and new colors, and the kite will have another life.

"Here they gather the apples in September, and in October they press the grapes for wine; but November is cool enough for active exercise. — Young November is therefore a hunter boy, with hound and horn. Here is his statue in the Belvedere palace garden."



U. S. A. "Washington's Judgment" is not up to the mark

ANSWER TO STRANGE STAIRWAYS.

First step, *do* (dough); second, *re* (ray); third, *mi* (me); fourth, *fa* (far); fifth, *sol* (soul); sixth, *la* (Lah); seventh, *si* (sea); eighth, *do* (dough). The stairways are the ascending and descending scales in music; the "folks of note" are the musical notes.

M. B. C. S.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1866.

No. VI.

THE LITTLE SOUTHERNERS.



HERE were four great brown eyes peeping at us through the openings of the fence as we went up the avenue. Two of these were lower down by a bar's width than the others, so of course I knew which were Ella's and which Rosa's, because Ella had told me that she had a little sister.

But only the eyes were the same. Ella was a straight, slender little creature, carrying her head in a queenly way, and looking frankly and earnestly into your eyes with her own.

Rosa was just as round as anything could be, and be a little girl. Her face was round, her bright berry eyes were round, her cherry pouting mouth was round, and her little round body would have rolled either way, I believe.

In one hand, little round Rosa held her beloved "Ragdolly," as she called her whom she loved better than all her more elegant toys and treasures. This dear object had an extremely soiled and banged appearance, as if she had been used for polishing tables, sweeping carpets, and driving nails; and from what I saw afterward of Ragdolly, and the uses to which she was devoted, I don't doubt that her looks told the truth. Rosa usually carried her as Mother Cat does her kittens, only using her hands instead of her mouth, as she lifted Dolly by the back of the neck. I don't think Ragdolly minded it much; she looked to me like a doll of experience, who could bear anything.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Ella was nearly two years older than Rosa, so she had put all her dolls in bed in a very motherly way before she came out for her walk.

But I must tell you who these little people were. They had come all the way from their home in the Far South, to spend the summer among the Green Mountains. This happened six years ago, before the poor, angry South had filled up the road to us with blazing towns, and cruel prisons, and bloody battle-fields.

Ella and I had already met once, and had fallen desperately in love with each other as it seemed. So it happened that, as I caught sight of the brown eyes with which I began my story, Ella's pair, at least, twinkled with stars of happy light, as I said, "We 've come for a walk with you."

Now there were the shining eyes, and there were the red lips, and there was a convenient break in the fence, so I naturally stooped to kiss the tempting mouth between the bars; but to my surprise Ella drew back, keeping her eyes fixed on mine, but with a shy glance from the corners at the strange lady. Although I was a little grieved at this sudden coolness in my new little love, I thought best to say nothing about it, as we set off for our walk, Ella taking possession of my hand without my asking.

I wish I could give you the sweet tones of these little girls, and their queer, pretty, Southern accent. They were as well-bred little bodies as I ever saw, but they had caught from the little blacks some odd turns of expression and pronunciation, which sounded strangely to our Northern ears.

"Why, Ella!" said I, "are you really going to walk with me?"

"Yes, Miss Katie, for I love ye! I loved ye just de first time I saw ye!"

"Did you, darling? I loved you then, too. But why would n't you kiss me to-night when I came up to you?"

"Don't you know de reason?"

"No indeed! How should I, little kitten?"

"Den I 'll tell ye,"—and here Ella's voice sank into a very soft whisper. "*I don't like to kiss ones I love when other peoples are looking at me!*"

"Why not, darling?"

"O, I 'm afraid they 'll laugh," (*lawf* she called it,) "and that would spoil it."

Was n't that thoughtful in a little girl only four years old?

All this time, the children's Aunt Hattie and I were walking on together, while round little Rosa rolled on by herself, clutching the throat of her forlorn old Dolly, who had spots added continually to her speckled complexion by the currants and raspberries which Rosa *pressed* upon her as she went.

Presently, as Rosa, who was our leader, was crossing the railway track, she made a discovery, and cried out, "O Ella! tome here twick!" Ella ran, and soon they both shouted together, "Come! see the *killed toad-frogs* in de hole!" And sure enough, there were half a dozen little dead toads.

I suppose they had, perhaps, been frightened to death by the terrible steam-engine, with its flaming eyes and fiery breath, as it came rushing furiously down the track above their snug little nursery.

The tender-hearted little sisters wanted very much to play they were good

Samaritans, and try if they could n't rub the poor "toad-frogs" back into noisy little jumpers again; but their legs looked so long and stiff that we thought they could never be drawn up into jumping order, so we left them.

Rosa's face really was a little longer than it was broad as she took her last look of the poor things; but she fixed her eyes upon Ragdolly with the most earnest, loving expression, as much as to say, "I am glad it is n't you who are dead!" and immediately rubbed a great red raspberry right across her inky lips to show her how much she loved her. This did not add to Dolly's beauty at all, but I hope she was bright enough to know it was done in love.

When we had found a good resting-place we all seated ourselves where we could see the gold and purple hills far away, upon which the sun shone long after he had hidden himself from us.

But Ella and Rosa could not sit still long. They tried all the big rocks and tree-roots about us for seats, one after the other, but found them either "too hard" or "too soft," as little *Silver Hair* in the story-book found the chairs of the "Big huge Bear" and the "Middle-sized Bear." So Ella and Rosa hopped around us like little birds.

Rosa tried to put Dolly up into a tree, but gave this plan up after the poor thing had tumbled down to the ground twenty times. She finally poked her head-first into a hole in a stone wall, leaving her forlorn legs sticking out toward us in the most pleading manner.



Then Rosa pulled a lapful of buttercups, and arranged the little green buds and yellow flowers around the largest blossom of all, with a great ado of baby-mother toil and anxiety.

"Dis is de mudder," said she, as she laid down the wide-awake, grown-up blossom, "and dese yere are de little babies," as she heaped into the broad lap of poor mother buttercup a pile of little green and yellow miniatures of herself. Finally, after playing with them a long while, she put them two by two into little green beds of grass, and, tucking them carefully in, she left them there for the night — and forever, I presume!

As for Miss Dolly, when she was dragged out of her stone prison she was a fearful object to see: there was a big rent (a fresh wound) in the side of her head, through which her woolly brains were coming out, and there was a big dent right where her nose used to be. One likes to see dimples in both cheeks and chin, but a dimpled nose, and particularly a nose all dimple, is very queer. But I am sure Rosa loved Ragdolly better and better for every spot and dent.

As for Ella, I could never tell you all the pretty, graceful things she did and said: and yet it was more her way of doing and saying, than the things themselves. As we walked toward home (after the gold and purple hills began to look dark and sulky because their playfellow the sun had gone to bed) Ella told me in confidence all about her "Paw" and her "Maw," as she called her papa and mamma, and about "Grondmammy," her kind old black nurse, and about her baby-brother. Best of all, she told us that her brothers Fred and Arthur, and her sister Julia, were all coming, as soon as their school was over, to stay with us for the summer. "Sister Julia," said little Ella very decidedly, "is just de puttiest girl in all de world, Miss Katie! — even more puttier dan you!" and I felt very warm and happy over my little piece of a compliment, I can tell you, — quite glad to be second to "sister Julia."

We reached home that night with tired feet, but with a great store of what happy dreams are made of, and of plans for many days to be spent on the hills and in the beautiful woods after the older children should come.

But we were not idle while we waited for the Alabama school to close. I used to listen eagerly to the pattering of their feet on the walk, as they learned to come by themselves to see me, and I never could help laughing outright with joy as soon as I caught sight of the jaunty little brown hats which crowned their dear little figures as they came up to the old Parsonage. Their voices made the sweetest music I heard all that summer, although Phœbes, and Robins, and Bobolinks did their best all around me. Rosa's talk was, to be sure, mostly to herself and to her Dolly (who became day by day more dimpled and distressed-looking, and was loved all the more), although she would sometimes speak of pictures which were shown her, or make some funny speech about "my buzzer Walter," who was Ragdolly's only rival. He was a very little "buzzer," only a year old, and it was well for him that Rosa was away from him, if she had no other way of showing her love toward him than toward Dolly, or he would n't have buzzed very much longer.

One day, as Ella and Rosa were in the Parsonage study, looking over some great books which tell all about that very odd country, Japan, they were

greatly delighted with the pictures of rainbow-colored birds and fishes. When Rosa found a bird which had on as many gay colors as his little body would hold, she cried out, "O, dat looks just like my buzzer Walter!" Now of course she did n't mean that her baby-brother had yellow wings, and blue legs, and a green tail, and a red beak, — not at all, — only the bird and "buzzer Walter" were both very beautiful in her eyes. But Ella felt somewhat mortified, and wanted to make an apology for her two-years-old sister. Said she, "Rosa does n't understand about pictures; she does n't know that dey are — that dey are" — (and here she hesitated, and her eyes grew very big and winked very fast, because she was afraid she could not get the big thought she had started with safely out) — "that dey are *the meanings of things what stay on earth*: she thinks dey are put in just because dey are pretty!" And after this Ella sat back in her little chair and fanned herself with her morsel of a pocket-handkerchief, very much relieved that her big speech in behalf of Rosa was over.

But Julia and Fred and Arthur came at last, and then the days were not half long enough for us! These older children proved to be as lovely in their way as were Ella and Rosa in theirs. This was the very best-trained family of five children that I ever saw, and Aunt Hattie, under whose care they were, had an easy task.

O, how we went gypsying that beautiful summer! There were never such beautiful days before, except those which stirred Mr. Lowell's heart to the beautiful June song in "Sir Launfal": —

"Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it.
We are happy now because God so wills it!"

So we found it. Every morning it was our custom to set forth for some pleasant spot which we had chosen the day before, and we were sure not to get home again till the dinner was cold!

The Parsonage was our trysting-place. Ella and Rosa were sure to come first, too impatient to wait for the older ones. Ella usually brought an old reading-book tucked under her arm, and held very fast. This was almost as great a pet with her as was Ragdolly with Rosa, and it was nearly as much battered. From it Ella used to read out in a very comical way. It really seemed to me, as I heard her, that I should not like to write poetry for Ella to read!

She would begin by saying, "Shall I read ye something from dis yere book?"

"O, yes! I would like you to read very much."

"Well, I will: 'The Dying Girl.'"

"No, Ella, don't read that, please, this bright morning. I would rather hear something else."

"But I must read dis, because you don't want it! It will do you good!"

"Very well, — read on."

"'The dream is past!' You don't know what dat means!"

"No. Do you?"

"No, of tourse not; *he* does n't, either. Why, it 's *poetry*!"

I suppose that, when Ella said "he," she meant the one who wrote the poem, and her idea seemed to be that poetry was n't to be understood even by the man that made it!— which was severe upon the poets, was n't it?

Of course Rosa always came trailing Dolly along. Later, Fred and Arthur, two as thorough *gentleboys* (why may not one say gentleboy as well as gentleman?) as I ever met, would make their appearance, and then close behind them Miss Hattie and Julia. Sometimes the lady of whom I spoke before would join us, and then there would be two story-tellers in the party! Our way was to select a good camping-place by the river-side or in the woods, and spread our plaids upon the rocks or grass in the shade of some great tree. This was our home, and from it the children made excursions, returning when they were tired, or when they had made any wonderful discoveries.

Julia and Ella would bring beautiful flowers and trailing vines, with which they delighted to dress the hair of the young ladies who sat crocheting, and reading or talking.

Fred and Arthur were more venturesome, and often treated us, after a long absence, to a feast of raspberries or blackberries, served in a "lordly dish,"— nothing more nor less than the crowns of their straw hats, which they had lined with fresh green leaves for the occasion.

When the berries were eaten they had games till they were tired, and then somebody would tell a story, in which Rosa would get so interested that she would roll up poor Dolly into a hard ball, with which she rubbed her own eyes and nose violently. This was always her way of showing deep feeling!

"Don't rub your face so hard, Rosa! You will certainly screw that little round button of a nose right off, I am afraid."

"O, no, she won't, Miss Katie," said Ella. "Dere's meat dat holds it on her face!"

At which little Rosa piped up, with a most loving hug of her used-up pet, "My Dolly's dot a heap of meat on de top of her nose!"

There must have been a "heap of meat" on the back of Dolly's neck, or it never would have lasted so long.

When the story was ended, Rosa's face always was scarlet, and shone as if it had been well waxed and polished, but Ragdolly was crumpled to that degree that nobody but Rosa would have known her as a doll at all. Being used as a handkerchief disagreed with her more than anything.

After the story came play again; and who can guess which enjoyed it most, the little or the more grown-up people?

Ella was as quick as a squirrel in her motion, and always liked to make her way to the top of things. "Wait, please," she would say; "I want to show Miss Katie some of my climbings!"— and some of Ella's climbings carried her lithe little body up among the birds' nests and the ripe cherries. But she always came safely down, and not the slightest accident happened to spoil the pleasure of this merry little company during all that summer.

However, Ella had one great trial, which she had to bear many times in

a day. It was Rosa's persisting in seeing something like "buzzer Walter" in everything that caught her attention, as in the bird-story I have already told you. She would say of a horse, "Dis yere horse is just as big as my buzzer Walter"; and of a butterfly, "Dat 's just as little as my buzzer Walter"; and of everything, "Dat 's as putty as Walter!" At which Ella would almost lose patience, and say, "Why, how Rosa talks about Walter! She tells everything *what is n't* about him, and does n't tell things what are!" Ella was as proud of baby Walter as was Rosa; but as he was not present to speak for himself, she did not like him to be misrepresented.

Mrs. Edward A. Walker.



THE VIOLETS' LESSON.

ONE bright day early in spring-time a cluster of timid little violets, which had pushed their way up through the damp mould, opened their eyes and looked out on the world around them. They found themselves just within the edge of a large wood, with noble old forest-trees lifting their heads in stately grace on every side, and vigorous young saplings shooting up here and there between. The whole wood was filled with the music of the birds, which had flown north from some sunny clime to herald the approach of summer. And close beside the timid violets, so near that they could lean over and look down into its clear waters, a bright stream went hurrying by, out into the meadows and fields beyond, and on, on, as far as the violets could see; how much farther they did not know. Everything about them was so grand or so beautiful, and so full of life, that the poor little violets felt themselves very insignificant beings indeed, in this strange, glad world into which they had entered. And they shrank closer together, as if each would shelter itself behind the other, when the golden April sunshine, glancing through the budding boughs above them, spied them out and sent a stray beam to cheer them and brighten up their delicate blue petals. Presently an oriole perched himself on one of the branches of a graceful elm close by, and warbled as if he would pour out his very heart in music,—such a song of life and gladness and love.

"Oh!" sighed one of the violets, when the strain paused for a moment, "if we could have voices like that to rejoice every living thing within hearing, it would indeed be something to live for. Would it not be a grand thing, sisters, if we could be of some use in this beautiful world!"

Low as the whisper was, the oriole, who was just poising himself on the bough above, preparatory to another outburst of melody, heard it, and, looking down, said: "Why, you are of use, little ones! It is your business here to grow up just as fresh and lovely as you can, and help to make the world more beautiful. Every one cannot sing, to be sure; but every one can do

what is in his own power." And so, having answered the violet, he launched out into his song again exultingly, joining the chorus of woodland minstrels who were rejoicing on every side.

But the violet whispered to her sisters lower than before: "Ah, but I wish we could *do* something! It is all very well to be beautiful, although I doubt if such poor little tiny things as we are anything very wonderful in that way."

The April wind swept across them and bent their heads over the clear stream. "Look at yourselves in the water, and see if you have not been made beautiful enough to help to gladden the world, and do not sigh for more than has been given you. Live your own life to the utmost; be fragrant and blooming, and you do your part." And the stream looked up to them, and sang also in its low, murmurous ripple, "Everything has its own work to do in the world! Mine is to freshen the grass and flowers, that, like yourselves, grow near my green margin, and the lofty trees that mirror themselves in my waters; and after a while, when I have expanded into a broad river, to bear on my bosom noble ships that carry men whither they wish to go. Rejoice in the sunshine and soft air, and be as lovely as you can,—as lovely as you were designed to be,—and in time you will know for what use you are destined. Be content till then." So the April wind swept on to visit other flowers, and the brook flowed along its pebbly bed, singing low to itself as before.

And the violets still looked up timidly, but they welcomed the warm, bright sun-rays when they shone in upon them, bringing to them fresh life and color; they breathed out their delicate fragrance lovingly on the soft spring airs, which gently caressed them. And so they bloomed in perfect beauty, unseen for a while by human eyes. But on one sunny day two young girls came wandering through the wood, searching for wild-flowers, and listening to the birds. Presently one of them paused above the cluster of violets. "O Laura, see what lovely violets! I am going to paint them for mamma. If I should gather them, they would wither long before I could take them to her. But if I copy them as faithfully as I can, they will be the loveliest reminder of the spring that I can send to her in the close, built-up city." So she sat down on a fallen tree near by, and sketched and painted the delicate wee things in the book she carried with her, while the violets stood in an ecstasy of delight at finding how much joy they could give by their beauty. Then the young girls went on and left the wood to its solitude.

All things went on as before. The birds sang their love-songs, fitting to and fro; the trees put forth fresh leaves, and grew greener every day, and gave deeper shade; the stream rippled merrily on its way. Occasionally some careless woodsman strolled, whistling, along a faintly trodden path that led through the heart of the wood; or a troop of merry children, let loose for holiday, came seeking wild-flowers; but none of them found the violets, until one golden morning there came a little pale-faced, blue-eyed girl, drawn by her brothers in a light basket carriage. The little girl had been sick for weeks, but with the opening spring she had revived, and now on soft, sunny days she was able to go out in this way to take the air. As



her brothers drew her along near the margin of the stream, she spied the violets, and the blue eyes grew bright with pleasure. "O Arty! Charlie!" she exclaimed, "won't you take up the violets very carefully for me, roots and all, with the earth around them? I want to carry them home and put them in a flower-pot in my room, where I can tend them myself, and see them whenever I wish, when I cannot run about to look for flowers." And Arty and Charlie, glad to please their darling sister, took up the delicate cluster with the greatest care, and, holding the earth in which it grew firmly together by means of paper wrapped around it, they laid the prize in Edith's lap, and drew her home.

And so the violets, transferred to Edith's room, bloomed as beautifully as in their native wood; for loving care never failed them; and day by day, while Edith gathered health and strength, the blue eyes shone down on them with an ever new delight. And Edith's visitors often smiled with pleasure as her flowers suggested to them some pleasant thought, or brought the brightness and freshness of nature, too often forgotten, into their daily lives.

So the violets found their use. And day after day, as they breathed out their lives in bloom and fragrance, the breeze that wandered in at the open windows heard the violet which had spoken before whisper to her sisters, "Ah, when I sighed to be of some use in the world, I little dreamed that we could do so much good just by growing up to be as lovely as we can, — as lovely as we are designed to be, — as the brook said to us. It was right. I am content." And her sister violets clustered around her answered softly together, "The brook was right. We are content."

Susan E. Dickinson.

THE BIRD'S QUESTION.

BEHIND us at our evening meal
 The gray bird ate his fill,
 Swung downward by a single claw,
 And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,
 And set his head aslant,
 And, in his sharp, impatient way,
 Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
 Your head beneath your wing
 And go to sleep";—but o'er and o'er
 He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said:
 How like are men and birds!
 We all are saying what he says
 In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,
 The girl with hoop and doll,
 And men with lands and houses, ask
 The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more
 We fain the bag would cram;
 We sigh above our crowded nets
 For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
 The vague desire can stay;
 Self-love is still a Tartar mill
 For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all;
 He knoweth all our wants;
 And what we blindly ask of Him
 His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
 Might well be merged in one;
 And nest and perch and hearth and church
 Repeat, "Thy will be done."

John G. Whittier.

SEA-LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE STAR-FISH TAKES A SUMMER JOURNEY.



NCE there was a little star-fish, and he had five fingers and five eyes, one at the end of each finger, — so that he might be said to have at least one power at his fingers' ends. And he had I can't tell you how many little feet; but being without legs, you see, he could n't be expected to walk very fast. The feet could n't move one before the other as yours do, — they could only cling like little suckers, by which he pulled himself slowly along from place to place; nevertheless, he was very proud of this accomplishment, and sometimes this pride led him to an unjust contempt for his neighbors, as you will see

by and by. He was very particular about his eating; and, besides his mouth, which lay in the centre of his body, he had a little scarlet-colored sieve, through which he strained the water he drank; for he could n't think of taking in common sea-water, with everything that might be floating in it, — that would do for crabs and lobsters and other common people; but anybody who wears such a lovely purple coat, and has brothers and sisters dressed in crimson, feels a little above such living.

Now, one day, this star-fish set out on a summer journey, — not to the sea-side, where you and I went last year; of course not, for he was there already; no, he thought he would go to the mountains. He could not go to the Rocky Mountains, nor to the Catskill Mountains, nor the White Mountains; for with all his accomplishments he had not yet learned to live in any drier place than a pool among the rocks, or the very wettest sand at low tide: so, if he travelled to the mountains, it must be to the mountains of the sea.

Perhaps you did n't know that there are mountains in the sea. I have seen them, however, and I think you have too, — at least their tops, if nothing more. What is that little rocky ledge, where the light-house stands, but the stony top of a hill rising from the bottom of the sea? And what are the pretty green islands, with their clusters of trees and grassy slopes, but the summits of hills lifted out of the water?

In many parts of the sea, where the water is deep, are hills, and even high mountains, whose tops do not reach the surface, and we should not know where they are, were it not that the sailors, in measuring the depth of the sea, sometimes sail right over these mountain-tops, and touch them with their sounding-lines.

The star-fish set out one day, about five hundred years ago, to visit some of these mountains of the sea. If he had depended upon his own feet for getting there, it would have taken him till this day, I verily believe; but he no more thought of walking than you or I should think of walking to China. You shall see how he travelled. A great train was coming down from the Northern seas; not a railroad train, but a water train, sweeping on like a river in the sea; its track lay along near the bottom of the ocean, and above you could see no sign of it, any more than you can see the cars while they go through the tunnel under the street. The principal passengers by this train were icebergs, who were in the habit of coming down on it every year, in order to reduce their weight by a little exercise; for they grow so very large and heavy up there in the North, every winter, that some sort of treatment is really necessary to them when summer comes. I only call the icebergs the principal passengers, because they take up so much room; for thousands and millions of other travellers come with them, — from the white bears asleep on the bergs, and brought away quite against their will, to the tiniest little creatures rocking in the cradles of the ripples or clinging to the delicate branches of the sea-mosses. I said you could see no sign of the great water train from above; that was not quite true, for many of the icebergs are tall enough to lift their heads far up into the air, and shine with a cold, glittering splendor in the sunlight; and you can tell, by the course in which they sail, which way the train is going deep down in the sea.

The star-fish took passage on this train. He did n't start at the beginning of the road, but got in at one of the way-stations, somewhere off Cape Cod, — fell in with some friends going south, and had altogether a pleasant trip of it. No wearisome stopping-places to feed either engine or passengers; for this train moves by a power that needs no feeding on the way, and the passengers are much in the habit of eating their fellow-travellers by way of frequent luncheons.

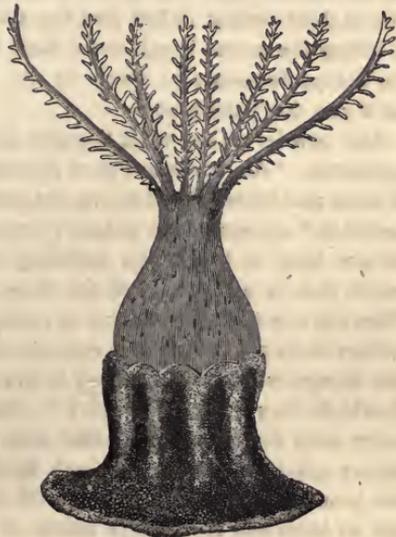
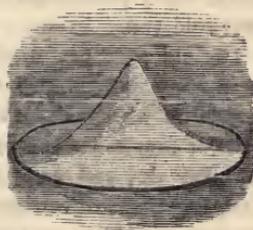
In the course of a few weeks, our five-fingered traveller is safely dropped in the Caribbean Sea; and if you do not know where that sea is, I wish you would take your map of North America and find it, and then you can see the course of the journey, and understand the story better. This Caribbean Sea is as full of mountains as New Hampshire and Vermont are, but none of them have caps of snow like that which Mount Washington sometimes wears, and some of them are built up in a very odd way, as you will presently see.

Now the star-fish is floating in the warm, soft water among the mountains, turning up first one eye and then another, to see the wonders about him, or looking all around, before and behind and both sides at once, — as you can't do if you try ever so hard, — while his fifth eye is on the look-out for sharks, besides; and he meets with a soft little body, much smaller than himself, and not half so handsomely dressed, who invites him to visit her relatives, who live, by millions, in this mountain region. "And come quickly, if you please," she says, "for I begin to feel as if I must fix myself somewhere, and I should like, if possible, to settle down near my brothers and sisters on the Roncador Bank."

CHAPTER II.

CORALTOWN ON RONCADOR BANK.

WHERE is Roncador Bank, and who are the little settlers there? If you want me to answer this question, you must go back with me, or rather think back with me, over many thousands of years, and, looking into this same Caribbean Sea, we shall find in its southwestern part a little hill formed of mud and sand, and reaching not nearly so high as the top of the water. Not far from it float some little, soft, jelly-like bodies, exactly resembling the one who spoke to the star-fish just now; they are emigrants looking for a new home; they seem to take a fancy to this hill, and fix themselves on bits of rock along its base; until, as more and more of them come, they form a circle around it, and the hill stands up in the middle like this, while far above the whole blue waves are tossing in the sunlight. How do you like this little circular town? It is the beginning of Coraltown; just as the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was the beginning of Massachusetts. And now we will see how the little town grows. First of all notice this curious fact, that each settler, after once choosing a home, never after stirs from that spot, but from day to day fastens himself more and more firmly to the rock where he first stuck. The part of his body touching the rock hardens into stone, and, as the months and years go by, the sides of his body too turn to stone, and yet he is still alive, eating all the time with a little mouth at his top, taking in the sea-water without a strainer, and getting consequently tiny bits of lime in it which, once taken in, go to build up the little body into a sort of limestone castle; just as if one of the knights in armor, of whom we read in old stories, had, instead of putting on his steel corselet and helmet and breastplate, turned his own flesh and bones into armor. How safe he would be! So these inhabitants of Coraltown were safe from all the fishes and other fierce devourers of little sea creatures, (for who wants to swallow a mail-clad warrior, however small?) and their settlement was undisturbed, and grew from year to year, until it formed a pretty high wall.



But before going any further, you may like to know that these settlers

were all of the polyp family ; fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, all were polyps. And this is the way their families increased. After the first comers were fairly settled and pretty thoroughly turned to stone, little buds, looking somewhat like the smallest leaf-buds of the spring-time, began to grow out of their edges. These were their children, at least one kind of their children, for they had yet another kind also, coming from eggs and floating off in the water like the first settlers ; these latter we might call the free children or wanderers, while the former could be named the fixed children. But even the wanderers come back after a short time and settle beside their parents, as you remember the one who met the star-fish was about to do.

It was not very easy for you and me to think back so many thousand years to the very beginning of Coraltown, nor is it less difficult to realize how many, many years were passing while the little town grew, even as far as I have told you.

The old great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers had died, but they left their stone bodies still standing, as a support and assistance to their descendants who had built above them, — and the walls had risen, not like walls of common stone or brick, but all alive and busy building themselves, day after day and year after year, until now, at the time of the star-fish's visit, the topmost towers could sometimes catch a gleam of sunlight when the tide was low ; and when storms rolled the great waves that way, they would dash against the little castles, breaking themselves into snowy spray, and crumbling away at the same time the tiny walls that had been the polyp's work of years. Do you think that was too bad and quite discouraging to the workers ? It does seem so, but you will see how the good God, who is their loving father just the same as He is ours, had a grand purpose in letting the waves break down their houses, just as He always does in all the disappointments he sends to us. Wait till you finish the story, and tell me if you don't think so ?

And now let us see what the star-fish thought of the little town and its inhabitants. "Ah, these are your houses," he said ; "why don't you come out of them and travel about to see the world ?" "These are not our houses, but *ourselves*," answered the polyps ; "we can't come out, and we don't want to ; we are here to build, and building is all we care to do ; as for seeing the world, that is all very well for those who have eyes, but we have none." Then the star-fish turned away in contempt from such creatures, — "People of neither taste nor ability ; no eyes, no feet, no water-strainers ; poor little useless things, what good are they in the world, with their stupid, blind building of which they think so much ?" And he worked himself off into a branch water train that was setting that way, and, without so much as bidding the polyps good by, turned his back upon Coraltown, and presently found a fellow-passenger fine enough to absorb all his attention. A passenger, I say, but we shall find it rather a group of passengers in their own pretty boat, some curled in spiral coils, some trailing like little swimmers behind, some snugly ensconced inside ; but all of such brilliant colors and gay bearing that

even the star-fish felt his inferiority, and, wishing to make friends with so fine a neighbor, he whirled a tempting morsel of food towards one of the swimming party, and politely offered it to him. "No, I thank you," replied the swimmer, "I don't eat; my sister does the eating, I only swim." Turning to another of the gay company with the same offer, he was answered, "Thank you, the eaters are at the other side; I only lay eggs." "What strange people!" thought the star-fish; but, with all his learning, he did n't know everything, and had never heard how people sometimes live in communities and divide the work as suits their fancy.

While we leave him wondering, let us go back to Coraltown. The crumbling bits beaten off by the waves floated about, filling all the chinks of the wall, while the rough edges at the top caught long ribbons of sea-weed, and sometimes drifting wood from wrecked vessels, and then the sea washed up sand in great heaps against the walls, building buttresses for them. Do you know what buttresses are? If you don't, I will leave you to find out. And the polyps who do not know how to live in the light and air had all died; or those who were wanderers had emigrated to some new place. Poor little things, their useless lives had ended, and what good had they done in the world?

CHAPTER III.

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

AND now let us look at Coraltown once more. It is the first day of June of the very last year, 1865. The sun is low in the west, and lights up the crests of the long lines of breakers that are everywhere curling and dashing among the topmost turrets of the coral walls. But here is something new and strange indeed for this region; along one of the ledges of rock, fitted as it were into a cradle, lies the great steamship *Golden Rule*, a vessel full two hundred and fifty feet long, and holding six or seven hundred people. Her masts are gone, and so are the tall chimneys from which the smoke of her engine used to rise like a cloud. The rocks have torn a great hole through her strong planks, and the water is washing in, while the biggest waves that roll that way lift themselves in mountainous curves, and sweep over the deck.

This fine, great vessel sailed out of New York harbor a week ago to carry all these people to Greytown, on their way to California; and here she is now at Coraltown instead of Greytown, and the poor people, nearly a hundred miles away from land, are waiting through the weary hours, while they see the ocean swallowing up their vessel, breaking it and tearing it to pieces, and they do not know how soon they may find themselves drifting in the sea. But although they may be a hundred miles from land, they are just as near to God as they ever were; and He is even at this moment taking most loving care of them.

On the more sheltered parts of the deck are men and women, holding on by ropes and bulwarks; they are all looking one way out over the water. What are they watching for? See, it comes now in sight, — only a black speck

in the golden path of the sunlight? No, it is a boat, sent out two hours ago to search for some island where the people might find refuge when the ship should go to pieces. Do you wonder that the men and women are watching eagerly? Look, it has reached the outer ledge of rock; the men spring out of it waving their hats and shouting, "Success!" and the men on board answer with a loud hurrah, while the women cannot keep back their tears. What land have they discovered? You could hardly call it land; it is only a larger ledge of coral built up just out of reach of the waves, its crevices filled in firmly with broken bits of rock and drifts of sand, but it seems to-day, to these shipwrecked people, more beautiful than the loveliest woods and meadows do to you and me.

It would be too long a story, if I should tell you how the people were moved from the wreck to this little harbor of refuge, — lowered over the vessel's side with ropes, taken first to a raft which had been made of broken parts of the vessel, and the next day in little boats to the rocky island; but you can make a picture in your mind of the boats full of people, and the sailors rowing through the breakers, and the great sea-birds coming to meet their strange visitors, peering curiously at them, as if they wondered what new kind of creatures were these without wings or beaks. And you must see, in the very first boat, little May Warner, three years and a half old, with her sunny hair all wet with spray, and her blue eyes wide open to see all the wonders about her. For May does n't know what danger is; — even while on the wreck she clapped her little hands in delight to see the great, curling crests of the waves, and now she is singing her merry songs to the sea-birds, and laughing in their funny faces, and fairly shouting with joy, as at landing



she rides to the shore perched high on the shoulder of Sailor Jack, while he wades knee-deep through the water.

So we have come to a second settlement of Coraltown, — first the polyps, — then the men, women, and children. Do you see how the good Father teaches all His creatures to help each other? Here the tiny polyps have built an island for people who are so much larger and stronger than themselves, and the seeming destruction of their upper walls was only a better preparation for the reception of these distinguished visitors; the birds too are helping them to food, for every little cave and shelf in the rock is full of eggs. And now should you like to see how little May Warner helps them in even a better way?

Did you ever fall asleep on the floor, and, waking, find yourself aching and stiff because it was so hard? Then you know in part what hard beds rocks make. And in a hot sunny day, have n't you often been glad to keep under the trees, or even to stay in the house for a shade? Then you can understand a little how hot it must have been on Roncador Island, where there were no trees or houses. And have n't you sometimes, when you were very hot and tired and hungry, and had perhaps also been kept waiting a long hour for somebody who did n't come, — have n't you felt a little cross and fretful and impatient, so that nothing seemed pleasant to you, and you seemed pleasant to nobody? Now should n't you think there was great danger that these people on the island, in the hot sun, tired, hungry, and waiting, waiting, day and night, for some vessel to come and take them to their homes again, and not feeling at all sure that any such vessel would ever come, — should n't you think there was danger of their becoming cross and fretful and impatient? And if one begins to say, "O, how tired I am, and how hard the rocks are, and how little dinner I have had, and how hot the sun is, and what shall we ever do waiting here so long, and how shall we ever get home again!" don't you see that all would begin to be discouraged? And sometimes on this island it did happen just so; first one would be discouraged, and then another; and as soon as you begin to feel in this way, you know at once everything grows even worse than it was before, — the sun feels hotter, the rocks harder, the water tastes more disagreeably, and the crabs' claws less palatable. But in the midst of all the trouble May would come tripping over the rocks, a little sun-burnt girl now, with tattered clothes and bare feet, and she would bring a pretty pink conch-shell, or the lovely rose-colored sea-mosses, and tell her funny little story of where she found them; the discontented people would gather around her, she would give a sailor kiss to one, and a French kiss to another, and, best of all, a Yankee kiss with both arms round his neck to her own dear father, and then, somehow or other, the discontent and trouble would be gone, for a little while at least, — just as a cloud sometimes seems to melt away in the sunshine, — and so May Warner earned the name of "Little Sunshine."

If anybody had picked up driftwood enough to make a fire, and could get an old battered kettle and some water to make a soup of shell-fish, "Little Sunshine" must be invited to dinner; for half the enjoyment would be wanting without her. If a great black cloud came up, threatening a shower, the roughest man on the island forgot his own discomfort in making a tent to

keep "Little Sunshine" safe from the rain. And so in a thousand ways she cheered the weary days, making everybody happier for having her there.

Do you think there are any children who would have made the people less happy by being there, — who would have complained and fretted and been selfish and disagreeable?

Ten days go by, so slowly that they seem more like weeks or months than like days. The people have suffered from the rain, from heat, from want of food; they are very weak now, some of them can hardly stand. Can you imagine how they feel, when, in the early morning, two great gunboats come in sight, making straight for their island as fast as the strong steam-engines will take them? Can you think how tenderly and carefully they are taken on board, fed with broth and wine, and nursed back into health and strength? And do not forget the little treasures that go in May's pocket, — the bits of coral, the tinted sea-shells and ruby-colored mosses, and, nested among them all and chief in her regard, a little five-fingered star, spiny and dry, but still showing a crimson coat, and dots which mark the places of five eyes, and a little scarlet water-strainer, now of no further use to the owner. Do you remember our old friend the star-fish? Well, this is his great-great-great-great-grandchild.

In a week or two more the rescued people have all reached California, and gone their separate ways, never to meet again; but all carry in their hearts the memory of "Little Sunshine," who lightened their troubles and cheered their darkest days.

Author of "Seven Little Sisters."



A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

VI.

AMONG the mountains, somewhere between the Androscoggin and the Saco, — I don't feel bound to tell you precisely where, and I have only a story-teller's word to give you for it at all, — lies the little neighborhood of Outledge. An odd corner of a great township such as they measure off in these wilds, where they take in, with some eligible "locations" of intervale land, miles also of pathless forest where the bear and the moose are wandering still, a pond, perhaps, filling up a basin of acres and acres in extent, and a good-sized mountain or two, thrown in to keep off the north wind, — a corner cut off, as its name indicates, by the outrunning of a precipitous ridge of granite, round which a handful of population had crept and built itself a group of dwellings, — this was the spot discovered and seized to themselves some four or five years since by certain migratory pioneers of fashion.

An old two-story farm-house, with four plain rooms of generous dimen-

sions on each floor, in which the first delighted summer-party had divided itself, glad and grateful to occupy them double and even treble bedded, had become the "hotel," with a name up across the gable of the new wing, — "Giant's-Cairn House," — and the eight original rooms made into fourteen. The wing was clapped on by its middle; rushing out at the front toward the road to meet the summer-tide of travel as it should surge by, and hold up to it, arrestively, its titular sign-board; the other half as expressively making its bee-line toward the river and the mountain-view at back, — just as each fresh arrival, seeking out the preferable rooms, inevitably did. Behind, upon the other side, an L provided new kitchens; and over these, within a year, had been carried up a second story, with a hall for dancing, tableaux, theatricals, and travelling jugglers.

Up to this hostelry whirled daily, from the southward, the great six-horse stage; and from the northward came thrice a week wagons or coaches "through the hills," besides such "extras" as might drive down at any hour of day or night.

Round the smooth curve of broad, level road that skirted the ledges from the upper village pranced four splendid bays; and after them rollicked and swayed, with a perfect delirium of wheels and springs, the great black and yellow-bodied vehicle, like a huge bumble-bee buzzing back with its spoil of a June day to the hive. The June sunset was golden and rosy upon the hills and cliffs, and Giant's Cairn stood burnished against the eastern blue. Gay companies, scattered about piazzas and greenswards, stopped in their talk, or their promenades, or their croquet, to watch the arrivals.

"It's stopping at the Green Cottage."

"It's the Haddens! Their rooms have been waiting since the twenty-third, and all the rest are full." And two or three young girls dropped mallets and ran over.

"Maud Walcott!" "Mattie Shannon!"

"Jeannie!" "Nell!"

"How came *you* here?"

"We've been here these ten days, — looking for you the last three."

"Why, I can't take it in! I'm so surprised!"

"Is n't it jolly, though?"

"Miss Goldthwaite, — Miss Walcott. Miss Shannon, — Miss Goldthwaite. — My sister, Mrs. Linceford."

"*Me voici!*" And a third came up, suddenly, laying a hand upon each of the Haddens from behind.

"You, Sin Saxon! How many more?"

"We're coming, Father Abraham! All of us, nearly; three hundred thousand more — or less; half the Routh girls, with Madam to the fore!"

"And we've got all the farther end of the wing, down stairs, — the garden bedrooms; you've no idea how scrumptious it is! You must come over after tea, and see."

"Not all, Mattie; you forget the solitary spinster."

"No, I don't; who ever does? But can't you ignore her for once?"

"Or let a fellow speak in the spirit of prophecy?" said Sin Saxon. "We 're sure to get the better of Graywacke, and why not anticipate?"

"Graywacke?" said Jeannie Hadden. "Is that a name? It sounds like the side of a mountain."

"And acts like one," rejoined Sin Saxon. "Won't budge. But it is n't her name, exactly; only Saxon for Craydocke; suggestive of obstinacy and the Old Silurian. An ancient maiden who infests our half the wing. We've got all the rooms but hers, and we're bound to get her out. She's been there three years, in the same spot, — went in with the lath and plaster, — and it's *time* she started. Besides, have n't I got manifest destiny on my side? Ain't I a Saxon?" Sin Saxon tossed up a merry, bewitching, saucy glance out of her blue, starlike eyes, that shone under a fair, low brow touched and crowned lightly with the soft haze of gold-brown locks frizzed into a delicate mistiness after the ruling fashion of the hour.

"What a pretty thing she is!" said Mrs. Linceford, when, seeing her busy with her boxes, and the master of the house approaching to show the new arrivals to their rooms, Sin Saxon and her companions flitted away as they had come, with a few more sentences of bright girl-nonsense flung back at parting. "And a witty little minx, as well. Where did you know her, Jeannie? And what sort of a satanic name is that you call her by?"

"Just suits such a mischief, does n't it? Short for Asenath, — it was always her school-name. She's just finished her last year at Madam Routh's; she came there soon after we did. It's a party of the graduates, and some younger ones left with Madam for the long holidays, that she's travelling with. I wonder if she is n't sick of her life, though, by this time! Fancy those girls, Nell, with a whole half-wing of the hotel to themselves, and Sin Saxon in the midst!"

"Poor 'Graywacke' in the midst, you mean," said Nell.

"Like a respectable old grimalkin at the mercy of a crowd of boys and a tin kettle," added Jeannie, laughing.

"I've no doubt she's a very nice person, too. I only hope, if I come across her, I may n't call her Graywacke to her face," said Mrs. Linceford.

"Just what you'll be morally sure to do, Augusta!"

With this, they had come up the staircase and along a narrow passage leading down between a dozen or so of small bedrooms on either side, — for the Green Cottage also had run out its addition of two stories since summer guests had become many and importunate, — and stood now where three open doors, one at the right and two at the left, invited their entrance upon what was to be their own especial territory for the next two months. From one side they looked up the river along the face of the great ledges, and caught the grandeur of far-off Washington, Adams, and Madison, filling up the northward end of the long valley. The aspect of the other was toward the frowning glooms of Giant's Cairn close by, and broadened then down over the pleasant subsidence of the southern country to where the hills grew less, and fair, small, modest peaks lifted themselves just into blue height and nothing more, smiling back with a contented deference toward the might-

ier majesties, as those who might say, — “We do our gentle best ; it is not yours ; yet we too are mountains, though but little ones.” From underneath spread the foreground of green, brilliant intervals, with the river flashing down between margins of sand and pebbles in the midst.

Here they put Leslie Goldthwaite ; and here, somehow, her first sensation, as she threw back her blinds to let in all the twilight for her dressing, was a feeling of half relief from the strained awe and wonder of the last few days. Life would not seem so petty here as in the face of all that solemn stateliness. There was a reaction of respite and repose. And why not ? The great emotions are not meant to come to us daily in their unqualified strength. God knows how to dilute His elixirs for the soul. His fine, impalpable air, spread round the earth, is not more cunningly mixed from pungent gases for our hourly breath, than life itself is thinned and toned that we may receive and bear it.

Leslie wondered if it were wrong that the high mountain-fervor let itself go from her so soon and easily ; that the sweet pleasantness of this new resting-place should come to her *as* a rest ; that the laughter and frolic of the school-girls made her glad with such sudden sympathy and foresight of enjoyment ; that she should have “come down” all the way from Jefferson in Jeannie’s sense, and that she almost felt it a comfortable thing herself not to be kept always “up in the clouds.”

Sin Saxon, as they called her, was so bright and odd and fascinating ; was there any harm — because no special, obvious good — in that ? There was a little twinge of doubt, remembering poor Miss Craydocke ; but that had seemed pure fun, not malice, after all, — and it was, hearing Sin Saxon tell it, very funny. She could imagine the life they led the quiet lady, — yet, if it were quite intolerable, why did she remain ? Perhaps, after all, she saw through the fun of it. And I think, myself, perhaps she did.

The Marie Stuart net went on to-night ; and then such a pretty muslin, white, with narrow mode-brown stripes, and small, bright leaves dropped over them, as if its wearer had stood out under a maple-tree in October, and all the tiniest and most radiant bits had fallen and fastened themselves about her. And, last of all, with her little hooded cape of scarlet cashmere over her arm, she went down to eat cream-biscuit and wood-strawberries for tea. Her summer life began with a charming freshness and dainty delight.

There were pleasant voices of happy people about them in hall and open parlor, as they sat at their late repast. Everything seemed indicative of abundant coming enjoyment ; and the girls chatted gayly of all they had already discovered or conjectured, and began to talk of the ways of the place and the sojourners in it, quite like old *habitués*.

It was even more delightful yet, strolling out when tea was over, and meeting the Routh party again half-way between the cottage and the hotel, and sauntering on with them, insensibly, till they found themselves on the wide wing-piazza, upon which opened the garden bedrooms, and being persuaded after all to sit down since they had got there, though Mrs. Linceford had demurred at a too hasty rushing over, as new-comers, to begin visits.

"O, nobody knows when they *are* called upon here, or who comes first," said Mattie Shannon. "We generally receive half-way across the green, and it's a chance which turns back, or whether we get near either house again or not. Houses don't signify, except when it rains."

"But it just signifies that you should see how magnificently we have settled ourselves for nights, and dressing, and when it *does* rain," said Sin Saxon, throwing back a door behind her, that stood a little ajar. It opened directly into a small apartment, half parlor and half dressing-room, from which doors showed others, on either side, furnished as sleeping-rooms.

"It was Maud Walcott's, between the Arnalls' and mine; but, what with our trunks, and our beds, and our crinolines, and our towel-stands, we wanted a Bowditch's Navigator to steer clear of the reefs, and something was always getting knocked over; so, one night, we were seized simultaneously with an idea. We'd make a boudoir of this for the general good, and forthwith we fell upon the bed, and amongst us got it down. It was the greatest fun! We carried the pieces and the mattresses all off ourselves up to the attic, after ten o'clock, and we gave the chambermaid a dollar next morning, and nobody's been the wiser since. And then we walked to the upper village and bought that extraordinary chintz, and frilled and cushioned our trunks into ottomans, and curtained the dress-hooks; and Lucinda got us a rocking-chair, and Maud came in with me to sleep, and we kept our extra pillows, and we should be comfortable as queens if it was n't for Graywacke."

"Now, Sin Saxon, you know Graywacke is just the life of the house. What would such a parcel of us do, if we had n't something to run upon?"

"Only I'm afraid I shall get tired of it at last. She bears it so. It is n't exactly saintliness, nor Graywacke-iness, but it seems sometimes as if she took a quiet kind of fun out of it herself,—as if she were somehow laughing at us, after all, in her sleeve; and if she is, she's got the biggest end. *She's* bright enough."

"Don't we tree-toad her within an inch of her life, though, when we come home in the wagons at night? I should n't think she could stand that long. I guess she wants all her beauty-sleep. And Kate Arnall can tu-whit, tu-who! equal to Tennyson himself, or any great white *American* owl."

"Yes, but what do you think? As true as I live, I heard her answer back the other night with such a sly little 'Katy-did! she did! she did!' I thought at first it actually came from the great elm-trees. O, she's been a girl once, you may depend; and has n't more than half got over it either. But wait till we have our 'howl!'"

What a "howl" was, superlative to "tree-toading," "owl-hooting," and other diversions, did not appear at this time; for a young man did, approaching from the front of the hotel, and came up to the group on the piazza with the question, "At what time do we set off for Feather-Cap to-morrow?"

"O, early, Mr. Scherman; by nine o'clock."

"Earlier than you'll be ready," said Frank Scherman's sister, one of the "Routh" girls also.

"I sha' n't have any crimps to take down, that's one thing," Frank an-

swered. And Sin Saxon, glancing at his handsome waving hair, whispered saucily to Jeannie Hadden, "I don't more than half believe that, either"; — then, aloud, "You must join the party too, girls, by the way. It's one of the nicest excursions here. We've got two wagons, and they'll be full; but there's Holden's 'little red' will take six, and I don't believe anybody has spoken for it. Mr. Scherman! would n't it make you happy to go and see?"

"Most intensely!" and Frank Scherman bowed a low, graceful bow, settling back into his first attitude, however, as one who could quite willingly resign himself to his present comparative unhappiness awhile longer.

"Where is Feather-Cap?" asked Leslie Goldthwaite.

"It's the mountain you see there, peeping round the shoulder of Giant's Cairn; a comfortable little rudiment of a mountain, just enough for a primer-lesson in climbing. Don't you see how the crest drops over on one side, and that scrap of pine — which is really a huge gaunt thing a hundred years old — slants out from it with just a tuft of green at the very tip, like an old feather stuck in jauntily?"

"And the pine-woods round the foot of the Cairn are lovely," said Maud.

"Oh!" cried Leslie, drawing a long breath, as if their spicy smell were already about her, "there is nothing I delight in so as pines!"

"You'll have your fill to-morrow, then; for it's ten miles through nothing else, and the road is like a carpet with the soft brown needles."

"I hope Augusta won't be too tired to feel like going," said Elinor.

"We had better ask her soon, then; she is looking this way now. We ought to go, Sin; we've got all our settling to do for the night."

"We'll walk over with you," said Sin Saxon. "Then we shall have done up all the preliminaries nicely. We called on you — before you were off the stage-coach; you've returned it; and now we'll pay up and leave you owing us one. Come, Mr. Scherman; you'll be so far on your way to Holden's, and perhaps inertia will carry you through."

But a little girl presently appeared, running from the hotel portico at the front, as they came round to view from thence. Madam Routh was sitting in the open hall with some newly arrived friends, and sent one of her lambs, as Sin called them, to say to the older girls that she preferred they should not go away again to-night.

"'Ruin seize thee, Routh — less king!'" quoted Sin Saxon, with an absurd air of declamation. "'T was ever thus from childhood's hour, — and now, just as we thought childhood's hour was comfortably over, — that the clock had struck one, and down we might run, hickory, dickory, dock, — behold the lengthened sweetness long drawn out of school rule in vacation, even before the very face and eyes of Freedom on her mountain heights! Well, we must go, I suppose. Mr. Scherman, you'll have to represent us to Mrs. Linceford, and persuade her to join us to Feather-Cap. And be sure you get the 'little red'!"

"It'll be all the worse for Graywacke, if we're kept in and sent off early," she continued, *sotto voce*, to her companions, as they turned away. "My! what *has* that boy got?"

After all this, I wonder if you would n't just like to look in at Miss Craydocke's room with me, who can give you a pass anywhere within the geography of my story?

She came in here "with the lath and plaster," as Sin Saxon had said. She had gathered little comforts and embellishments about her from summer to summer, until the room had a home-cheeriness, and even a look of luxury, contrasted with the bare dormitories around it. Over the straw matting, that soon grows shabby in a hotel, she had laid a large, nicely-bound square of soft, green carpet, in a little mossy pattern, that covered the middle of the floor, and was held tidily in place by a foot of the bedstead and two forward ones each of the table and washstand. On this little green stood her Shaker rocking-chair and a round white-pine light-stand with her work-basket and a few books. Against the wall hung some white-pine shelves with more books, — quite a little circulating library they were for invalids and read-out people, who came to the mountains, like foolish virgins, with scant supply of the oil of literature for the feeding of their brain-lamps. Besides these, there were engravings and photographs in *passe-partout* frames, that journeyed with her safely in the bottoms of her trunks. Also, the wall itself had been papered, at her own cost and providing, with a pretty pale-green hanging; and there were striped muslin curtains to the window, over which were caught the sprays of some light, wandering vine that sprung from a low-suspended terra cotta vase between.

She had everything pretty about her, this old Miss Craydocke. How many people do, that have not a bit of outward prettiness themselves! Not one cubit to the stature, not one hair white or black, can they add or change; and around them grow the lilies in the glory of Solomon, and a frosted leaf or a mossy twig, that they can pick up from under their feet and bring home from the commonest walk, comes in with them, bearing a brightness and a grace that seems sometimes almost like a satire! But in the midst grows silently the century-plant of the soul, absorbing to itself hourly that which feeds the beauty of the lily and the radiance of the leaf, — waiting only for the hundred years of its shrouding to be over!

Miss Craydocke never came in from the woods and rocks without her trophies. Rare, lovely mosses, and bits of most delicate ferns, maiden-hair and lady-bracken, tiny trails of wintergreen and arbutus, filled a great shallow Indian china dish upon her bureau-top, and grew, in their fairy fashion, in the clear, soft water she kept them freshened with.

Shining scraps of mountain minerals, — garnets and bright-tinted quartz and beryls, heaped artistically, rather than scientifically, on a base of jasper and malachite and dark basalt and glistening spar and curious fossils, — these not gathered by any means in a single summer or in ordinary ramblings, but treasured long, and standing, some of them, for friendly memories — balanced on the one side a like grouping of shells and corals and sea-mosses on the other, upon a broad bracket-mantel put up over a little corner fireplace; for Miss Craydocke's room, joining the main house, took the benefit of one of its old chimneys.

Above or about the pictures lay mossy, gnarled, and twisted branches, gray and green, framing them in a forest arabesque; and great pine cones, pendent from their boughs, crowned and canopied the mirror.

"What *do* you keep your kindling-wood up there for?" Sin Saxon had asked, with a grave, puzzled face, coming in, for pure mischief, on one of her frequent and ingenious errands.

"Why, where should I put a pile of wood or a basket? There's no room for things to lie round here; you have to hang everything up!" — was Miss Craydocke's answer, quick as a flash, her eyes twinkling comically with appreciation of the fun.

And Sin Saxon had gone away and told the girls that the old lady knew how to feather her nest better than any of them, and was sharp enough at a peck, too, upon occasion.

She found her again, one morning, sitting in the midst of a pile of home-spun, which she was cutting up with great shears into boys' blouses.

"There! that's the noise that has disturbed me so!" cried the girl. "I thought it was a hay-cutter, or a planing-machine, or that you had got the asthma awfully. I couldn't write my letter for listening to it, and came round to ask what *was* the matter! — Miss Craydocke, I don't see why you keep the door bolted on your side. It is n't any more fair for you than for me; and I'm sure I do all the visiting. Besides, it's dangerous. What if anything should happen in the night? I could n't get in to help you. Or there might be a fire in our room, — I'm sure I expect nothing else. We boiled eggs in the Etna the other night, and got too much alcohol in the saucer; and then, in the midst of the blaze and excitement, what should Madam Routh do but come knocking at the door! Of course we had to put it in the closet, and there were all our muslin dresses, — that were n't hanging on the hooks in Maud's room! I assure you I felt like the man sitting on the safety-valve, standing with my back against the door, and my clothes spread out for fear she would see the flash under the crack! For we'd nothing else but moonlight in the room. — But now tell me, please, what are all these things? Meal-bags?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Of course I do. Now that I've got over my fright about your strangling with the asthma — those shears did wheeze so! — my curiosity is all alive again."

"I've a cousin down in North Carolina teaching the little freedmen."

"And she's to have all these sacks to tie the naughty ones up in? What a bright idea! And then to whip them with rods as the Giant did his crockery, I suppose? Or perhaps — they can't be petticoats! Won't she be warm, though?"

"May be, if you were to take one and sew up the seams, you would be able to satisfy yourself."

"I? Why, I never *could* put anything together! I tried once, with a pair of hospital drawers, and they were like Sam Hyde's dog, that got cut in two, and clapped together again in a hurry, two legs up, and two legs

down. Miss Craydocke, why don't *you* go down among the freedmen? You have n't half a sphere up here. Nothing but Hobbs's Location, and the little Hoskineses."

"I can't organize and execute. Letitia can. It's her gift. I can't do great things. I can only just carry round my little cup of cold water."

"But it gets so dreadfully joggled in such a place as this! Don't we girls disturb you, Miss Craydocke? I should think you'd be quieter in the other wing, or up stairs."

"Young folks are apt to think that old folks ought to go a story higher. But we're content, and they must put up with us, until the proprietor orders a move."

"Well, good by. But if ever you do smell smoke in the night, you'll draw your bolt the first thing, won't you?"

This evening, — upon which we have offered you your pass, reader, — Miss Craydocke is sitting with her mosquito bar up, and her candle alight, finishing some pretty thing that daylight has not been long enough for. A flag basket at her feet holds strips and rolls of delicate birch-bark, carefully split into filmy thinness, and heaps of star-mosses, cup-mosses, and those thick and crisp with clustering brown spires, as well as sheets of lichen silvery and pale green; and on the lap-board across her knees lies her work, — a graceful cross in perspective, put on card-board in birch shaded from faint buff to bistre, dashed with the detached lines that seem to have quilted the tree-t Teguments together. Around the foot of the cross rises a mound of lovely moss-work in relief, with feathery filaments creeping up and wreathing about the shaft and thwart-beam. Miss Craydocke is just dotting in some bits of slender coral-headed stems among little brown mushrooms and chalcices, as there comes a sudden, imperative knocking at the door of communication, or defence, between her and Sin Saxon.

"You must just open this time, if you please! I've got my arms full, and I could n't come round."

Miss Craydocke slipped her lap-board — work and all — under her bureau, upon the floor, for safety; and then, with her quaint, queer expression, in which curiosity, pluckiness, and a foretaste of amusement mingled so as to drive out annoyance, pushed back her bolt, and presented herself to the demand of her visitor, much as an undaunted man might fling open his door at the call of a mob.

Sin Saxon stood there, in the light of the good lady's candle, making a pretty picture against the dim background of the unlighted room beyond. Her fair hair was tossed, and her cheeks flushed; her blue eyes bright with sauciness and fun. In her hands, or across her arms, rather, she held some huge, uncouth thing, that was not to the last degree dainty-smelling, either; something conglomerated rudely upon a great crooked log or branch, which, glanced at closer, proved to be a fragment of gray old pine. Sticks and roots and bark, straw and grass and locks of dirty sheep's-wool, made up its bulk and its untidiness; and this thing Sin held out with glee, declaring she had brought a real treasure to add to Miss Craydocke's collection.



"Such a chance!" she said, coming in. "One might n't have another in a dozen years. I have just given Jimmy Wigley a quarter for it, and he'd just all but broken his neck to get it. It's a real crow's nest. *Corvinus something-else-us*, I suppose. Where will you have it? I'm going to nail it up for you myself. Won't it make a nice contrast to the humming-bird's? Over the bed, shall I? But then, if it *should* drop down on your nose, you know! I think the corner over the fireplace will be best. Yes, we'll have it right up perpendicular, in the angle. The branch twists a little, you see, and the nest will run out with its odds and ends like an old banner. Might I push up the washstand to get on to?"

"Suppose you lay it *in* the fireplace? It will just rest nicely across those evergreen boughs, and — be in the current of ventilation outward."

"Well, that's an idea, to be sure. — Miss Craydocke!" — Sin Saxon says this in a sudden interjectional way, as if it were with some quite fresh idea, — "I'm certain you play chess!"

"You're mistaken. I don't."

"You would, then, by intuition. Your counter-moves are — so — triumphant. Why, it's really an ornament!" With a little stress and strain that made her words interjectional, she had got it into place, thrusting one

end up the throat of the chimney, and lodging the crotch that held the nest upon the stems of fresh pine that lay across the andirons; and the "odds and ends," in safe position, and suggesting neither harm nor unsuitableness, looked unique and curious, and not so ugly.

"It's really an ornament!" repeated Sin, shaking the dust off her dress.

"As you expected, of course," replied Miss Craydocke.

"Well, I was n't—not to say—confident. I was afraid it might n't be much but scientific. But now—if you don't forget and light a fire under it some day, Miss Craydocke!"

"I sha' n't forget; and I'm very much obliged, really. Perhaps by and by I shall put it in a rough box and send it to a nephew of mine, with some other things, for his collection."

"Goodness, Miss Craydocke! They won't express it. They'll think it's an infernal machine, or a murder! But it's disposed of for the present, any way. The truth was, you know, twenty-five cents is a kind of a cup of cold water to Jimmy Wigley, and then there was the fun of bringing it in, and I did n't know anybody but you to offer it to; I'm so glad you like it; the girls thought you would n't. Perhaps I can get you another, or something else as curious, some day,—a moose's horns, or a bear-skin; there's no knowing. But now—apropos of the nest—I've a crow to *pick* with you. You gave me horrible dreams all night, the last time I came to see you. I don't know whether it was your little freedmen's meal-bags, or Miss Letitia's organizing and executive genius, or the cup of cold water you spoke of, or—it's just occurred to me—the fuss I had over my waterfall that day, trying to make it into a melon; but I had the most extraordinary time endeavoring to pay you a visit. Down South it was, and there you were, organizing and executing, after all, on the most tremendous scale, some kind of freedmen's institution. You were explaining to me and showing me all sorts of things, in such enormous bulk and extent and number! First I was to see your stables, where the cows were kept. A trillion of cows!—that was what you told me. And on the way we went down among such wood-piles!—whole forests cut up into kindlings and built into solid walls that reached up till the sky looked like a thread of blue sewing-silk between. And presently we came to a kind of opening and turned off to see the laundry (Mrs. Lisphin had just brought home my things at bedtime); and *there* was a place to do the world's washing in, or bleach out all the Ethiopians! Tubs like the hold of the Great Eastern, and spouts coming into them like the Staubach! Clothes-lines like a parade-ground of telegraphs, fields like prairies, snow-patched, as far as you could see, with things laid out to whiten! And suddenly we came to what was like a pond of milk, with crowds of negro women stirring it with long poles; and all at once something came roaring behind and you called to me to jump aside,—that the hot water was let on to make the starch; and down it rushed, a cataract like Niagara, in clouds of steam! And then—well, it changed to something else, I suppose; but it was after that fashion all night long, and the last I remember, I was trying to climb up the Cairn with a cup of cold water set on atilt at the crown of my head, which I was to get to the sky-parlor without spilling a drop!"

"Nobody's brain but yours would have put it together like that," said Miss Craydocke, laughing till she had to feel for her pocket-handkerchief to wipe away the tears.

"Don't cry, Miss Craydocke," said Sin Saxon, changing suddenly to the most touching tone and expression of regretful concern. "I did n't mean to distress you. I don't think anything is really the matter with my brain!"

"But I'll tell you what it is," she went on presently, in her old manner, "I *am* in a dreadful way with that waterfall, and I wish you'd lend me one of your caps, or advise me what to do. It's an awful thing when the fashion alters, just as you've got used to the last one. You can't go back, and you don't dare to go forward. I wish hair was like noses, born in a shape, without giving you any responsibility. But we do have to finish ourselves, and that's just what makes us restless."

"You have n't come to the worst yet," said Miss Craydocke, significantly.

"What do you mean? What is the worst? Will it come all at once, or will it be broken to me?"

"It will be broken, and *that's* the worst. One of these years you'll find a little thin spot coming, may be, and spreading, over your forehead or on the top of your head; and it'll be the fashion to comb the hair just so as to show it off, and make it worse; and for a while that'll be your thorn in the flesh. And then you'll begin to wonder why the color is n't so bright as it used to be, but looks dingy, all you can do to it; and again, after a while, some day, in a strong light, you'll see there are white threads in it, and the rest is fading; and so by degrees, and the degrees all separate pains, you'll have to come to it and give up the crown of your youth, and take to scraps of lace and muslin, or a front, as I did a dozen years ago."

Sin Saxon had no sauciness to give back for that; it made her feel all at once that this old Miss Craydocke had really been a girl too, with golden hair like her own, perhaps,—and not so very far in the past either but that a like space in her own future could picture itself to her mind; and something, quite different in her mood from ordinary, made her say, with even an unconscious touch of reverence in her voice,—“I wonder if I shall bear it, when it comes, as well as you!”

"There's a recompense," said Miss Craydocke. "You'll have got it all then. You'll know there's never a fifty or a sixty years that does n't hold the tens and the twenties."

"I've found out something," said Sin Saxon, as she came back to the girls again. "A picked-up dinner argues a fresh one some time. You can't have cold roast mutton unless it has once been hot!" And never a word more would she say to explain herself.

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."





THE FIRST MAY-FLOWERS.

SUPPOSE for a moment that, until this year, there had never been a May-flower at all, and imagine how it would seem to come suddenly upon a long trail of them, which, when pulled up, would fill both hands with a luxuriance of bloom sweetening every wind that blew. How people would crowd from far and near to gain a single glimpse of the wonder-blossoms for whose sake other flowers would seem poor and common! And it was with these feelings, doubtless, that the first finders long ago regarded their new treasure; for May-flowers, strange as it may appear, did not always blossom upon the earth. To be sure, they have been with us so long that probably not even the very oldest person you know could say in what year they came; but if the little brook that runs through the edge of the woods would only stop laughing until it could speak, I am sure it might tell of a time when its banks were not flushed with the sweet pink clusters. And so could I, for I learned the whole story one day in the pine-woods, where I had

gone a-Maying. My basket was filled with a perfect garden of white and rosy buds, till it seemed to laugh all over; then the sun was so warm, and the sky so blue, that one could not help idling awhile; so, sitting down on an old green log, I began to watch a wee little snake trying to wriggle himself through the tangle of dead leaves and evergreen at my feet. He was half under, when, just beside my basket, there sounded a curious sort of hum, which made me look up expecting to see a great bee settling himself down comfortably among my honey-blossoms. But I could find nothing there, even though I shook the basket; yet, as soon as I resumed my seat, the humming began again, louder than ever. Then, of course, I knew that something strange must be going to happen; and sure enough, after waiting a little, I began to understand the story which the wind was buzzing in my ears. And now I mean to repeat the tale to you, only hoping that you may find it one half as strange and beautiful as it seemed to me, that May morning. Only I advise you to have a cluster of the blossoms at hand, to help you fancy that you heard it as I did, with the sun and shadow chasing each other around the trees, and the wind talking softly, only stopping now and then to whisper to the buds peeping up at him. And now for the story.

Long ago the Queen of all the Fairies appointed for each month a guardian spirit. It is the office of these elves to repair and adorn this beautiful earthly house, where our dwelling must be until we are ready for a more glorious home, to which we shall some day be welcomed. Meantime the kindly sprites are always flitting hither and thither, busy with some scheme for our happiness. In the spring-time their deft little fingers lay, for our feet, a green carpet, softer and brighter than the richest velvet woven in our looms; or, in the long summer days, hang everywhere about us thick draperies of interwoven leaves and blossoms. For our delight, their tiny torches kindle the autumn woods into a blaze of scarlet and gold, and when the frost-wind sings in the air their work is everywhere visible, in snow-fringes tangled among the trees, in icicles flashing like great diamonds, and in the fretwork of bush and twig twinkling all over with frozen crystals that leap and shimmer in a ray of sunshine. All of these decorations are far more splendid than earthly fancy could devise, for they are fashioned by the Queen herself, who, sitting in state within her golden palace, is forever planning new beauties to be accomplished by the guardian elves in turn. For these come always singly, and each can remain upon earth only so long as her appointed month shall last. Floating down with the glimmering dawn of its first day, with its last waning hour comes the signal of return, and the obedient sprite, yielding place to a successor, hies to the golden palace, there to await the welcome call of another year. Ah, they dearly love our pleasant world, and value neither time nor trouble in decking it out! And O what untold labor it sometimes costs them! The June fairy, for instance, must care for all the blossoms that follow the feet of this rose-month; must see that each bud has sun and dew and shower, so that, day by day, its tints may deepen and its petals swell, until it bursts into perfect bloom. This is no light task, certainly; but love lightens labor, and the busy sprite is fully repaid when the whole earth

is ablush, and all the air is sweet with rose-breath. Indeed, these fairy creatures seem to believe that one cannot do too much in a good cause, and that all strong, earnest work, however hard and long it may be, must find its reward at last.

But there was a time, long, long ago, when most of these wearisome cares were unnecessary. We know that now all things are uncertain and changeful. The grass-blades spring by myriads and stream up, long and bright; but they are always growing toward decay, and soon their heads droop, and they turn pale, until at length we sorrowfully see that the ground, once so fresh and green, is brown and dead, and covered with leaves that, robbed of their gorgeous hues, are sad and sober as the dark mould below. The roses reddened day by day; but when they have unfolded to their fullest beauty, a breath of wind touches them, and they are gone. Yet it was not always so. In that lost time when the whole earth knew no death, the grass was always green, the leaves a shower of untarnished emeralds; or, if sometimes veined with gold and crimson, it was a gold that never dimmed, and a blush that could not fade, — the reflection, perhaps, of sunbeam and floating cloud. The flowers never withered and fell, only, in some marvellous way, changing into the newer beauty of young buds, which, born in a single night, scattered their morning dew-drops upon banks unstrewn by faded petals. All this, as I said, was very long ago. It might, perhaps, have been so still, but the people who inhabited the earth in that wonderful age grew wicked, and everything changed with them. It was a sad pity that they lost their innocence, for with it went much beauty and happiness. But as white lilies open out of the dark mould, even out of this consequent distress some blessings have sprung, yielding themselves to cheerful patience. So said the wind, which knew all about it.

When, for the first time after this terrible change, the guardian spirit of April descended to the earth, she could scarcely believe her own eyes, — fairy eyes though they were, and therefore better than ordinary ones. Where she had been wont to see soft green grass and bushes all in bud, she now found only dark, leaf-covered ground, dotted with patches of muddy snow. The meadows looked brown and desolate, and the trees stretched out gaunt, skeleton arms, that seemed asking help to avert an approaching death. The sky no longer wore its sunny blue, but, overcast and gray, gazed despondently down upon the dismal earth. This was all very sad for poor April, for you must know that winter is something which no amount of endurance can make these elves like, or even understand, although, making the best of it, they mould it into a thousand beautiful shapes. But it is utterly unknown in their Fairy-land, and was equally so upon earth until that wicked change; so that, with all their patience, they are very glad when it is gone. April gazed awhile wonderingly; then, in order to examine it, came nearer and nearer yet, until her tender little feet rested upon it, and found it very cold and disagreeable indeed. Lifting herself upon her light wings, she hung for a moment poised in air, considering where she could find refuge. Hard enough was the decision, certainly, for whatever was not snow was moist,

dark mould, whose touch would only soil her delicate purity. She tried, now this place, now that, but always unsuccessfully, for the damp ground chilled her sadly, and the bare hard branches of the trees frightened her away. Now there happened to be standing, near by, a pine wood, towering in unwithered glory beside its leafless companions; for the evergreens in some strange way escaped the blight which fell upon the other trees. The poor sprite in her trouble and bewilderment at length spied this wood, whose branches seemed to beckon to her with soft, pitying fingers. Drooping her tired wings, she nestled in those kind arms, and, while they folded about her their warm green drapery, her glance wandered eagerly around in search of some chance gleam of comfort. Alas! look where she might, it was all in vain; and, quite disheartened, she wept so bitterly that the tears streamed down like rain upon the snow. But very soon she raised her bowed head, quite ashamed of her momentary despair. Truly, this would never do! Queen Lula had not sent her to earth to spend the days in weeping and wailing. That could mend nothing, and only uselessly consume the precious time which ought to be spent in effort; for, the more out of joint things seemed, the greater would be the labor needed to restore them. So thinking, she bestirred herself, and, wiping away the still falling tears, sought some spot for the beginning of her toils. For that matter, it was soon evident that there was little choice, since all things were in the same miserable plight. But she went to work with a good will to bring back, so far as was possible, the beauty and life which had greeted her coming in past years. She breathed upon the brooks until the ice-crusts which yet bound them, here and there, were melted away, and the freed waters came dancing out to thank her, their sullen murmur changed to a laugh of delight. Floating hither and thither, she sang and trilled so merry a strain, that the birds came out from desolate bank and bush where they had been cowering in chilly discomfort, and, swelling the song with many a glad chorus gushing from their twittering throats, settled down to build in the trees, whose springing leaf-buds were already bursting and spreading into a soft mist of green beneath her sunny smiles. Then, sailing high among the clouds, she fanned them aside with her light wings, sending them racing and chasing to the farthest rim of her sky, so that the sun might have a chance to peep down at the earth. Occupied with so many labors she had scarcely time to grieve, and her spirits rose with every new achievement; yet now and then, as she paused in her wanderings, a few shining tears would involuntarily fall at the remembrance of what had been. They were hopeful tears, however, and not shed in bitterness or idle repining.

Of course all this improvement was not worked at once. Ah, no! poor little April was many a day in accomplishing the task she had undertaken. Sometimes a cold wind from the north would bring a snow-shower, or a sharp, sleety rain, that bit the opening leaves and froze the young grass-blades. That was a sore trial, surely; but the patient sprite, working and waiting, would smile even while she wept, until she looked like a flying rainbow. Then, after the first surprise, the leaves would whisper hopefully to her, and

the grass laugh up in her face with a careless gayety that made it seem brighter than ever. At last the storm-spirits grew tired of such vain persecution, and sullenly gave up the contest; whereat the birds and the buds and the brooks held such a merry-making that nothing could be heard in all the land but a whistle and a trill and a light babbling murmur all blended in one long chorus of rejoicing. That was a blessed time for sweet April; her heart was so light that it seemed as if she had never been so happy before, — not even in those bygone springs when everything had been without imperfection. And perhaps she was right in thinking thus, for the beauty now surrounding her was the fruit of her own toil, by which alone the earth had been changed from a desert to a blossom-garden. Ah yes! very proudly was her gaze fixed upon our fair sunset land, while the last day of her earthly guardianship drew to a close. Perhaps there mingled with her pleasure some fond regrets at leaving the scene of her labors and triumphs; but, if so, she was soon consoled by the remembrance of her lovely fairy home, where Queen Lula sat waiting with words of welcome and praise. Certainly it must be a strange person who could grieve at thought of returning to such a delightful dwelling. When I tell you what the wind said of its wonders, you can judge if one would not long to live there forever.

The palace stood in a garden so large, that one might walk in it for a whole year without ever beginning to see its bounds. And this vast garden was musical with birds and bees and rivulets, talking and singing all the day. And such music! All the harps and pianos and flutes in the world were nothing to it. A perfect shower of sound, like a great, clear fountain, ringing in silver sprinkles as it fell. Then the wind, coming to scatter these music-drops, mingled there in wonderful voices, whose melody united the life of every land beneath the sun. For the music seemed really to make pictures in the air, unrolling, with each volume of sound, shifting lights and colors against the dark, bright skies beyond. Now it was the rank luxuriance, the intense green and gold and crimson of tropical forests, with tall fern-plumes waving over the slender grace of tigers couched in lengths of jungle-grass, and gorgeous snakes, looking, with their shining skins, as if they had crawled among rubies and emeralds and sapphires; now the icy blue skies and the white dazzle of wide Arctic snow-plains guarded by huge ice-towers, under whose walls the lonely seals lay listening to the screams of the clamorous sea-birds wheeling restlessly under the frozen splendor of sheets of light that flared a sudden lustre of pale rose and gold far across the heavens. So passed before the gaze the scenery of every land, in long succession. Still, without a pause, the music rippled and showered, and the listener at last found it answering all he had most longed to know. Every wish and question of his life was so woven into the strain, that by and by he wondered if the music were not, after all, in his own heart. To be sure that would be nothing so strange, for we know very well that, when our own hearts are in tune, the whole earth seems so too.

I might tell you of the flowers in this marvellous place, — of interwoven blossomy vines, lifting on the wind, like a rosy sunset cloud, or of great

honey-hearted lilies, transparent as moonlight ; but if you are curious upon the subject, I think it would be better to ask the next bee you find to give you a description ; for, depend upon it, he will have come straight from the Fairy Garden. But you must know something of the palace, which was no less beautiful than the grounds. It ran around a circular, central court, where a fountain, playing day and night, expanded into a lake whose waters were scarcely visible through the eddying network of water-lilies tangled whitely among their cool green leaves. On the edge of this basin the arching roof was held up by slender columns wreathed with honeysuckle, whose slender trumpets were blown by the breath of every idle wind ; and the roof itself was so completely hidden by trailing masses of vines festooned from side to side, and studded with golden blossoms, that it looked like a soft, green cloud, with stars peeping through. The palace was lighted by rainbows that streamed from the fountain, and the doors, at a wish, swung open with the touch of a whispering breeze, that seemed to bring with it the sweetness of a whole garden. What wonder if April did not long grieve over her return to so much beauty ?

The fairy May was much less sorrowful than her sister April had been at the first, so greatly was she cheered at sight of the wonders accomplished by that patient sprite. So the gladness of her heart beamed from her eyes, and the smiles that rippled over her mouth grew warmer and brighter, day by day. There seemed to her a sweetness in the air, unknown even in those beautiful vanished springs of her remembrance. The violets were purpling the sunny hollows, and the buttercups twinkled goldenly in the meadows, as of old ; yet still that strange sweetness haunted her with invisible beauty, until one day the wind, stirring fitfully among the dry leaves, lifted one, like a lid, from a bright eye peeping up beneath. Then the frolicsome wind, with a whistle of delight, began a search for the hidden treasure ; and presently beside the little mountain-brook appeared a second stream, this time of flowers, whose white and rosy waves ran wild through evergreen tangles and under fallen pine-branches, tumbling in a leafy cascade down moss-grown rocks, or making a brown old log an isle in a sea of sweetness. For what should it be but the very wood where poor April had wept so piteously, and where her streaming tears, taking root in the softened ground, had sprung up again in beauty, — a myriad blossoms for every drop ! O the glad smile that shone upon the face of May, as she kissed their fragrant, blooming lips ! It seemed to mortals wandering in the golden air that day that the sunshine was brighter than ever before ; but the wind knew whence came the brightness.

When May was about to return to Fairy-Land, she gathered, from the clustered trails that had everywhere followed the feet of weeping April, a wreath for that gentle sister's brow ; but when she would fain have crowned her, Queen Lula, twining the buds in two garlands, placed one amid the locks of each. For, born of April's patient, trustful sadness, nursed by the loving, sunny cheerfulness of May, they belong equally to both, and to this day their fairy-name is Tears-and-Smiles. And so it is that, ever since, they have been the children of sun and shower ; even as our own best blessings have sprung from uncomplaining sorrow, bravely and hopefully borne.

Kate Putnam.

MOTHER MAGPIE'S MISCHIEF.

OLD MOTHER MAGPIE was about the busiest character in the forest. But you must know that there is a great difference between being busy and being industrious. One may be very busy all the time, and yet not in the least industrious ; and this was the case with Mother Magpie.

She was always full of everybody's business but her own, — up and down, here and there, everywhere but in her own nest, knowing every one's affairs, telling what everybody had been doing or ought to do, and ready to cast her advice *gratis* at every bird and beast of the woods.

Now she bustled up to the parsonage at the top of the oak-tree, to tell old Parson Too-white what she thought he ought to preach for his next sermon, and how dreadful the morals of the parish were becoming. Then, having perfectly bewildered the poor old gentleman, who was always sleepy of a Monday morning, Mother Magpie would take a peep into Mrs. Oriole's nest, sit chattering on a bough above, and pour forth floods of advice, which, poor little Mrs. Oriole used to say to her husband, bewildered her more than a hard northeast storm.

"Depend upon it, my dear," Mother Magpie would say, "that this way of building your nest, swinging like an old empty stocking from a bough, is n't at all the thing. I never built one so in my life, and I never have headaches. Now you complain always that your head aches whenever I call upon you. It's all on account of this way of swinging and swaying about in such an absurd manner."

"But, my dear," piped Mrs. Oriole, timidly, "the Orioles always have built in this manner, and it suits our constitution."

"A fiddle on your constitution! How can you tell what agrees with your constitution unless you try? You own you are not well; you are subject to headaches, and every physician will tell you that a tilting motion disorders the stomach and acts upon the brain. Ask old Dr. Kite. I was talking with him about your case only yesterday, and says he, 'Mrs. Magpie, I perfectly agree with you.'"

"But my husband prefers this style of building."

"That's only because he is n't properly instructed. Pray, did you ever attend Dr. Kite's lectures on the nervous system?"

"No, I have no time to attend lectures. Who would set on the eggs?"

"Why, your husband, to be sure; don't he take his turn in setting? If he don't, he ought to. I shall speak to him about it. My husband always set regularly half the time, that I might have time to go about and exercise."

"O Mrs. Magpie, pray don't speak to my husband; he will think I've been complaining."

"No, no, he won't! Let me alone. I understand just how to say the thing. I've advised hundreds of young husbands in my day, and I never give offence."

"But I tell you, Mrs. Magpie, I don't want any interference between my husband and me, and I will not have it," says Mrs. Oriole, with her little round eyes flashing with indignation.

"Don't put yourself in a passion, my dear; the more you talk, the more sure I am that your nervous system is running down, or you would n't forget good manners in this way. You 'd better take my advice, for I understand just what to do,"—and away sails Mother Magpie; and presently young Oriole comes home, all in a flutter.

"I say, my dear, if you will persist in gossiping over our private family matters with that old Mother Magpie—"

"My dear, I don't gossip; she comes and bores me to death with talking, and then goes off and mistakes what she has been saying for what I said."

"But you must *cut* her."

"I try to, all I can; but she won't *be* cut."

"It 's enough to make a bird swear," said Tommy Oriole.

Tommy Oriole, to say the truth, had as good a heart as ever beat under bird's feathers; but then he had a weakness for concerts and general society, because he was held to be, by all odds, the handsomest bird in the woods, and sung like an angel; and so the truth was he did n't confine himself so much to the domestic nest as Tom Titmouse or Billy Wren. But he determined that he would n't have old Mother Magpie interfering with his affairs.

"The fact is," quoth Tommy, "I am a society bird, and Nature has marked out for me a course beyond the range of the commonplace, and my wife must learn to accommodate. If she has a brilliant husband, whose success gratifies her ambition and places her in a distinguished public position, she must pay something for it. I 'm sure Billy Wren's wife would give her very bill to see her husband in the circles where I am quite at home. To say the truth, my wife was all well enough content till old Mother Magpie interfered. It is quite my duty to take strong ground, and show that I cannot be dictated to."

So, after this, Tommy Oriole went to rather more concerts, and spent less time at home than ever he did before, which was all that Mother Magpie effected in that quarter. I confess this was very bad in Tommy; but then birds are no better than men in domestic matters, and sometimes will take the most unreasonable courses, if a meddling Magpie gets her claw into their nest.

But old Mother Magpie had now got a new business in hand in another quarter. She bustled off down to Water-dock Lane, where, as we said in a former narrative, lived the old music-teacher, Dr. Bullfrog. The poor old Doctor was a simple-minded, good, amiable creature, who had played the double-bass and led the forest choir on all public occasions since nobody knows when. Latterly some youngsters had arisen who sneered at his performances as behind the age. In fact, since a great city had grown up in the vicinity of the forest, tribes of wandering boys broke up the simple tastes and quiet habits which old Mother Nature had always kept up in those parts. They pulled the young checkerberry before it even had time to blossom,

rooted up the sassafras shrubs and gnawed their roots, fired off guns at the birds, and, on several occasions when old Dr. Bullfrog was leading a concert, had dashed in and broken up the choir by throwing stones.

This was not the worst of it. The little varlets had a way of jeering at the simple old Doctor and his concerts, and mimicking the tones of his bass-viol. "There you go, Paddy-go-donk, Paddy-go-donk — umph — chunk," some rascal of a boy would shout, while poor old Bullfrog's yellow spectacles would be bedewed with tears of honest indignation. In time, the jeers of these little savages began to tell on the society in the forest, and to corrupt their simple manners; and it was whispered among the younger and more heady birds and squirrels, that old Bullfrog was a bore, and that it was time to get up a new style of music in the parish, and to give the charge of it to some more modern performer.

Poor old Dr. Bullfrog knew nothing of this, however, and was doing his simple best, in peace, when Mother Magpie called in upon him, one morning.



"Well, neighbor, how unreasonable people are! Who would have thought that the youth of our generation should have no more consideration for established merit? Now, for my part, I think your music-teaching never was better; and as for our choir, I maintain constantly that it never was in better order, but — Well, one may wear her tongue out, but one can never make these young folks listen to reason."

"I really don't understand you, ma'am," said poor Dr. Bullfrog.

"What! you have n't heard of a committee that is going

to call on you, to ask you to resign the care of the parish music?"

"Madam," said Dr. Bullfrog, with all that energy of tone for which he was remarkable, "I don't believe it, — I *can't* believe it. You must have made a mistake."

"I mistake! No, no, my good friend; I never make mistakes. What I know, I know certainly. Was n't it I that said I knew there was an engagement between Tim Chipmunk and Nancy Nibble, who are married this blessed day? I knew that thing six weeks before any bird or beast in our parts; and I can tell you, you are going to be scandalously and ungratefully treated, Dr. Bullfrog."

"Bless me, we shall all be ruined!" said Mrs. Bullfrog; "my poor husband —"

"O, as to that, if you take things in time, and listen to my advice," said Mother Magpie, "we may yet pull you through. You must alter your style a little, — adapt it to modern times. Everybody now is a little touched with the operatic fever, and there's Tommy Oriole has been to New Orleans and brought back a touch of the artistic. If you would try his style a little, — something Tyrolean you see."

"Dear madam, consider my voice. I never could hit the high notes."

"How do you know? It's all practice; Tommy Oriole says so. Just try the scales. As to your voice, your manner of living has a great deal to do with it. I always did tell you that your passion for water injured your singing. Suppose Tommy Oriole should sit half his days up to his hips in water, as you do, — his voice would be as hoarse and rough as yours. Come up on the bank, and learn to perch, as we birds do. We are the true musical race."

And so, poor Mr. Bullfrog was persuaded to forego his pleasant little cottage under the cat-tails, where his green spectacles and honest round back had excited, even in the minds of the boys, sentiments of respect and compassion. He came up into the garden, and established himself under a burdock, and began to practise Italian scales.

The result was, that poor old Doctor Bullfrog, instead of being considered as a respectable old bore, got himself universally laughed at for aping fashionable manners. Every bird and beast in the forest had a gibe at him; and even old Parson Too-whit thought it worth his while to make him a pastoral call, and admonish him about courses unbecoming his age and standing. As to Mother Magpie, you may be sure that she assured every one how sorry she was that dear old Dr. Bullfrog had made such a fool of himself; if he had taken her advice, he would have kept on respectably as a nice old Bullfrog should.

But the tragedy for the poor old music-teacher grew even more melancholy in its termination; for one day as he was sitting disconsolately under a currant-bush in the garden, practising his poor old notes in a quiet way, *thump* came a great blow of a hoe, which nearly broke his back.

"Hullo! what ugly beast have we got here?" said Tom Noakes, the gardener's boy. "Here, here Wasp, my boy."

What a fright for a poor, quiet, old Bullfrog, as little wiry, wicked Wasp came at him, barking and yelping. He jumped with all his force sheer over a patch of bushes into the river, and swam back to his old home among the cat-tails. And always after that it was observable that he was very low-spirited, and took very dark views of life; but nothing made him so angry as any allusion to Mother Magpie, of whom, from that time, he never spoke except as *Old Mother Mischief*.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

SPRING SONG.

WHEN the soft winds blow,
 And kiss away the snow,—
 When bluebirds sing,
 For the dear warm Spring,—
 Then we 'll go a-Maying, Through the meadows straying,
 Maying, Maying, Faith and I!

When the little brooks run,
 And jump in the sun,
 When the dandelions blow,
 And the daisies grow,
 Then we 'll go a-Maying, Through the meadows straying,
 Maying, Maying, Faith and I!

When the sky is blue,
 And the river too,—
 When the grass is green
 Where the drifts have been,—
 Then we 'll go a-Maying, Through the meadows straying,
 Maying, Maying, Faith and I!

When the lilacs bloom
 In purple gloom,
 And the south-wind smells
 Of the lily-bells,
 Then we 'll go a-Maying, Through the meadows straying,
 Maying, Maying, Faith and I!

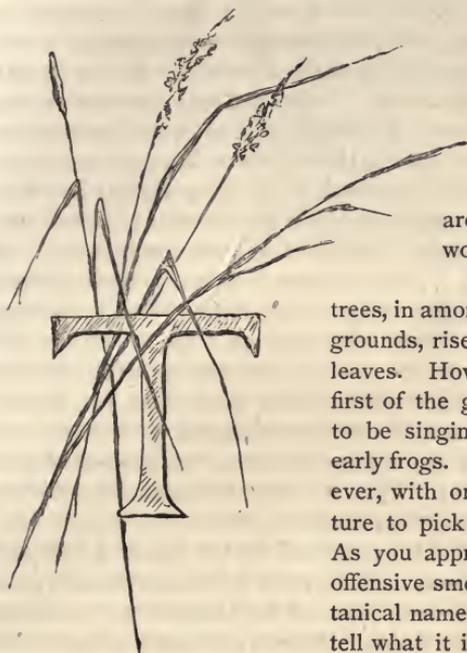
When the apple-trees blow
 Like rosy snow,
 And the humming-bird swings
 On buzzing wings,
 Then we 'll go a-Maying, Through the meadows straying,
 Maying, Maying, Faith and I!

O soft winds, blow!
 And kiss away the snow,
 Till the bright brooks run,
 And jump in the sun,
 And we go a-Maying, Through the meadows straying,
 Maying, Maying, Faith and I!

Rose Terry.

THE FOUR SEASONS,
AND A LITTLE ABOUT THEIR FLORA.

MAY AND JUNE. — SPRING AND SUMMER.



HERE is green grass again, fresh green in the meadows and along the hedges! The willows hang yellow by the water-courses, and there is a soft, feathery look to many of the shrubs, that shows they are venturing to look out into the world once more.

At the foot of the gray forest-trees, in among the leafless bushes, in the low grounds, rise up suddenly some tufts of green leaves. How welcome they are! The very first of the green herbs to appear, they seem to be singing to us with the Hyla and the early frogs. Our joy must content itself, however, with only the sight of it. Do not venture to pick its luxuriant bunch of leaves! As you approach, you will recognize it by its offensive smell. I will give you only its botanical name, *Symplocarpus*. You can easily tell what it is commonly called. In spite of its one unpleasant peculiarity, I am fond of it.

I like it for its rank growth, after the seeming death of Winter. It is not pretty, nor delicate, nor sweet; we do not like to touch it; yet it is bold and brave. It is growing; it is alive; it is the first to lead in the summer greenness. By and by, grass, and matted vines, and high brakes, and rushes, and spreading low shrubs, will cover and hide it. Then we shall be used to green leaves and all kinds of growing things; then we shall be at liberty to turn up our nose at the *Symplocarpus fœtidus*, with its cluster of large veiny leaves, striped with purple and yellowish green!

At last the true May-day has come, — the day that is like no other, — when not a single child should stay in school or be shut up with a book, — when young and old should forget there are such things as close rooms and hot firesides, — when everything is freedom and joy, — the windows open, and the doors, — a sunny piazza, sunny door-steps, leading us away, — no one can stay at home. We all go trooping out to the meadow.

Yes, the days of the meadow have begun. What riches it contains! what mines of wealth! Where shall we begin? Where can we ever stop? we

must begin with what we came for, for I see the white stars gleaming out on the green grass far away, and we cannot hurry fast enough in our joy to greet them ; but at last, at last, after long and weary winter months, we pick our first *Sanguinaria*. Snow-white, in spite of its bloody, sanguinary name, — white, as though it had been saving up some of the winter flakes down in its blood-red root ! Sometimes we find it in April. In regions where the Mayflower does not grow, it is our very first flower.

Where does it find its white petals ? For when you break its stem, the blood-red drops that fall from it will show you with what juice it is fed. Sometimes we hear people complaining of not being able to do this or that, because they have not the right materials. If they had only had more money, more time, some silk for a fine dress, a new set of furs, better books, more friends, or a decent peg-top, they might have done more and appeared better than they ever have yet ! Just let them look at the *Sanguinaria* : see what the little maiden has managed to make out of the jars of bitter blood-red sap, preserved all winter in her thick roots ! Straight up from the root she sent her flower-stalk, without waiting for any branches. Such a stalk, coming from the ground or near it, is called a *scape*. See how this scape is shielded by a single rounded, lobed leaf. (And what is a *lobed* leaf ? Please find out by looking at the leaf of our Bloodroot.) See how carefully at first this leaf wraps the stalk ; it is rolled around it as tenderly as the blanket about your baby-brother. Then comes one flower, resting on a calyx, with two sepals. Her bud is white as any orange-blossom, — so delicate that at a touch the white petals drop away. They are very *deciduous*, the botanists say, and the sepals of the calyx fall when the flower opens.

A shout interrupts us. The first Dog's-tooth Violet is found, a little way up the slope, nearer the stone fence. "Why *violet* ?" somebody asks ; but everybody had rather pick than answer. It is of the Lily family, — it is even of a *class* different from that of the Violet. Its bulb resembles a dog's tooth in shape. There is a little forest of them ; we can gather them by handfuls, and they will make a fine show to carry home. Our little *Sanguinarias* will hardly last as long. The Dog's-tooth Violet is sometimes called Adder's-Tongue ; its botanical name is *Erythronium*. We shall have to wait before we look at it more carefully ; for how can we stay in one place when there are violets to be found, — real violets ? Yes, blue and *white* violets ! Sit down by the little clumps and pick them one by one. "Leaves all long-petioled and upright, heart-shaped." "Leaves round-heart-shaped" ; — but no one can stop to study them. We will wait till we have picked all that we can, and then sit down with our laps full, to find out to what family they belong.

In the shelter of the stone wall, on the slope leading to the meadow, here is a comfortable nook, where a gray old rock helps to support the stone fence. What a charming old wall it is ! Great stones heaped up, moss and lichen creeping into all the corners, blackberry vines all in a tangle over and under it, bushes putting out some tender little buds to shelter it, a squirrel peeping here and there, tall grass hiding and smothering it, — who could wish for a lovelier border to the field than the old stone wall, with its wild

hedge of brambles and shrubs?

Look down upon our field. How shall we ever begin to classify our flowers! For see how every family and race and class have come trooping in without any distinction of color. If we begin to study the few flowers we have spoken of, — those that we have before our eyes now, — we must meddle with every series



and class and sub-class and order and tribe and genus and species! Such a terrible row of names! but the more closely we look behind them, the more shall we want to know of them.

In the first place, it is one *kingdom* we are talking about. And we must leave behind the others. These gray rocks would like to tell us of the *Mineral Kingdom*; and the frogs and the twittering birds are calling to us not to forget them; and the lemon-colored and green beetles, and spiders, and crowds of creeping things, besides many of your other friends of the *Animal Kingdom*, want you to see how much this meadow holds, — how, though we talk about classes and families in all these kingdoms, there is no dividing line here to shut one out from the other, but the lazy sheep nips off his blades of grass with his nose very near the tadpole, and great, rough leaves of the plantain get their food from the same soil that nourishes the delicate grass and the *Sanguinaria*.

A French botanist tells how, when he was a boy, he made for himself the discovery of the difference between these three kingdoms. One day the family had for dinner a very rare kind of fish, that pleased him much. As he was scraping its bones, it came into his head that it would be very fine if he could raise some fishes just like it, as the gardener raised his peas. So he cleaned the bone carefully, took it out into the garden border, and planted it in some rich mould. Day after day he watched it and watered it, but no fish-sprouts appeared. At last, tired of waiting, he determined to dig up his bone; but, alas! what was his horror to find, not only that it had not grown any, but that it had begun to decay, and was disgusting to look at. This, however, did not discourage him from making more experiments, though his older brothers and sisters had laughed at him very much for planting a fish. He had a lovely round pebble, which looked so much like the smooth seeds that he had seen sown in the earth, that he thought he would see if it would not grow, and if he could not have a tree of pebbles. So he dug a hole, and

put it carefully into the earth, and waited day after day, but no stone-bush came up. So after a while he ventured to look after it, and was astonished to find that it looked just as it did when he planted it, — neither smaller nor larger. His next experiment was more successful, for this time he tried a bean, and that you all know is an admirable thing for children to plant. For it does not mind being dug up now and then for you to see how it is growing, — the little, fine, delicate fibres that form its root, and the two stout leaves that are to make their way up through the ground, the two *seed-leaves*, — *cotyledons*, as botanists call them. Only you must be careful, when you put your bean back again, not to set it into the ground root uppermost. Just think how you would feel if your father set you up to the dinner-table feet uppermost. And the poor little bean has no little hands or heels to help itself back again, though it does manage it by screwing round its fibres and finding its place once more. It loses time, however, and think how troubled it must be to be put back so long in reaching the dear sun!

Well, our French botanist, by these experiments, found out what was the difference between the *three kingdoms*. Can you, too, see it? Some of you can, and some of you cannot. Let those of you who have found out tell those who have not.

We are now busy with the *Vegetable Kingdom*, and let us see how this is divided. First, into *two great series*, one of plants with flowers that you can see, and another of plants with flowers you cannot see. This beautiful lichen on the rock we lean upon, these little mosses among the stones, the green slime around the pebbles in the brook, the toadstools, — all these, and their like, are called Flowerless or *Cryptogamous* plants, which means that you cannot see their flowers. Yet they have most interesting ways of producing their *spores*, which is the name given to the fruit they bear. Many a little boy who has nothing better than a quill and a slice of potato for a popgun would like to shoot as well as a little plant that grows on wet splinters of wood. You would call it nothing but disagreeable mould, and would like to wipe it away; but if you had a microscope with which you could look at this *Cryptogamous* thing, you would see how, small as it is, it is furnished with machinery by which it can shoot its little spores into the world, all ready to grow into more such little plants. But, as it is, we have as much as we can do with our eyes, so we turn them from the *Flowerless* plants to the *Phanogamous* or Flowering plants. We have learned that these plants which we are to study do not belong to the second *series*, because we can see their flowers.

What *class* do they belong to? Our meadow has specimens of the two classes into which our first series is divided. It is a republican meadow, and we have both *Exogens* and *Endogens*. I have already spoken of these two classes, the difference between which is shown in their stems. The *Endogenous* stem is so called from a Greek word meaning “inside-growing,” because, if it lasts more than a year, the new wood is added by threads coming down from the new growth inside, among the older threads, so that the youngest and softest are near the centre, and the harder wood near the surface. *Endogenous* stems have no separate pith in the centre, as you can see

in the grasses around us, and in the Dog's-tooth Violet and some others. These plants are called also *Monocotyledonous* plants, because they have only one *cotyledon* or seed-leaf. You remember the beans have two; therefore they are *Dicotyledonous* plants, or *Exogens*. With the *Endogens* the leaf dies away upon the plant: it does not drop off, as it does with the *Exogens*.

Gray's Manual of Botany, to which we shall apply to help us *classify* our flowers, gives a description of these differences, and, in studying our flower, we can see if it answers any of these descriptions.

In taking up our *Sanguinaria*, you will need the help of some experience to decide you to place it among the *Exogens* in Class I. You will see from the description of *Endogenous* plants, that "the parts of the flower are in threes"; but here are two sepals, and an even number of petals; therefore, although you might be in doubt about its stem, which seems hollow like that of the grasses, we will place it in Class I.

Let me give you a full description of stamens and pistils.

A stamen has two parts, the stalk or *filament*, and the *anther*. The anther is the only essential part. It holds in its little cells a powder, generally of a yellow color; this is the *pollen*, the fertilizing matter which it is the office of the stamen to produce. The yellow pollen of the Pine is often blown a great distance by the wind, and people used to think the yellow dust was a shower of sulphur. The pistil has three parts, beginning from below, the *ovary*, the *style*, and the *stigma*. The *ovary* is a hollow pod, for holding the *ovules*, which are the young seeds. The *style* is the tapering part; this is not essential and is often wanting. Sometimes it is long and slender. The *stigma* is the tip or some other part of the style that receives the pollen which fertilizes the ovules in the ovary. The end of the flower-stalk, on which all these parts stand, is called the *receptacle*.

All this explanation I must give you to show you what are the peculiarities of the *Sanguinaria*.

Because its seed is in a closed ovary, not naked like the Pines, we can put it in Sub-class I. Because it has many petals, it must belong to the *Poly-petalous* division, Division I. Because its stamens are numerous, because its calyx drops off, without tearing away the pistils and stamens with it, we find that it belongs to the *Papaveraceæ*, that is, to the *Poppy Family*. Read its description, "Sepals 2 or 3 in number, *caducous*." Yes, ours fell long ago. "Juice milky or colored." Going farther on, in this way, in our Gray's Manual of Botany, we should find an exact description of our *Sanguinaria* on page 26.

But you will begin to think that you have met with another quality of the *Poppy Family*. My long lecture makes you sleepy, and reminds you that from this family come our opiates and sleeping draughts.

I have been the more particular with this one flower, because, by the same method, we can place our Dog's-tooth Violet among the *Endogenous* plants and the flowers of the *Lily Family*. These have the *perianth* lily-like. The flower is called a *perianth* when it is difficult to say whether its leaves are those of the corolla or the calyx, — whether they are sepals or petals.

As for the real Violets, we will take them home, and, while the cherry-tree showers down its blossoms upon us, I will tell you a story to show why the Germans call the Violet the Stepmother. You must pick me a Heart's-ease from the garden, because this species of Violet best explains the reason.

You can see how the flower is what botanists call *irregular*. How different in form from the lily-like Dog's-Tooth, and the white petals of the *Sanguinaria*! Hold up the broad purple and yellow petal of the Heart's-ease. This is the Stepmother, dressed with a great deal of gold, with stripes of purple velvet. If you will look, you will see she is so grand that she is sitting on two green seats (two sepals of the calyx). Her own daughters sit, one on each side of her, dressed in purple and less gold than she has, but still very fine, and each has a seat to herself. But the two step-daughters have no gold in their dress, and they must both sit on one seat.

Our little wild Violets do not tell so plainly this story of the Stepmother. You can see, however, how they all have five petals, and how five green sepals grow below, to support them. It has five stamens, and does not thus come under the head of "numerous" stamens; but it can come among those described with "stamens the same number as the petals." We shall thus trace it to the Violet family, and we shall find among the descriptions of these all our wild Violets, from the little, scented, white Violet, that grows in wet places in the meadows, and many different species, to the lonely *pedate* Violet, that comes later, with large pale lilac flower and yellow centre.

But the wild-flowers now are, day after day, increasing upon us. There is the day of the first Cowslips, who ought to have a whole day to themselves, they make the meadows look so sunny! If you were to look first for the Cowslips in the Index of your Botany, you would be disappointed to find the description of "a tubular calyx, and a pale lilac corolla," and you will have to examine its parts before you can find its place there.

You will find it is of the first sub-class, Division I. It has quickly-falling *petals*, you will say; but the yellow, shining leaves belong to the calyx, and are sepals, and the flower is one of the *Ranunculaceæ*, or *Crowfoot* family. Can you not see its resemblance to the Buttercup, that is of this family, and is a true *Ranunculus*? It is a *Caltha*, and our Botany tells us it should be called Marsh-Marigold, which is a pretty enough name; but who could give up the happy, childish associations that come up with the name of Cowslips?

Everywhere blossoms scattering down upon us, and the Anemones and the Columbines hurrying on! How we regret the many rainy days that intervene, when the fugitive wild-flowers appear, and hurry away again before we have time to pick them!

What days these are for the cascade! Who does not know the cascade, that tumbles down the steep rocks, over soft cushions of moss, rattling among pebbles, playing with the long grass? And the flowers are always on the other side! Which is well, because it gives us a chance for clambering across on the stones,—for stooping by the side of the stream, to see how the green ferns are beginning to unroll themselves.

Here, on the other side, is the *Arum*, with its queer striped green and brown hood. This plant belongs to the Second Class. Its stem is Endogenous. Its hood-like leaf is called a *spathe*; and this spike that holds the small flowers is called a *spadix*. It belongs to the same family as the beautiful Egyptian Calla of the greenhouse, and there is a little wild Calla, with a white spathe, to be found in Framingham (Mass.) and a few other places.

Farther in the woods we shall presently find the Anemones, drooping Anemones, some clear white, some purple, and some deeply tinged with red. These, too, are of the Crowfoot family, that has given us so many flowers. Like the Hepatica, these seeming petals are the sepals, and the flower has an *involucre* of two or three leaves below. Its name came from the wind, because the flower was thought to open only when the wind blows. The Wind-flower has one flower on its drooping stem, the Rue-Anemone has many star-shaped flowers.

The gay Columbines welcome in June. Would you guess that they too are of the Crowfoot family, the *Ranunculaceæ*? But they will answer the distinctive description, — only these *Aquilegia* are of a different tribe from the Anemones and Hepaticas. They are of the same tribe as the Cowslip, but a different genus. “Petals five, spur-shaped, longer than the five deciduous sepals; flower unsymmetrical and irregular.” They are of the same genus as the Larkspur. The Columbine has a calyx with five sepals, colored like the petals, and five petals with hollow spurs that hold honey. As it droops upon its stalk its spurs turn upwards. Its Latin name of *Aquilegia* is given it from a fancied resemblance of these spurs to the talons of an eagle, *aquila*. How gayly they hang over the gray old rocks round which they cluster! How brilliant they look when they grow in troops, as they do near Lark’s Shelf, and many other places where you will find them!

Then here is the “Solomon’s Seal”! The *Polygonatum* is the true Solomon’s Seal, for it is the root of this plant that bears the scar that gives it its name. It has a creeping, under-ground stem, which is called a *root-stock*, from which it sends up every spring a fresh stalk, that bears leaves and flowers, and dies away in the autumn. The *seal* is the round scar left by the dead stalk. The flower consists of a tubular perianth. The greenish-white bells hang, two or more together, all the way up the stem, in the axils of the leaves.

You will not find Solomon’s monogram on the roots of the *Smilacina*, the False Solomon’s Seal. The perianth is more spreading, and the white flowers are collected in a terminal *raceme*. This is a form of flower-cluster where each little flower has its own stalk or pedicel gathering round the end of the stem.

The *Convallaria bifolia* is sometimes called the wild Lily of the Valley. Its flowers are very small, in a terminal *raceme*, and its low stem rises between two oblong shiny leaves. The *Convallaria majalis* is the Lily of the Valley that grows in our gardens. The drooping stalk bearing its white bells comes up between two leaves that resemble those of the *bifolia*, but they are larger.

I wish I could give you in English verses the sad little piece of French

poetry that tells how a poor mother goes out into the country with her little girl to pick the *muguet*, the lilies of the valley, for sale. The little child must set out early in the morning; not, as you do, for a day's pleasure, but working for her living, looking for flowers in the fields and under the hedges. Then, tired and hungry, she comes back with her mother into the great city,



and must wander round the streets till they have sold the pretty white flowers, and have earned a little money to buy themselves some food. With this they must go home to their poor lodgings, and get what rest they can before they set out another day, at early sunrise, for another such day's work. Think how hard it must be to have to make a drudgery of the happy occupation of picking flowers! And don't you hope the tired little girl now and then has a chance to rest on a grassy bank, and that the squirrels and the birds make her merry sometimes?

When you come back into town, after a hunt for flowers, with hands laden, think of the

children in the close streets that have not seen a flower all summer long, and, when they come round you asking for "a posy," fill their hands with the gay columbines, or any of the freshest of those that it has given you such pleasure to pick!

The *Clintonia* has six separate sepals, bell-shaped and lily-like. Can you find it?

The *Uvularia*, sometimes called *Bellwort*, though it resembles the Solomon's Seal, comes into a different sub-order. What an exquisite creamy-white color it has, and lily-shaped, hanging flower! Its leaves are called *perfoliate*, as if bored through for the passage of the stem. It hangs most gracefully, and grows frequently in clusters, as at the mill, where a stream winds round a little peninsula, of which they have possession, and where they make a fairy grove.

On the opposite bank you will find the *Polygala*, with its "fringe-crested keel" of a rose-purple.

And this reminds us of the *Arethusa*, with its delicate stalk, and its irregular, rose-purple flower, and the *Pogonia*,—both of these of the beautiful *Orchis* family,—growing on the edges of the meadows, near the Side-saddle flowers. What strange flowers these are! Should you recognize in this red-

dish umbrella-shaped thing the top of the pistil? It belongs to the Pitcher-plants, and has a right to an order pretty much to itself,—not only on account of its odd, reddish-brown flower, but from its leaves, of a hollow, pitcher form. These are usually half filled with water and drowned insects.



But I have had to pass by so many flowers unspoken of, that you must find and study for yourselves!—the Early Saxifrage, the *Trientalis*, the *Trilliums*, the *Claytonia*. There is the lovely *Houstonia*, that is willing to blossom by the roadside. A little clump of it as it grows is a sight to make one happy for a year. Its pale blue cross-shaped flowers grow in low tufts. It is monopetalous: so it comes into the second division of the first subclass of Class I. It has four stamens, and four lobes to its corolla, and we can bring it into the family of the *Rubiaceæ*. Some specimens were found by a German physician named Oldenland, and are called *Oldenlandia*; but these have received their name from a Dr. Houston, who collected them in Central America. It is allied to the pretty *Mitchella*, or Partridge-berry, that has twin-flowers on its creeping stalk, and red berries that last all winter, and that we still find when its fresh flowers are opening.

Then there is the *Rhodora* on the edges of the swamps,—flaming-purple flowers shining out on its leafless, dry-looking branches,—of the Heath family, with the rarer *Andromeda*.

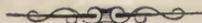
There is the wilderness of tree-blossoms that have been showering down upon us from the shad-blossom to the apple-blossom, with the wonderful horse-chestnut, and the graceful willows.

There are the *Lupines* by the woodsides, purplish-blue, sometimes pink,

sometimes white. Sometimes in the same field with the Lupine flashes out the Painted-Cup (*Castilleja*). Its bright scarlet belongs neither to the corolla nor to the calyx, but to the *bracts*, — the small leaves from which the flower rises, which are colored as if with a dash from a paint-brush. The corolla is of a greenish yellow.

And the broad field by which we pass into Silent Way sends us the sweet scent of the Purple Clover, — the flowers in heads, each little tubular corolla resting in a short, tubular calyx. It would lead me to give you some description of the differences found in the Papilionaceous flowers, but our road leads us into the SILENT WAY.

Lucretia P. Hale.



A TENNESSEE FARM-HOUSE.

ON a cold morning of last December, I started on horseback from Corinth, in Mississippi, to visit the battle-field of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, in Tennessee. Crossing the State line, I fell in with a young fellow wearing a flapping gray blanket and riding a mule. On making his acquaintance, I learned that his name was Zeek, and that he lived on the western edge of the battle-field, to which he promised to guide me if I would go home with him to his father's house.

At about two o'clock, after a ride of twenty miles, we forded Owl Creek, a narrow, muddy stream. Zeek's home was in view from the farther bank, — a log-house, with the usual great opening through the middle, — situated on the edge of a pleasant oak-grove strewn with rustling leaves, and enclosed, with its yard and out-houses, by a Virginia rail-fence.

"Alight!" said Zeek, dismounting.

We were met inside the gate by a sister of the young man, a girl of fifteen, in a native Bloomer dress that fell just below the knees. As I entered the space between the two divisions of the house, I noticed that doors on both sides were open, one leading to the kitchen, where there was a great fire, and the other to the sitting-room, where there was another great fire, in large old-fashioned fireplaces.

Zeek took me into the sitting-room, and introduced me to his mother. There were two beds in the back corners of the room. The uncovered floor was of oak; the naked walls were of plain hewn logs; the sleepers and rough boards of the chamber floor constituted the ceiling. There were clothes drying on a pole stretched across the room, and hanks of dyed cotton thread on a bayonet thrust into a chink of the chimney. Cold as the day was, the door by which we entered was never shut, and sometimes another door was open, letting the wintry wind sweep through the house.

Zeek's mother went to see about getting us some dinner ; and his father came in from the woods, where he had been chopping, and sat in the chimney-corner and talked with me, — a lean, bent, good-humored, hard-working, sensible sort of man. Zeek's mother came to announce our dinner. I crossed the open space, pausing only to wash my hands and face in a tin basin half filled with water and pieces of ice, and entered the kitchen. It was a less pretentious apartment than the sitting-room. There was no window in it ; but wide chinks between the logs, and two open doors, let in a sufficiency of daylight, and more than a sufficiency of cold wind. There was a bed in one corner, and a little square pine table in the centre of the room.

The table was neatly set, with a goodly variety of dishes for a late dinner in a back-country farm-house. We could have dined very comfortably but for the open doors. Blowing in at one and out at the other, and circulating through numberless cracks between the logs, the gale frisked at will about our legs, and made our very hands numb and noses cold while we ate. The fire was of no more use to us than one built out of doors. The victuals that had come upon the table warm were cold before they reached our mouths. The river of pork-fat which the kind lady poured over my plate congealed at once into a brownish-gray deposit, like a spreading sand-bar. I enjoyed an advantage over Zeek, for I had taken the precaution to put on my over-coat and to secure a back seat. He sat opposite me, with his back towards the windward door, where the blast, pouncing in upon him, pierced and pinched him without mercy. He had not yet recovered from the chill of his long winter-day's ride ; and his lank, shivering frame, and blue, narrow, puckered face under its thin thatch of tow (combed straight down, and cut square and short across his forehead from ear to ear), presented a picture at once astonishing and ludicrous.

"Have you got warm yet, Zeek?" I cheerfully inquired.

"No!" — shuddering. "I'm plumb chilly! I'm so kule I kain't eat."

"I should think you would be more comfortable with that door closed," I mildly suggested.

He slowly turned his head half round, and as slowly turned it back again, with another shiver. The possibility of actually shutting the door seemed scarcely to penetrate the tow-thatch.

Zeek begged to be excused, he was so "kule"; and, taking a piece of squirrel in one hand, and a biscuit in the other, went and stood by the fire. I found that he was averse to going out again that day: it was now late in the afternoon, and our poor animals had not yet been fed, or even taken in from where they stood curled up with the cold by the gate. I accordingly proposed to the old folks to spend the night with them, and to take Zeek with me over to the battle-field in the morning. This being agreed upon, the father invited me to go out and see his stock, and his two bags of cotton.

In the yard near the house was the smoke-house, or meat-house, a blind hut built of small logs, answering the purpose of a cellar, — for in that country cellars are unknown. In it the family provisions were stored. Under an improvised shelter at one corner was the cotton, neatly packed in two bales

of five hundred pounds each, and looking handsome as a lady in its brown sacking and new hoops. The hoops were a sort of experiment, which it was thought would prove successful. Usually the sacking and ropes about a bale of cotton cost as much by the pound as the cotton itself; and, to economize that expense, planters were beginning to substitute hickory hoops for ropes. The owner was very proud of those two bales, picked by his own hands and his children's, and prepared for market at a gin and press in the neighborhood; and he hoped to realize five hundred dollars for them when thrown upon the market. A planter of a thousand bales, made by the hands of slaves he was supposed to own, and ginned and pressed on his own plantation, could not have contemplated his crop with greater satisfaction, in King Cotton's haughtiest days.

Near the meat-house was a huge ash-leach. Then there was a simple horse-mill for crushing sorghum; for Mr. —, like most Southern farmers, made sufficient syrup for home consumption, besides a little for market. Under a beech-tree was a beautiful spring of water. A rail-fence separated the door-yard from the cattle-yard, where were flocks of hens, geese, ducks, and turkeys, cackling, quacking, and gobbling in such old, familiar fashion that I was made to feel strangely at home in their company. There were bleating, hungry calves, and good-natured, surly bulls, and patient cows waiting to be milked and fed, and a family of uncurried colts and young mules, and beautiful spotted goats, with their kids, and, near by, a hog-lot full of lean and squealing swine. Speaking of the goats, Mr. — said there was no money in them, but that he kept them for the curiosity of the thing.

There was no barn on the place. The nearest approach to it was the stable, or "mule-pen," constructed of logs with liberal openings between them, through one of which my lonesome iron-gray put his nose as I came near, and whinnied his humble petition for fodder. There he was, stabled with mules, unblanketed, and scarcely better off than when tied to the gate-post, — for the wind circulated almost as freely through the rude enclosure as it did in Mrs. —'s kitchen. Such hospitalities were scarcely calculated to soothe the feelings of a proud and well-bred horse; but the iron-gray accepted them philosophically.

"Where is your hay?" I inquired.

"We make no hay in this country. Our stock feeds out on the hills, or browses in the woods or cane-brakes, all winter. When we have to feed 'em, we throw out a little corn, fodder, and shucks."

A loft over the mule-pen was filled with stalks and unhusked corn. Zeek went up into it, and threw down bundles of the former, and filled baskets of the latter, for his father to feed out to the multitude of waiting mouths.

We went into the house, and gathered around the sitting-room fire for a social evening's talk. As it grew dark, the doors were closed, and we sat in the beautiful fire-light. We talked of the depredations of the two armies.

"I never feared one party more than the other," said Mrs. —. "If anything, the Rebels was worst."

"Both took hosses and mules," said Mr. —. "At fust, I used to try to

get my property back. I 'd go to head-quarters and get authority to take it whur I could find it; but always by that time 't would be hocus-pocussed out of the way. It was all an understood thing. Aside from that, the regular armies, neither of them, did n't steal from us. But as soon as they 'd passed, then the thieves would come in. They 'd take what we had, and cus us for not having mo'e. Sheep, chickens, geese, corn, watches, and money, — whatever they could lay hands on suffered. Men never thought of carrying money about them, them times, but always give it to the weemun to hide.

“Thar was scouts belonging to both armies, but that was the scourge of the country. If a man had anything, they 'd be sure to h'ist it. They 'd pretend to come with an order to search for gov'ment arms. It was only an excuse for robbing. They 'd search for gov'ment arms in a tin-cup. They had what they called a cash rope. That was a rope to slip about a man's neck, and swing him up with, till he 'd tell whur his money was. They had a gimblet, which they said was for boring for treasures; and they always knew just where to bore to find 'em. That was right hyere” (in a man's temples). “They 'd bore into him till he could n't stand the pain; then, if he had any money, he 'd be only too glad to give it up. These was generally Confederates. We was pestered powerful by 'em. But Harrison's scouts was as bad as any. They pretended to be acting on the Union side. They was made up of Southern men, mostly from Mississippi, Alabama, and Tennessy.

“They was a torn-down bad set of men, — bad as the Rebs. They 'd no respect for anybody or anything. One Sunday a neighbor of mine met them coming up the road. He knew them very well; and he said to them, it was Sunday, and he hoped thar 'd be no disturbances that day; the people, he said, had all gone to preaching. That 's right, they said; they believed in means of grace; and they asked whur the preaching was to be, and who was going to preach. He told them, and said he was going thar himself. They said they believed a man did right to go to preaching, though they was deprived of that privilege themselves. He told 'em he hoped they 'd look more after their eternal interest in futur', and they said they intended to, and thanked him, and rode on. They then just went to plund'ring, cle'ring out his house about the fust one. Then they said they thought they 'd take his advice, and look a little after their eternal interests, and go and hunt up the preaching. Then they just went over and robbed the meeting. There was seventeen horses with side-saddles on 'em; the men generally went on foot, but the weemun rode. They tuke every horse, and left the weemun to walk home, and carry their saddles, or leave 'em.”

Both Zeek and his father kept out of the war. The latter was too old, and the former too young, to be swept in by the conscription act. “Zeek escaped well!” said the mother, with a gleam of exultation. “But I was just in dread he 'd be taken!” And I gathered that a little innocent maternal fiction as to his years had been employed to shield him.

“Some of the hardest times we saw, hyere in the Union parts of Tennessy, was when they come hunting conscripts. They got up some dogs

now that would track a man. One of my neighbors turned and shot a hound that was after him, and got away. The men come up, and they was torn-



down mad when they saw the dog killed. They pressed a man and his wagon to take the carcass back to town ; they lived in Adamsville, eight miles from hyere. They stopped to my house over night, going back."

"They just bemoaned the loss of that dog," said Mrs. —. "They said they'd sooner have lost one of their company."

"They got back to town, and they buried that dog now with great solemnity. They put a monument over his grave, with an epitaph on it. But some of the conscripts they'd been hunting dug him up, and hung him to a tree, and shot him full of bullets, and made a writing which they pinned to the tree, with these words on it: '*We'll serve the owners of the dogs the same way next.*'"

"Was Owl Crick swimming to-day, Zeek?" Mrs. — asked ; meaning was it so high that our beasts had to swim. And that led to a remark as to the origin of the name.

"Thar's right smart of owls on this crick," said Mr. — ; "sometimes we're pestered powerful by 'em, they steal our chickens so."

Just then we heard a wild squawking in the direction of the hen-roost. "Thar's one catching a chicken now," quietly observed the farmer. I certainly expected to see either him or Zeek run out to the poor thing's rescue ;

but they sat unconcernedly in their chairs. It was the chicken's business, not theirs. The squawking grew fainter and fainter, and then ceased.

"The people all through this section I allow will never forget the battle," said Mr. ——. "Friday night Johnson's left wing was at Brooks's, — the last house you passed to-day befo'e you fo'ded Owl Crick. The woods was just full of men. They took Brooks, to make him show 'em the way. He said he did n't know the woods, and that was the fact; but they swo'e he lied, and he must go with 'em, and they'd shoot him, if he led 'em amiss. He was in a powerful bad fix; but, lucky for him, they had n't gone fur when they met Dammern, an old hunter that knew every branch and thicket in the country. So they swapped off Brooks for Dammern. The Federals was on the other side of us, and I allowed there was going to be a battle. And it looked to me as if it was going to be right on my farm."

"That was the awfulest night I ever had in my life," said Mrs. ——. "My husband was for leaving at once. But it did n't appear like I could bear the idea of it. Though what to do with ourselves if we stayed? We've no cellar, and if we'd had one, and got into it, a shell might have set the house afire, and buried us under it. So I proposed we should dig a hole to get into. He allowed that might be the best thing. So the next morning I got off betimes, and went over and counselled with our neighbors through the grove, and told 'em I thought it would be a grand idee to dig a pit for both our families; and so they come over hyere and went to digging."

"You never see men work so earnest as we did till about 'leven o'clock," said Mr. ——. "Finally we got the pit dug, between the house and the spring. But when it was done it looked so much like a grave the weemun dreaded to get into it, and so much like a breastwork we men was afraid both armies would just play their artilleries onto it. So my wife give her consent we should take to the swamps. But what to do with the pit? for if it got shelled, the house would be destroyed; and then thar was danger the armies would use the hole to bury their dead in, and the bodies would spoil our spring. And as we could n't take the pit with us, it appeared like thar was but one thing to do. So we put in and worked right earnest till we'd filled it up again. A rain had come on Friday night, and bogged down some of Johnson's artillery between hyere and Corinth, and that's my understanding why the fight did n't come off Saturday. That give us time to get off. I took my family three miles back to a cabin in the swamp, and thar they stayed till it was all over; only Zeek and me come back for some loads of goods. We took one load Saturday, and come for another Monday. That was the second day of the fight. We found the place covered with Rebel soldiers. The battle was going on then. The roar of artillery was so loud you could n't converse at one end of the house, where the echo was. The musketry sounded like a roaring wind; the artillery was like peals of thunder.

"Thar was one family caught on the battle-field. They had stayed, because the man was laying dangerously sick, and they dreaded to move him. After the fighting begun, they started to get away. The little boy was shot through the head, and the horse killed. The weemun then just took up the sick man and run with him down into the swamp."

"We had a nephew living on the battle-field," said Mrs. —. "The family was down with the measles at the time. But when they see thar was to be a fight, they just moved a plank in the ceiling overhead, and hid up all their bacon, and lard, and corn-meal, and everything to eat they could n't take with 'em. Then they tuke up a child apiece and come on for us; we 'd done gone when they got hyere, and they come tearing through the swampy ground after us, toting their babes. They stayed with us in the cabin till after the battle. But by that time his house was occupied by soldiers. He 'd been right ingenious hiding his provisions so nobody could find 'em, but the soldiers went to tearing off ceilings to get planks to make boxes, and down come the corn-meal and bacon; so they had a pretty rich supply."

"After that," said Mr. —, "his house got burnt. Nearly all the houses and fences for miles, on the battle-field, was burnt; so that it was just one common. Thar was nobody left. You never see such desolation. Then the armies moved off, leaving a rich pasture. I had my cattle pastured thar all that summer."

Mrs. — proposed that the children should sing for me a little piece called "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh." Her husband favored the suggestion, saying it was "a right nice composed little song."

"I 've plumb forgotten it," said Zeek. And the little girls, who blushing-ly undertook it after much solicitation, could remember only a few lines here and there, greatly to the parents' chagrin.

At eight o'clock, Zeek, weary with his long ride that day, said, "I believe I 'll lie down," and, without further ceremony, took off his clothes and got into one of the beds in the room. Mrs. — thought I also must be tired, and said I could go to bed when I pleased. Thinking it possible I might be assigned to the same apartment, I concluded to sit up until the audience became somewhat smaller. The girls presently went up stairs, lighted to their beds by the fire, which shone up the stairway and through the cracks in the chamber floor. I took courage then to say that I was ready to retire; and, to my gratification, saw a candle lighted to show me to my chamber, — though I marvelled where that could be, for I supposed I had seen every room in the house, except the loft to which the girls had gone, when I had seen the sitting-room and kitchen.

Mr. — took me first out-doors, to a porch on the side of the house opposite the great opening. Thence a door opened into a little framed box of a room built up against the log-house, as an addition. There was scarcely space to turn in it. The walls consisted of the naked, rough boards. There was not even a latch to the door, which opened into the universal night, and which the wind kept pushing in. Mr. — advised me to place the chair against it, which I did. I set the candle in the chair, and blew it out after I had got into bed. Then, looking up, I saw with calm joy a star through the roof. The bed was deep and comfortable, and I did not suffer from cold, although I could feel the fingers of the wind toying with my hair. The night was full of noises, like the reports of pistols. It was the old house cracking its joints.

THE DEW-FAIRIES.

THERE had been a thunder-storm one afternoon, and Birdie had watched from the window how the great black clouds chased one another over the sky, — seeming to growl angrily when they met, and flashing lightning at each other, like the gleam of giant swords. The little boy fancied there might be giants living above the clouds, as there were when Jack climbed the bean-stalk, and that all the noise and tumult must be caused by a battle going on among them. But when the rain began to fall in great drops, and then in fast driving showers, Birdie thought the giants were sorry for their naughty behavior, and were “crying and making up,” and he felt more friendly towards them, and hoped none of them had been hurt in the battle. Soon the rain stopped, the clouds floated away, leaving only a few white heaps, like mountains, against the blue sky; then the sun looked out from among the curtains he had hidden in from the storm, to have a peep at the world before he said “Good night,” and everything seemed smiling and happy. Now that the storm was over, little Birdie trotted out to sit on the top step of the porch, and look about him; he thought the grass had never before looked so green, or the flowers so bright, and the very air seemed fresher and sweeter than usual. The birds were all singing their evening hymns, and the gentle cows were going slowly to the farm-yard to be milked, sorry to leave the sweet-scented clover-blossoms, where they had been resting in the shade of the trees. Altogether the little boy felt very happy; he looked around him with pleasure, drew in long breaths of the delicious air, and felt like saying, “Thank you” to God, who had made all these beautiful things. He began to think, and sat quite still, with his eyes fixed on the grass, waving just before him, and all shining with rain-drops. Suddenly he started, rubbed his eyes with his hands, and then stared at the grass harder than ever, for it seemed to him that something moved besides the grass, — something like one of the rose-fairies, only smaller, and dressed in a thin, floating dress of silvery green. “Can it be,” said Birdie to himself, “that fairies live in the grass? I will be as still as a mouse and watch”; — and he opened his blue eyes wide, and smiled with delight. Sure enough, there they were! Not only on one blade of grass, but on many, little fairies, light as thistle-down, were dancing and swaying about, — each one dressed in the same airy dress of shining green, with *O such* bright crowns on their heads, all made of dewdrops, which sparkled in the sunshine. Very merry they seemed, and very busy too, for they scattered handfuls of tiny dewdrops wherever they went, and the grass and flowers bent to meet them, as if glad to feel their cool touch.

Closely little Birdie watched the fairies, hardly daring to breathe lest he should frighten them away; and he was so quiet they did not know he was there, but danced about as if they had been all alone. At last, two or three of them, floating along, came to a spider's web, stretched from one tuft of

grass to another, fine as lace, and yet strong enough to make a good carpet for their tiny feet. They seemed pleased at this, and began dancing merrily upon the web, all the while showering dewdrops from their hands and hair, until the web was strung with the shining beads, and glistened like silver. Was not that beautiful? Birdie was delighted, as he well might be, for it is not every little boy who can see such a wonderful sight as that; and if he had not been gentle and loving, I do not suppose he would have seen a single fairy.

Soon his bright eyes caught sight of an old black spider, — the owner of the web, — who was crouching in one corner, looking half frightened and very much puzzled at the strange insects that had taken possession of his home. Now and then the old fellow would dart out at them, as if to drive



them away; but he was always met with such a shower of dewdrops that he crawled back to his corner in a hurry. There he sat, all drawn up in a heap, looking like an old colored man whom Birdie once saw playing the violin at a picnic, while the children danced. It was so comical that the little boy could keep still no longer, and burst into such a merry peal of laughter that he rolled over on the porch floor, and lay there laughing until his mother came out to see what had amused him so much. "O mamma!" said he, "if you were only a little boy like me, you could see the sweetest, most *woniest* fairies; they dance on the grass, mamma, and on the cobwebs, and the old black spiders have to play the violin. O dear, it is *too* funny!" — and he danced up and down, and laughed as he thought of it. His mamma laughed too, and said she was very sorry she was too old to see the fairies, but she would like to hear about them; and Birdie told her, as well as such

a wee boy could, all that he had seen. When his story was done, "Why, darling," said his mamma, "you must have seen the Dew-Fairies, who water the grass and flowers at night, to cool them after the heat of the day." Birdie nodded very wisely, and turned around to find his little friends; but they had all gone; — only the bright dew shining on the grass and flowers showed where they had been at work. He was half ready to cry when he missed them; but his mamma told him that the fairies had many fields and gardens to visit, and could not stay long in one place, even to please her good little boy. "And Birdie," she said, "as I cannot see the beautiful little things, won't *you* be my Dew-Fairy?" The little boy looked up in wonder, to see if his mother meant it, and said, very slowly and thoughtfully, "Birdie would like to, dear mamma, but he is too big to dance on a cobweb, and he has no pretty green dress." "No, dear," said his mamma, "but you can be one without that, by being kind and generous to all, and trying to make others happy"; — and, kissing her little boy's red lips, she went into the house, leaving Birdie very busy thinking.

He had not been alone very long, when he heard the latch of the garden-gate rattle, once or twice. He looked up, and what do you think he saw? There stood the tame colt, Alice, with her head over the gate, looking at him with her large brown eyes. Birdie loved Alice, and had often patted her smooth face, and given her pieces of sugar or bread; so the colt had walked out of the meadow, when the bars were down, to look for her little friend. "Now," thought Birdie, "I can give Alice some sugar, and make *her* happy," — and he bustled into the house to ask for it. His mother gave him some very willingly, and he carried it out to Alice. She took it gently from his little hand, for she was very tame, and rubbed her face against him lovingly, and Birdie was glad he had given her all of the sugar, instead of eating some himself, as he felt like doing at first, for he loved sweet things as much as any little boy, but he loved to be generous still more. Then he gathered some grass, all cool with the dew, and gave it to Alice, and he would have given her more, but she heard the man calling her, "Cope, cope, cope!" She knew he had some salt for her, so she started, tossed her head as a good-by to kind little Birdie, and trotted away. The child opened the gate, and peeped out to watch the colt; he did not go outside, for he was not allowed to do so when alone. While he stood there leaning against the gate he heard a strange noise behind him, like something knocking against the stones, and he turned quickly to look up the road and find out what it was.

You see, Birdie always kept his eyes and ears open, (except when he was asleep,) and so he never missed anything; and now he saw, slowly coming down the road, a poor lame soldier, who had to walk on crutches. He knew the soldiers were fighting for their country and the flag, and that all good Union boys were kind to them, and he thought too of the fairies; and when the soldier came near enough, the kind little boy opened the gate wide, and propped it with his plump shoulders, while he called out, "Come in, soldier-boy, come! and I will give you some bread and milk to make you well." The man stopped, looked at Birdie for a minute, and then walked into the

garden and sat down on the porch-steps, as if he were very tired. Birdie ran in too, but did not stop until he reached the dining-room, where his mamma had just made a bowlful of bread and milk for his supper. "O mamma," said the boy, "there 's a poor, lame soldier-boy out on the porch, *so* lame," — and he held up one little foot, and tried to walk like the soldier; "can't Birdie take him some bread and milk to make him well?" And seeing his mamma looked pleased, he took the bowl with both hands, and carried it out to his friend. His mamma followed him, bringing a spoon, which Birdie had forgotten in his haste; and when she had given it to the poor man, she sat down, took her little boy on her lap, and talked kindly to the soldier, asking him his name, and how he had been wounded. He said his name was John Wilson; that he had been shot by the Rebels at the battle of Gettysburg, and had been in hospital for some time, but now had leave to go home to see his mother. "But why do you walk so far, my poor fellow, when you are so lame and weak?" said Birdie's mamma. The soldier told her that he had come in the cars as far as he could, and expected his mother would send to the station to meet him. "But the wagon was not there," said he, "and I was in such a hurry to see my dear old mother that I started off to walk; but I was beginning to feel very weak and tired, and might have fallen by the roadside, if this kind little man had not asked me to rest, and given me this nice sweet bread and milk; I feel better already, and think I can walk home now." But Birdie's mother said she did not think it would be right for him to walk any more that night, and if he would wait until they had finished tea, her husband would take him home in the wagon. The poor soldier thanked her with tears in his eyes, and said he must get home, and would be glad of a lift; so the man was told to get the wagon ready, and they went in to tea. Birdie was so pleased that he had helped the poor soldier, that he could think of nothing else, and for a while he talked very merrily; but by the time he had finished his bread and milk he grew very quiet, and his mamma found him nodding in his highchair. She knew he was very tired, and, lifting him down gently, would have carried him up stairs, but the blue eyes opened a little way, and a sleepy voice said, "Where's my soldier-boy? did the fairies take him away?" His mamma laughed at the funny little boy, and took him out on the porch to say good night to the soldier, who kissed him, and said, "Birdie must come to see me some day." And then the soldier got into the wagon, and Birdie's papa drove away from the gate, kissing his hand to the little boy. Then Birdie climbed up stairs, and when his mamma had undressed him, and heard him say his little prayer, she kissed him many times, and told him he was her darling little Dew-Fairy; and Birdie went to sleep very happy, and had sweet dreams, I am sure.

Margaret T. Canby.



Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY
of
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.



CHARADES.

No. 11.

RED and white and black and yellow
Men have called my *first* for years ;
Blue and green, in cloud and sunshine,
Tint the changing shapes it wears.
Many-babbling, — secret-hiding, —
Man is puny to its might.
Rending continents asunder,
It divides but to unite.

Part and parcel of old cities,
My *second* 's still of tender age.
Stubborn bit of steel-cold metal,
In it direst fevers rage.
Prison-bolts fly back before it,
Though guarded close through all its life ;
Scene of woman's tenderest mission,
'T is ruffled oft by party strife.

That which aimed the apple, falling
Straight at Isaac's learned poll,
Urges on the mountain streamlet
Whose swift course is still my *whole*.

From the crags to smiling valleys,
From the valleys to the shore,
Still my course runs ever downward
Lower still forevermore.

E.

No. 12.

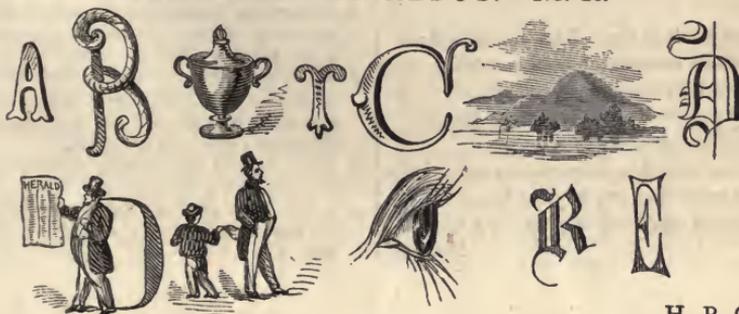
THE glow was fading in the west,
As we wandered down the lane,
And my *first* rose over the hill's dark crest,
And looked through the boughs as though
The secret I hid in vain. [it guessed

How did it happen ? I scarcely know, —
My pulses were throbbing fast,
My voice was faltering, weak and low,
As we wandered along, with footsteps slow,
From the shadow into my *last*.

As arm in arm we walked, I said,
" Let us wander through life thus, love."
Then on my shoulder she laid her head,
By my *whole* in her face the truth I read,
As my *first* shone clear above.

CARL.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 20.



H. P. G.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 21.



PUZZLE.

No. 11.

IN babbling brooks, in roaring falls,
 It is in vain to seek for me,
 Though water claims me as its own
 In part, as river, lake, and sea.
 In dark wild-wood or sylvan path
 I am unsought and unportrayed,
 Though in each forest tree and flower,
 In scented groves, by breezes swayed.

Without me virtue were unknown,
 Although in vice an equal seen ;
 And though the very life of men,
 I serve to make the best man mean ;
 Though quite unknown where glory shines,
 In fame I hold an honored place ;
 And while rebellion claims my aid,
 I have as much to do with peace.

Where truth is there I am not found ;
 Each lie reveals me softly sighing,
 Though I 'm the soul of verity
 And never yet was caught in lying.
 In blinding storms I am unheard,
 Though loud in tempests as they rise ;
 You cannot find me in your form,
 Though laughing in your very eyes.

NILLOR.

ANSWERS.

CHARADE.

10. Horse-man-ship.

ENIGMAS.

- 12. Baby-jumper.
- 13. Heliotrope.
- 14. With malice toward none.
- 15. Hatred stirreth up strifes ; but love covereth all sins.

PUZZLE.

10. Coward.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1.	2.
$99 + \frac{99}{99} = 100.$	$\frac{13}{67} = \frac{24}{65}$
	$\frac{80}{89} = \frac{2}{1}$
	$\frac{4}{3} = \frac{5}{7}$
3. COMIC.	$\frac{9}{100}$

- 4. $9 + 8 + 7 + 6 + 5 + 4 + 3 + 2 + 1 = 45.$
- $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 = 45.$
- $8 + 6 + 4 + 1 + 9 + 7 + 5 + 3 + 2 = 45.$

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

- 16. A barefooted beggar cares not a fig for the income tax. [(A bear *footed*) (beggar) (car) es (knot) a (eff-i-gy) (fort) (he *in* comb) (tacks).]
- 17. Eighty armed Pottawattomie Indians surround a house and attack the inmates. [(A *t armed*) (pot o' water) me (*in* d n's) (S *UR* round a house and a tack) (the *in* mates).]
- 18. All's not gold that glitters. [(Awls) (knot) G (old) t (hat) G (litters).]
- 19. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. [(A bird *in* the hand) (eye) s w (earth) (2 *in* the bush).]



WE have received a note asking for our opinion on a great subject, — so great, indeed, that we should be almost afraid to bring it into our little "Letter-Box," if there were any other way of giving our reply. But since it must come here, and since this subject concerns all children, — boys as well as girls, although girls are our querists, — we think best to print the note as we received it, (only omitting the initials which it gives,) and then to add a few plain words, frankly expressing our view of the case as it seems to us who look upon it through many years of experience in school-life, and in the more trying world-life for which the first should be a preparation:—

"School, March 23d, 1866.

"DEAR YOUNG FOLKS, —

"Will you be kind enough to favor us with your opinion of honor in school. The writers of this are two girls, not very old nor yet very young, belonging to a private school kept by Miss —, within — miles of —. Miss — has a way of resting everything on our honor, which we find very disagreeable; for instance, she trusts us not to speak of any thing in school hours that does not concern school affairs, which we find almost impossible; for when we get talking other things are sure to slip in, and this involves a confession after school. Don't you think it would be better to have a rule against speaking, and let her catch us at it if she can?

"Is it not consistent with honor, if we get into a scrape, to get out of it any way we can, provided we tell no fibs? We particularly want information on this point, for, sad to say, scrapes are not unknown to us

"We hope this is not too confused to be understood, but the truth is we are writing this in school, and consequently under great difficulties. Hoping you will answer this, we remain

"Yours very truly
"M. & N."

Ah! dear girls, you have not considered well the meaning and the importance of the one word which is to determine this matter for you. *Honor!* Does not that little word include and signify all that is most precious, save true religion, in a good woman's character? What virtue can you set above it, or

with what trait could you replace it? Even the gambler will pay the debts which he has contracted upon the faith of his word, and the desperado respects the pledge of his honor. Believe it, there is no characteristic more important to be cherished in man or woman than a high, pure sense of honor. When gold and jewels are to be weighed, the delicate scales must turn even "in the balance of a hair," — much more when the fine gold of uprightness and truth is in the scale. If you cannot make the distinction between what is right and wrong in a matter comparatively of so small consequence as the words you speak in school, or if you are unwilling to make the effort, how can you hope to have the desire and the strength to make that distinction in after years, when temptations will be greater, resistance harder, and when honor may involve, not merely the strictness of your speech, but also the principles of your action, the value of your life, and your final destiny? A school misdeemeanor may be no crime, — it is foolish or it is wrong, according as you commit it in carelessness or wilfulness; but an evasion of responsibility for what you have done is both mean and wicked.

Here are a few words of advice which it will always be safe to follow, and which we offer to you with the earnestness of friends, who know by saddest observation that they who are heedless or self-willed in youth naturally grow up irreverent and untrustworthy men and women. *Always be ashamed to do that which you would be ashamed to confess having done; for if there is disgrace in the telling, there is more disgrace in the doing.* Despise and fret against no safeguard that is thrown about your honor, but second every effort which tends to increase its sensitiveness.

Remember that rules are only leading-strings for children who cannot see, and offenders who will not see for themselves that the right way is always the best way; and respect the teacher who helps you to cultivate your own self-respect, instead of establishing herself as a police-officer over you, — which is really the substance of your suggestion.

And as to getting out of "scrapes," provided you "tell no fibs," — without the nicest sense of honor to guide you in that difficult process, you will be almost sure to act the falsehood you do not utter

and so the same fatal injury is done to character, which is the precious ornament of your girlhood, as it will be the crown of your womanhood.

We suggest, dear girls, that the easiest way of settling the matter will be to lessen the number of "scrapes." The word itself is a dangerous one, besides being in worse than questionable taste; in "Webster's Unabridged" you will find it called "a low word"; and in Worcester's Dictionary it is defined as "a state of difficulty or trouble, generally caused by ill conduct." But the dangerous thing about it is that it may be applied alike to the results of a crime or a harmless frolic, and those who use it much are apt to hold very indistinct notions of right and wrong.

Better sacrifice a little girlish fun now and then, and save yourselves these knotty questions of conscience.

T. E., being ill, has amused himself with an attempt to make new words from the letters in "Manufactory," as suggested by a former correspondent. He has sent us a list of *five hundred!* In these he has used no letter twice except *a*, which occurs twice in the original word. It is but fair to say that many are not English, but words from other languages and proper names.

Edward A. J. sends from Cincinnati a capital inversion, which is the best yet:—

"Red rum did emit revel
Ere Lever time did murder."

And in a later letter he gives us this:—

"Now reknit a net;—for ages Selim & Miles'
segar often a tinker won."

"Flora" is declined with thanks. We have had as many dog and cat stories as we wish for the present. Variety is what our little readers like.

H. P. McA. Thank you. Some such errors will creep in, in spite of the most careful watch. We are always glad to see such matters as you mention, and, if they are good enough, we print them.

Sweet Briar. Thank you for the pleasant assurance of the favor we find at your hands.

E. D. E. has been among the industrious who have tried their hands at "Manufactory," and sends us a list of two hundred and ninety-four words, all of which, he says, are to be found in Webster's Pictorial Dictionary.

E. F. S. You can learn all about the origin and history of the "Melodies" of Mother Goose, who was a real person, from Wheeler's "Dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction," which was printed not long ago by the Publishers of this magazine.

W. S. J. We hope to have something that will meet your wants by and by; having so many tastes to gratify, we cannot give what all desire at once.

Henry S. P., a thirteen-year-old correspondent, sends his first attempt at puzzle-making in the shape of this very good inversion: "Anna did I trap a rat & tar a part? I did Anna."

Frank W. Your "monument" is very ingenious, and we shall probably find a use for it.

Belle R. writes that she is fifteen years old, and has been for four years an invalid, and then she says thoughtfully: "I used to feel like Patty Mudge, how I would like to do some great thing for the world's good. But I think my *forte* is to try and be as patient as I can, so that I sha'n't drive every one away from me by my complainings." In this short sentence is a lesson for all the little people upon whom troubles or sufferings come,—to bear patiently, for so they will be happier-minded, while their gentleness will be some return for the comfort and help which they expect from others.

Emily A. N. Two dollars. Thanks for your note. Next year we hope you will succeed in getting up some "real big" clubs.

Shirley. Your enigma looks good. But we want a careful list of all the answers, with a numbered list of the letters, that it may be proved without too much trouble.

Caroline. The colored pictures have not been forgotten, although they will not appear just yet, because the experiments are not quite complete which we expect will give us the nicest illustrations of the kind that have ever been made.

Carl. Try the letter. If it is good, we shall like it.

Fred. D. Certainly, unless there is reason to believe that the first refusal was on account of some defect or lack of merit in the article offered.

N. E. W. No.

Mary B. Everett. We have a letter for you; will you send us your address, please?

Louis. Send us a full solution of your Arithmetical Problem.

Daisy has written us a very pleasant letter, from which we take a few gratifying lines about our magazine:—

"You do not know how I enjoy reading it; it seems as if the days went more and more slowly as the time draws near for it to make its regular appearance. And after it gets here! First I have it, as I am the eldest; then Annie; and last of all Mamma reads the baby stories and explains the pictures to our three-year-old pet, Alice."

Like many others, Daisy sends a kind word for our little friend H. A. D., who has, we find, quite a number of companions in her trouble, who all wish her to know that they understand and sympathize.

Beckie McK. says she means to have us for her aunts and uncles, and all our countless readers for her cousins,—to whom she asks us to give her love, which we gladly do.

Josiah T. We are glad to hear from you. Will see about the puzzles.

Jean W. 1. Yes. 2. Not necessarily. 3. Yes. 4. Sometimes. 5. Yes.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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THE CHILDREN OF THE FLOOD.



LONG before the children of men came to their earthly dwelling, when the granite floors had been laid, but before the green carpets and draperies had been added, or the bright flowers set in their places, the All-Father said to his servants, "Who will fashion this rocky wilderness into an abode fit for my children?"

"I," said Frost, "will break up the solid fields into pebbles that poor little Man will be able to manage when he comes."

"And I," said Flood, "will wash away some of the traces of my brother's rough work, and will open channels and shape valleys where rivers may run and men may live."

"We," said the little Streams, "will chisel out the mountain-sides into beautiful forms, and will take tribute of the rocks to make rich gardens and fields where man may raise his food."

"And we," said the Rivers, "will gather up the treasures of the brooks into our broad

bosoms, and spread them out in the valleys where cities will be built ; and the busy life of Man will find its best abode above our banks."

So all the Children of the Flood began their work in the world. The rough rocks gave up to them their treasures, and these they spread out along the valleys, making smooth ledges for roads, and broad intervalles for meadows and grain-fields.

Soon gray and yellow lichens began to dot the rocks, and beautiful mosses to embroider the banks, and multitudes of green growing things thronged by the sides of the brooks ; for they loved the faithful and busy little workers who were toiling so well for the coming creatures whom they had never seen. And the mosses were not long alone ; for graceful, pointed ferns appeared and overshadowed the mosses, and presently shrubs and thickets grew up and overshadowed the ferns, and tall trees lifted their green arches into the air, and over-roofed the shrubs ; and they all lived together in peace, and drew their life from the Children of the Flood, who brought them food constantly from the sides of the mountains.

Being filled with this spirit of service and good-will, it naturally happened that the abodes of the mountain brooks became the loveliest places in all the world ; and after the children of men had come to their home, and had begun to find out its hidden beauties, there were no places that they loved more to visit, none where the goodness of their Father was shown to them by more charming records, than the shady water-courses in the forests. Here they would sit by the brook-side on mossy rocks, and listen to the voice of the water, which, though they could not fully understand it, seemed to be always telling some very pleasant tale.

Four of the great rivers, hand in hand, encircled the Garden of Eden, and no one can tell how many smaller Children of the Flood wandered through its shady walks, and told sweet stories to the childlike human spirits who had come to live with them. Certainly some of these are wandering upon the earth to this day ; and when you meet a little woodland brook whose voice is unusually sweet and low, as if he were telling some half-sad but all-beautiful tale of olden times, while all manner of spicy odors breathe along his banks, you may be perfectly sure — whatever spring he may pretend to start from — that he is a little runaway from Paradise, and can almost carry you back to it, if you will but submit yourself long enough to his spell.

There were other Children of the Flood, which, though less known to men, were not less useful in their way. They lived in the hidden channels among the rocky foundations, and came forth only when, by patient and diligent study, men had discovered their hiding-places, and had learned the spell which could command their services.

Far away in Africa is a great sea of sand, upon which the sun pours out its hottest rays, and men have left it mostly in its solitude, calling it "Sahara, the Great Desert." Fierce winds, born of the sultry heat, range over its surface, and sometimes sweep forth into the country around, burning and ravaging ; and then human creatures sicken or die, while all green things perish in their scorching breath. But under the rocky bed of the desert itself

still lurk the little water-spirits, Children of the Flood, with life and health in their cool veins.

Once a man from a far-away country, with keener eyes or a stouter heart than the people of the desert, resolved to call up the healing spirits from the vasty deep of sand. It was a singular undertaking, and a host of turbaned heads looked on in some fear, as he began to sink the shaft which he meant should open a way for the water-sprites to ascend. To them it seemed quite as likely that some malignant Genie lay concealed in a burning cavern beneath, and would take a hot revenge for their intrusion. Perhaps the Frenchman was a sorcerer, they thought. And indeed he was; but his was only that healthful and lawful kind of sorcery which consists in commanding the servants who were appointed in old times to serve us. As the shaft went down, the Arabs stood in the hot sun looking on, when suddenly there leaped from far beneath the surface a cool, white column of water, and sprang high into the air above their heads. Then they shouted with joy, and fell on their faces in the sand to worship the wonderful spirit that had come to their aid.

Once released from her rocky prison, this beautiful Child of the Flood showed no intention of returning thither; on the contrary, she continues to this day to bestow her health-giving presence among the desert people. But that spot is no longer desert; for soon from the arid sands sprang up the tender grass and mosses, which love the water so well that they follow it wherever it grows. And, if the keen-eyed men that know the spell of the water-spirits shall continue their work, it is just possible that the whole sea of sand will some day be converted into fertile fields, fulfilling that old saying that "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

None of the forces that inhabit the earth have ever performed more willing and various service for man than these Children of the Flood. Dwelling in the secret places of the hills, they feed the ponds and lakes through all the summer drought; and, if only a channel is laid for them, they will rush down to the great cities, and flow through little underground paths into every house, carrying purity and health to all that will accept the gift.

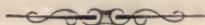
When the fire-fiends break loose among the dwellings of men, the little water-sprites are the only forces that can withstand them; and they will rush into the thickest of the scorching flames undaunted, though often they perish in the fight. Many a time in this way they have saved a great city from destruction, and rescued thousands of precious lives.

Moreover, they are the greatest manufacturers in the world. Wherever there is a wheel to be turned, some little mountain brook is ready to put his brown shoulder to it; and it is hard to say what boys and girls would do for clothes to wear, were it not for these diligent workers. They saw logs, and plane the planks, and knit stockings, and make paper, and weave cloth, and print calico; in short, there is really no end to the useful things they do.

But, with all the burdens they bear, they never lose their beauty or their happiness; indeed, never do they beam so brightly, or sing so merrily, or clothe themselves in such airy garments of spray, as when they are most

busily employed in turning wheels, and helping in the work which men have devised for them. No task discourages them, and no danger daunts; no heavy burden crushes their spirits; for have they not undertaken, ages ago, to be the faithful friends and helpers of mankind? And they will never dream of rest while anything remains to be done for our health, comfort, or enjoyment.

Elsie Teller.



CARRIE'S SHIPWRECK.

THE story which I am going to tell is all true, every bit of it. It is not a made-up story, though some parts of it may sound as if they were made up. Carrie is the real name of a real person, whom I have known almost all her life; and all the account of her shipwreck is taken from her own letters, and those of her friends, who were with her.

One thing is certain about Carrie's adventures, — that they happened to just the right person. For I hardly ever knew any one who took such an eager interest in foreign countries as she did, or liked so much to read about them. At school, beside her geography lessons, she used to try and learn still more from other books about the different parts of the globe; and she could tell you a great deal about the different races of men, and about the various climates and plants and animals, and about the Gulf Stream and the trade-winds, and all those interesting things which travellers know.

So when she grew older, — grew to be quite a large girl, in fact, — she seemed just the person to travel. And when it was decided that she should go and live on the Pacific coast, at a place called Puget Sound, away at the northwest corner of the United States, you may imagine that she was quite excited at the prospect, though she did not like to leave her friends.

She was to reach Puget Sound in this way. First, she was to go in a great steamer from New York to Aspinwall, which is on the Isthmus of Panama. Then she was to cross the Isthmus of Panama by railroad. Then she was to go from Panama by another steamer to San Francisco, in California; and then by another steamer to Puget Sound. So Carrie was to be quite a traveller, — three different steamers; and after all, as you will see, she got into a fourth steamer besides, in a very unexpected way.

Carrie's voyage at first was very much like other voyages, except that she was not sea-sick at all, which is very unlike the voyages of most people. So she was on deck all day and every evening, and watched the Mother Carey's chickens in the daytime, and the porpoises at twilight; and she slept soundly at night in her narrow berth, and then went on deck in the morning, and saw the white-capped waves still stretching everywhere around, and seeming to hold up a thousand little hands, as if they were dancing in play.

So the great steamer sailed southward, and sailed southward, and passed the Bahama Islands, and the West India Islands, and came into the beautiful Caribbean Sea. And there Carrie's adventures began.

The Caribbean Sea is thought very beautiful, because there are such bright and lovely colors in the water there, and also in the sky; while even the floating sea-weeds and the birds and the fishes have brighter colors than almost anywhere else. Then there are coral islands too, which the coral insects build. These are beautiful when they are fairly above water; and soil has collected upon them, and trees have grown. But at first they are only low coral reefs, and cannot be seen above the water; and then they are very dangerous, and vessels are sometimes wrecked upon them, in perfectly calm weather, when they are going smoothly on. Carrie had often read about this, but she did not know how soon she was to find it out for herself.

One morning, between three and four o'clock, Carrie and her companions suddenly waked up, and heard a most singular grating and thumping sound underneath the vessel, and there was a dashing of water; and then the bell sounded to stop the engine. Then some one came to the state-room door and said, "You must get up and dress quickly, — the vessel is on a coral reef."

That was all; there was no disturbance inside the vessel, but they heard the people everywhere getting down from their berths, and dressing, and talking in low tones. Carrie dressed just as quickly as she could, and put round her waist a life-preserver, which some one gave her, and then went out into the cabin. She could tell by the violent motions of the engine that they were trying to get off; and soon the vessel began to jerk and strain and creak, so that everybody had to hold on by something, and all the glass rattled and tumbled about the room. The little children began to cry at the noise and strangeness, but the older people kept still and quiet; and Carrie wrote to me that she never knew before how brave and good men and women could be. It was perfectly dark outside, and they were not allowed to go on deck yet, and they could not tell but the ship would break to pieces at any moment; yet there they sat patiently, the parents holding their children in their arms; and Carrie said that some faces which had always before seemed to her disagreeable looked now like the faces of angels.

But at last the daylight came, and they were permitted to go on deck. What a sight they saw! There was the vast rolling ocean around them, just as far as eye could reach, without a spot of land in sight; and here underneath them was the great brave vessel, which had borne them so long, now lying fixed on a reef which they could hardly see under the water. It was impossible to get the steamer off, the captain said, and there were nearly seven hundred people on board, and the boats would not hold a quarter of them. What was to become of them?

This was all they could see on deck, and the waves swept so terribly over the vessel that they all had to go down into the cabin again. There they heard the sailors cutting away the great masts, and the steam-pipe; and then some men came below and began to cut away the state-room doors, and Car-

rie heard them say, "It is to make a raft, — the only chance for our lives." But when somebody asked where the raft could take them to, nobody answered, for everybody knew that they were out of sight of land. But still the women and children sat quietly and patiently, with their life-preservers on, waiting for whatever might happen.

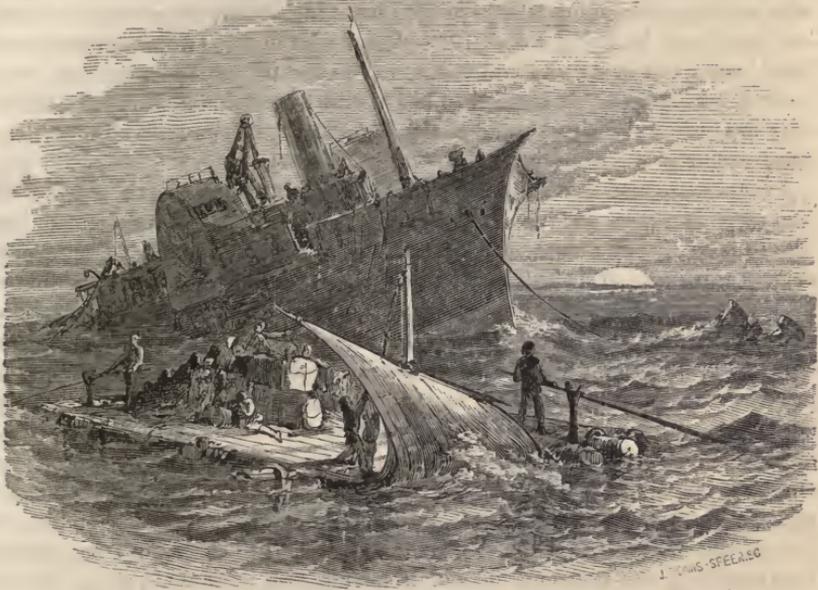
Carrie saw somebody writing a letter, and that put it into her head to do the same. So she got out her pencil and a piece of paper, and wrote me a little note with them. She thought that, when they left the vessel, she would leave it in the state-room, directed to me, and perhaps that part of the vessel would float, and I might get the note, even if she were drowned. And I did get it, (though not in that way,) and it came soiled and spotted with salt water, where the sea waves had wet it. And you may well suppose that I shall always keep it.

Carrie heard them say that the vessel had got far out of her course, into a part of the ocean where ships hardly ever came; and that the nearest land was a hundred miles off, and that a boat had been sent there for help, but might never get there. But soon after noon some one came down into the cabin and told them great news. Some sharp-eyed sailor was sure that he saw a low island only a few miles off, and a boat had been sent there also, to see if it was true. This boat was several hours absent, and when they saw it coming back, many of the passengers gathered on deck — all who could hold on — to hear the news. The little boat came nearer and nearer, and the passengers on deck were almost breathless with anxiety, when at last a sailor rose and waved his hat, and shouted, "Success!" so that they could hear it amidst all the noise of waves. Then the men on board the steamer tried to answer them with a good loud shout, but the women could not keep back their tears, and some who had not cried before cried then.

The land which they had discovered was, after all, a part of the same coral reef, where it had risen above the water, four miles from the wreck. It was a little barren islet, a few acres in extent, without any vegetation, any land animals, or any springs of water. Yet it was this little, rocky, desolate spot which seemed likely to save the lives of those hundreds of passengers. For even with the aid of the raft, which was now ready, very few of them could probably be saved.

That night they began lowering the women and children, by ropes, over the lofty side of the vessel. It seemed terrible to Carrie, and she shut her eyes when she found herself swinging in mid-air, and saw the great waves beneath, which sometimes lifted the boat far up, as if to take her in, and then scooped it away so that it made her dizzy to look down at it. The vessel rocked and lurched so, too, that it seemed as if every stroke of the waves must be the last, and each time that the shock came, the ship's bell struck, as if it warned them what they were doing to do quickly. It was all over soon, however, and when she was once in the boat, it was very exciting to be rowed away, in the dim light, and placed upon the raft, while the boats went back for more.

All that night the women and children sat huddled together on the raft,



half in the water, watching the wreck on which their husbands and fathers must stay till morning. Two lights swung from the side of the steamer, and it seemed, as she rocked to and fro, as if these lights continually descended, approached each other, stopped, and beckoned those who watched them. Meanwhile the great bell kept tolling on, which showed them that the vessel still held together, although each sound was a measure of the violence of the waves. If the steamer went to pieces during the night, they knew that scarcely any of those left on board would be saved, so that there was not much sleeping upon the raft, except among the younger children.

In the morning they began to take the women and children in boats to the desolate island. Carrie went in the very first boat, and she said that, when they approached the shore, everything appeared so beautiful and so new, that it seemed as if they must really have died the night before, (as they expected,) and as if those strange wild birds that were always hovering over their heads had taken the shipwrecked people to their own home. As they came still nearer the island, an entirely new kind of bird came flying out to meet them,—such a queer, innocent-looking creature, Carrie said,—full of curiosity, and with a foolish look that made her laugh, as it gazed down into the boat with such an air of interest. The sailors called them “boobies.” They had light blue about their necks, and white, and were of a soft gray color above; and everything about them was childlike, and not keen, or nimble, or sagacious, like most birds. They appeared soft and clumsy and good-natured, seeming pleased at the arrival of the strangers, and Carrie felt hospitably welcomed.

Carrie was almost the first person to land, and she wandered away over the bare island, where perhaps human foot had never trod before. There was nothing green upon it, except the clustering sea-weeds along the shore ; but there were beautiful colors, not only among the birds which hovered near their heads, but in the sky and water, and in the scarlet and pink and rose-colored sea-mosses. It seemed to her at first like Robinson Crusoe's island, only too beautiful for that ; and she thought that perhaps Heaven might surprise people in the same way.

I do not suppose that Julia enjoyed it quite as much as Carrie did, for she was more ignorant, and not so thoughtful. Julia was a colored woman, who was to go to Puget Sound with Carrie. The shipwreck was her first experience of travelling, and she was rather surprised that people liked travelling so well. Perhaps my readers may remember the old lady in New Hampshire, last winter, who was in the railway-cars for the first time when a collision happened ; and when the conductor asked her if she was hurt, she was surprised at the question, and said she supposed that was the way they always stopped ! Now it was precisely so with Julia ; and when they were all awaked suddenly in the night, and the steamer was thumping on the coral reef, she only asked if they had arrived at San Francisco ? Afterwards, while the sea was washing over the vessel, and everything on board was breaking to pieces, she only sat munching a biscuit, and remarked that, if she had known that travelling was so hard, she should have stayed at home.

Through almost all their first day on the island, the rain came down like a shower-bath ; and they slept that night in their soaked clothes, on the hard, bare rocks, as well as they could. The next day was warm and beautiful, and they gradually got dry in the sun. As the blankets and shawls were brought from the ship, they made such shelter as they could, and in a few days they got mattresses, and Carrie had one. She had a bundle for a pillow, and a shawl to cover her, and nothing but the stars over that. And if the rain-clouds came between her and the stars, she had a piece of painted canvas to put between her and the rain. But it was in June, and the nights were not cold ; and the days would have been very hot indeed on that bare island but for the blessed trade-winds, that never ceased blowing all the time. Carrie had learned about the trade-winds from her geography, as I told you, but she never before knew what a blessing they could be. And she had another great blessing, too, for she used to take the most delicious bath in the surf every night before she went to bed. The great, powerful surf, that had dashed so terribly over the strong steamer, seemed very soft and gentle now towards the poor shipwrecked people ; and every night it refreshed their weary limbs, and then with its murmurs lulled them to repose.

Meantime, the great vessel, the *Golden Rule*, went to pieces on the rocks, four miles away, and it was only for the first few days that the sailors could go on board, and bring away provisions and clothing. At last, nothing was left of her but part of the machinery on the rocks.

Scarcely anything of the passengers' property could be saved, and nothing of Carrie's but what she had upon her person. Happily they got from the

wreck most of the ship's linen, and the women all were set at work to make up garments out of this for themselves and their children. It seemed droll enough, to be walking about clad in towels and table-cloths; but at least the clothing was clean, and they were warm enough except when it rained.

The people were scattered about over the island, as much as possible, and were divided into little "messes" of twenty-five each, or thereabouts, for convenience as to cooking. Carrie's "mess" lived away at the end of the island, where the birds were most numerous, and so they still felt as if they were living among the birds. For food they had one ship biscuit a day, and sometimes two, for each person, and a small piece of pork or beef, sometimes made into soup, a half-pint for each. Then they had a little tea or coffee without milk, and once Carrie had a taste of stewed peaches. Sometimes they shot and cooked the sea-fowl, or boiled their eggs; and sometimes they made a soup of shell-fish from the great pink conch-shells, such as we see sometimes used as ornaments on mantle-pieces,—those to which children put their ears to hear the sound within them. But Carrie and her friends put them to their mouths, instead; and though they did not taste so good as oysters, they were better than nothing.

Thus they lived on the coral reef. And yet, as they sometimes felt, they were not really much safer than if they were on a floating raft. For their provisions would not last long, with nearly seven hundred people to feed. Then, if there were dry weather, the pools among the rocks would soon be empty. If there were a storm, the surf would probably sweep over the little island. They were far from the ordinary track of vessels; and, should a stray ship pass, they were so low that they could scarcely be seen. The boats they had sent might never reach the land, a hundred miles away, or might find no vessel to send to their relief till it should be too late. So they hardly dared think of the future; and day and night, and day and night went by; and early on the morning of the tenth day they heard the cry, "A sail!" and you may imagine how all that multitude of people started up from their rocky beds! And what happened next I shall tell you next time.

T. W. Higginson.



AMONG THE STUDIOS.

III.

THERE are certain streets, or parts of streets, in London, which are entirely occupied by booksellers, printers, binders, engravers, &c., &c. There is a seedy row of shops in New York wholly given over to unregenerate dealers in second-hand clothing. In some streets the drug-store has almost become an epidemic: these latter localities are greatly affected by the undertakers, and are always contiguous to some quiet avenue broken out all over with little gilt tin signs bearing the names of doctors, and di-

recting the afflicted public to "Ring the night-bell." Trades of a feather, like the birds, are fond of flocking together, and have a habit of lighting on particular spots without any particular reason for so doing.

Our friends, the artists, possess the same social tendencies, and, in the selection of their studios, often display the same eccentricity. We shall never be able to understand why eight or ten of these pleasant fellows have located themselves in the New York University.*



There is n't a more gloomy structure outside of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances; and we hold that few men could pass a week in those lugubrious chambers without adding a morbid streak to their natures,—the present genial inmates to the contrary notwithstanding.

There is something human in the changes that come over houses. Many of them keep up their respectability for a long period, and ripen gradually into a cheery, dignified old age; even if they become dilapidated and threadbare, you see at once that they are gentlemen, in spite of their shabby coats. Other buildings appear to suffer disappointments in life, and grow saturnine, and, if they happen to be the scene of some tragedy, they seem never to forget it. Something about them tells you,

"As plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."

* The following artists occupy studios in the New York University: Eastman Johnson, A. Fredericks, W. J. Hennessy, Eugene Benson, Edwin White, Marcus Waterman, C. G. Thompson, Winslow Homer (the subject of our present paper), A. J. Davis, and J. A. Hows.

The University is one of those buildings that have lost their enthusiasm. It is dingy and despondent, and does n't care. It lifts its machicolated turrets of whity-brown marble above the tree-tops of Washington Parade-Ground with an air of forlorn indifference. Summer or winter, fog, snow, or sunshine, — they are all one to this dreary old pile. It *ought* to be a cheerful place, just as some morose people ought to be light-hearted, having everything to render them so. The edifice faces a beautiful park, full of fine old trees, and enlivened by one coffee-colored squirrel, who generously makes himself visible for nearly half an hour once every summer. As we write, his advent is anxiously expected, the fountain is singing a silvery prelude, and the blossoms are flaunting themselves under the very nose, if we may say it, of the University. But it refuses to be merry, looming up there stiff and repellent, with the soft spring gales fanning its weather-beaten turrets, — an architectural example of ingratitude.

Mr. Longfellow says that

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses."

In one of those same turrets, many years ago, a young artist grew very weary of this life. Perhaps his melancholy spirit still pervades the dusty chambers, goes wearily up and down the badly-lighted staircases, as he used to do in the flesh. If so, that is what chills us as we pass through the long, uncarpeted halls leading to the little nookery tenanted by Mr. Winslow Homer.

The reader should understand that the University is not, like the Tenth Street Studio Building, monopolized by artists. The ground-floor is used for a variety of purposes. We have an ill-defined idea that there is a classical school located somewhere on the premises, for we have now and then met files of spectral little boys, with tattered Latin grammars under their arms, gliding stealthily out of the sombre doorway and disappearing in the sunshine. Several theological and scientific societies have their meetings here, and a literary club sometimes holds forth up stairs in a spacious lecture-room. Excepting the studios there is little to interest us, unless it be the locked apartment in which a whimsical *virtuoso* has stored a great quantity of curiosities, which he brought from Europe, years ago, and has since left to the mercy of the rats and moths.* This mysterious room is turned to very good dramatic account by the late Theodore Winthrop, in his romance of "Cecil Dreeme."

It has taken us some time to reach Mr. Homer's *atelier*, for it is on the third or fourth floor. But the half-finished picture on his easel, the two or three crayon sketches on the walls, (military subjects,) and the splendid view from his one window, cause us to forget that last long flight of stairs.

The studio itself does not demand particular notice. It is remarkable for nothing but its contracted dimensions: it seems altogether too small for a man to have a large idea in. If Mr. Homer were to paint a big battle-piece, he would be in as awkward a predicament as was the amiable Dr. Primrose,

* A friend informs us that this "antiquary's collection" has been removed within a year or two.

when he had the portraits of all his family painted on one canvas. "The picture," says the good old Vicar of Wakefield, "instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned, in a mortifying manner, against the kitchen-wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors."

It is only a few years since Mr. Homer's name became known to the public. He is the youngest among the men to whom we look for a high order of excellence in the treatment of purely American subjects. Mr. Homer served his apprenticeship as draughtsman for several illustrated periodicals, learning to draw before he plunged into colors, as more impatient aspirants usually do. The back numbers of the pictorial weeklies furnish innumerable evidences of his industry and progress. A better school of instruction could not have been devised for him. Shortly after the beginning of the war, Mr. Homer went to Virginia, and followed for a while the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac, contributing, from time to time, spirited war-sketches to the pages of a New York illustrated journal. He returned North with a year's experience of camp-life and a portfolio of valuable studies. From these studies he has since painted his most successful pictures. Mr. Homer is very skilful in the delineation of negro characteristics. The engraving which we print on this page, copied by the artist from the original painting en-



titled "The Bright Side," seems to us in his best manner. Of course the broad effect of sunlight attained by oil-colors cannot be reproduced in a wood-cut. Three picturesque-looking Contrabands, loving the sunshine as bees love honey, have stretched themselves out on the warm side of a tent, and, with their ragged hats slouched over their brows, are taking "solid comfort." Something to eat, nothing to do, and plenty of sunshine constitute a

Contraband's Paradise. The scene is one that was common enough in our camps down South during the war; but the art with which it is painted is not so common.

While Mr. Homer was engaged on this canvas, he suddenly found himself in want of a model for one of the figures. In Italy or France there are men and women who earn their livelihood by serving as models for the painters; but this class does not flourish very well in our country, and Mr. Homer was somewhat puzzled as to how he should find his man. In one of the cross-streets near the University lives a colored person whom we shall call Mr. Bones, — if we were to use his real name he might resent it as a liberty. Mr. Bones (formerly) "belonged to one of the first families of Virginia," but when the Rebellion broke out he selected New York as his residence, and, at the time of which we are writing, was engaged in the lucrative profession of bootblack, — a profession of which he is still a shining ornament.

It occurred to our artist, that Mr. Bones would serve his purpose excellently well. One morning, as Mr. Bones was passing the University on his usual tour in search of customers, he was accosted by the painter, who explained his artistic wants. But Mr. Bones was proof against the most lucid explanation. If Mr. Bones's head had been iron-clad, it could n't have resisted a new idea more successfully. He was at length induced to enter the University, and, after great trouble, — Mr. Bones at the foot of each stairway evincing a desire to run away, — was finally conducted to the artist's studio. In order that his prize might not escape him, the painter quietly locked the door. No sooner did Mr. Bones perceive this movement than he gave vent to a series of unearthly shrieks, and proceeded to roll himself up into a ball, much after the fashion of a sow-bug, — a cunning little creature, that can, at will, make itself look for all the world just like large-sized buckshot.

Mr. Bones bounced round the narrow apartment so furiously, and continued to shriek so lustily, that the astonished painter made haste to throw open the door. Mr. Bones instantly ricocheted over the threshold like a huge cannon-ball, and was heard bounding down stairs, five steps at a time.

The cause of this singular conduct on the part of Mr. Bones was afterwards accounted for. It appears the simple fellow had somehow conceived the idea that the artist was "a medicine-man," (i. e. an army-surgeon,) and that he had lured him, Mr. Bones, into his den for the purpose of relieving the said Mr. Bones of a limb or two, by the way of practice. This is one solution of our friend's terror. Our own impression is, however, that the profound gloom of the University turned his brain.

In spite of this mischance, "The Bright Side" was finished, the artist being fortunate enough to obtain a less refractory model.

We think it was in 1863 that Mr. Homer received his first general recognition as a painter. In that year he contributed to the thirty-eighth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design two small pictures, which attracted considerable attention, and were at once purchased by a well-known connoisseur. It was our good fortune to be among the many who saw in

these paintings, not only a promise of future excellence, but an excellence accomplished. In an old memorandum-book, kept in those days, is the following note, which we beg leave to transcribe.

“Two little war-scenes (Nos. 255 and 371), by Winslow Homer, — his first appearance in any academy. Mr. Homer calls his pictures ‘The Last Goose at Yorktown,’ and ‘Home, Sweet Home.’ The former represents a couple of Union boys cautiously approaching, on all fours, an overturned barrel, out of the farther end of which the wary goose is observed making a Banks-like retreat. A neat bit of humor, Mr. Homer. The second picture shows a Federal camp at supper-time. The band in the distance is supposed to be playing ‘Home, Sweet Home’; in the immediate foreground are two of the boys, one warming the coffee at the camp-fire, and the other dreamily watching the operation; but his heart is ‘over the hills and far away,’ for the suggestive music of the band has filled his eyes with visions of home. The different sentiments of the two incidents are worked out with gracious skill. The figures are full of character, but a trifle fresh in color, as is also the landscape.”

Mr. Homer has greatly improved on his first war-pictures, admirable as they were, and has given us several careful works on more peaceful subjects than Zouaves and cavalry charges. Yet we think his transcripts of camp-life, the battle-field, and the bivouac are the best exponents of his strength. It is to be hoped that his portfolio and his memory will afford him themes for many a noble picture illustrative of the most desperate struggle that the good knight Freedom ever had with the Prince of Darkness.

T. B. Aldrich.



DANDELION-DOWN.

FLOSS-HAIR ran out to play in the sunshine among the dandelions, as she had played many an April morning before. Grandmamma watched her from the doorway where she sat spinning, — her little bright head in its halo of silky gold swaying and flitting among the goldfinches, with a motion as bird-like and airy as theirs. Suddenly Floss-Hair made a hovering pause over the wavy grass-buds, and turned a questioning glance towards the doorway.

Grandmamma looked very lovely to Floss-Hair from where she stood. A silvery sunbeam had lighted up the motes that danced around her spinning-wheel, so that she seemed to sit and spin behind a veil of gossamer; and in her gray dress, with her quiet eyes smiling out from under her white, smooth hair, she was more than beautiful: she might have sat for the picture of a saint.

Floss-Hair broke a downy seed-globe from its stalk, and blew it one, two,

three times. The plumes fluttered around her in the air ; not one was left on the stem. "Grandmamma wants me," she said, and ran back to the door.

"What was it stopped your play, little one ?"

"Why, there is scarcely a dandelion left down there in the grass, where so many grew, and in their places are rows of round gray heads, standing up like ghosts. The lawn is not so pleasant as it used to be. Why need flowers die, grandmamma ?"

The soft eyes smiled a little more tenderly, in answer. "Did you see where the seed-feathers went, Floss-Hair, when you blew them from the stem ?"

"O, into the air, to sail off on the clouds, and be drowned in the sunset, perhaps."

"No, no, dear ; some of them glided away to hide under the velvet grass of the lawn, where they will sleep all summer and all winter, and next spring will come out again, wide-awake young dandelions. And some hurried out to the road-sides and field-borders, where in years to come poor folk will seek their roots for food and medicine. And see there, — the yellow-birds are fluttering over the dandelion-stems by dozens ; they will take the gray plumes to weave into the lining of their nests, and hundreds of little, shivering bird-breasts will be thankful, another year, that the golden blossoms you like so well were changed to dandelion-down. It is better to be useful than pretty, pet : and you see that a flower's going to seed is only its last and best way of doing good."

"So the dandelions are spinning silk to line bird's-nests with," said Floss-Hair ; "and grandmamma sits and spins for me. Dear grandmamma, your hair is gray and soft, like dandelion-down, — I hope no cruel wind will ever blow you away from me."

"But, little one, my hair was once all fly-away gold, like yours. Call me Dandelion-Down, — the phantom of a little Floss-Hair that played among the meadow-blossoms seventy years ago."

"No, no, grandmamma, I will not call Dandelion-Down a ghost any more ; it is a little, common, staring, yellow flower turned to an angel, scattering blessings about the world, like a white-haired grandmamma I know, who has kind thoughts always ready to give everybody. It is not a bad thing, after all, for dandelions and little girls to bloom and fade away. If people could only be sure of growing good and lovely as they grow old !"

"Good *is* lovely, Floss-Hair," said grandmamma.

The next spring little Floss-Hair strayed silently among the dandelions, for the chair in the doorway was vacant, and the spinning-wheel was still. But the child's heart was not wholly sad. Her memory was a nest of warm and tender thoughts, that seemed fluttering back to her from the dear, silver-haired friend, now one of the white angels of heaven.

And Floss-Hair never forgot the last lesson her grandmamma taught her, while she was yet an earth-angel, — the beautiful lesson of the Dandelion-Down.



M I D S U M M E R .

“The country was so rich and fine
 And beautiful in May,
 It must be more than beautiful,—
 A Paradise to-day!”

THUS Mr. Richard H. Stoddard, shut within the compass of hot brick walls, sung of summer in the country. I trust that few of my young readers are destined to be confined all this hot and dusty weather to the city; that for most, if not all, even of the city-bred, there will be a few weeks by the sea, where the sound of the surf on the beach is cool and pleasant, or among the mountains, about whose tops refreshing breezes play in the sultriest weather, or some otherwhere away from the hurry and glare and heat of the busy town. Whether in country or in city, I venture to hope that those

with whom I chatted about May-Day will be disposed to sit down with me again for a little talk concerning Midsummer.

The early flowers of spring have passed away, — their places taken by other, perhaps less lovely blossoms. The orchards have cast their bloom, the young fruit usurping the places of the delicate pink and white blossoms. The early birds, having caught the first worms, and built their nests, and hatched their young, have ceased to sing their love-songs, and, in place of the continuous concert that made vocal the whole earth but a short time since, we have now the drone and hum of the numerous insect-life that the sun has warmed into being and motion everywhere, till

“There’s never a blade or leaf too mean
To be some happy creature’s palace.”

The birds have not *all* ceased singing. In the early morning we have fitful strains of music from some enthusiastic songster, and there are some of our birds, particularly a little song-sparrow, that sing all summer. Bobolinks, too, (that shall presently become dusky, yellowish-brown, greedy birds, and, going south, be killed and eaten as reed-birds in Maryland, and rice-birds in Louisiana,) quiver and shiver over the meadows, sending forth that fantastic song of theirs, never to be imitated or described. A few robins, having started one young family in the world, are making arrangements for rearing another brood; and the bank-swallows dart in and out of their thick rows of holes in perpendicular sand-precipices.

Haying began with the month. By the way, our sturdy and downright Saxon ancestors, who had a blunt way of giving expressive names to things, called July “Haymonath.” June was styled by them variously “Woedmonath” or “Weydmonath” (weed-month), “Medemonath” (meadow-month), and Midsumormonath.” A verse, from a song pronounced by Mr. Leigh Hunt to be the oldest in the English language, runs: —

“Summer is ycomin in,
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new.”

Hence “Weed-month” and “Mead-month.”

What perfume so refreshing and delightful as new-mown hay? I declare I consider it incomparably superior to “Phalon’s Night-Blooming Cereus,” or any, the most delicately scented pomade, or what not, that ever emanated from a barber’s shop or the laboratory of the most cunning perfumer. But this has little to do with the haying.

If you are living in the country, you shall awake some morning with the sound of the sharp strokes of the whetstone on the scythe mingling with your dreams, and, looking from your window upon a fair green meadow, heavy with ripening grass, over which the early wind passes in long waves and beautiful undulations, you shall see stout men moving regularly forward, with a steady rhythmical swing and stride, leaving long, even swaths of fallen grass behind them. Then up and out, if you are an active boy or girl, and to

the hay-field, with a light fork to assist in turning the hay, or a rake to gather it into "windrows."

And I assure you there is rare sport in the hay-field. There are scores of field-mice which have been disturbed by the mowers. There is the pretty little common mouse, equally at home in the field or the granary; and there is a long-tailed, jumping mouse, as agile in his leaps, and as strong proportionately, as that curious creature, the Kangaroo. To chase and capture or kill these little animals do most boys most seriously incline; a quick, intelligent black-and-tan or Scotch terrier adding to the sport amazingly. Then you will doubtless find many of their nests, each with its store of blind and helpless little mice, all too feeble to follow the example of the three historical blind mice,

"Who all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife."

In England they have a tiny creature known as the Harvest-Mouse, of which it takes six full-grown ones to weigh an ounce. This elegant and curious little animal builds a round, compact nest about the size of an ordinary cricket-ball, in the centre of which live its eight little ones. The nest, which is suspended on stalks of grass or grain a few inches from the ground, has no apparent opening, and it is still a question how the mother manages to get at her young to feed them, they being so closely packed within that their habitation may be rolled across the floor without disturbing them. Public attention was first called to this little quadruped by the Rev. Gilbert White, a naturalist of the latter part of the last century, whose "Natural History of Selborne"—a most charming book—I trust many of my young friends have read or will read.

Besides the mice in the hay-fields, there are moles, snakes, and the occasional nests of bobolinks and ground-sparrows (also of "yellow-jackets" and humble-bees, sometimes). Of the moles there is little to be said, save that their eyes are so small and so buried in the soft fur that most boys believe them to be blind. Also, one variety has a peculiar star-shaped excrescence on its nose, which is more useful to burrow with than beautiful to behold. For the snakes, they are perfectly harmless; and many of them, particularly a bright-green reptile, are really very pretty creatures, when one overcomes man's natural antipathy to the serpent.

In "making believe" to work a little,—or in *really* working, as some young folks do,—the morning passes, and noon comes on, flaming, sultry, and oppressive. The most striking description of a summer noon that I call to mind was written by the poet John Clare. It is so good that I venture to quote two stanzas:—

"The busy noise of man and brute
Is on a sudden hushed and mute;
Even the brook that leaps along
Seems weary of its merry song,
And, so soft its waters sleep,
Tired silence sinks in slumber deep;

"The taller grass upon the hill,
And spider's threads, are standing still;

The feathers, dropped from moor-hen's wing,
Which to the water's surface cling,
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
As stones beneath them in the stream."

The picture of the feather resting motionless and steadfast upon the water gives the best idea of perfect stillness that I remember to have met with in my reading. Here is a short prose description, by an English writer, of one of "the dog-days," that sets one broiling to read:—

"Now we occasionally have one of those sultry days that make the house too hot to hold us, and force us to seek shelter in the open air, which is hotter; when the interior of the blacksmith's shop looks awful, and we expect the foaming porter-pot to hiss as the brawny forger dips his fiery nose into it; when the birds sit open-mouthed upon the bushes, and the fishes fry in the shallow ponds, and the sheep and cattle congregate together in the shade, and forget to eat; when pedestrians along dusty roads quarrel with their coats and waistcoats, and cut sticks to carry them across their shoulders; when everything seen beyond a piece of parched soil quivers through the heated air; and when, finally, a snow-white swan, floating above its own image upon a piece of clear, cool water, into which a weeping willow is dipping its green fingers, is a sight not to be turned from suddenly."

But nature and life are full of compensations, and on the hottest day falls the refreshing summer rain. The clouds rise black and tremendous from behind the distant mountain-tops. We hear the far-away growling and rumbling of the thunder. Occasional pale, zigzag streaks of lightning dart from the black mass that approaches, threatening and ominous, or brighten its edges with momentary glare. And still the great clouds gather strength, and roll and pile themselves up as they approach, until the entire heavens are darkened; and then falls the rain, in great sheets of water, beating down the grass and growing corn, while, crash after crash, the deafening roar of the thunder bursts over our heads.

And there are gentle summer rains, falling upon the thirsty earth with mild and heavenly blessing. Of such rain Mr. Longfellow has sung. Listen to the patter and the beat of the shower in the cadence of his lines:—

"How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,—
How beautiful is the rain!

"In the country on every side,
Where far and wide—
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide—
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and drier grain
How welcome is the rain!"

It is pleasant under the great trees in the woods in summer. At this season an imaginative boy wishes he could have lived in merry Sherwood, years ago, with Robin Hood and his men in Lincoln green, forgetting that summer lasts only a few short months, and that we find nowhere any ballads or

legends eulogistic of the life of the bold outlaws in the dreary winter-time. Shakespeare, who had a habit of looking at all sides of the subjects he touched upon, did not forget this in his invitation, "Under the Greenwood Tree," but distinctly relates that

"Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

Two rather serious foes to encounter in a woodland life. But the woods are pleasant in summer, and I fully agree with the old Robin Hood balladist, that

"'Tis merry and good
In the bright greenwood,
When mavis and merl are singing,"

though I have a very indistinct notion as to what a "mavis" may be, (I believe it to be a blackbird,) and am certain that I never heard a "merl" sing in my life.

Our English ancestors, partly from the ancient practice of Druidical, and afterwards Romish ceremonials, on feast and fast days, observed many holidays that were ignored by the Puritans when they took the Transatlantic line, and visited this country, via Holland. One of their most popular festivals was Midsummer Eve, or St. John the Baptist's Eve, as it is called at random. St. John's Day is the 24th of June, and on the preceding evening many superstitious and other practices were in vogue, of which I propose to say a few words before leaving our gossip about Midsummer.

It may be worth the while, as showing the court etiquette in the details of dress, etc. many years ago, to quote from a manuscript supposed to have been written by a gentleman-usher belonging to the retinue of King Henry VII., which setteth forth how the king and his courtiers shall appear and comport themselves on Midsummer Day: — "The king ought to wear his surcoat, his kirtle, and his pane of ermine; and, if his pane be five ermine deep, a duke shall be but four, an earl three. And the king must have on his head his hat of estate, and his sword before him; the chamberlain, the steward, the treasurer, the comptroller, and the ushers, before the sword; and before them all other lords, save only them that wear robes; and they must follow the king; and the greatest estate to lead the queen."

In reading this, one is reminded of the formalities and (according to American ideas) frivolities attending an opening of Parliament by the present queen, with the Gold Sticks in Waiting and various other mummeries. Doubtless a few years will see these things pass away in the train of the May-day games, the bull and bear baitings, the cock-fightings, the St. John's Eve marching-watch, and the other national observances that Englishmen once believed in.

One of the principal rites connected with St. John's Eve was the building of great bonfires, around which youths and maidens, gayly decked with wreaths, and bearing bouquets of flowers and sweet herbs in their hands, danced to merry measure. Then they all passed through the flame, leaving

their garlands and flowers to be burned, and thereafter considered themselves safe from attacks of ague for the ensuing year. They also believed that, if they looked at the fire through the nosegays they carried, they would insure their eyes thereby from any painful disorder. In Ireland, within not many years now past, it was the custom to build these bonfires on commanding eminences, the heads of families passing through the midst with their households. This is supposed to have been a relic of the ancient worship of the sun, or of Bel (or Baal), the god of fire.

On the other hand, however, the observance is claimed as a tradition of early Christianity, the particulars (from an ancient missal) of the destruction of certain fiery dragons throwing some light upon the origin of the custom, and explaining the title of "bonfires," by which such festival illuminations are still known:—

"In worship of Saint Johan the people waked at home, and made three manner of fyres: one was clene bones and noo woode, and that is called a bone fyre; another is clene woode and no bones, and that is called a woode fyre, for people to sit and wake thereby; the third is made of wode and bones, and it is called Saynt Johanny's fyre. The first fyre, as a great clerke, Johan Belleth, telleth, he was in a certayne countrey, so in the countrey there was soo greate hete, the which causid that dragons to go togyther in tokenynge that Johan dyed in brennyng love and charyte to God and man. Then, as these dragons flewe in th' ayre, they shed down to that water froth of ther kynde, and so envenymed the waters and caused moch people for to take theyr deth thereby, and many dyverse syknesse. Wyse clerks knoweth well that dragons hate nothing more than the stenche of brennyng bones, and therefore they gadered as many as they mighte fynde, and brent them; and so, with the stenche thereof, they drove away the dragons, and so they were brought out of greete dysease."

It is a little curious to notice that in the pestilence that was believed to be stayed, as related above, by building bone fires, the cause was supposed to be poisoned water. I believe there is no case on record of the prevalence of the plague or the cholera among a very ignorant people, where the inhabitants were not possessed with the same idea,—that the water had been poisoned. Sometimes hundreds of Jews fell victims to the delusion, sometimes hundreds of Christians; and once, in St. Petersburg, not very many years since, during a visitation of cholera, all the hospitals were broken open by the frantic Moujiks, who murdered the French physicians in attendance, under the belief that they had poisoned the wells to rid the city of its crowds of poor.

It was a firm belief in England for many years, that, if one watched at the church door from seven o'clock on St. John's Eve till one on the following morning, for three successive years, he would at the third watching see a procession of those who were to die during the year enter the church. "I am sure," says a writer in the *Connoisseur*, "that my own sister Hetty, who died just before Christmas, stood in the church porch last Midsummer Eve to see all that were to die in our parish; and she saw her own apparition." Another account says: "Nine others besides myself went into a church-

porch with an expectation of seeing those who should die that year ; but about eleven o'clock I was so afraid, that I left them ; and all the nine positively affirm to me that, about an hour after, the church doors flying open, the minister (who it seems was very much troubled that night in his sleep) with such as should die that year, did appear in order : which persons they named to me, and they appeared then all very healthful ; but six of them died in six weeks after, in the very same order that they appeared." This foolish belief also prevailed concerning St. Mark's Eve, (April 24,) one of the many relics of the ignorance and superstition of the common people under the rule of the monks.

But there are pleasanter and brighter traditions connected with the festival. Like Allhallowen and St. Mark's Eve, this night was specially set apart by the young women for the trying of various charms, the end and aim of which were the discovery of their future husbands, or of the fidelity of their present lovers. Miss Hannah More mentions one of these practices in "Tawney Rachel," where she relates that "Sally Evans would never go to bed on Midsummer Eve without sticking up in her room the well-known plant called Midsummer Men, as the bending of the leaves to the right or to the left would never fail to tell her whether her lover was true or false." This plant is alluded to in "The Cottage Girl," a poem written on Midsummer Eve, 1786, as follows :—

"Oft on the plant she cast her eye,
That spoke her true-love's secret sigh ;
Or else, alas ! too plainly told
Her true-love's faithless heart was cold."

Then there was the "dumb cake" and the sowing of hemp-seed. A writer in an old English periodical says : "I and my two sisters tried the dumb cake together. You must know, two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows, (but you must not speak a word all the time,) and then you will dream of the man you are to marry. This we did ; and, to be sure, I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. Blossom. The same night, exactly at twelve o'clock, I sowed hemp-seed in our back-yard, and said to myself,

'Hemp-seed I sow, hemp-seed I hoe,
And he that is my true-love come after me and mow !

Will you believe me ? I looked back and saw him behind me as plain as eyes could see him !"

The poet Gay wrote :—

"At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought :
I scattered round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
'This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be the crop shall mow.'
I straight looked back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth."

In Spain, as in England, St. John's Day was selected by the maidens as a

proper time on which to test the faith of their lovers by the practice of innocent charms. The following extract from a beautiful ballad sets forth the manner of their charming in a very charming manner, and will very pleasantly close an article which — although I am not nearly at the end of my subject — has already grown beyond the modest bounds I had set for it. There are some traits of London life four or five hundred years ago, as the setting of the “Marching Watch,” the feasts of the ‘prentices, etc., upon which I may, perhaps, speak in another article. Here is the song of the Spanish girls on St. John’s Day: —

“Come forth, come forth, my maidens, ’t is the day of good St. John,
It is the Baptist’s morning that breaks the hills upon;
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew.

“Come forth, come forth, my maidens, and slumber not away
The blessed, blessed morning of John the Baptist’s day.
There’s trefoil on the meadow, and lilies on the lea,
And hawthorn blossoms on the bush, which you must pluck with me.

“Come forth, come forth, my maidens, we’ll gather myrtle boughs,
And we shall learn, from the dews of the fern, if our lads will keep their vows;
If the wether be still, as we dance on the hill, and the dew hangs sweet on the flowers,
Then we’ll kiss off the dew, for our lovers are true, and the Baptist’s blessing is ours.”

J. Warren Newcomb, Jr.



A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

VII.

THE “little red” was at the door of the Green Cottage. Frank Scherman had got the refusal of it the night before, and early in the morning Madam Routh’s compliments had come to Mrs. Linceford, with the request, in all the form that mountain usage demanded, that she and the young ladies would make part of the expedition for the day.

Captain Jotham Green, host and proprietor, stood himself at the horses’ heads. The Green Cottage, you perceive, had double right to its appellation. It was both baptismal and hereditary, surname and given name, — given with the coat of fresh, pale, pea-green paint that had been laid upon it within the year, and had communicated a certain tender, newly-sprouted, May-morning expression to the old centre and its outshoots.

Mrs. Green, within, was generously busy with biscuits, cold chicken, doughnuts fried since sunrise, and coffee richly compounded with cream and sugar, which a great tin can stood waiting to receive and convey, and which was at length to serve as cooking utensil in reheating upon the fire of coals the picnickers would make up under the very tassel of Feather-Cap.

The great wagons were drawn up also before the piazza of the hotel ; and between the two houses flitted the excursionists, full of the bright enthusiasm of the setting off, which is the best part of a jaunt, invariably.

Leslie Goldthwaite, in the hamadryad costume, just aware — which it was impossible for her to help — of its exceeding prettiness, and of glances that recognized it, pleased with a mixture of pleasures, was on the surface of things once more, taking the delight of the moment with a young girl's innocent abandonment. It was nice to be received so among all these new companions ; to be evidently, though tacitly, *voted* nice, in the way girls have of doing it ; to be launched at once into the beginning of apparently exhaustless delights ; — all this was superadded to the first and underlying joy of merely being alive and breathing, this superb summer morning, among these forests and hills.

Sin Saxon, whatever new feeling of half sympathy and respect had been touched in her toward Miss Craydocke the night before, in her morning mood was all alive again to mischief. The small, spare figure of the lady appeared at the side-door, coming out briskly toward them along the passage, just as the second wagon filled up and was ready to move.

I did not describe Miss Craydocke herself when I gave you the glimpse into her room. There was not much to describe ; and I forgot it in dwelling upon her surroundings and occupations. In fact, she extended herself into these, and made you take them involuntarily and largely into the account in your apprehension of her. Some people seem to have given them at the outset a mere germ of personality like this, which must needs widen itself out in like fashion to be felt at all. Her mosses and minerals, her pressed leaves and flowers, her odds and ends of art and science and prettiness which she gathered about her, her industries and benevolences, — these were herself. Out of these she was only a little elderly thread-paper of a woman, of no apparent account among crowds of other people, and with scarcely enough of bodily bulk or presence to take any positive foothold anywhere.

What she might have seemed, in the days when her hair was golden, and her little figure plump, and the very unclassical features rounded and rosy with the bloom and grace of youth, was perhaps another thing ; but now, with her undeniable "front," and cheeks straightened into lines that gave you the idea of her having slept all night upon both of them, and got them into longitudinal wrinkles that all day was never able to wear out ; above all, with her curious little nose, (that was the exact expression of it,) sharply and suddenly thrusting itself among things in general from the middle plane of her face with slight preparatory hint of its intention, — you would scarcely charge her, upon suspicion, with any embezzlement or making away of charms intrusted to her keeping in the time gone by.

This morning, moreover, she had somehow given herself a scratch upon the tip of this odd, investigating member ; and it blushed for its inquisitiveness under a scrap of thin pink adhesive plaster.

Sin Saxon caught sight of her as she came. "Little Miss Netticoat!" she

cried, just under her breath, "*With* a fresh petticoat, *and* a red nose!" — Then, changing her tone with her quotation, —

"Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou 'st met me in a luckless hour!"

Thou always dost! What *hast* thou gone and got thyself up so for, just as I was almost persuaded to be good? Now—*can* I help that?" And she dropped her folded hands in her lap, exhaled a little sigh of vanquished goodness, and looked round appealingly to her companions.

"It 's only," said Miss Craydocke, reaching them a trifle out of breath, "this little parcel, — something I promised to Prissy Hoskins, — and *would* you just go round by the Cliff and leave it for me?"

"O, I 'm afraid of the Cliff!" cried Florrie Arnall. "Creggin's horses backed there the other day. It 's horribly dangerous."

"It 's three quarters of a mile round," suggested the driver.

"The 'little red' might take it. They 'll go faster than we, or can, if they try," said Mattie Shannon.

"The 'little red' 's just ready," said Sin Saxon. "You need n't laugh. That was n't a pun. But O Miss Craydocke!" — and her tone suggested the mischievous apropos, — "what *can* you have been doing to your nose?"

"O yes!" — Miss Craydocke had a way of saying "O yes!" — "It was my knife slipped as I was cutting a bit of cord, in a silly fashion, up toward my face. It 's a mercy my nose served to save my eyes."

"I suppose that 's partly what noses are for," said Sin Saxon, gravely. "Especially when you follow them, and 'go it blind.'"

"It was a piece of good luck, too, after all," said Miss Craydocke, in her simple way, never knowing, or choosing to know, that she was snubbed or quizzed. "Looking for a bit of plaster, I found my little parcel of tragacanth that I wanted so the other day. It 's queer how things turn up."

"Excessively queer," said Sin, solemnly, still looking at the injured feature. "But as you say, it 's all for the best, after all. 'There *is* a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.' Hiram, we might as well drive on. I 'll take the parcel, Miss Craydocke. We 'll get it there somehow, going or coming."

The wagon rolled off, veils and feathers taking the wind bravely, and making a gay moving picture against the dark pines and gray ledges as it glanced along. Sin Saxon tossed Miss Craydocke's parcel into the "little red" as they passed it by, taking the road in advance, giving a saucy word of command to Jim Holden, which transferred the charge of its delivery to him, and calling out a hurried explanation to the ladies over her shoulder that "it would take them round the Cliff, — the most wonderful point in all Outledge; up and down the whole length of New Hampshire they could see from there, if their eyes were good enough!" And so they were away.

Miss Craydocke turned back into the house, not a whit discomfited, and with not so much as a contrasting sigh in her bosom or a rankle in her heart. On the contrary, a droll twinkle played among the crow's-feet at the corners

of her eyes. They could not hurt her, these merry girls, meaning nothing but the moment's fun, nor cheat her of her quiet share of the fun either.

Up above, out of a window over the piazza roof, looked two others, young girls, — one of them at least, — also, upon the scene of the setting-off.

I cannot help it that a good many different people will get into my short story. They get into a short time, in such a summer holiday, and so why not? At any rate, I must tell you about these Josselyns.

These two had never in all their lives been away pleasuring before. They had nobody but each other to come with now. Susan had been away a good deal in the last two years, but it had not been pleasuring. Martha was some five or six years the younger. She had a pretty face, yet marked, as it is so sad to see the faces of the young, with lines and loss, — lines that tell of cares too early felt, and loss of the first fresh, redundant bloom, that such lines bring.

They sat a great deal at this window of theirs. It was a sort of instinct and habit with them, and it made them happier than almost anything else, — sitting at a window together. It was home to them, because at home they lived so, — life and duty were so framed in for them, — in one dear, old window-recess. Sometimes they thought that it would be heaven to them by and by. That such a seat, and such a quiet, happy outlook, they should find kept for them together, in the Father's mansion, up above.

At home, it was up three flights of stairs, in a tall, narrow city house, of which the lower floors overflowed with young, boisterous half brothers and sisters, — the tide not seldom rising and inundating their own retreat, — whose delicate mother, not more than eight years older than her eldest step-daughter, was tied hand and foot to her nursery, with a baby on her lap, and the two or three next above with hands always to be washed, disputes and amusements always to be settled, small morals to be enforced, and clean calico tyers to be incessantly put on.

And Susan and Martha sat up stairs and made the tyers.

Mr. Josselyn was a book-keeper, with a salary of eighteen hundred dollars, and these seven children. And Susan and Martha were girls of fair culture, and womanly tastes, and social longings. How does this seem to you, young ladies, and what do you think of their up-stairs life together, you who calculate, if you calculate at all, whether five hundred dollars may carry you respectably through your half-dozen city assemblies, where you shine in silk and gossamer, of which there will not be "a dress in the room that cost less than seventy-five dollars," and come home, after the dance, "a perfect rag"?

Two years ago, when you were perhaps performing in tableaux for the "benefit of the Sanitary," these two girls had felt the great enthusiasm of the time lay hold of them in a larger way. Susan had a friend — a dear old intimate of school-days, now a staid woman of eight-and-twenty — who was to go out in yet maturer companionship into the hospitals. And Susan's heart burned to go. But there were all the little tyers, and the A, B, C's, and the faces and fingers.

"I can do it for a while," said Martha, "without you." Those two words held the sacrifice. "Mamma is so nicely this summer, and by and by Aunt Lucy may come, perhaps. I can do *quite* well."

So Martha sat, for months and months, in the up-stairs window alone. There were martial marchings in the streets beneath; great guns thundered out rejoicings; flags filled the air with crimson and blue, like an aurora; she only sat and made little frocks and tyers for the brothers and sisters. God knew how every patient needle-thrust was really also a woman's blow for her country.

And now, pale and thin with close, lonely work, the time had come to her at last when it was right to take a respite; when everybody said it must be; when Uncle David, just home from Japan, had put his hand in his pocket and pulled out three new fifty-dollar bills, and said to them in his rough way, "There, girls; take that, and go your lengths." The war was over, and among all the rest here were these two women-soldiers honorably discharged, and resting after the fight. But nobody at Outledge knew anything of the story.

There is almost always at every summer sojourn some party of persons who are to the rest what the mid-current is to the stream; who gather to themselves and bear along in their course—in their plans and pleasures and daily doings—the force of all the life of the place. If any expedition of consequence is afoot, *they* are the expedition; others may join in, or hold aloof, or be passed by; in which last cases, it is only in a feeble, rippling fashion that they go their ways and seek some separate pleasure in by-nooks and eddies, while the gay hum of the main channel goes whirling on. At Outledge, this party was the large and merry school-girl company with Madam Routh.

"I don't see why," said Martha Josselyn, still looking out, as the "little red" left the door of the Green Cottage,—"I don't see why those new girls who came last night should have got into everything in a minute, and we've been here a week and don't seem to catch to anything at all. Some people are like burs, I think, or drops of quicksilver, that always bunch or run together. We don't *stick*, Susie. What's the reason?"

"Some of these young ladies have been at Madam Routh's; they were over here last evening. Sin Saxon knows them very well."

"You knew Effie Saxon at school, too."

"Eight years ago. And this is the little one. That's nothing."

"You petted her, and she came to the house. You've told her stories hundreds of times. And she sees we're all by ourselves."

"She don't see. She does n't think. That's just the whole of it."

"People ought to see, then. You would, Sue, and you know it."

"I've been used to seeing—and thinking."

"Used! Yes, indeed! And she's been *used* to the other. Well, it's queer how the parts are given out. Shall we go to the pines?"

A great cliff-side rearing itself up, rough with inaccessible crags, bris-

ting with old, ragged pines, and dark with glooms of close cedars and hemlocks, above a jutting table of rock that reaches out and makes a huge semi-circular base for the mountain, and is in itself a precipice-pedestal eighty feet sheer up from the river-bank. Close in against the hill-front, on this platform of stone, that holds its foot or two of soil, a little, poor, unshingled house, with a tumble-down picket-fence about it, attempting the indispensable doorway of all better country-dwellings here where the great natural doorway or esplanade makes it such an utter nonsense. This is the place at which the "little red" drew up, ten minutes later, to leave Prissy Hoskins's parcel.

Dakie Thayne jumped down off the front seat, and held up his arms to help Leslie out over the wheel, upon her declaring that she must go and do the errand herself, to get a nearer look at Hoskins life.

Dakie Thayne had been asked, at Leslie's suggestion, to fill the vacant sixth seat beside the driver, the Thoresbys one and all declining. Mrs. Thoresby was politic: she would not fall into the wake of this school-girl party at once. By and by she should be making up her own excursions, and asking whom she would.

"There 's nothing like a boy of that age for use upon a picnic, Mrs. Linceford," Leslie had pleaded, with playful parody, in his behalf, when the lady had hinted something of her former sentiment concerning the encroachments and monopolies of "boys of that age." And so he came.

The Haddens got Jim Holden to lift them down on the opposite side, for a run to the verge of the projecting half-circle of rock that, like a gigantic bay-window or balcony in the mighty architecture of the hills, looked up and down the whole perspective of the valley. Jim Holden would readily have driven them round its very edge upon the flat, mossy sward, but for Mrs. Linceford's nerves, and the vague idea of almost an accident having occurred there lately which pervaded the little party. "Creggin's horses had backed," as Florrie Arnall said; and already the new-comers had picked up, they scarcely knew how, the incipient tradition, hereafter to grow into an established horror of the "Cliff."

"It was nothing," Jim Holden said; "only the nigh hoss was a res'less crittur, an' contrived to git his leg over the pole; no danger with *his* cattle." But Mrs. Linceford cried out in utter remonstrance, and only begged Leslie to be quick, that they might get away from the place altogether.

All this bustle of arrival and discussion and alighting had failed, curiously, to turn the head of an odd, unkempt-looking child, a girl of nine or ten, with an old calico sun-bonnet flung back upon her shoulders, — tangled, sun-burnt hair tossing above it, — gown, innocent of crinoline, clinging to lank, growing limbs, — and bare feet, whose heels were energetically planted at a quite safe distance from each other, to insure a fair base for the centre of gravity, — who, at the moment of their coming, was wrathfully "shoo-ing" off from a bit of rude toy-garden, fenced with ends of twigs stuck upright, a tall Changhai hen and her one chicken, who had evidently made nothing, morally or physically, of the feeble enclosure.

"I wish you were dead and in your grav-ies!" cried the child, achieving, between her righteous indignation and her relenting toward her uncouth pets at the last breath, a sufficiently queer play upon her own word. And with this, the enemy being routed, she turned face to face with Dakie Thayne and Leslie Goldthwaite, coming in at the dilapidated gate.



"They've scratched up all my four-o'clocks!" she said. And then her rustic shyness overcame suddenly all else, and she dragged her great toe back and forth in the soft mould, and put her forefinger in her mouth, and looked askance at them from the corners of her eyes.

"Prissy? Prissy Hoskins?" Leslie addressed her in sweet, inquiring tones. But the child stood still with finger in mouth, and toe working in the ground, not a bit harder nor faster, nor changing in the least, for more or less, the shy look in her face.

"That's your name, is n't it? I've got something for you. Won't you come and get it?" Leslie paused, waiting, — fearing lest a further advance on her own part might put Prissy altogether to flight. Nothing answered in the girl's eyes to her words; there was no lighting up of desire or curiosity, however restrained; she stood like one indifferent or uncomprehending.

"She's awful deaf!" cried a new voice from the doorway. "She ain't that scared. She's sarcy enough, sometimes."

A woman, middle-aged or more, stood on the rough, slanting door-stone. She had bare feet, in coarse calf-skin slippers, stringy petticoats differing only from the child's in length, sleeves rolled up to the shoulders, no neck garniture, — not a bit of anything white about her. Over all looked forth a face sharp and hard, that might have once been good-looking, in a raw, country fashion, and that had undoubtedly always been, what it now was, emphatically Yankee-smart. An inch-wide stripe of black hair was combed each way over her forehead, and rolled up on her temples in what, years and years ago, used to be called most appropriately "flat curls," — these fastened with long horn sidecombs. Beyond was a strip of desert, — no hair at all for an inch and a half more toward the crown; the rest dragged back and tied behind with the relentless tightness that gradually and regularly, by the persistence of years, had accomplished this peculiar belt of clearing. It completed her expression; it was as a very halo of Yankee saintship crowning the woman who in despite of poverty and every discouragement had always hated, to the very roots of her hair, anything like what she called a "sozzle," — who had always been screwed up and sharp set to hard work. She could n't help the tumble-down fence; she had no "men-folks" round, and she could n't have paid for a hundred pickets and a day's carpentering, to have saved her life. She could n't help Prissy's hair even; for it would kink and curl, and the minute the wind took it "there it was again"; and it was not time yet, thank goodness! to harrow it back and begin in her behalf the remarkable engineering which had laid out for herself that broad highway across all the thrifty and energetic bumps up to Veneration, (who knows how much it had had to do with mixing them in one common tangle of mutual and unceasing activity?) and down again from ear to ear. Inside the poor little house you would find all spick and span; the old floor white and sanded, the few tins and the pewter spoons shining upon the shelf, the brick hearth and jambs aglow with fresh "redding," table and chairs set back in rectangular tidiness. Only one thing made a litter, or tried to; a yellow canary that hung in the window and sang "like a house afire," as Aunt Hoskins said, however that is, and flung his seeds about like the old "Wash at Edmonton," "on both sides of the way." Prissy was turned out of doors in all pleasant weather; so otherwise the keeping-room stayed trim, and her curly hair grew sunburnt.

"She's ben deaf ever sence she hed the scarlet-fever. Walk in," said the woman, by no means satisfied to let strangers get only the outside impression of her premises, and turning round to lead the way without waiting for a reply. "Come in, Prissy!" she bawled, illustrating her summons with what might be called a beckoning in broad capitals, done with the whole arm from finger-tips to shoulder, twice or thrice.

Leslie followed over the threshold, and Prissy ran by like a squirrel, and perched herself on a stool just under the bird-cage.

"I would n't keep it if 't warn't for her," said Aunt Hoskins, apologeti-

cally. She was Prissy's aunt, holding no other close domestic relation to living thing, and so had come to be "Aunt Hoskins" in the whole region round about, so far as she was known at all. "It's the only bird she can hear sing of a morning. It's as good as all out-doors to her, and I haint the heart to make her do without it. I've done without most things, but it don't appear to me as if I *could* do without them. Take a seat, do."

"I thank you, but my friends are waiting. I've brought something for Prissy, from Miss Craydocke at the hotel." And Leslie held out the package which Dakie Thayne, waiting at the door, had put into her hand as she came in.

"Lawful suz! Prissy! if 't aint another book!" cried the good woman, as Prissy, quick to divine the meaning of the parcel, the like of which she had been made accustomed to before, sprang to her aunt's side within hearing of her exclamation. "If she ain't jest the feelingest and thoughtfulest — Well! open it yourself, child; there's no good of a bundle if you don't."

Poor Prissy was thus far happy that she had not been left in the providence of her little life to utter ignorance of this greatest possible delight — a common one to more outwardly favored children — of a real parcel all one's own. The book, without the brown paper and string, would have been as nothing, comparatively.

Leslie could not but linger to see it untied. There came out a book, — a wonderful big book, — Grimm's Tales; and some little papers fell to the floor. These were flower-seeds, — bags labelled "Petunia," "Candytuft," "Double Balsam," "Portulaca."

"Why, Prissy!" shouted Miss Hoskins in her ear as she picked them up, and read the names; "them's elegant things! They'll beat your four-o'clocks all to nothin'. It's lucky the old Shank-high did make a clearin' of 'em. Tell Miss Craydocke," she continued, turning again to Leslie, "that I'm comin' down myself, to — no, I *can't* thank her! She's made a *life* for that air child, out o' nothin', a'most!"

Leslie stood hushed and penetrated in the presence of this good deed, and the joy and gratitude born of it.

"This ain't all, you see; nor 't ain't nothin' new. She's ben at it these two year; learnin' the child to read, an' tellin' her things, an' settin' her to hunt 'em out, and to do for herself. She was crazy about flowers, allers, an' stories; but, lor, I could n't stop to tell 'em to her, an' I never knew but one or two; an' now she can read 'em off to me, like a minister. She's told her a lot o' stuff about the rocks, — I can't make head nor tail on 't; but it 'ud please you to see her fetchin' 'em in by the aporn-full, an' goin' on about 'em, that is, if there was reely any place to put 'em afterwards. That's the wust on 't. I tell you it *is* jest *makin'* a life out o' pieces that come to hand. Here's the girl, an' there's the woods an' rocks; there's all there was to do with, or likely to be; but she found the gumption an' the willingness, an' she's done it!"

Prissy came close over to Leslie with her book in her hand. "Wait a minute," she said, with the effort in her tone peculiar to the deaf. "I've got something to send back."

"If it's convenient, you mean," put in Aunt Hoskins, sharply. "She's as blunt as a broomstick — that child is."

But Prissy had sprung away in her squirrel-like fashion, and now came back, bringing with her something really to make one's eyes water, if one happened, at least, to be ever so little of a geologist, — a mass of quartz rock as large as she could grasp with her two hands, shot through at three different angles with three long, superb, columnar crystals of clear, pale-green beryl. If Professor Dana had known this exact locality, and a more definite name for the "Cliff," would n't he have had it down in his Supplement with half a dozen exclamation-points after the "beryl" !

"I found it a-purpose !" said Prissy, with the utmost simplicity, putting the heavy specimen out of her own hands into Leslie's. "She's been a-wantin' it this great while, and we've looked for it everywhere !"

"A-purpose" it did seem as if the magnificent fragment had been laid in the way of the child's zealous and grateful search. "There were only the rocks," as Aunt Hoskins said ; in no other way could she so joyously have acknowledged the kindness that had brightened now three summers of her life.

"It'll bother you, I'm afeard," said the woman.

"No, indeed ! I shall *like* to take it for you," continued Leslie, with a warm earnestness, stooping down to the little girl, and speaking in her clear, glad tone close to her cheek. "I only wish I could find something to take her myself." And with that, close to the little red-brown cheek as she was, she put the period of a quick kiss to her words.

"Come again, and we'll hunt for some together," said the child, with instant response of cordiality.

"I will come — if I possibly can," was Leslie's last word, and then she and Dakie Thayne hurried back to the wagon.

The Haddens had just got in again upon their side. They were full of exclamations about the wonderful view up and down the long valley-reaches.

"You need n't tell *me* !" cried Elinor, in high enthusiasm. "I don't care a bit for the geography of it. That great aisle goes straight from Lake Umbagog to the Sound !"

"It is a glorious picture," said Mrs. Linceford. "But I've had a little one, that you've lost. You've no idea, Leslie, what a lovely tableaux you have been making, — you and Dakie, with that old woman and the blowsy child !"

Leslie blushed.

"You'll never look prettier, if you try ever so hard."

"Don't, Mrs. Linceford !"

"Why not ?" said Jeannie. "It's only a pity, I think, that you could n't have known it at the time. They say we don't know when we're happiest ; and we *can't* know when we're prettiest ; so where's the satisfaction ?"

"That's part of your mistake, Jeannie, perhaps," returned her sister. "If you had been there you'd have spoiled the picture."

"Look at that !" exclaimed Leslie, showing her beryl. "That's for Miss

Craydocke." And then, when the first utterances of amazement and admiration were over, she told them the story of the child, and her misfortune, and of what Miss Craydocke had done. "That's beautiful, I think," said she. "And it's the sort of beauty, may be, that one might feel as one went along. I wish I could find—a diamond—for that woman!"

"Thir garnits on Feather-Cap," put in Jim the driver.

"O, *will* you show us where?"

"Well, 't ain't nowhers in partickler," replied Jim. "It's jest as you light on 'em. And you would n't know the best ones when you did. I've seen 'em,—dead, dull-lookin' round stones that 'll crack open chock full o' red garnits, as an egg is o' meat."

"Geodes!" cried Dakie Thayne.

Jim Holden turned round and looked at him as if he thought he had got hold of some new-fashioned expletive,—possibly a pretty hard one.

They came down, now, on the other side of the Cliff, and struck the ford. This diverted and absorbed their thoughts, for none of the ladies had ever forded a river before.

"Are you sure it's safe?" asked Mrs. Linceford.

"Safe as meetin'," returned Jim. "I'd drive across with my eyes shot."

"O, don't!" cried Elinor.

"I ain't agoin' ter; but I could,—an' the hosses too, for that matter."

It was exciting, nevertheless, when the water in mid-channel came up nearly to the body of the wagon, and the swift ripples deluded the eye into almost conviction that horses, vehicle, and all were gaining not an inch in forward progress, but drifting surely down. They came up out of the depths, however, with a tug, and a swash, and a drip all over, and a scrambling of hoofs on the pebbles, at the very point aimed at in such apparently sidelong fashion,—the wheel-track that led them up the bank and into the ten-mile pine-woods through which they were to skirt the base of the Cairn and reach Feather-Cap on his accessible side. It was one long fragrance and stillness and shadow.

They overtook the Routh party at the beginning of the mountain-path. The pine-woods stretched on over the gradual slope, as far as they would climb before dinner. Otherwise the mid-day heats would have been too much for them. This was the easy part of the way, and there was breath for chat and merriment.

Just within the upper edge of the woods, in a comparatively smooth opening, they halted. Here they spread their picnic; while up above, on the bare, open rock, the young men kindled their fire, and heated the coffee; and here they ate and drank, and rested through the noontide.

Light clouds flitted between the mountains and the heavens, later in the day, and flung bewildering, dreamy shadows on the far-off steeps, and dropped a gracious veil over the bald forehead and sun-bleak shoulders of Feather-Cap. It was "weather just made for them," as fortunate excursionists are wont to say.

Sin Saxon was all life, and spring, and fun. She climbed at least three

Feather-Caps, dancing from stone to stone with tireless feet, and bounding back and forth with every gay word that it occurred to her to say to anybody. Pictures? She made them incessantly. She was a living dissolving view. You no sooner got one bright look or graceful attitude than it was straightway shifted into another. She kept Frank Scherman at her side for the first half-hour, and then, perhaps, his admiration or his muscles tired, for he fell back a little to help Madam Routh up a sudden ridge, and afterwards, somehow, merged himself in the quieter group of strangers.

By and by one of the Arnalls whispered to Mattie Shannon. "He's sidled off with her, at last. Did you ever know such a fellow for a new face? But it's partly the petticoat. He's such an artist's eye for color. He was raving about her all the while she stood hanging those shawls among the pines to keep the wind from Mrs. Linceford. She is n't downright pretty either. But she's got up *exquisitely!*"

Leslie Goldthwaite, in her lovely mountain-dress, her bright bloom from enjoyment and exercise, with the stray light through the pines burnishing the bronze of her hair, had innocently made a second picture, it would seem. One such effects deeper impression, sometimes, than the confusing splendor of incessant changes.

"Are you looking for something? Can I help you?" Frank Scherman had said, coming up to her, as she and her friend Dakie, a little apart from the others, were poking among some loose pebbles.

"Nothing that I have lost," Leslie answered, smiling. "Something I have a very presumptuous wish to find. A splended garnet geode, if you please!"

"That's not at all impossible," returned the young man. "We'll have it before we go down, — see if we don't!"

Frank Scherman knew a good deal about Feather-Cap, and something of geologizing. So he and Leslie — Dakie Thayne, in his unswerving devotion, still accompanying — "sidled off" together, took a long turn round under the crest, talking very pleasantly — and restfully, after Sin Saxon's continuous brilliancy — all the way. How they searched among loose drift under the cliff, — how Mr. Scherman improvised a hammer from a slice of rock, — and how, after many imperfect specimens, they did at last "find a-purpose" an irregular oval of dull, dusky stone, which burst with a stroke into two chalices of incrustated crimson crystals, — I ought to be too near the end of a long chapter to tell. But this search, and this finding, and the motive of it, were the soul and the crown of Leslie's pleasure for the day. She did not even stop to think how long she had had Frank Scherman's attention all to herself, or the triumph that it was in the eyes of the older girls, among whom he was excessively admired, and not very disguisedly competed for. She did not know how fast she was growing to be a sort of admiration herself among them, in their girls' fashion, or what she might do, if she chose, in the way of small, early belleship here at Outledge with such beginning, — how she was "getting on," in short, as girls express it. And so, as Jeannie Hadden asked, "Where was the satisfaction?"

"You never knew anything like it," said Jeannie to her friend Ginevra, talking it all over with her that evening in a bit of a visit to Mrs. Thoresby's room. "I never saw anybody take so among strangers. Madam Routh was delighted with her; and so, I should think, was Mr. Scherman. They say he hates trouble; but he took her all round the top of the mountain, hammering stones for her to find a geode."

"That's the newest dodge," said Mrs. Thoresby, with a little sarcastic laugh. "Girls of that sort are always looking for geodes." After this, Mrs. Thoresby had always a little well-bred venom for Leslie Goldthwaite.

At the same time, Leslie herself, coming out on the piazza for a moment after tea, met Miss Craydocke approaching over the lawn. She had only her errand to introduce her, but she would not lose the opportunity. She went straight up to the little woman, in a frank, sweet way. But a bit of embarrassment underneath, the real respect that made her timid, perhaps a little nervous fatigue after the excitement and exertion of the day, did what nerves and embarrassment, and reverence itself, will do sometimes, — played a trick with her perfectly clear thought on its way to her tongue.

"Miss Graywacke, I believe?" she said, and instantly knew the dreadful thing that she had done.

"Exactly," said the lady, with an amused little smile.

"O, I *do* beg your pardon," began Leslie, blushing all over.

"No need, — no need. Do you think I don't know what name I go by, behind my back? They suppose because I'm old and plain and single, and wear a front, and don't understand rats and the German, that I'm deaf and blind and stupid. But I believe I get as much as they do out of their jokes, after all." The dear old soul took Leslie by both her hands as she spoke, and looked a whole world of gentle benignity at her out of two soft gray eyes, and then she laughed again. This woman had no *self* to be hurt.

"We stopped at the Cliff this morning," Leslie took heart to say; "and they were *so* glad of your parcel, — the little girl and her aunt. And Prissy gave me something to bring back to you, — a splendid specimen of beryl that she has found."

"Then my mind's at rest!" said Miss Craydocke, cheerier than ever. "I was sure she'd break her neck, or pull the mountain down on her head some day looking for it."

"Would you like — I've found — I should like you to have that too, — a garnet geode from Feather-Cap?" Leslie thought she had done it very clumsily, and in a hurry, after all.

"Will you come over to my little room, dear, — number fifteen, in the west wing, — to-morrow some time, with your stones? I want to see more of you."

There was a deliberate, gentle emphasis upon her words. If the grandest person of whom she had ever known had said to Leslie Goldthwaite, "I want to see more of you," she would not have heard it with a warmer thrill than she felt that moment at her heart.

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."

WANDERING ABOUT.

II.

TAKING THE FORTS AT PORT ROYAL.

AFTER the departure of the Huguenots from Fort Carolina the place became again a solitude. Years rolled by. Vines crept over the crumbling wall. Acorns sprouted in the mellow earth, and became trees, with long trails of gray moss growing upon the branches. The wild deer made the old fort their home. A hundred years passed before settlers came to the lonely shores. The harbor was wide, — the best on the Atlantic coast south of Hampton Roads, — but the emigrants from France and England chose Charleston as the place for founding their American home. Few vessels entered the roadstead till the Revolutionary war, when English ships of war sometimes dropped anchor inside the bar, and the crews put out in their boats to shoot the ducks and plovers in the marshes, and gather oysters on the beach. Sometimes, in the calm, still evenings, they heard a muffled drum beat beneath the waters, as if far down beneath the surface a drummer was beating the dead march. They were surprised to find that it was caused by a very odd-looking fish, four or five feet in length, covered with large scales, having a great head, with sharp teeth in the under jaw, and a bony roof to his mouth.

There were few settlers on the Sea Islands at that time. The soil was rich, but not so well adapted to the raising of wheat and corn as the uplands in the interior of the country. Two thousand years ago, before Christ was born in Bethlehem, the people of India made cloth from cotton, and the old historian, Herodotus, tells us of trees and shrubs which bore fleeces as white as snow. A planter of South Carolina obtained some seeds of the cotton-plant from India, and in process of time the people began to use the snow-white fibres which surround the seeds for the manufacture of cloth. Then it was discovered that the rich lands along the sea were the best in the world for the cultivation of cotton. Planters came, cut down the forests, bought negroes by the hundred, and in time became very rich.

Up the river, four or five miles from the fort, they laid out the town of Beaufort, — a pleasant place. Being rich, and owning slaves, the planters of the islands became aristocratic, and looked with contempt upon all white men who were obliged to work for a living. Some of these men were exceedingly cruel to their slaves, and God only knows the terrible anguish which the poor creatures suffered during their long bondage. Through many years they prayed for freedom, which came very suddenly one morning, and which was the second great historical event occurring at Port Royal.

Soon after South Carolina seceded from the Union, two forts were erected, — one on Hilton Head, called Fort Walker, where the Rebels planted twenty-three guns, — the other on Bay Point, called Fort Beauregard, which mounted

twenty guns. All of the buoys which had floated in the water, to mark the channel, were removed, and the Rebel soldiers in the forts were confident that they could very quickly send any ship to the bottom which might try to enter the harbor. Behind Fort Walker there was a wide plain, the plantation-home of General Drayton, who commanded the Rebel troops. It was in November, and his fields were white with cotton. His slaves were gathering it, working from daybreak till dark, while the soldiers in camp marched on parade, sang songs, told stories, and wondered if the Yankees would ever dare to attempt to take the forts.

But one morning — the 3d of November, 1861 — they saw a ship coming down from the north, — another, — another, — and others, till the horizon seemed full of ships and steamers, which came to anchor off the harbor. It was the fleet of Admiral Dupont, whose blue flag was flying from the mast-head of the Wabash, — the largest and noblest of all, — with thirty-two huge guns peeping from her port-holes. In the great battle of Trafalgar there were several ships which carried more than a hundred guns, but the Wabash would have been more than a match for the best of them; for Lord Nelson's heaviest guns were only sixty-eight pounders, while on board the Wabash were cannon carrying shot eleven inches in diameter and weighing two hundred pounds.

Accompanying the war-ships was General T. W. Sherman's army of ten thousand men. He was not the Sherman who afterward marched from Atlanta to the sea; but this General Sherman was in the battle of Buena Vista in Mexico, where he commanded a battery of light artillery which poured a terrible fire into the Mexicans.

The Rebels had several small gunboats in the harbor, commanded by Commodore Tatnall, who was a traitor to the government. Tatnall steamed down towards the Wabash, fired a shot or two, taking care to keep at a safe distance, and then ran back into the harbor, just as a little dog sometimes dashes bravely out to bark at a noble mastiff.

Admiral Dupont was not ready to make an attack upon the forts till the 7th, when, taking advantage of the high tide, he entered the harbor with his fleet. It was a noble sight. The sky was without a cloud, the air calm. It was like summer in those Southern latitudes, where roses are in bloom through all the year. The Wabash took the lead, and this was the order in which the fleet approached the forts.

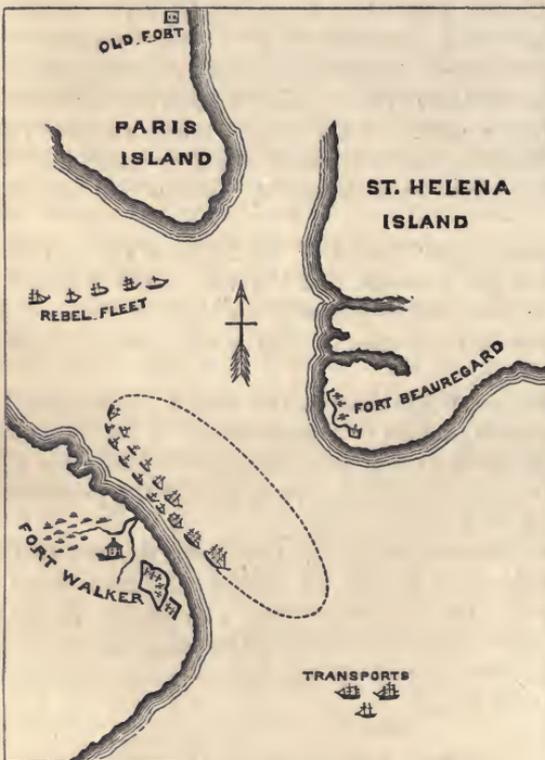
First Column.		Second Column.
Wabash,	Unadilla,	Bienville,
Susquehanna,	Ottawa,	Seneca,
Mohican,	Pembina,	Curlew,
Seminole,	Vandalia.	Penguin,
Pawnee,		Augusta.

The fleet was in two columns, — the Bienville by the side of the Wabash, and the Augusta opposite the Pawnee. There were three other vessels, the Pocahontas, Forbes, and Mercury, which came up two hours later, and took part in the battle. Captain Drayton, of the Pocahontas, was brother of the

General who commanded the Rebel troops. They were both South Carolinians, — one a bitter Rebel, and the other a true patriot.

The Rebels were all ready and anxious to get a chance to send the fleet to the bottom of the harbor. The day before the battle, one of the Rebel officers thus wrote to a friend: — “We can give shell two to one, and hot and cold shot in quantities to suit. We are all ready for them, and will give a good account of ourselves to the Yankees. I will write to you next week, and give an account of the fight, the number of prisoners, and the list of vessels destroyed.”

The harbor is very wide, and Commodore Dupont decided to sail in a circle, firing upon Fort Beauregard as he sailed in, then, turning, open upon Fort Walker as he came out. Slowly and steadily the war steamers went in.



The tide was at its flood. The waters rippled around the bows of the noble steamers. It was a moment of intense silence. The Union gunners on the ships, and the Rebel gunners on the shore, stood silently by their pieces, with shot and shell around them. On board the ships, saw-dust had been strewn to soak up the blood which might otherwise run in streams upon the decks. To see that done tests a sailor's courage; for it may be his own blood. The ship's side may be broken to splinters, and he torn to pieces, by something unseen.

Terrible the scenes on

shipboard in battle! No doubt many sailors on the ships, and soldiers on the shore, thought of friends far away, of home, of the scenes of early days, of father, mother, brothers, and sisters, — for men never forget their childhood. Quite likely some of them uttered hasty prayers, as thousands have done when going into battle. But suddenly there was a flash from Fort Beauregard; a great cloud of smoke, a thundering roar, a screaming and weird howling in the air. Prayers were forgotten; men held their breath, till they saw the water boil and foam where the shots plunged. Then the

Wabash opened fire. How grand ! sixteen guns, one after another, in quick succession, — or two or three at a time, — an unbroken roll of thunder, and the ship trembling from keel to topmast !

“From captain down to powder-boy,
No hand was idle then.”

The guns came back with a recoil which all but wrenched the great iron bolts from the oaken ribs. The gunners rammed home new cartridges, and before the smoke had drifted away were ready to fire again. Up past Beauregard sailed the fleet, each vessel doing its part, then, rounding towards Hilton Head, came down past Fort Walker. The air seemed to be full of shells and solid shot, splintering planks and timber, masts and spars, cutting away the rigging, on shipboard, — ploughing the ground, upsetting guns, blowing up breastworks, and tearing men to pieces, on shore. It takes but a few minutes to write these lines, but the ships were an hour in making the round, — the guns roaring all the while.

The soldiers in the forts were surprised to find that no vessel had been sunk, and that, instead of steaming away, the fleet was preparing for another turn ! Again up the northern side of the circle, past Beauregard, and slowly down, past Walker, sailed the fleet, in its own cloud of white smoke. The Bienville and the four vessels which followed that ship, however, did not return, but, taking a position in the harbor, threw shells, past General Drayton's house, into the rear of the fort, paying no attention to Tatnall, who was up Beaufort River, firing at long range. How tremendous the fire !

The people at Beaufort heard the thunder of the guns, and, believing that the forts could not be taken, rubbed their hands in glee, and said that the Yankees were “catching it.” Men went out in boats, and with spy-glasses looked down the bay, and shouted to their friends on shore that all was going well. The slaves on the plantations, in their simplicity, said that the great day of the Lord had come, — spoken of in the Bible, — “with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood.”

And now up came the Pocahontas with Captain Drayton on board, who steamed as near as he could go to the fort, to shell out his brother and rout the Rebel troops, — not that there was hate between him and his brother, but because the flag of his country had been insulted, and it was his duty to vindicate its honor. Duty, — what a brave word it is !

“The path of duty is the way to glory !
He that walks it only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Soul of self before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.”

Duty is the only path to glory, — duty to God, — duty to our country, — duty to each other ; — not only on the battle-field, but at home, at school, and on all occasions. Goodness, virtue, purity, and love, — all lie along that path ; and the man, woman, boy, or girl who is dutiful in all things will find unspeakable peace and joy in this life, as well as in the life to come.

Again the vessels come round. The shot from the forts had damaged them. Water was pouring into one of the magazines of the Wabash, but Admiral Dupont was determined not to give up the contest. The first shot from the fort aimed at the Pocahontas was an eighty-pounder, which carried away a portion of the mainmast. The sailors were stripped of their coats; their faces were grimed with powder. On some of the vessels there were pools of blood, where their comrades had been torn in pieces; but they were as eager as the Admiral for another turn. It was past noon. The sun was still shining from a cloudless sky. Again the Wabash led the way, followed closely by the Susquehanna and all the others,—every vessel pouring in shot and shell,—raining fifty, sixty, and even seventy shots a minute upon Fort Walker, which tore up the embankments, and overthrew guns, blowing men into the air. Those were brave soldiers in the fort, but it was not in human nature to stand such a fire. The men on the fleet were equally brave. Standing at the bow of the Wabash was a sailor, who kept swinging the lead, throwing it over the side of the vessel into the water, and calling the depth as steadily as if nothing unusual was going on,—unmindful of the shells which struck all around him, or flew harmlessly by.

But suddenly there was a panic on shore,—officers and men ran as fast as they could for the woods, leaving their tents, trunks, clothing, arms, knapsacks, swords, pistols, and provisions. Then, when Captain Rodgers went ashore, pulled down the flag of the Confederacy, and hoisted the stars and stripes, there was such cheering as never before was heard at Port Royal,—the sailors swinging their caps, and shouting themselves hoarse, while out on the transports—hanging like bees to the rigging—the Union soldiers, who had seen it all, took it up, and answered the brave tars who had won the fight. Then, when at sunset the vessels one after another came into the harbor and anchored, they rent the air with their hurrahs, and sang and danced in a delirium of joy.

Out in General Drayton's cotton-field stood the negroes, gazing in wonder and amazement at what had happened, for the soldiers had told them that the Yankee ships would certainly be sunk. They were astonished when they saw their master running for the woods as fast as he could go, leaving all of his property to fall into the hands of the Yankees.

The soldiers who went on shore arrested the negroes and put them into General Drayton's house.

"What are you doing here?" asked an officer.

"Wal, boss, that ere is just what we would like to know," was the reply.

The officer and all the soldiers laughed heartily. The officer was a kind-hearted man, and, knowing there was no reason why they should be kept as prisoners, opened the door, and told them to go out and enjoy their freedom.

Freedom! It was a new word to them. They had been slaves all their lives. They had prayed to be free, and now freedom had come. Some fell upon their knees and thanked God, while others danced for joy, and shouted and sang all through the night.

Carleton.

THE SUMMER YELLOW-BIRD AND THE COW
BLACKBIRD.

THE common little Summer Yellow-Bird, so abundant in the gardens of the New England States during the summer months, belongs to a very remarkable group of birds peculiar to America. Resembling, in many respects, the warblers of Europe, in which are classed the Nightingale, the Robin, and several other birds familiar to us at least in name, they are still quite distinct in several important peculiarities. They are called by Mr. Audubon Wood-Warblers, and the scientific terms *syvicola*, *dendroica*, &c. indicate that they, for the most part, dwell in the quiet and solitary recesses of the forests.

They constitute a very large family; and between forty and fifty species belonging to it are already known to inhabit North America. Probably more than half as many more are found in the West Indies and in South America. They are unsurpassed by any group either in the variety or the richness of their colors, and a few are also remarkable for their song.

As a family, however, our Wood-Warblers are only well known to naturalists, partly from the fact that they chiefly frequent swampy thickets difficult of human access, and also because a large number of the species go to the far North to spend their summers, and, again, to the far South to spend their winters, paying us but very short visits on their way to and from their respective homes. Almost the only exception in both of these respects is the beautiful, gentle, and intelligent little bird we now introduce to Our Young Folks. Various known as the "Yellow-Bird," and by some confounded with our American Goldfinch, which it very little resembles, as the



"Blue-eyed Yellow Warbler," the "Wild Canary," the "Yellow Poll," these birds are found in great abundance all over the continent. As soon as

the leaves of the trees are fully expanded, toward the middle or last of May, we hear its familiar song; and when we hear it, we may feel assured that summer has fairly come again, and that our long, cold spring has ended. Probably no one of our birds breeds over so wide an expanse of territory as the Summer Yellow-Bird. It is found abundant all the way from Northern Georgia to the farthest northern limits of our continent, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Not so retiring as most of its family, but more familiar, social, and confiding, our little Yellow-Bird is easily encouraged by tolerance, and still more by attention to its wants, to cultivate our society. Put a few small bits of cotton about on the bushes in your gardens, and you will soon find Blue-eyes tugging away at it. She knows in a moment you meant them for her; at least she takes possession of them, and at once begins the foundation of her nest. Sometimes she will place it low down in some fork of a shrub, a few feet from the ground, or in the midst of a thick hedge, or in the honeysuckle running over the porch. Sometimes, where dreadful cats are too common, she finds a higher and a safer place, often in the horsechestnut-tree under your very window, and over the busy, noisy street. Little cares she for the noise or the bustle below, nor for your close neighborhood, if you do not come too near. She delights to be near you, so long as you leave her undisturbed.

If, however, she is disturbed in her nesting, she will look out, another time, for safer quarters, — sometimes building her nest in the top branches of a high tree, fifty feet from the ground. But this is not often.

They build a very neat and durable nest, fastened in the first place by a strong external fabric to several branches of the bush in which it is placed and then woven with great neatness and wonderful skill. The external part is usually woven of strong flaxen fibres of plants and fine strips of bark interwoven with the finer down from the fern and the willow, and lined with fine, soft, and warm materials. Where raw cotton is provided for our little architects in sufficient abundance, they will make their whole nest of it, using only a few tough fibres of bark to give it strength.

A good many summers ago, a pair of Summer Yellow-Birds built their nest under our parlor window. Through the closed blinds, we children watched the busy little creatures weaving their curious little basket-nest. First a few strong fibres were wound round and round, about a few branching twigs, with a good deal of pains and care; but as soon as this part had been fixed to their satisfaction, the task of completing it was simple and rapidly done. One bird was chiefly employed in collecting the materials and bringing them to his mate. The other received them, placed them in position, and completed the inner part of the nest. The manner in which she did this was very interesting. Standing in the middle of the nest, with half-expanded wings, and her tail-feathers spread out like an open fan, she kept rapidly whirling herself round and round. The soft materials were thus worked into a circular or hemispherical form, as her expanded feathers brushed by them. If some pieces proved too unyielding, she would stop and place them to suit

her, with her bill. When her mate was dilatory, or did not bring her materials as fast as she required them, she would go in search of some herself. If those he brought seemed to her unsuitable, she would summarily reject them. In this way, working busily parts of two days, they soon had their little home completed. By and by appeared one little egg, then another, until there were five. In a few days more, or a little over a week, we found the eggs were hatched, and during the next ten days we could see how lovingly and tenderly the parents cared for their young. How many thousand tiny insects of various kinds they kept feeding to those five gaping mouths we could hardly tell, nor could we imagine where they found them all. All day long they kept coming and going, by turns, — one staying to keep their nurslings warm, the other going and coming in search of food for mate and nurslings.

One enemy the Summer Yellow-Birds have, which sometimes gives them a good deal of trouble. This is another bird, called the Cow Blackbird because it is so often found keeping company with the cattle in their pastures. This Cow Blackbird is, in its habits, like the Cuckoo of Europe. It never builds its

own nest, or takes care of its own young, but invariably lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, leaving them to be hatched out and the young birds brought up by strangers. The worst part of this unnatural proceeding is that the young Blackbirds abuse the hospitality of their foster-parents, by tumbling their adopted brothers and sisters out of their rightful homes. A great many of our small birds are thus imposed upon, and bring up these strangers, without, perhaps, being aware of the cheat. But you will never find our Summer Yellow-Bird suffering herself to be thus imposed upon. How she comes by her knowledge, who can



tell? Is it instinct? or is it reason? At all events, she seems to know that it will never do to put up with such an imposition, and she never does.

But what is she to do? Here, when she has just completed her nice new nest, along has come the good-for-nothing Blackbird, and dropped a great ugly egg into it, half filling it up! What is she to do? She can't roll it out:

it is too large and heavy. She can't afford to abandon the nest she has made with so much care: it would take too much time to provide another one. So, instead, she goes to work and builds up the walls of her nest a little higher, and then covers over the egg so full of mischief with a thick matting of fresh materials. Now she has it fast. It can't hatch out, to be the death of her own darlings when they appear. She may now bring up her own family in peace and safety.

Sometimes the Blackbird finds the poor mother Yellow-Bird absent from her nest after she has laid some of her eggs, and the vagabond adds to them one of her own. What is poor Blue-eyes to do now? She seems to know that it will be of no use to go on and hatch out both. The intruder will be sure to be the death of her children. The only sure way is to part with them all then, and at once; and so the walls of the nest are raised higher, and Cow-bird's egg and all are buried up, so that none can hatch; and a second time she lays her eggs, and this time she takes precious good care no vagabond Blackbird can have another chance to disturb them.

Once, when a Yellow-Bird had just completed its pretty nest in a barberry-bush in our garden in Roxbury, an impudent Cow Blackbird one morning left an egg in it. Yellow-Bird, however, soon had it all built over, covered up, and a nest made as good as new. But no sooner was this finished than along comes another Blackbird; and, finding Mistress Blue-eyes off her guard, she, too, deposits a great brown egg. What is to be done now? The nest is already two stories high! No matter: little Blue-eyes is not so easily discouraged. Besides, materials are plenty, and egg number two is soon covered up by story number three; and now, at last, her own brood may be hatched out in safety. This nest, after she had done with it, we took in to the distinguished naturalist, Mr. Audubon, then staying in Boston; and in his work on the Birds of America you may read how much the sagacity and perseverance of our birds pleased and surprised him.

What do our readers call this wonderful intelligence, on the part of these little birds, by which they avoid the ungrateful task of rearing a bird that would repay their kindness with base ingratitude? Is it not more like reason than instinct? No other birds seem to display the like intelligence. The Yellow-Birds invariably manifest it, and never suffer themselves to be thus imposed upon.

Let me tell you one more anecdote of these birds,—not of my own observation, but told me by a friend. A pair of Yellow-Birds built a nest in a low bush near Calais, in Maine. After raising one brood, they did what they rarely do,—repaired the old nest and used it again. The mother had laid in it her eggs and was sitting on them, when a storm partly overturned the nest. They abandoned it, built another in the same bush, and laid some more eggs in that. The gentleman on whose grounds the nests were restored the first nest to an upright position, and securely fastened it. The father-bird came back to it, and sat upon the eggs and hatched them out, while the mother-bird continued on the second nest. Each hatched out, and each fed and brought up its own separate family.

As our young readers may have already inferred from what we have told them, the summer Yellow-Birds are tender, devoted, and watchful parents. They love even the empty nest before their family occupy it, and keep closely to it until it has received its treasures. Then they cling still more closely to both; and, when any one approaches too near, or examines its contents, both birds exhibit a very great uneasiness,—approaching the intruder in a fearless manner, flying about his head and uttering pitiful cries to evince their great distress. Sometimes, before their nest is discovered, they will pretend to be lame, and flutter along the ground, to draw, by this artifice, the intruder aside from the spot they wish him to avoid.

The song of the Yellow-Bird, though not loud, powerful, or varied, is very sweet and pleasant, and is heard from the earliest dawn to evening twilight on the long days of summer. Usually there are several pairs in the same garden, and the male birds respond one to the other. Later, when family cares press upon them, and hungry mouths claim their watchful care, their songs are less frequent, and before September they cease entirely.

Before concluding our sketch of this attractive little summer visitor, it may be interesting to our young readers to know that there are, on the continent of America, a number of Yellow Warblers so very closely resembling our birds that no one but a skilful naturalist can tell them apart, and yet they are all different. Indeed, even the naturalists, until very recently, supposed they were the same with our North American Yellow-Bird. They are all found in South America, or in the West Indies, except our bird; and, what is very singular, they are each found in a different place. Professor Baird calls them the group of the "Golden Warblers." One is found in Cuba, and nowhere else, another in Jamaica, a third in St. Croix, a fourth in New Granada, and so on. This is a very singular and unusual freak of nature; for it is very rare to find so many different species of birds so closely resembling each other, yet all specifically distinct.

T. M. B.



THE SQUIRRELS THAT LIVE IN A HOUSE.

ONCE upon a time a gentleman went out into a great forest, and cut away the trees, and built there a very nice little cottage. It was set very low on the ground, and had very large bow-windows, and so much of it was glass that one could look through it on every side and see what was going on in the forest. You could see the shadows of the fern-leaves, as they flickered and wavered over the ground, and the scarlet partridge-berry and wintergreen plums that matted round the roots of the trees, and the bright spots of sunshine that fell through their branches and went dancing about among the bushes and leaves at their roots. You could see the little chipping sparrows and thrushes and robins and bluebirds building their nests

here and there among the branches, and watch them from day to day as they laid their eggs and hatched their young. You could also see red squirrels, and gray squirrels, and little striped chip-squirrels, darting and springing about, here and there and everywhere, running races with each other from bough to bough, and chattering at each other in the gayest possible manner.

You may be sure that such a strange thing as a great mortal house for human beings to live in did not come into this wild wood without making quite a stir and excitement among the inhabitants that lived there before. All the time it was building, there was the greatest possible commotion in the breasts of all the older population; and there was n't even a black ant, or a cricket, that did not have his own opinion about it, and did not tell the other ants and crickets just what he thought the world was coming to in consequence.

Old Mrs. Rabbit declared that the hammering and pounding made her nervous, and gave her most melancholy forebodings of evil times. "Depend upon it, children," she said to her long-eared family, "no good will come to us from this establishment. Where man is, there comes always trouble for us poor rabbits."

The old chestnut-tree, that grew on the edge of the woodland ravine, drew a great sigh which shook all his leaves, and expressed it as his conviction that no good would ever come of it,—a conviction that at once struck to the heart of every chestnut-burr. The squirrels talked together of the dreadful state of things that would ensue. "Why!" said old Father Gray, "it's evident that Nature made the nuts for us; but one of these great human creatures will carry off and gormandize upon what would keep a hundred poor families of squirrels in comfort." Old Ground-mole said it did not require very sharp eyes to see into the future, and it would just end in bringing down the price of real estate in the whole vicinity, so that every decent-minded and respectable quadruped would be obliged to move away;—for his part, he was ready to sell out for anything he could get. The bluebirds and bobolinks, it is true, took more cheerful views of matters; but then, as old Mrs. Ground-mole observed, they were a flighty set,—half their time careering and dissipating in the Southern States,—and could not be expected to have that patriotic attachment to their native soil that those had who had grubbed in it from their earliest days.

"This race of man," said the old chestnut-tree, "is never ceasing in its restless warfare on Nature. In our forest solitudes, hitherto, how peacefully, how quietly, how regularly, has everything gone on! Not a flower has missed its appointed time of blossoming, or failed to perfect its fruit. No matter how hard has been the winter, how loud the winds have roared, and how high the snow-banks have been piled, all has come right again in spring. Not the least root has lost itself under the snows, so as not to be ready with its fresh leaves and blossoms when the sun returns to melt the frosty chains of winter. We have storms sometimes that threaten to shake everything to pieces,—the thunder roars, the lightning flashes, and the winds howl and beat; but, when all is past, everything comes out better and

brighter than before,—not a bird is killed, not the frailest flower destroyed. But man comes, and in one day he will make a desolation that centuries cannot repair. Ignorant boor that he is, and all incapable of appreciating the glorious works of Nature, it seems to be his glory to be able to destroy in a few hours what it was the work of ages to produce. The noble oak, that has been cut away to build this contemptible human dwelling, had a life older and wiser than that of any man in this country. That tree has seen generations of men come and go. It was a fresh young tree when Shakespeare was born; it was hardly a middle-aged tree when he died; it was growing here when the first ship brought the white men to our shores, and hundreds and hundreds of those whom they call bravest, wisest, strongest,—warriors, statesmen, orators, and poets,—have been born, have grown up, lived, and died, while yet it has outlived them all. It has seen more wisdom than the best of them; but two or three hours of brutal strength sufficed to lay it low. Which of these dolts could make a tree? I'd like to see them do anything like it. How noisy and clumsy are all their movements,—chopping, pounding, rasping, hammering! And, after all, what do they build? In the forest we do everything so quietly. A tree would be ashamed of itself that could not get its growth without making such a noise and dust and fuss. Our life is the perfection of good manners. For my part, I feel degraded at the mere presence of these human beings; but, alas! I am old;—a hollow place at my heart warns me of the progress of decay, and probably it will be seized upon by these rapacious creatures as an excuse for laying me as low as my noble green brother."

In spite of all this disquiet about it, the little cottage grew and was finished. The walls were covered with pretty paper, the floors carpeted with pretty carpets; and, in fact, when it was all arranged, and the garden walks laid out, and beds of flowers planted around, it began to be confessed, even among the most critical, that it was not after all so bad a thing as was to have been feared.

A black ant went in one day and made a tour of exploration up and down, over chairs and tables, up the ceilings and down again, and, coming out, wrote an article for the Crickets' Gazette, in which he described the new abode as a veritable palace. Several butterflies fluttered in and sailed about and were wonderfully delighted, and then a bumble-bee and two or three honey-bees, who expressed themselves well pleased with the house, but more especially enchanted with the garden. In fact, when it was found that the proprietors were very fond of the rural solitudes of Nature, and had come out there for the purpose of enjoying them undisturbed,—that they watched and spared the anemones, and the violets, and bloodroots, and dog's-tooth violets, and little woolly rolls of fern that began to grow up under the trees in spring,—that they never allowed a gun to be fired to scare the birds, and watched the building of their nests with the greatest interest,—then an opinion in favor of human beings began to gain ground, and every cricket and bird and beast was loud in their praise.

"Mamma," said young Tit-bit, a frisky young squirrel, to his mother one

day, "why won't you let Frisky and me go into that pretty new cottage to play?"

"My dear," said his mother, who was a very wary and careful old squirrel, "how can you think of it? The race of man are full of devices for traps and pitfalls, and who could say what might happen, if you put yourself in their power? If you had wings like the butterflies and bees, you might fly in and out again, and so gratify your curiosity; but, as matters stand, it's best for you to keep well out of their way."

"But, mother, there is such a nice, good lady lives there! I believe she is a good fairy, and she seems to love us all so; she sits in the bow-window and watches us for hours, and she scatters corn all round at the roots of the tree for us to eat."

"She is nice enough," said the old mother-squirrel, "if you keep far enough off; but I tell you, you can't be too careful."

Now this good fairy that the squirrels discoursed about was a nice little old lady that the children used to call Aunt Esther, and she was a dear lover of birds and squirrels, and all sorts of animals, and had studied their little ways till she knew just what would please them; and so she would every day throw out crumbs for the sparrows, and little bits of thread and wool and cotton to help the birds that were building their nests, and would scatter corn and nuts for the squirrels; and while she sat at her work in the bow window she would smile to see the birds flying away with the wool, and the squirrels nibbling their nuts. After a while the birds grew so tame that they would hop into the bow-window, and eat their crumbs off the carpet.

"There, mamma," said Tit-bit and Frisky, "only see! Jenny Wren and Cock Robin have been in at the bow-window, and it did n't hurt them, and why can't we go?"

"Well, my dears," said old Mother Squirrel, "you must do it very carefully: never forget that you have n't wings like Jenny Wren and Cock Robin."

So the next day Aunt Esther laid a train of corn from the roots of the trees to the bow-window, and then from the bow-window to her work-basket, which stood on the floor beside her; and then she put quite a handful of corn in the work-basket, and sat down by it, and seemed intent on her sewing. Very soon, creep, creep, creep, came Tit-bit and Frisky to the window, and then into the room, just as sly and as still as could be, and Aunt Esther sat just like a statue for fear of disturbing them. They looked all around in high glee, and when they came to the basket it seemed to them a wonderful little summer-house, made on purpose for them to play in. They nosed about in it, and turned over the scissors and the needle-book, and took a nibble at her white wax, and jostled the spools, meanwhile stowing away the corn each side of their little chops, till they both of them looked as if they had the mumps.

At last Aunt Esther put out her hand to touch them, when, whisk-frisk, out they went, and up the trees, chattering and laughing before she had time even to wink.

But after this they used to come in every day, and when she put corn in her hand and held it very still they would eat out of it; and, finally, they would get into her hand, until one day she gently closed it over them, and Frisky and Tit-bit were fairly caught.



O how their hearts beat! but the good fairy only spoke gently to them, and soon unclosed her hand and let them go again. So, day after day, they grew to have more and more faith in her, till they would climb into her work-basket, sit on her shoulder, or nestle away in her lap as she sat sewing. They made also long exploring voyages all over the house, up and through all the chambers, till finally, I grieve to say, poor Frisky came to an untimely end by being drowned in the water-tank at the top of the house.

The dear good fairy passed away from the house in time, and went to a land where the flowers never fade, and the birds never die; but the squirrels still continued to make the place a favorite resort.

"In fact, my dear," said old Mother Red one winter to her mate, "what is the use of one's living in this cold, hollow tree, when these amiable people have erected this pretty cottage where there is plenty of room for us and them too? Now I have examined between the eaves, and there is a charming place where we can store our nuts, and where we can whip in and out of the garret, and have the free range of the house; and, say what you will, these humans have delightful ways of being warm and comfortable in winter."

So Mr. and Mrs. Red set up housekeeping in the cottage, and had no end of nuts and other good things stored up there. The trouble of all this was, that, as Mrs. Red was a notable body, and got up to begin her housekeep-

ing operations, and woke up all her children, at four o'clock in the morning, the good people often were disturbed by a great rattling and fuss in the walls, while yet it seemed dark night. Then sometimes, too, I grieve to say, Mrs. Squirrel would give her husband vigorous curtain lectures in the night, which made him so indignant that he would rattle off to another quarter of the garret to sleep by himself; and all this broke the rest of the worthy people who built the house.

What is to be done about this we don't know. What would you do about it? Would you let the squirrels live in your house, or not? When our good people come down of a cold winter morning, and see the squirrels dancing and frisking down the trees, and chasing each other so merrily over the garden-chair between them, or sitting with their tails saucily over their backs, they look so jolly and jaunty and pretty that they almost forgive them for disturbing their night's rest, and think that they will not do anything to drive them out of the garret to-day. And so it goes on; but how long the squirrels will rent the cottage in this fashion, I'm sure I dare not undertake to say.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

A SNAKE "YARN."

CHEERED by the thought that the breeze was bearing them in the right direction, our adventurers sat up till a late hour. When they at length resolved upon going to sleep, it was arranged that two should sit up, — one to mind the sail, the other to ply a paddle, and keep the craft steadily to her course, as well as could be done with such a rudder. The old sea-cook still had charge of the sheets and halyards, while Tipperary, notwithstanding that he had already proved himself such an indifferent helmsman, was intrusted with the steering.

After the many perils through which they had passed, and under the apprehension of the many more through which they might yet have to pass, Tom's mismanagement, — the original cause of all their misfortunes, — if not forgotten, was not remembered against him with resentment. It had been only an error of judgment, — a fault of the head, and not of the heart.

Even the negro, whose race appears, almost by instinct, to inherit an antipathy to the countrymen of Tom, and who, previous to the catastrophe, was not always on the best of terms with the Irishman, no longer showed

signs of spite : rather had the two become friends. Their friendship sprung from the ties of a common misfortune, and any little difference that now displayed itself was in a rivalry as to which should make himself most useful to the floating community.

On this particular night they sat together as white and black brothers ; Mozey attending to the sipo that served for a sheet to the sail, and Tom steering the craft by a star that had been pointed out to him as that towards which he was to keep her head.

Both African and Irishman were not a little vain of being thus left to themselves. Up to that time both had been playing a very subordinate part ; the Indian taking upon himself almost the sole management of affairs, and treating them as nobodies. From the night on which they had made their unfortunate mistake by straying into the Gapo, every movement had been made by his counsel and direction : moreover, both had suffered humiliation by his having saved their lives from drowning. Although they were not ungrateful for that, they were nevertheless chagrined to think that they should be so looked upon.

On this night, Munday, worn out by his long-continued exertions, was urged by Trevannion to desist, and recruit his energies by good repose. As there was no particular reason why he should remain awake, he had consented to do so ; and, with his back against one of the buttresses, he reposed, silent as the Sphinx.

Neither the man of Mozambique, nor he of Tipperary, was given to habits of silence ; and they continued to converse long after the others had sunk into slumber. After what had that day occurred, it was natural that the theme should be *snakes*. "Yez have got some in your counthry, — have n't yer, Mozey?" inquired Tom.

"Dar you 'se 'bout right, Masser Tum. Have n't we got um ! Snakes ob de biggest kind."

"But none so big as the wun we saw the day?"

"Buf ! you call dat a big snake. He not more den ten yard long. I 've hab some on de coass of Africa, down dere by Mozabeek, dat measure more den a mile, — ticker round de body den dis ere log we sittin' on."

"More than a mile long !" rejoined Tipperary. "And thicker than this tree ! Yez don't mane to say ye iver saw wan ove that size yerself?"

"Well, I 's not say it war a whole mile. It mout be less, an' it mout a been more dan a mile. Ob one ting I 's sartin shoo : it wa' n't less den three quarters ob a mile. Youz may b'lieve um or not ; jess as you pleeze 'bout dat, Massa Tipprary. All I 'b got to say is, dat de snake I 'peak 'bout war long nuff to go clar roun' de kraal, and twice roun' too."

"A kraal ! what moight that be ? I know what a *kreel* is. Miny 's the wan I 've carried on me back, full ov turf at that, in the bogs of Tipperary. Yez don't mane a kreel, div ye?"

"Kreel ! no. I 'm 'peakin' 'bout de place we niggers live in, — village you white folk call 'um."

"A village ! that is a town av people, — men, weemen, and childher."

"Jess so. Da be men, woman, and chillen in de kraal, — sartin to be plenty ob boaf de last, — an' dar am dogs, and sheeps, and goats, and sometime big cattle. Dat's zactly what we brack folks ob de African coass call de kraal. Some am bigger dan oders; but de one I 'peak 'bout, dat war surrounded by de snake, war a kraal ob de mod'rate size. It had 'bout a hundred houses, and, ob coorse, it contain zackly hundred families, excludin' de picaninnies."

"A snake to extind round a hundherd houses! Whin was that?"

"When dis chile was a picaninny hisself. If you like, Massa Tipprary, I tell you all 'bout it. Ye see, dat de kraal I 'peak 'bout war my native place, wha dis chile fust saw de shinin' ob de sun. I 'pose I war 'bout ten year ole jess at dat time when de sacumstance 'curred ob which I go tell you. Near de village dar war a big foress. It wa' filled with all sorts ob dangerous beasts. Da wa' buffaloes and elephants, an' de rhinoceros, an' hipperpotamusses, an' dar war big monkeys ob de baboon 'pecies. These lass war partickler dangerous, 'pecially to de women ob de place, for if any ob de nigger gals strayed too fur into de foress, den de baboons carried dem up into de tops ob de highest trees, an' dere kep' dem prisoner fo' eber. But de wuss-est ting in dat wood war de snakes. Da war ob all sorts an' sizes. Dere war de cobera, berry benemous, dat killed you wif him bite, an' de spit snake dat fo' pizen beat de cobera all holler, as it kud kill ye by jess spittin' upon yer from among de branches ob a tree. An' da war de whip-snake, dat lashed folks to deaph wif him tail; an' de rock-boa dat twisted itself roun' you body an' crushed you to de jelly. But none ob dese kud hold a candle to de great big snake ob all, — de one I tell you 'bout. Munday, he call dat we see, de spirit ob de waters. Our big snake we nigga of Mozabeek call de *debbil ob de woods*. Nebba mind 'bout de name. He come one fine mornin', dis debbil come, while de people ob de kraal war all 'sleep, dat is 'fore anybody get up to go 'bout dar bisness. He surround' the village *twice*."

"You mane that he crawled twice round it?"

"Not a bit ob dat; he may hab crawled twenty time roun' it: nobody know. De people all 'sleep when he come. What dis chile mean is, dat when de people get out ob dar beads, an' come to de door, de debbil ob de woods, he hab him body all roun' de place in two great coil, one on top ob de odder, like de cable 'board ship, — de two makin' a fence roun' de kraal, more 'n ten feet high."

"Saint Patrick prasarve us!"

"Ah, Masser Tom, I tink I hear you say dat de San Parfick you 'peak 'bout was a great snake killer in yur country. I wish he had been in de island of Mozabeek on dat same mornin'. Pahps dis nigger might still hab a fadder an' a modder. He loss dem boaf on de occasion we now 'peak ob. You see de snake, after enclosin' de kraal twice roun' wif him body, left enuf ob de neck to reach all ober de place; den stretchin' out him mouf, dat war wide 'nuf to swaller a man 'ithout chewin' him, he went from house to house, pickin' out de people, till der want one lef', neider man, woman, nor chile. He eat up de chief ob de kraal jess de same as de commonest scum

ob de village. As fo' de picaninnies, he swallow dem eight or ten at a time, jess de same as we see de ant-eater do wif de ants. Boaf de men an' de women an' de chillen try to 'scape out ob de place. 'T wa' n't no manner ob use. When dey tried to climb ober de body ob de snake, de ole debbil gub hisself a shake, an' down dey slipped from him sides, as if him skin had been coated from de slush cask. Ob course da wa' soon all destroyed."

"But yerself, Mozey; how did yez manage to 'scape?"

"Ah, how! dat wor de bess joke ob de whole. As I 's been tellin' you, I war at de time only a picaninny, 'bout ten years ob de age. I war considered 'bove de common for dat age, an' wa' employed in de house ob de chief, which war called de palace. Well, jess when I see dat great big mouf sarchin' from place to place an' swallerin' up ebberybody, I know it wan't no use to hide down dar among de houses. Now dar war a big pole dat stood righ' in front ob de palace, wif a flag floatin' on de top. When de odder folk war runnin' about ebbery wha else, I climbed up de pole, an' when I got to de top, I drawed de flag roun' me, so as to hide de whole ob my body. When dat 'ere debbil ob de woods had finished off wif de oder people, and cleared out de kraal complete, he nebber thought 'bout lookin' up de pole, or 'spectin' whether tha wa' anybody wrop up in de flag at de top. Dis chile kep up dar till he see de snake 'tretch out him long body, an' go back to de big foress. Den I slip down from de tree, an' make my way to de nearest place wha da war people. As boaf my fadder and modder had been eat up 'long wi' de res, I atterwards left home an' tuk to de sea. Dat 's why dis nigger hab wandered all de way fom dat 'ere island ob Mozabeek. Buf! de snake we see here, de spirit ob de water, a'n't no more to de debbil ob de woods dan a tadpole am to de biggest alligator in all de waters ob de Amazum."

CHAPTER LXXIX.

ST. PATRICK'S PERFORMANCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the serious air with which Mozey told his very improbable story, Tom did not appear to give implicit credence to it. He evidently suspected that the rogue had been cheating him; and, after several exclamations of wonder, but without betraying incredulity, he sat in silence, apparently cogitating some scheme for repaying him. It was not long before an opportunity offered, his companion unintentionally furnishing him with a cue.

"I 's hab heer, Massa Tum, dat dar am no snake in de country wha you come from. Dat 'ere de troof?"

"Yis. Nayther snake nor toad in owld Oireland, — nayther could live for a single hour, if ye plants them thare. The green island wud n't contain thim, bekase they 're condimmed to die the moment they sit fut on the sod."

"But what condemn dem?"

"Saint Pathrick, to be shure. Trath, thare 's a story about that. May be yez wud loike to be aafter hearin' it, Mozey?"

"Like um berry much, Massy Tum."

"Will, thin, I'll till it to yer. It is n't such a wondherful story as yours; but it had a betther indin', as yer'll see when ye've heerd it. Instid av the snakes killin' all the people exciptin' wan, the riptiles got killed thimsilves, all but wan, — that was the father of ivry sirpint in the world. He's livin' yit, an' must now be about five thousand years uv age. So the praste sez.

"A long toime ago, owld Oireland was very badly infisted wid thim craythers. They wur so thick all over the swate island, that yez cud n't sit your fut down widout triddin' on wan av their tails; an' to kape out av their way the people had to build a great scaffoldin' that extended all over the counthry, and slape on the threes, just as we've been doin' over the gyapo.

"Whiniver they wanted anythin' to ate, such as purtaties, an' the loike, they were compilled to git it up from the ground wid long forks; and whin they wur in need to dhrink, they had to dip it up in buckets, as if they were drawin' it out av a well.

"Av coorse this was moighty inconvanient, an' cud n't last long no how. The worst ov it was, that the snakes, instid ov gettin' thinned off, were ivery year growin' thicker, by raizin ov their large families ov young wuns. Will, it got so bad at last that ther wus n't a spot av groun' bigger than the buncck ov your hand that war n't occupoyed by a snake, an' in some places they were two deep. The people up on the platform that I towld yez about, they cursed an' swore, an' raged, an' raved, an' at last prayed to be delivered from the inimy."

Here Tom paused to note the effect of his speech on his sable listener.

"But dey war dilibbered, — wur dey?"

"Trath, wur they. If they had n't, is it at all loikely that yer wud see me here? Will, the people prayed. Not as your countrymen prays, to a stick or a stone, or beloike to the sarpints themselves, that could do them no benefit; but to a lady, that was able to protect them. We, in owld Oireland, call her the Virgin Mary. She was the mother av Him that came down from the siventh heaven to save us poor sinners. But what's the use of my tryin' to explain all that to an ignorant haythen, loike you?"

"No use, Massa Tum, no use," rejoined the African, in a tone of resignation.

"Never moind, Mozey. The lady heerd their prayer, and that was an ind to it."

"She killed da snakes!"

"Arrah now; did yez think the Virgin Mary — a raal lady as she was — ud be afther doin' such dhirty work as slaughter a whole island full of venomous sarpents? Not a bit av that same. It's true they were desthroyed; but not by her own swate hands. She sinds a man to do the work for her. She sint Sant Pathrick."

"O, I's heerd ye 'peak ob dat man, many's de time, Massa Tum. 'T wur him dat kill de serpents, wur it?"

"Trath was it."

"But how'd he do it? It muss hab take um a berry long time to destroy um all."

"There ye are intirely asthray, nager. It only occupied him wan day, an' not all the day nayther, for he had done the work a thrifle ov a hour or so after dinner-time."

"Gollys! how 'd he do all dat?"

"Will! ye see, he invited all the snakes to a grand banquet. He had such a charmin' way wid him that they wun an' all agreed to come. The place was on the top of a high mountain,—called the Hill of Howth,—far hoigher than any in the Andays we saw when crossin' thare. The faste he had provided for them was a collection of toads, includin' every wun ov thim that inhabited the island. The toads he had invited too; an' the stupid craythers, not suspictin' anythin', come willingly to the place.

"Now yez must undherstand, nager, that the snakes are moighty fond of toads, and frogs too; but Saint Pathrick had no ill-will against the frogs, an' they wur excused from comin'. As it was, the toads wur axed at an earlier hour than the snakes, an' got first to the top of the hill; an' while they were waitin' there to see what was to be done, the sarpints came glidin' up, and bein' tould that their dinner was spread before them, they fell to, an' swallowed up every toad upon the hill, which was every wun there was in all Oireland."

The narrator made a long pause, either to draw breath after such a declamation, or to give time for his companion to indulge his astonishment.

"Gora!" exclaimed the latter, impatient for further explanation. "How 'bout de snakes demselves? Surely dey did n't swallow one anodder?"

"Trath! an' that 's jest what they did do,—every mother's son of thim."

"But dat 'ere doan' tan to reezun, unless dey hab a fight one wif de odder? 'Splain yourself, Massa Tum."

"Will, yez have guessed it exactly widout my sayin' a word. They *did* have a foight, that went all roun' through the whole crowd, like a shindy in Donnybrook fair. Yez would loike to hear how it begun. Will, I 'll tell ye. There was two kinds av the reptile. Wan they called 'Ribbon snakes,' an' the tother 'Orange snakes,' by rason av their color, both in politics and religion. They had a king over both that lived moighty foine at their expinse. But he could n't manage to keep thim continted with payin' him taxes, unless by sittin' the wan agaynst the tother. An' this he did to the full av his satisfacshin. Now the bad blood that was betwane thim showed itself at that great gatherin' worse than iver it had done afore. Thare was n't toads enough to give them all a full male; and by way of dissart they thought they 'd turn to an' ate wun another. Av course that was just what Sant Pathrick wanted; for he was n't plazed at their having two sorts of religion. So the ould praste hugged thim on in the quarrel, till it come to blows, an' inded in both kinds killin' an' atin' wun another till there was nothing left av ayther exceptin' the tails."

"Golly! what becomed of de tails?"

"O, thim? The people jumped down from the scaffolds and gathered thim up into a hape, and thim made a great bonfire av thim, and afterwardt spred the ashes over the groun'; and that 's what makes ould Oireland the greenest gim av the oshin."

"But, Massa Tum, you hab say dat one ob de snakes scape from the genr'l congregation?"

"Trath did I say it. Wun did escape, an' 's livin' to make mischief in ould Oireland to this very day."

"Which one was he?"

"Their king."

"De king. How you call um, Massa Tipprary?"

"The divvel."

CHAPTER LXXX.

LIGHTS AHEAD.

THE expression of incredulity had now floated from the countenance of the Irishman to that of the African, who in turn suspected himself imposed upon. The leer in Tom's eye plainly declared that he considered himself "quits" with his companion; and the two remained for some moments without further exchange of speech. When the conversation was resumed, it related to a theme altogether different. It was no longer on the subject of snakes, but stars.

The pilot perceived that the one hitherto guiding him was going out of sight,—not by sinking below the horizon, but because the sky was becoming overcast by thick clouds. In ten minutes more there was not a star visible; and, so far as direction went, the helm might as well have been abandoned. Tom, however, stuck to his paddle, for the purpose of steadying the craft; and the breeze, as before, carried them on in a direct course. In about an hour after, this gave token of forsaking them; and, at a still later period, the log lay becalmed upon the bosom of the lagoon.

What next? Should they awake the others and communicate the unpleasant intelligence? Tom was of opinion that they should, while the negro thought it would be of no use. "Better let dem lie 'till," argued he, "and hab a good night ress. Can do no good wake um up. De ole craff muss lay to all de same, till dar come anodder whif ob de wind!"

While they were disputing the points, or rather after they had done disputing, and each held his tongue, a sound reached their ears that at once attracted the attention of both. It was rather a chorus of sounds, not uttered at intervals, but continued all the time they were listening. It bore some resemblance to a distant waterfall; but now and then, mingling with the hoarser roaring of the torrent, were voices as of birds, beasts, and reptiles. None of them were very distinct. They appeared to come from some point at a great distance off. Still they were loud enough to be distinguished, as sounds that could not proceed out of the now tranquil bosom of the lagoon.

Perhaps they might sooner have attracted the notice of the two men, but for the sighing of the breeze against the sail, and the rippling of the water as it rushed along the sides of the ceiba. When these sounds had ceased, the conversation that ensued produced the same effect; and it was only after the dispute came to a close that the disputants were made aware that

something besides their own voices was disturbing the tranquillity of the night.

"What is it, I wondher?" was the remark of Tipperary Tom. "Can yez tell, Mozey?"

"It hab berry much de soun' ob a big forress!"

"The sound av a forest! What div yez mane by that?"

"Wha' shud I mean, but de voices ob de animal dat lib in de forress. De birds an' de beast, an' de tree frogs, an' dem ere crickets dat chirps 'mong de trees. Dat's what dis nigger mean."

"I b'lieve ye're right, nager. It's just that same. It can't be the wather, for that's did calm; an' it can't purceed from the sky, for it don't come in that direction. In trath it's from the forest, as ye say."

"In dat case, den, we muss be near de odder side ob de lagoa, as de Indyun call um,—jess wha we want to go."

"Sowl, thin, that's good news! Will we wake up the masther an' till him av it? What do yez think?"

"Dis nigga tink better not. Let um all sleep till de broke ob day. Dat can't be far off by dis time. I hab an idee dat I see de furs light ob mornin' jess showin' out yonner, at de bottom ob de sky. Gora! what's yon? Dar, dar! 'trait afore de head. By golly! dar's a fire out yonner, or someting dat hab de shine ob one. Doan ye see it, Massa Tum?"

"Trath, yis; I do see somethin' shinin'. It a'n't them fire-flies, div yez think?"

"No! 't a'n't de fire-fly. Dem ere flits about. Yon ting am steady, an' keeps in de same place."

"There's a raal fire yandher, or else it's the willy-wisp. See! be me troth thare's two av thim. Div yez see two?"

"Dar *am* two."

"That can't be the willy-wisp. He's niver seen in couples,—at laste, niver in the bogs av Oireland. What can it be?"

"What can which be?" asked Trevannion, who, at this moment awaking, heard the question put by Tom to the negro.

"Och, look yandher! Don't yez see a fire?"

"Certainly; I see something very like one,—or rather two of them."

"Yis, yis; there's two. Mozey and meself have just discovered thim."

"And what does Mozey think they are?"

"Trath, he's perplexed the same as meself. We can't make hid or tail av thim. If there had been but wan, I'd a sayed it was a willy-wisp."

"Will-o'-the-wisp! No, it can scarce be that,—the two being together. Ah! I hear sounds."

"Yes, masther, we've heerd thim long ago."

"Why did n't you awake us? We must have drifted nearly across the lagoa. Those sounds, I should say, come out of the forest, and that, whatever it is, must be among the trees. Munday! Munday!"

"Hola!" answered the Indian, as he started up from his squatting attitude: "what is it, Patron? Anything gone wrong?"

"No: on the contrary, we appear to have got very near to the other side of the lagoon."

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the Indian, as soon as the forest noises fell upon his ear; "that humming you hear must come thence. *Pa terra!* lights among the trees!"

"Yes, we have just discovered them. What can they be?"

"Fires," answered the Indian.

"You think it is not fire-flies?"

"No; the *loengos* do not show that way. They are real fires. There must be people there."

"Then there is land, and we have at last reached *terra firma*."

"The Lard be praised for that," reverently exclaimed the Irishman. "Our troubles will soon be over."

"May be not, may be not," answered the Mundurucú, in a voice that betrayed both doubt and apprehension.

"Why not, Munday?" asked Trevannion. "If it be fires we see, surely they are on the shore; and kindled by men. There should be some settlement where we can obtain assistance?"

"Ah, Patron! nothing of all that need follow from their being fires; only that there must be men. The fires need only be on the shore, and as for the men who made them, instead of showing hospitality, just as like they may take a fancy to eat us."

"Eat us! you mean that they may be cannibals?"

"Just so, Patron. Likely as not. It's good luck," pursued the tapuyo, looking around, "the wind went down, else we might have been carried too close. I must swim towards yon lights, and see what they are, before we go any nearer. Will you go with me, young master?"

"O, certainly!" replied Richard, to whom the question was addressed.

"Well, then," continued the tapuyo, speaking to the others, "you must not make any loud noise while we are gone. We are not so very distant from those fires, — a mile or thereabout; and the water carries the sound a long ways. If it be enemies, and they should hear us, there would be no chance of escaping from them. Come, young master, there's not a minute to spare. It must be very near morning. If we discover danger, we shall have but little time to get out of its way in the darkness; and that would be our only hope. Come! follow me!"

As the Indian ceased speaking, he slipped gently down into the water, and swam off to the two lights, whose gleam appeared every moment more conspicuous.

"Don't be afraid, Rosetta," said Richard, as he parted from his cousin. "I warrant it'll turn out to be some plantation on the bank, with a house with lights shining through the windows, and white people inside, where we'll all be kindly received, and get a new craft to carry us down to Para. Good by for the present! We'll soon be back again with good news."

So saying, he leaped into the water and swam off in the wake of the tapuyo.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

AN AERIAL VILLAGE.

THE swimmers had not made many hundred yards when they saw beyond doubt that the forest was not far off. It was even nearer than they had at first imagined, the darkness having deceived them; and perhaps the log may have drifted nearer while they were under the impression that they lay becalmed.

At all events, they were now scarcely a quarter of a mile from the forest, which they knew stretched along the horizon as far as they could have seen had it been daylight. They could only just distinguish a dark belt or line rising above the surface of the water before them; but that this extended right and left to a far distance could be told from the sounds that came from it. There was the hum of tree-crickets and cicadas, the *gluck* of toads and frogs, the screams of aquatic birds, the hooting of owls, and the strange plaintive calls of the goat-suckers, of which several species inhabit the Gapo forests; the whip-poor-will and the "willy-come-go" all the night long giving utterance to their monotonous melody. Harsher still were the cries proceeding from the throats of howling monkeys, with now and then the melancholy moaning of the *ai*, as it moved slowly through the branches of the *embaüba* (cecropia-tree). All these sounds, and a score of other kinds, — some produced by insects and reptiles of unknown species, — were blended in that great choir of nature which fills the tropical forest with its midnight music.

The two swimmers, however, paid no attention to this fact; their whole thoughts being occupied by the lights, that, as they advanced, grew every moment more conspicuous. There was no longer any doubt about these being the blaze of fires. It was simply a question of where the fires were burning, and who had kindled them.

The young Paraense supposed them to be upon the shore of the lagoon. About this, however, his companion expressed a doubt. They did not seem to burn steadily, their discs appearing now larger and now less. Sometimes one would go out altogether, then blaze up afresh, while another was as suddenly extinguished. The younger of the two swimmers expressed astonishment at this intermittence, which his companion easily explained. The fires, he said, were placed at some distance from the edge of the forest, among the trees, and it was by some tree-trunk now and then intervening that the illusion was caused.

Silently the swimmers approached, and in due time they glided in under the shadow of the thick foliage, and saw the fires more distinctly. To the astonishment of Richard — for the tapuyo did not seem at all astonished — they did not appear to be on the ground, but up in the air! The Paraense at first supposed them to have been kindled upon the top of some eminence; but, on scanning them more closely, he saw that this could not be the case. Their gleaming red light fell upon water shining beneath, over which, it was clear, they were in some way suspended.

As their eyes became accustomed to the glare, the swimmers could make out that the fires were upon a sort of scaffold raised several feet above the water, and supported by the trunks of the trees. Other similar scaffolds could be seen, on which no fires had been kindled,—from the fact, no doubt, that their occupants were not yet astir.

By the blaze human figures were moving to and fro, and others were on the platforms near by, which were more dimly illuminated; some entering, some coming forth from “toldos,” or sheds, that stood upon them. Hammocks could be seen suspended from tree to tree, some empty, and some still holding a sleeper.

All this was seen at a single glance, while at the same time were heard voices, that had been hitherto drowned by the forest choir, but could now be distinguished as the voices of men, women, and children,—such as might be heard in some rural hamlet, whose inhabitants were about bestirring themselves for their daily avocations.

The tapuyo, gliding close up to the Paraense, whispered in his ear, “A malocca!”

“An Indian village!” Richard rejoined. “We ’ve reached *tierra firme*, then?”

“Not a bit of it, young master. If the dry land had been near, those fires would n’t be burning among the tree-tops.”

“At all events, we are fortunate in falling in with this curious malocca, suspended between heaven and earth. Are we not so?”

“That depends on who they are that inhabit it. It may be that we ’ve chanced upon a tribe of cannibals.”

“Cannibals! Do you think there are such in the Gapo?”

“There are savages in the Gapo who would torture before killing,—you, more especially, whose skins are white. They remember, with bitterness, what first drove them to make their home in the midst of the water forests,—the white slave-hunters. They have reason to remember it; for the cruel chase is still kept up. If this be a malocca of Muras, the sooner we get away, the safer. They would show you whites no mercy, and less than mercy to me, a red man like themselves. We Mundurucús are their deadliest enemies. Now, you lie still, and listen. Let me hear what they are saying. I know the Mura tongue. If I can catch a word it will be sufficient. Hush!”

Not long had they been listening, when the Indian started, an expression of anxiety suddenly overspreading his features, as his companion could perceive by the faint light of the distant fires.

“As I expected,” said he, “they are Muras. We must be gone, without a moment’s loss of time. It will be as much as we can do to paddle the log out of sight before day breaks. If we don’t succeed in doing so, we are all lost. Once seen, their canoes would be too quick for us. Back, back to the monguba!”

Mayne Reid.

Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY
of
CHARADES,
PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

CHARADES.

No. 13.

SILENT a moment, my *first* you'll be ;
And yet if you imbibe of me,
Freely this German beverage take,
You'll surely soon this silence break ;
And, when my *second* you've been made,
May take your part in masquerade,
And, sporting then a jovial role,
Will thus the more enjoy my *whole*.

R. J. D.

No. 14.

I'LL give you my *first*, the fair Emily
said,
And she lifted her dark, laughing eye ;
Ah, why did she blush as she dropped it
again,
And young Everard smothered a sigh ?
She leaned on the table her lily-white
hand
And never a word did he say,
But he looked what he thought, and he
spoke it ere long,
What game did fair Emily play ?

Ah, why should a morning of business and
care

Ever break on our dreams of delight ?
So young Everard mused as he went on
his way,

And thought of what happened last night ;
Ah, little he recked in his office that morn
Of bills, notes, and discounts to pay !
But poor preparations these visions of
bliss

For my pains-taking *second* to-day.

Now free once again, the youth hurries away
To my *whole* in his desperate haste ;
There is loss, there is gain, and he goes
on his way

The gold on his loved one to waste ;
Ah, little she guessed, as he clasped on
her hand

The diamond that sparkled so bright,
Of the time it had cost him to purchase
the gift

That he gave with a lover's delight.

A. R.

PUZZLE.

No. 12.

In building, my whole you will often see
used ;
Behold me, a reptile I am, I confess ;
Take two letters away, and you'll be
much amused

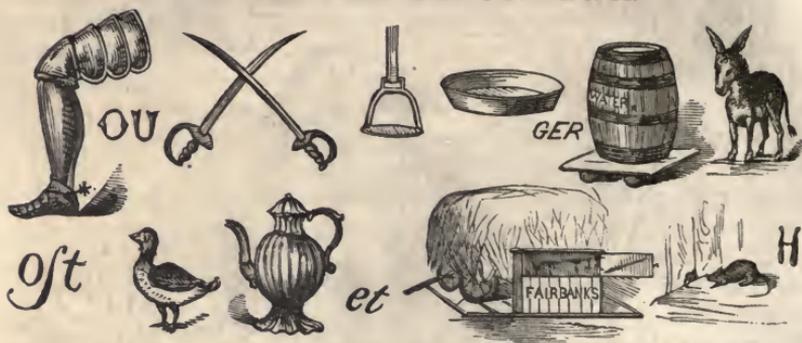
To find the remainder grow large and not
less.

Behold me once more, the result will be
then,

A title that's given to some kinds of men.

A. S.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 22.



W. C. C.

ENIGMAS.

No. 16.

CLASSICAL.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 2, 5, 32, 27, 15, 17, is god of the winds.

My 31, 34, 31, 35, 28, 16, 7, is the first king of Athens.

My 1, 28, 19, 15, 45, is a title of the sun.

My 37, 2, 31, 20, 18, 39, is the goddess of silence.

My 6, 36, 40, 28, 7, is the island where Apollo was born.

My 33, 5, 44, 20, 40, 9, 2, was the wife of Faunus, — a sea-nymph.

My 2, 31, 37, 2, 36, 28, 44, was a famous hunter.

My 2, 4, 39, 31, 1, 44, 22, was a wonderful weaver.

My 3, 1, 22, 23, 30, 15, 42, is a king of Athens.

My 44, 9, 41, 30, is a river in Arabia.

My 16, 11, 28, 45, 30, 35, 16, 43, 44, 34, was the wife of Pluto.

My 36, 15, 16, 1, 10, 2, 8, 12, 42, is a river in Turkey.

My 38, 34, 42, 16, 5, 19, 15, 45, is the evening star.

My 21, 27, 28, 11, 2, is the goddess of flowers.

My 24, 4, 9, 2, 35, 36, 25, 42, is a monstrous giant.

My 20, 5, 17, 13, 2, is the goddess of the domestic hearth.

My 26, 14, 2, 27, 22, 23, is the first Greek astronomer.

My whole is a portion of Scripture.

ANNIE WHITE.

No. 17.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 7, 36, 8, 21, is the goddess of Discord.

My 25, 3, 26, 28, is the principal river of Etruria.

My 30, 8, 32, 16, 18, 20, is a small island in the Ægean Sea, celebrated for artichokes.

My 16, 3, 9, 25, 24, 35, 21, was the founder of the Parthian empire.

My 1, 31, 3, 4, 34, 27, 16, was the goddess of Fortune.

My 10, 16, 18, 30, 8, 21, 9, 5, 9, was a youth who fell in love with the reflection of his own beautiful face in a fountain, and was metamorphosed into the flower which bears his name.

My 12, 11, 17, 5, 21, is the southwest wind.

My 14, 15, 20, 6, 25, 29, 2, 9, is the god of Death.

My 24, 15, 25, 18, 22, 23, is the boatman on the Styx.

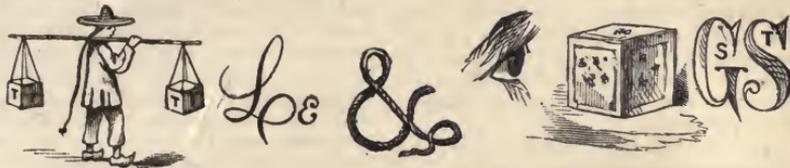
My 16, 33, 34, 20, 13, is a name given by the Romans to some of their bathing-places.

My 19, 3, 31, 21, is the god of Love.

My whole is a passage from an ancient poet.

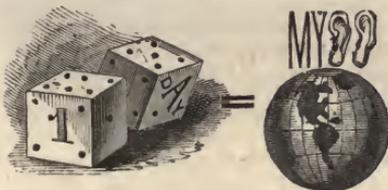
ANNA.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 23.



B. R.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 24.



R. N. B.

ANSWERS.

CHARADES.

- 11. Sea-ward.
- 12. Moon-light.

PUZZLE.

- 11. The letter E.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

- 20. A burnt child dreads the fire. [A b (urn) t c (hill) d (D reads) (thief) (eye) r e].
- 21. It is as well to be walking and be sure, as to ride on a stumbling horse and meet with an accident. [(Eye) t (eye) sa (swell) z (B walking) and (bee) (shoer) as (toe) (ride on a stumbling horse) (hand minus h) (meat) (withe) (an accident).]



A Lady in Ohio writes:—

"My little boy Walter, eight years old, found out, unassisted, the enigma No. 7 in the April number of 'Our Young Folks.' He was so delighted with his success, that he begged me to send his solution to you, as he could not write sufficiently well to do it himself. He has read 'The Tempest,' a portion of 'Oliver Twist,' and the greater part of the Bible, so that he could solve it readily.

"He was so young to have found out an enigma of that kind, that I thought I must gratify him. 'Our Young Folks' is eagerly watched for every month, and it is a source of great pride to him that he is a subscriber (he is one of a club). We have often remarked that the gratification he feels in the reception of any one number of the magazine amply repaid us for the price of the subscription.

"I certainly think it is the best magazine for the young that I have ever seen."

Sylva. No.

A. C. Z. Do not be too critical before you have learned to spell. *Finis* is not "French for Ends," but Latin for *end*.

Scribus. You sent no answer to your Latin enigma, and therefore lost your trouble. You write handsomely

A Subscriber. If you have, as you say, had editorial experience, do you not remember that *anonymus* communications have small weight? The article to which you refer speaks of the past; can you point out any deviation in it from the recognized facts of history? You say justly, "Truth is eternal, sacred, and safe"; if, then, these pages but newly record old and true chronicles, where is the error?

H. W. T. Always direct letters which are meant for the Editors to them, and not to the Publishers.

M. F. sends other answers to Arithmetical Puzzle No. 2, as follows:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 1\frac{1}{2} \\ 2\frac{6}{8} \\ 7 \\ 89 \\ \hline 100 \end{array} \qquad \begin{array}{r} 2\frac{1}{4} \\ 5\frac{5}{8} \\ 89 \\ \hline 100 \end{array}$$

W. S. J. The probable cause of your receiving no answer is that you directed your letter wrongly. Read "A Business Letter" in our last volume, and you will see that communications ought not to go to any Editor *personally*. The rebus you name was printed from the copy supplied by the person whose initials were appended to it. We often have a dozen similar designs for a common proverb; if we use any, we either take the first that was received, or else the best of the number.

From H. G. A. of Cambridge, Mass., we have the following ingenious result of mathematical talent and application, which he calls

A MAGIC SQUARE OF SQUARES.

1	27	14	57	80	67	29	52	42
75	71	58	47	43	33	19	18	5
38	34	51	10	9	23	66	62	76
25	15	2	81	68	55	53	40	30
72	59	73	44	31	48	16	6	20
35	49	39	7	24	11	63	77	64
13	3	26	69	56	79	41	28	54
60	74	70	32	46	45	4	21	17
50	37	36	22	12	8	78	65	61

"The above square," writes our friend, "contains the numbers from 1 to 81 inclusive, and has the following properties:—

1. The sum of any row of nine numbers, vertical, horizontal, or diagonal, is 369.
2. The sum of any nine numbers forming a square, wherever taken, is 369.
3. If the four corner numbers (1, 42, 50, 61), the middle numbers of the four outside rows (80, 72, 20, 12), and the central number (31) be added together, their sum will be 369.
4. The sum of the nine numbers similarly situated in any square formed by twenty-five or forty-nine numbers is 369.

"One or more vertical rows may be transferred from the left to the right, or from the right to the left, or one or more horizontal rows from the top to the bottom, or from the bottom to the top, and the properties of the square be unchanged."

How many of our readers can reproduce this remarkable table for themselves on slate or paper, first studying it well, and then laying it aside while they puzzle over the problem?

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1866.

No. VIII.

THE DAISY'S FIRST WINTER.



OMEWHERE in a garden of this earth, which the dear Lord has planted with many flowers of gladness, grew a fresh, bright little daisy.

The first this little daisy knew, she found herself growing in green pastures and beside the still waters where the Heavenly Shepherd was leading his sheep. And very beautiful did life look to her, as her bright little eyes, with their crimson lashes, opened and looked down into the deep crystal waters of the brook below, where the sunshine made every hour more sparkles, more rings of light, and more brilliant glances and changes of color, than all the jewellers in the world could imitate. She knew intimately all the yellow-birds, and meadow-larks, and bobolinks, and black-birds, that sang, piped, whistled, or chattered among the bushes and trees in the pasture, and she was a prime favorite with them all. The fish that darted to and fro in the waters seemed like so many living gems, and their silent motions, as they glided hither and thither, were full of beauty, and told as plainly of happiness as if they could speak. Multitudes of beautiful flowers grew up in the water, or on the moist edges of the brook. There were green fresh arrow-heads, which in their time gave forth their white blossoms with a little gold ball in the centre of each, and there were the pickerel-weed, with its thick, sharp green leaf, and its sturdy spike of blue

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

blossoms, and the tall meadow-grass, with its graceful green tassels hanging down and making wavy reflections in the water; and there was the silver-weed, whose leaves as they dipped in the brook seemed to be of molten silver, and whose tall heads of fringing white blossoms sent forth a grateful perfume in the air; and there, too, were the pink and white azalias, full of sweetness and beauty, and close along in the green mosses of the banks grew blue and white violets, and blood-root, with its silvery stars of blossom, and the purple hepatica, with its quaint hairy leaves, and the slender wind-flower on its thread-like stem, and the crowfoot, with its dark bronze leaf and its half-shut



flower, looking like the outside of a pink sea-shell. In fact, there is scarcely any saying how many beautiful blooming things grew and flourished in that green pasture where dear little Daisy was so happy as first to open her bright eyes. They did not all blossom at once, but had their graceful changes; but there was always a pleasant flutter of expectation among them,—either a sending forth of leaves, or a making of buds, or a bursting out into blossoms; and when the blossoms passed away, there was a thoughtful, careful maturing of seeds, all packed away so snugly in their little coffers and caskets of seed-

pod, which were of every quaint and dainty shape that ever could be fancied for a lady's jewel-box. Overhead there grew a wide-spreading apple-tree, which in the month of June became a gigantic bouquet, holding up to the sun a million silvery opening flowers, and a million pink-tipped buds; and the little winds would come to play in its branches, and take the pink shells of the blossoms for their tiny air-boats, in which they would go floating round among the flowers, or sail on voyages of discovery down the stream; and when the time of its blossom was gone, the bountiful tree from year to year had matured fruits of golden ripeness which cheered the hearts of men.

Little Daisy's life was only one varied delight from day to day. She had a hundred playmates among the light-winged winds, that came to her every hour to tell her what was going on all over the green pasture, and to bring her sweet perfumed messages from the violets and anemones of even the more distant regions.

There was not a ring of sunlight that danced in the golden network at the bottom of the brook that did not bring a thrill of gladness to her heart; not a tiny fish glided in his crystal paths, or played and frolicked under the water-lily shadows, that was not a well-known friend of hers, and whose pleasures she did not share. At night she held conferences with the dew-drops that stepped about among the flowers in their bright pearl slippers, and washed their leaves and faces before they went to rest. Nice little nurses and dressing-maids these dews! and they kept tender guard all night over the flowers, watching and blinking wakefully to see that all was safe; but when the sun arose, each of them spread a pair of little rainbow wings, and was gone.

To be sure, there were some reverses in her lot. Sometimes a great surly, ill-looking cloud would appear in the sky, like a cross schoolmaster, and sweep up all the sunbeams, and call in a gruff voice to the little winds, her playfellows, to come away from their nonsense; and then he would send a great strong wind down on them, all with a frightful noise, and roar, and sweep all the little flowers flat to the earth; and there would be a great rush and pattering of rain-drops, and bellowing of thunders, and sharp forked lightning would quiver through the air as if the green pastures certainly were to be torn to pieces; but in about half an hour it would be all over,—the sunbeams would all dance out from their hiding-places, just as good as if nothing had happened, and the little winds would come laughing back, and each little flower would lift itself up, and the winds would help them to shake off the wet and plume themselves as jauntily as if nothing had gone amiss. Daisy had the greatest pride and joy in her own pink blossoms, of which there seemed to be an inexhaustible store; for, as fast as one dropped its leaves, another was ready to open its eyes, and there were buds of every size, waiting still to come on, even down to little green cushions of buds that lay hidden away in the middle of the leaves down close to the root. "How favored I am!" said Daisy; "I never stop blossoming. The anemones and the liverwort and the blood-root have their time, but then they stop and have only leaves, while I go on blooming perpetually; how nice it is to be made as I am!"

"But you must remember," said a great rough Burdock to her, — "you must remember that your winter must come at last, when all this fine blossoming will have to be done with."

"What do you mean?" said Daisy, in a tone of pride, eyeing her rough neighbor with a glance of disgust. "You are a rough, ugly old thing, and that's why you are cross. Pretty people like me can afford to be good-natured."

"Ah, well," said Dame Burdock, "you'll see. It's a pretty thing if a young chit just out from seed this year should be impertinent to me, who have seen twenty winters, — yes, and been through them well, too!"

"Tell me, Bobolink," said Daisy, "is there any truth in what this horrid Burdock has been saying? What does she mean by winter?"

"I don't know, — not I," said Bobolink, as he turned a dozen somersets in the air, and then perched himself airily on a thistle-head, singing, —

"I don't know, and I don't care;
It's mighty pleasant to fly up there,
And it's mighty pleasant to light down here,
And all I know is chip, chip, cheer."

"Say, Humming-bird, do you know anything about winter?"

"Winter? I never saw one," said Humming-bird; "we have wings, and follow Summer round the world, and where she is, there go we."

"Meadow-Lark, Meadow-Lark, have you ever heard of winter?" said Daisy.

Meadow-Lark was sure he never remembered one. "What is winter?" he said, looking confused.

"Butterfly, Butterfly," said Daisy, "come, tell me, will there be winter, and what is winter?"

But the Butterfly laughed, and danced up and down, and said, "What is Daisy talking about? I never heard of winter? Winter? ha! ha! What is it?"

"Then it's only one of Burdock's spiteful sayings," said Daisy. "Just because she is n't pretty, she wants to spoil my pleasure, too. Say, dear lovely tree that shades me so sweetly, is there such a thing as winter?"

And the tree said, with a sigh through its leaves, "Yes, daughter, there will be winter; but fear not, for the Good Shepherd makes both summer and winter, and each is good in its time. Enjoy thy summer and fear not."

The months rolled by. The violets had long ago stopped blooming, their leaves were turning yellow, but they had beautiful green seed-caskets, full of rows of little pearls, which next year should come up in blue violets. The dog-toothed violet and the eye-bright had gone under ground, so that no more was seen of them, and Daisy wondered whither they could be gone. But she had new acquaintances far more brilliant, and she forgot the others. The brook-side seemed all on fire with golden-rod, and the bright yellow was relieved by the rich purple tints of the asters, while the blue fringed gentian held up its cups, that seemed as if they might have been cut out of the sky, — and still Daisy had abundance of leaves and blossoms, and felt strong

and well at the root. Then the apple-tree cast down to the ground its fragrant burden of golden apples, and men came and carried them away.

By and by there came keen, cutting winds, and driving storms of sleet and hail; and then at night it would be so cold, so cold! and one after another the leaves and flowers fell stiff and frozen, and grew black, and turned to decay. The leaves loosened and fell from the apple-tree, and sailed away by thousands down the brook; the butterflies lay dead with the flowers, but all the birds had gone singing away to the sunny south, following the summer into other lands.

"Tell me, dear tree," said Daisy, "is this winter that is coming?"

"It is winter, darling," said the tree; "but fear not. The Good Shepherd makes winter as well as summer."

"I still hold my blossoms," said Daisy, — for Daisy was a hardy little thing.

But the frosts came harder and harder every night, and first they froze her blossoms, and then they froze her leaves, and finally all, all were gone, — there was nothing left but the poor little root, with the folded leaves of the future held in its bosom.

"Ah, dear tree!" said Daisy, "is not this dreadful?"

"Be patient, darling," said the tree. "I have seen many, many winters; but the Good Shepherd loses never a seed, never a root, never a flower: they will all come again."

By and by came colder days and colder, and the brook froze to its little heart and stopped; and then there came bitter, driving storms, and the snow lay wreathed over Daisy's head; but still from the bare branches of the apple-tree came a voice of cheer. "Courage, darling, and patience! Not a flower shall be lost: winter is only for a season."

"It is so dreary!" murmured Daisy, deep in her bosom.

"It will be short: the spring will come again," said the tree.

And at last the spring did come; and the snow melted and ran away down the brook, and the sun shone out warm, and fresh green leaves jumped and sprang out of every dry twig of the apple-tree. And one bright, rejoicing day, little Daisy opened her eyes, and lo! there were all her friends once more; — there were the eye-brights and the violets and the anemones and the liverwort, — only ever so many more of them than there were last year, because each little pearl of a seed had been nursed and moistened by the snows of winter, and had come up as a little plant to have its own flowers. The birds all came back, and began building their nests, and everything was brighter and fairer than before; and Daisy felt strong at heart, because she had been through a winter, and learned not to fear it. She looked up into the apple-tree. "Will there be more winters, dear tree?" she said.

"Darling, there will; but fear not. Enjoy the present hour, and leave future winters to Him who makes them. Thou hast come through these sad hours, because the Shepherd remembered thee. He loseth never a flower out of his pasture, but calleth them all by name: and the snow will never drive so cold, or the wind beat so hard, as to hurt one of his flowers. And

look ! of all the flowers of last year, what one is melted away in the snow, or forgotten in the number of green things ? Every blade of grass is counted, and 'puts up its little head in the right time ; so never fear, Daisy, for thou shalt blossom stronger and brighter for the winter."

"But why must there be winter ?" said Daisy.

"I never ask why," said the tree. "My business is to blossom and bear apples. Summer comes, and I am joyful ; winter comes, and I am patient. But, darling, there is another garden where thou and I shall be transplanted one day, where there shall be winter no more. There is coming a new earth ; and not one flower or leaf of these green pastures shall be wanting there, but come as surely as last year's flowers come back this spring !"

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



J A M I E.

DEAR LITTLE YOUNGEST FOLKS : —

I want to tell you about Jamie, because I like to talk about him ; and so I hope you will like to hear about him. He is a little round-cheeked darling, — as brown as a berry, as sweet as a peach, and as bright as a buttercup, just like you ; and he is three years old. He was not always so old as that ; but when he once began to grow he kept at it, and he gets older and older every day, and his dear little frocks begin to fall off his shoulders, and his dear little trousers begin to button round his legs, and his dear little brain is getting full of kinks, and we are beginning not to have any little boy at all ; and what we shall do without him when he is grown up, I am sure I do not know. It puzzles him quite as much as it puzzles us. He cannot think where little Jamie has gone to, now that he has grown so big a boy. "Is that little boy in me ?" he asks, feeling of his arms and legs. But he never can find that little boy ; and we never can find him again, until we can fly off to some far-away star, and look for him.

One day he was talking with his mother about the time when she was a little girl, and he asked, "Was I made then ?"

"No, Jamie," she said, "I was made first."

"Well, mamma, when you were made, did you look and see any little skin and bones and hair to make me of ?"

One day a friend sent him two cards with little birds painted on them, and they were his special delight. His mamma put them in her album, and Jamie would look at them, and clasp his hands, and exclaim earnestly, "Ain't they beautiful ?" Presently he went to the desk, and wrote all over a piece of paper, in his way, — which is quite your way, though not mine, — and then he sat down in his chair and read it to his mamma. She took him in her lap and let him print a part of it in real letters, and here it is. His mamma told him how to spell the words ; but he did all the rest himself.

“DEAR A.:—

“I think you real good to send me a pair of birds.

“JAMIE.”

When he wrote his own way, and read it to us, he wrote much more than that. One sentence I remember was, “I want you to prepare to send me another pair of birds.” But when he had to print it, so that we could read it, he soon got tired, and so wrote, as you see, a very short letter. In spelling, he is sure as far as he goes, which is not a great way. He can spell *ox* and *boy* and *cow*. He could spell *Abby* till he stumbled on *baby*, and now he mixes them together, and cannot tell which is which. He likes pictures very much, and makes a good many on his slate. His papa takes Harper’s



Weekly newspaper for his especial use, and we think we shall soon have to subscribe for Our Young Folks. Some of the stories he has had read to him so often that he knows them by heart, and goes about his play saying them to himself.

He has taken a new turn lately. He begged his mamma to give him a piece of red cloth to make a bag for Baddy to put pretty stones in. He sewed on it two or three times, and then his mamma laid it aside in hopes he would forget it; but he found it, and came to her to thread his needle “to sew a nice string on Baddy’s bag.” She was busy, and could not stop then; so he tried, and tried, and at length threaded it himself! Just think of it! Three years old, and a boy at that! Then he sewed on a button,—I wish you could see it,—and made a button-hole,—I wish you could see

that too ; and there it was, all finished, — just the nicest little bag I ever saw in my life ; for every time I look at it I see the dearest little dimpled fingers — just like yours — fumbling all over it.

Christmas was a very great wonder to him. Santa Claus puzzled him. He had been wanting a little tin tea-set a long while, and some one told him to hang up his stocking, and perhaps Santa Claus would put one in. Then he asked very earnestly if the things would n't scratch his legs ! Why, you see, the little gosling thought he should have to wear the tea-set in his stockings. Finally, some one gave him the tin tea-set before Christmas ; but he was so sure it must go in his stocking, that one day his mamma found the stocking taken off and hung on the what-not, as high as he could reach, with the tea-set in it. When Christmas came at last, he found his little stocking really full. There was a ball, and a wagon, and there were ever so many sugar-plums ; and he loaded the sugar-plums into his wagon, and was very happy, but full of curiosity to know where Santa Claus was. Finally, there was a book that told all about Santa Claus, and had pictures of him going down the chimneys, and driving about in his little sleigh loaded with toys ; and Jamie took the picture to his mamma at once, to know where the *claws* were. She read the story to him many times before he was satisfied ; and in about a week he could say the whole of it himself. This is one of the lines : —

“As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly.”

It is a pretty hard line is n't it ? Jamie found it so ; but, hard as it was, he got hold of it, and would not let it go. Now you ought to hear him read this book of his. He kneels down before a chair, and opens the book, and begins, —

“T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.”

And when his tiny tongue has clattered down to what he thinks ought to be the bottom of the page, he asks, “Time to turn over, mamma ?” and over goes the leaf, and down he clatters through another page.

I have ever so much more to tell you about Jamie, but I am afraid you will be tired. If it were a monkey or a squirrel, I should know you would like it ; but I don't suppose monkeys care much about monkeys. In fact, I don't suppose a monkey knows he is a monkey. So I suppose you dear little snips do not know what dear little snips you are. But I know, little snips, and sugar-plums, and peach-blossoms, and honey-dew, — that is what you are, and you cannot help yourselves !

Gail Hamilton.



HAL'S BIRTHDAY.

FOUR years old when the blackberries come !
After the roses have bloomed and gone,
And you only hear the wild-bee's hum
In the bough that the robin sang upon.

Columbines will not nod from the rock,
Nor blue-eyed violets hide in the grass,
Nor the wind with the sweet-breathed clover talk,
When Kitty and I down the meadow pass.

But she will run after me, all the same,
With her spotted back and her frisky tail,
And will stop and look when I call her name,
Or spring at my curls from the high fence-rail.

Cherries and strawberries, you may go ;
We shall not fret about you, the least,
Out where the plump, sweet blackberries grow, —
Kitty and I, at my birthday feast.

If there 's a grasshopper left in sight,
Or a locust spinning his long, dry tune,
They are the guests that we will invite
To eat with us in the shade at noon.

Overhead will the sky be blue,
And the grass we tread will be short and green,
And a late field-daisy — one or two —
Will, may be, among the vines be seen.

And perhaps, perhaps I shall go to the wood
Where the pines bend down to the feathery ferns,
And the cardinal-flowers blossom red as blood,
And the moss to gold in the sunshine turns.

And there I shall gather my basket full
Of fragrant clethra as white as snow,
And partridge-berries and club-moss pull,
And play by the pond where the lilies grow.

Mother, and all of us, Kitty too,
Will eat our supper under the trees,
Before it is time for the sunset-dew ;
Then loiter homeward, slow as we please, —

Watching the squirrels peep from the wall,
 Mocking the whistle of scared chewink,
 Hearing the cows for the milkers call ;—
 Pleasant our walk will be, I think.

Months of summer will soon pass by ;
 Time slips along, who is thinking how ?
 Darling Kitty, not you, nor I ;
 But don't you wish it was August now ?

Lucy Larcom.



THE FLOWER-FAIRIES.

LITTLE Ruth sat sewing beside her mother. It was an autumn afternoon, and the woodbine climbing round the window at which they sat had turned from its summer green to a deep crimson. The scarlet creeper flung its gay tassels down from among the orange-colored maple-leaves. Apples, peaches, golden-rods, and asters, — purple hills, blue sky and river, — all added brightness to the landscape.

Little Ruth, therefore, looked out of the window more than she sewed ; and not paying much attention to the apron she was making, she knotted her thread and lost her needles, until at last her mother said, — “Now Ruth, you must n't waste any more needles and thread ; those you have lost might have helped some poor woman to make dresses for her little children, or have been used for the brave soldiers who, fighting for their country, need warm shirts and drawers this winter. Look at the birds, — they use up all the sticks and straws for their nests ; the ants build their houses out of grains of sand ; fruits grow to be eaten, flowers to be enjoyed ; there is no waste in that beautiful Nature at which you look so much from the window.”

“Well, I would n't waste either, mamma, if it was n't for all those bright colors out of doors. I was just wondering if the angels had n't been using their paint-boxes this fall. But I guess you've made a mistake about Nature's not wasting anything, mamma. What becomes of the shooting-stars that look as if some one threw them into the air like fireworks ? What becomes of the flowers that die, — the leaves that blow down ? Ah, mamma, see how much Nature throws away after all.” And Ruth's puzzled look was changed to one of merry confidence, as she looked up in her mother's face.

Before her mother could answer her, she was called away to speak to some one, and Ruth, having finished her hem, began to fold up her work that she might go out to play.

“Where shall I play, mamma ?” she asked, as she tied on her hat and ran down stairs.

“O, run to the orchard, Ruthie, and fill your basket with the yellow and

red apples lying under the trees, that papa may have some to eat this evening. Then you may go where you like."

So Ruth ran into the pantry, and, climbing a chair which she had pushed along the floor, unfastened her basket from the nail where it hung, and ran through the front-yard, out into the shady lane leading to the orchard.

She saw many of her favorite play-grounds on the way; the rocks covered with bits of china, in the field on one side, were her houses where she sometimes gave dinner-parties to little girls in the neighborhood; and under one of the apple-trees in the orchard was a slender stream of water, on which she often sailed the boats her brother carved for her. Beyond the orchard was a dense wood, where the trees grew close together. Now they were no longer gloomy in their solitude, for the leaves were bright with many colors, and the sunshine poured in, making a golden border round the forest.

Opposite this wood Ruth sat down at last, tired with gathering her apples. She wondered what was farther on in the woods where sunlight could not penetrate; and at length, tempted by her curiosity, crept under the fence, and went to see.

Hundreds of insects were flying about, and large, gay-winged butterflies fluttered over the flowers. As they brushed against her face with heavy, dew-laden wings, she was half afraid to go on, and would I am sure have turned back, had she not seen a bright spot deeper in the wood. Brighter and brighter it drew her on, till she could plainly see it was a star, not in the sky, but shining low down in the many-colored canopy of the foliage. The farther she went, the clearer grew this wonderful light. Others started up around it,—sweet perfumes filled the air. She was no longer lonely, for the butterflies flew gently up to her, and she saw tiny figures sitting on their backs, and others with blades of grass tied round the necks of robins; blue-birds and golden orioles were also flying about in mid-air, while some sailed on the silver backs of fishes, or floated in shells upon the water near her feet.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed, as many fairy palaces met her view. "I must be in Fairy-land."

"Yes," replied a low voice; and, looking down, she saw a lady about four inches tall, dressed in white, with wreaths of green moss around her head and waist, and streamers of grass, soft and smooth as satin ribbon. "I am the Queen of Fairy-land. A moss-rose died last summer in your garden. You thought its sweet smell and lovely face were gone forever; but Nature never wastes. Flowers that die on earth are born into fairy-land, and are no longer flowers, but fairies."

"And that star, is it the one papa pointed out to me shooting through the sky?" asked Ruth eagerly, while recognizing in astonishment her mother's words.

"The very same," said Rosa Moss; "it shot out of your world into ours, and became fixed to give us light."

"What do you have to do here?" asked Ruth, looking around her with delight. "O, I know,—you sail, and fly, and ride, and never, *never* sew. Let me stay with you."

"Very well," answered Rosa, in her sweet voice, "if you will be good and obedient you shall try it for a few days; then, if you still like it, you will be turned from Ruth Jones into a fairy, the likeness of any flower you choose."

"O let me be a peony, they are so big and red!" cried Ruth.

"Wait and see how you would like to be a sister to Peony Blossom, who is the only one of that family here," answered Rosa; "and let me tell you, we don't play all day. We have to collect flower petals from which to make our dresses. Miss Pink Blossom does all our pinking and trimming. Miss Nasturtion makes our pickles; she is a little deaf, and carries a trumpet you see; still I find it difficult sometimes to make her hear. The young maiden called Lily, who lives in the valley, rings the chime of bells for every service; she welcomes the birth of each new fairy, and also tolls the death of every flower. We call her our nun, for she loves the cloister shade of broad green leaves, and her sweet, saintly face is always pale. The Snap-dragon is our policeman. You see each has something to do, to add to the good of all. There go the Pond-Lily sisters who fill their white cups every morning with water for us to bathe in. There, — Mrs. Peony Blossom is coming this way; I'll introduce you."



Just then half a horse-chestnut with damask-rose-leaf lining, mounted on four ivy-berry wheels, and with four shining beetles for horses, came driving up. Mrs. Peony leaned back in the carriage and kept fanning her red face with a fly's wing. She stopped at sight of the Queen, however, and, gathering up her crimson satin dress, jumped from the carriage.

"This *little girl*, as she would be called in the world where she has always lived, is anxious to become a fairy, and she thinks she would like to be your

sister," said Rosa Moss. "Take her home, if you please, and teach her all you have to do."

"She is so big," answered Mrs. Peony, "that I cannot show her the attention I should wish, my dear Queen. I could only carry her little toe home in my carriage, and should she put her foot in my house, all its rich furniture would be spoiled."

"She will be reduced to a proper size, should she ever really make one of your family," answered the Queen. "As it is, you cannot take her in your carriage, so I will show her the way to your house on foot."

To this Mrs. Peony only replied by a respectful bow, as in obedience to the Queen she re-entered her carriage and drove off.

"How do you like your future sister?" asked Rosa of Ruth.

She answered, rather discontentedly, "Why, not quite so well as a fairy as I did as a flower. Can't I be a Sweet-Pea or a Mignonette fairy, and always have something smelling sweet on my handkerchief?"

"No," replied the Queen; "I don't know how it may be with little girls, but fairies are never suffered to change their minds so soon. You wanted to be a peony, and now you want to be something else, because Mrs. Peony's appearance does n't suit you. Until you have tried her kind of life, you cannot decide whether to be like her."

"Whose house is that?" interrupted Ruth, who was too curious to pay much attention to the fairy's wise counsels; and I don't so much wonder, for I know, if you and I had been there, we should have been amazed too, had we seen little sliding-doors open in the trunk of each tree, and the most perfect rooms exhibited within.

"Miss Morning-glory lives there," answered Rosa, "and I would take you in, but it is already noon, and you see she is lying all worn-out and pale on her sofa. She is very bright directly after breakfast, but never good for much later in the day."

"O tell me, who is that?" questioned Ruth, as she saw the bright fairy face of one who was cradled in an immense burdock-leaf, lying with her yellow-fringed dress like a spot of sunshine on it.

"O, that is our blessed Dandelion. What we should do without the gay little child I cannot tell. You know the flower for which she is named comes when we are almost unable to bear longer the cold of winter, or the chill of early spring; and so, when matters get the worst in fairy-land, when we are tired or unhappy, then the Dandelion's sunny face appears, to make us see the bright side of things."

By this time they had reached Mrs. Peony's house, and found her with flushed face, resting on a couch of real forest velvet after her rapid drive, and covered with an orange-colored maple-leaf for an afghan. She rose at once, however, to do honor to her Queen, and Miss Pitcher-plant, who was visiting her, left the room for some of the honey which Miss Honeysuckle distilled in her long red jars.

Ruth sat like a giantess, encamped without the walls of her destined home, and could scarcely form an idea of their drink from the tiny drop which was presented to her.

The Queen did not stay long, but Mrs. Peony insisted upon detaining Miss Pitcher-plant; for she had fewer visitors even of bees and butterflies than any of her neighbors, and she did not seem to care to make a companion of Ruth. At last, however, they were left alone, and she said, "The Queen wished you to see how I live, and you will find me more sensible than that gay Miss Pea, with her delicate muslins, and hat trimmed with pink and white ribbons. She lives in the bird's nest above, and only, I believe, because she can be serenaded, and have a gay time up there. Every day, when she climbs to her house, my room is filled with the fragrance she always carries, and the noise of the beaux who are always following her. They call her Sweet Pea; but I can't, for the life of me, see why people are so taken with her."

"What a cross fairy," thought Ruth; still she said nothing to offend Mrs. Peony, but looked up with curiosity at the nest, half hidden by the green leaves, and at the tiny fairy, who was just leaving her home, and gliding down the spiral staircase of woodbine which twined around the tree.

"Good morning," rang out from the silvery voice, as with a sweet smile she caught sight of Ruth. "I hear you mean to live with Mrs. Peony. I shall come, when you get fairly settled, to see you. Do, pray, persuade her to have something beside dark red hangings in her house. The nuts near me are almost ripe, and I will send her one by William";—and the fairy passed on.

"Who is William, I wonder?" said Ruth, aloud.

"I suppose she means her Sweet William, as she has the impudence to call him," grumbled Mrs. Peony. "He has been brought up with one of our belles who dresses in blue, and I dare say he likes her better. Don't be worrying about her beaux, though," continued Mrs. Peony, "but put those great fingers of yours down on the ground, that I may get over this gully without the help of my horses."

So Ruth did as she was told, and followed Mrs. Peony to the water. Its edge was red with checkerberries. "Roll three of them home for tea as quick as you can," said she to Ruth. "I suppose we shall be able to dispose of as many with your great appetite; besides, I make a jam out of these; and as everybody has to do something for the Queen, I find it the easiest thing I can do to send it to her, and she uses it herself, and gives it away to the fairies. All the other time, I have for rest or making my satin dresses. You had better be my sister, if you want to enjoy yourself. Miss Pea, for all she dresses so airily and seems so gay, is forever in sick rooms. She and that plain Mignonette fairy are sisters of charity among us; but Miss Pea says sick people like her all the better because she looks pretty, and won't wear a dull dress or poke bonnet. There she goes now over the bridge on some such errand, I dare say."

Ruth watched the fairy stepping across the silver net-work which hung above a miniature Niagara, that she could easily have spanned with a single step, and, longing to follow her, caught up a handful of berries, not heeding Mrs. Peony's remark, that "the bridge was built by the Queen's gate-keeper,"

and flew home, almost treading on some of the fairies who were blowing about in the long grass like the flowers they represented.

She threw the berries in a heap in the middle of the room, and, turning round, ran after the Sweet-Pea fairy, who suited her fancy better than any other. Overtaking her, she found she had been joined by a gay little troop who, jumping on the backs of birds and butterflies, soon vanished from her sight. She attempted to follow, but her limbs refused to move, and she saw the golden gate of the Queen's palace before her. A spider, whom she knew at once as the builder of the suspension bridge, was drawing ropes across it, to lock it up for the night. He stopped his work to look at her, and the fairy Queen spoke in a moment, making the spider coil up his ropes again and admit Ruth to court, which was illuminated every evening by the glow of the fire-flies.

"I have done what Mrs. Peony desired; now I want to join Miss Pea and some other fairies who have gone off for a ride. I don't want to be a Peony, beautiful Queen," exclaimed Ruth.

"You are more unreasonable as a mortal than you will be as a fairy, so I will turn you into a Pea sister at once."

The Queen's soft garments floated across Ruth's face gently as a kiss, as she spoke; and, feeling herself tremble all over, she seemed to shake off the wrappings which enfolded her, and beheld in the golden gate the reflection of another fairy figure beside the Queen's. At the same moment, the sweet, low chime of bells, and a delicious perfume were brought to them by a breath of wind.

"Lily is ringing the bells, and preparing incense for vespers. We meet every evening to welcome any new fairies who may come to us."

"Am I dead?" asked Ruth, as we must still call her, in alarm. "You say the flowers die when they become fairies."

"Yes, but little girls do not," said the Queen. "You ceased to have any interest in your other life. You forgot father and mother and home in the delights of our land. Your great, clumsy self could hardly hold the fairy which I set free."

They were floating along with the motion of wind-driven flowers as they were talking; and, by the moonbeams, Ruth saw the fairies collecting from all quarters, and joining them. From the low, damp meadow-lands a troop of slender, blue-eyed fairies started up. They had a sweet, sad expression, and as she was wondering if she could never go home again, and half afraid to ask the Queen who had just yielded to her prayer to be a fairy, they pressed more closely around her, separating her at length from the Queen, about whom maids of honor in gayly-striped dresses, called the Lady Tulips, took their places. Their motion was so rapid that Ruthie, unused to fairy travels, closed her eyes, and leaned faint and breathless upon the shoulders of the blue-eyed train surrounding her. They stopped, and she saw a shady dell enclosed by vines whose broad leaves were silvered by the moonlight. The fairies formed a circle, in the centre of which was their Queen, and directly behind her, touching from time to time the tall stalk of a lily of the

valley, which vibrated music at every motion, was the delicately beautiful fairy called Lily. The circle was complete ; but it opened to admit Ruth and her attendants, and she saw beside her another group still, gathered about a fairy as enchanting as any she had yet seen. She was dressed in a yellow skirt, with purple velvet bodice, and had an earnest expression in her large, dark eyes. Before Ruth, she was presented to the Queen, and welcomed to fairy-land, while the lily-bells bowed beneath their weight of sound and perfume, and musically liquid rang out an accompaniment to the fairy voices which sang : —

“ Welcome, Heart’s-ease !
 Thou couldst not cease
 To bloom somewhere, —
 Though a dead flower,
 Now thou art our
 Own sister fair.
 Rich is the beauty, pure the soul,
 Gracious Rose Queen, you here control.”

Then the Queen bent her soft, fair face until it touched that of Heart’s-ease, whose long lashes veiled the purple beauty of her eyes ; while the Lily again touched the bells, and Ruth found herself before the Queen, and the tiny choir sang : —

“ This lovely flower-fairy
 A mortal has been.
 O, may she be merry
 Our borders within !
 Sweet, sad-eyed Forget-me-nots,
 You with her the while
 Must learn we remember
 Only to smile.”

Then Ruth recognized the fairies supporting her, and, looking again at their lovely faces, heard the Queen’s clear voice, in response to the choir, singing : —

“ Sweet flower-fairies, when you ’re kind
 And good, your fragrance fills the air.
 This Sweet Pea and this Heart’s-ease bind
 Into your garland fair ;
 And let me have their sweet perfume
 To fill my tiny palace room.”

Then the circle was broken, and the fairies clustered together like little bouquets, and the Queen seemed to be giving her orders, and sending groups of them away on one errand or another. When Ruth saw her Pea sister mounting, she lost no time in following her example, but pulled up a long ribbon of grass, and, throwing it over a robin’s neck, flew after the party. To her surprise she only overtook them at her mother’s door. They did not see her, and disappeared within, before she could make them hear. She dismounted therefore, and, creeping through the crack of the door, stood in despair before the long flight of stairs. “ How did they get up ? ” she cried, for no traces of the other fairies were to be seen. Fortunately, she caught sight of a thread from one of her mother’s spools, dropped in the hall,

and swung herself up to the landing. Here was great hurrying to and fro, — nurses with bottles, grave-looking doctors, and her father seeming so stern and sad that even Ruth was afraid of him. Inside the room, her mother lay, very sick, moaning and tossing with pain. The troop of fairies Ruth saw climbing the bed. Nobody noticed them apparently; but the scene changed very soon after they took possession of the pillow.

One, gayly dressed, sat on her mother's eyelids, and soon she slept sweetly. Another brushed with fresh, healthy odor across her nostrils, dispelling all the stifling smells of the sick-room.

"Can I not help her too?" little Ruth asked herself, and she pressed closely to her mother's face, feeling so sad that she could not make her heed her presence. Nobody noticed, only one nurse said the poppy was making her mother feel better, and Ruth knew she meant the fairy pressing down her eyes.

"Ah," added the nurse, "she will wake up soon, and if her little daughter could only be found, I am sure she would get well."

Through the long night, Ruth sat there, filled with sorrow that she could not be changed into her old self, — her mother's little girl; yet too anxious to see her mother's eyes open again, to go and ask the Fairy Queen to do it for her.

Hour after hour passed; the morning light stole into the room. Her mother at last looked up. "Now we must go," whispered the fairies; but Ruth lingered to see her mother smile sweetly at a vase of flowers by her bedside, exclaiming, "How beautiful! have they been keeping watch by me all night?"

Then she flew straight to the palace, and, breathless with haste, brushed past the grim spider porter, and entered the cool, marble grotto, where the Rose Queen held her bower.

"Make me a little girl, — make me my mother's Ruthie again," she cried, as she knelt before the Queen, "and I will never complain of any work I may have to do. I see that what my mother said was true, 'Nature never wastes'; she uses up all her odds and ends in fairy-land; but pray don't, beautiful Rosa Queen, use up all the little girls too."

"No," answered the Queen gently, with a laugh musical as the fall of a crystal drop upon the rock beneath their feet. "I think you will be happier in the home in which you were born, and I will gladly return you to it, and to your mother."

"I, for one, am rejoiced: the great, clumsy creature fairly filled up my house with berries. I don't want such a sister as she would be," Ruthie heard Mrs. Peony say gruffly, as she hastened to pick up her basket of apples, and hurry home, to find father and mother happy enough at her return, as you may well believe.

M. L. S.



THE COW-BOY'S SONG.

“MOOLY cow, mooly cow, home from the wood
 They sent me to fetch you as fast as I could.
 The sun has gone down : it is time to go home.
 Mooly cow, mooly cow, why don't you come ?
 Your udders are full, and the milkmaid is there,
 And the children all waiting their supper to share.
 I have let the long bars down, — why don't you pass through ?”
 The mooly cow only said, “Moo-o-o !”

“Mooly cow, mooly cow, have you not been
 Regaling all day where the pastures are green ?
 No doubt it was pleasant, dear mooly, to see
 The clear running brook and the wide-spreading tree,
 The clover to crop, and the streamlet to wade,
 To drink the cool water and lie in the shade ;
 But now it is night : they are waiting for you.”
 The mooly cow only said, “Moo-o-o !”

“Mooly cow, mooly cow, where do you go,
 When all the green pastures are covered with snow ?

You go to the barn, and we feed you with hay,
And the maid goes to milk you there, every day;
She pats you, she loves you, she strokes your sleek hide,
She speaks to you kindly, and sits by your side:
Then come along home, pretty mooly cow, do."

The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Mooly cow, mooly cow, whisking your tail,
The milkmaid is waiting, I say, with her pail;
She tucks up her petticoats, tidy and neat,
And places the three-legged stool for her seat:—
What can you be staring at, mooly? You know
That we ought to have gone home an hour ago.
How dark it is growing! O, what shall I do?"

The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

Mrs. Anna M. Wells.



A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

VIII.

IT was a glorious July morning, and there was nothing particular on foot. In the afternoon, there would be drives and walks, perhaps; for some hours, now, there would be intensifying heat. The sun had burned away every cloud that had hung rosy about his rising, and the great gray flanks of Washington glared in a pale scorch close up under the sky, whose blue faded in the flooding presence of the full white light of such unblunted day. Here and there, adown his sides, something flashed out in a clear, intense dazzle, like an enormous crystal cropping from the granite, and blazing with reflected splendor. These were the leaps of water from out dark rifts into the sun.

"Everybody will be in the pines to-day," said Martha Josselyn. "I think it is better when they all go off and leave us."

"We can go up under our rock," said Sue, putting stockings and mending cotton into a large, light basket. "Have you got the chess-board? What *should* we do without our mending-day?"

These two girls had bought new stockings for all the little feet at home, that the weekly darning might be less for the mother while they were away; and had come with their own patiently-cared-for old hose, "which they should have nothing else to do but to embroider."

They had made a sort of holiday, in their fashion, of mending-day at home, till it had come to seem like a positive treat and rest; and the habit was so strong upon them that they hailed it even here. They always got out their

little chess-board, when they sat down to the big basket together. They could darn, and consider, and move, and darn again; and so could keep it up all day long, as else even they would have found it nearly intolerable to do. So, though they seemed slower at it, they really in the end saved time. Thursday night saw the tedious work all done, and the basket piled with neatly folded pairs, like a heap of fine white rolls. This was a great thing, and "enough for one day," as Mrs. Josselyn said. It was disastrous if they once began to lie over. If they could be disposed of between sun and sun, the girls were welcome to any play they could get out of it.

"There they go, those two together. Always to the pines, and always with a work-basket," said Leslie Goldthwaite, sitting on the piazza step at the Green Cottage, by Mrs. Linceford's feet, the latter lady occupying a Shaker rocking-chair behind. "What nice girls they seem to be, — and nobody appears to know them much, beyond a 'good morning!'"

"Henny-penny, Goosie-poose, Turkey-lurky, Ducky-daddles, and Chicken Little!" said Mrs. Linceford, counting up from thumb to little finger. "Dakie Thayne and Miss Craydocke, Marmaduke Wharne and these two, — they just make it out," she continued, counting back again. "Whatever you do, Les, don't make up to Fox Lox at last, for all our sakes!"

Out came Dakie Thayne, at this point, upon them, with his hands full. "Miss Leslie, *could* you head these needles for me with black wax? I want them for my butterflies, and I've made *such* a daub and scald of it! I've blistered three fingers, and put lop-sided heads to two miserable pins, and left no end of wax splutters on my table. I have n't but two sticks more, and the deacon don't keep any; I must try to get a dozen pins out of it, at least." He had his sealing-wax and a lighted "homespun candle," as Leslie called the dips of Mrs. Green's manufacture, in one hand, and a pincushion stuck full of needles waiting for tops, in the other.

"I told you so," said Mrs. Linceford to Leslie. "That's it, then?" she asked of Dakie Thayne.

"What, ma'am?"

"Butterflies. I knew you'd some hobby or other, — I said so. I'm glad it's no worse," she answered, in her pleasant, smiling way. Dakie Thayne had a great liking for Mrs. Linceford, but he adored Leslie Goldthwaite.

"I'd like to show them to you, if you'd care," he said. "I've got some splendid ones. One great Turnus, that I brought with me in the chrysalis, that hatched out while I was at Jefferson. I rolled it up in a paper for the journey, and fastened it in the crown of my hat. I've had it ever since last fall. The asterias worms are spinning now, — the early ones. They're out on the carrot-tops in shoals. I'm feeding up a dozen of 'em in a box. They're very handsome, — bright green with black and yellow spots, — and it's the queerest thing to see them stiffen out and change."

"Can you? Do they do it all at once?" asked Etty Thoresby, slipping into the rocking-chair, as Mrs. Linceford, by whom she had come and placed herself within the last minute, rose and went in to follow her laundress, just then going up the stairs with her basket.

"Pretty much. It seems so. The first thing you know they stick themselves up by their tails, and spin a noose to hang back their heads in, and there they are, like a pappoose in a basket. Then their skin turns a queer, dead, ashy color, and grows somehow straight and tight, and they only squirm a little in a feeble way now and then, and grow stiffer and stiffer, till they can't squirm at all, and then they're mummies, and that's the end of it till the butterflies are born. It's a strange thing to see a live creature go into its own shroud, and hang itself up to turn into a corpse. Sometimes a live one, crawling round to find a place for itself, will touch a mummy accidentally; and then, when they're not quite gone, I've seen 'em give an odd little quiver, under the shell, as if they were almost at peace, and did n't want to be intruded on, or called back to earthly things, and the new-comer takes the hint, and respects privacy, and moves himself off to find quarters somewhere else. Miss Leslie, how splendidly you're doing those! What's the difference, I wonder, between girls' fingers and boys'? I could n't make those atoms of balls so round and perfect, 'if I died and suffered,' as Mrs. Hoskins says."

"It's only centrifugal force," said Leslie, spinning round between her finger and thumb a needle to whose head she had just touched a globule of the bright black wax. The world and a pin-head, — both made on the same principle."

The Haddens and Imogen Thoresby strolled along together, and added themselves to the group.

"Let's go over to the hotel, Leslie. We've seen nothing of the girls since just after breakfast. They must be up in the hall, arranging about the tableaux."

"I'll come by and by, if you want me; don't wait. I'm going to finish these — properly"; and she dipped and twirled another needle with dainty precision, in the pause between her words.

"Have you got a lot of brothers at home, Miss Leslie?" asked Dakie Thayne.

"Two," replied Leslie. "Not at home, though, now. One at Exeter, and the other at Cambridge. Why?"

"I was thinking it would be bad — what do you call it? — political economy or something, if you had n't any, that's all."

"Mamma wants you," said Ginevra Thoresby, looking out at the door to call her sisters. "She's in the Haughtleys' room. They're talking about the wagon for Minster Rock to-night. What *do* you take up your time with that boy for?" she added, not inaudibly, as she and Imogen turned away together.

"O dear!" cried blunt Etty, lingering, "I wonder if she meant me. I want to hear about the caterpillars. Mamma thinks the Haughtleys are such nice people, because they came in their own carriage, and they've got such big trunks, and a saddle-horse, and elegant dressing-cases, and ivory-backed brushes! I wish she did n't care so about such things."

Mrs. Thoresby would have been shocked to hear her little daughter's

arrangement and version of her ideas. She had simply been kind to these strangers on their arrival — in their own comfortable carriage — a few days since ; had stepped forward, — as somehow it seemed to devolve upon her, with her dignified air and handsome gray curls, when she chose, to do, — representing by a kind of tacit consent the household in general, as somebody in every such sojourn usually will ; had interested herself about their rooms, which were near her own, and had reported of them, privately, among other things noted in these first glimpses, that “ they had everything about them in the most *perfect* style ; ivory-backed brushes, and lovely inlaid dressing-cases, Ginevra ; the best all *through*, and no sham ! ” Yes indeed, if that could but be said truly, and need not stop at brushes and boxes !

Imogen came back presently, and called to Etty from the stairs, and she was obliged to go. Jeannie Hadden waited till they were fairly off the landing, and then walked away herself, saying nothing, but wearing a slightly displeased air.

Mrs. Thoresby and her elder daughter had taken a sort of dislike to Dakie Thayne. They seemed to think he wanted putting down. Nobody knew anything about him ; he was well enough in his place, perhaps ; but why should he join himself to their party ? The Routh girls had Frank Scherman, and two or three other older attendants ; among them he was simply not thought of, often, at all. If it had not been for Leslie and Mrs. Linceford, he would have found himself in Outledge, what boys of his age are apt to find themselves in the world at large, — a sort of odd or stray, not provided for anywhere in the general scheme of society. For this very reason, discerning it quickly, Leslie had been loyal to him ; and he, with all his boy-vehemence of admiration and devotion, was loyal to her. She had the feeling, motherly and sisterly in its mingled instinct, by which all true and fine feminine natures are moved, in behalf of the man-nature in its dawn, that so needs sympathy and gentle consideration and provision, and that certain respect which calls forth and fosters self-respect ; — to be allowed and acknowledged to be somebody, lest for the want of this it should fail, unhappily, ever to be anybody. She was not aware of it ; she only followed her kindly instinct. So she was doing, unconsciously, one of the best early bits of her woman-work in the world.

Once in a while it occurred to Leslie Goldthwaite to wonder why it was that she was able to forget — that she found she had forgotten, in a measure — those little self-absorptions that she had been afraid of, and that had puzzled her in her thoughtful moments. She was glad to be “ taken up ” with something that could please Dakie Thayne, or to go over to the Cliff and see Prissy Hoskins, and tell her a story, or help Dakie to fence in safely her beds of flower-seedlings, (she had not let her first visit be her last, in these weeks since her introduction there,) or to sit an hour with dear old Miss Craydocks and help her in a bit of charity work, and hear her sweet, simple, genial talk. She had taken up her little opportunities as they came, — was it by instinct only, or through a tender Spirit-leading, that she winnowed them and chose the best, and had been kept so a little out of the drift and hurry that

might else have frothed away the hours? "Give us our daily bread," "Lead us not into temptation," — they have to do with each other, if we "know the daily bread when we see it." But that also is of the grace of God.

There was the beginning of fruit under the leaf with Leslie Goldthwaite; and the fine life-current was setting itself that way with its best impulse and its rarest particles.

The pincushion was well filled with the delicate, bristling, tiny-headed needles, when Miss Craydocke appeared, walking across, under her great brown sun-umbrella, from the hotel.

"If you 've nothing else to do, my dears, suppose we go over to the pines together? Where's Miss Jeannie? Would n't she like it? All the breeze there is haunts them always."

"I 'm always ready for the pines," said Leslie. "Here, Dakie, I hope you 'll catch a butterfly for every pin. O, now I think of it, have you found your *elephant*?"

"Yes, half-way up the garret-stairs. I can't feed him comfortably, Miss Leslie. He wants to eat incessantly, and the elm-leaves wilt so quickly, if I bring them in, that the first thing I know, he 's out of proper provender and off on a raid. He needs to be on the tree; but then I should lose him."

Leslie thought a minute. "You might tie up a branch with mosquito-netting," she said.

"Is n't that bright? I 'll go right and do it,—only I have n't any netting," said he.

"Mrs. Linceford has. I 'll go and beg a piece for you. And then—if you 'll just sit here a minute—I 'll come, Miss Craydocke."

When she came back, she brought Jeannie with her. To use a vulgar proverb, Jeannie's nose was rather out of joint since the Haughtleys had arrived. Ginevra Thoresby was quite engrossed with them, and this often involved Imogen. There was only room for six in Captain Green's wagon, and nothing had been said to Jeannie about the drive to Minster Rock.

Leslie had hanging upon her finger, also, the finest and whitest and most graceful of all possible little splint baskets, only just big enough to carry a bit of such work as was in it now,—a strip of sheer, delicate grass-linen, which needle and thread, with her deft guidance, were turning into a cobweb border, by a weaving of lace-lines, strong, yet light, where the woof of the original material had been drawn out. It was "done for odd-minute work, and was better than anything she could buy." Prettier it certainly was, when, with a finishing of the merest edge of lace, it came to encircle her round, fair arms and shoulders, or to peep out with its dainty revelation among the gathering treasures of the linen-drawer I told you of. She had accomplished yards of it already for her holiday-work.

She had brought the netting, as she promised, for Dakie Thayne, who received it with thanks, and straightway hastened off to get his "elephant" and a piece of string, and to find a convenient elm-branch which he could convert into a cage-pasture.

"I 'll come round to the pines afterward," he said.

And, just then, Sin Saxon's bright face and pretty figure showing themselves on the hotel piazza, with a seeking look and gesture, Jeannie and Elinor were drawn off also to ask about the tableaux, and see if they were wanted, with the like promise that "they would come presently." So Miss Craydocke and Leslie walked slowly round, under the sun-umbrella, to the head of the ledge, by themselves.

Up this rocky promontory it was very pretty little climbing, over the irregular turf-covered crags that made the ascent; and once up, it was charming. A natural grove of stately old pine-trees, with their glory of tasselled foliage and their breath of perfume, crowned and sheltered it; and here had been placed at cosey angles, under the deepest shade, long, broad, elastic benches of boards, sprung from rock to rock, and made secure to stakes, or held in place by convenient irregularities of the rock itself. Pine-trunks and granite offered rough support to backs that could so fit themselves; and visitors found out their favorite seats, and spent hours there, with books or work, or looking forth in a luxurious listlessness from out the cool upon the warm, bright valley-picture, and the shining water wandering down from far heights and unknown solitudes to see the world.

"It's better so," said Miss Craydocke, when the others left them. "I had a word I wanted to say to you. What do you suppose those two came up here to the mountains for?" And Miss Craydocke nodded down, indicatively, toward the two girl-figures just visible by their draperies in a nook of rock beyond and above the benches.

"To get the good of them — as we did — I suppose," Leslie answered, wondering a little what Miss Craydocke might exactly mean.

"I suppose so, too," was the reply. "And I suppose — the Lord's love came with them! I suppose He cares whether they get the full of the good. And yet I think He leaves it, like everything else, a little to us!"

Leslie's heart beat quicker, hearing these words. It beat quicker always when such thoughts were touched. She was shy of seeking them; she almost tried, in an involuntary way, to escape them at first, when they were openly broached; yet she longed always, at the same time, for a deeper understanding of them. "I should like to know the Miss Josselyns better," she said, presently, when Miss Craydocke made no haste to speak again. "I have been thinking so this morning. I have thought so very often. But they seem so quiet, always. One does n't like to intrude."

"They ought to be more with young people," Miss Craydocke went on. "And they ought to do less ripping and sewing and darning, if it could be managed. They brought three trunks with them. And what do you think the third is full of?"

Leslie had no idea, of course.

"Old winter dresses. To be made over. For the children at home. So that their mother may be coaxed to take her turn and go away upon a visit when they get back, seeing that the fall sewing will be half done! That's a pretty coming to the mountains for two tired-out young things, I think!"

"O dear!" cried Leslie, pitifully; and then a secret compunction seized

her, thinking of her own little elegant, odd-minute work, which was all she had to interfere with mountain-pleasure.

"And is n't it some of our business, if we could get at it?" asked Miss Craydocke, concluding.

"Dear Miss Craydocke!" said Leslie, with a warm brightness in her face, as she looked up, "the world is full of business; but so few people find out any but their own! Nobody but you dreamt of this, or of Prissy Hoskins, till you showed us, — or of all the little Wigleys. How do you come to know, when other people go on in their own way, and see nothing, — like the priests and Levites?" This last she added by a sudden occurrence and application, that half answered, beforehand, her own question.

"When we think of people's needs as the *Master's!*" said Miss Craydocke, evading herself, and never minding her syntax. "When we think what every separate soul is to Him, that He came into the world to care for as God cares for the sparrows! It's my faith that He's never gone away from His work, dear; that His love lies alongside every life, and in all its experience; and that His life is in His love; and that if we want to find Him — *there* we may! 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'" She grew eloquent — the plain, simple-speaking woman — when something that was great and living to her would find utterance.

"How do you mean that?" said Leslie, with a sort of abruptness, as of one who must have definiteness, but who hurried with her asking, lest after a minute she might not dare. "That He really knows, and thinks, of every special thing and person, — and cares? Or only *would?*"

"I take it as He said it," said Miss Craydocke. "'All power is given me in heaven and in earth.' 'And lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!' He put the two together himself, dear!"

A great, warm, instant glow seemed to rush over Leslie inwardly. In the light and quickening of it, other words shone out and declared themselves. "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me." And this was the abiding! The sympathy, the interest, that found itself side by side with His! The faith that felt His uniting presence with all!

To this child of sixteen came a moment's glimpse of what might be, truly, that life which is "hid with Christ in God," and which has its blessed work with the Lord in the world; — came, with the word of a plain, old, unconsidered woman, whom heedless girls made daily sport of; — came, bringing with it "old and new," like a householder of the kingdom of heaven; showing how the life and the fruit are inextricably one, — how the growth and the withering are inevitably determined!

They reached the benches now; they saw the Josselyns busy up beyond, with their chess-board between them, and their mending-basket at their feet; they would not go now and interrupt their game.

The seat which the sisters had chosen, because it was just a quiet little corner for two, was a nook scooped out, as it were, in a jut of granite; hol-

lowed in behind and perpendicularly to a height above their heads, and embracing a mossy little flat below, so that it seemed like a great solid arm-chair into which two could get together, and a third could not possibly intrude.

Miss Craydocke and Leslie settled themselves, and both were silent. Presently Leslie spoke again, giving out a fragmentary link of the train of thought that had been going on in her. "If it were n't for just one thing!" she said, and there she stopped.

"What?" asked Miss Craydocke, as not a bit at a loss to make out the unseen connection.

"The old puzzle. We *have* to think and work a good deal of the time for ourselves. And then we lose sight—"

"Of Him? Why?"

Leslie said no more, but waited. Miss Craydocke's tone was clear, untroubled. The young girl looked, therefore, for this clear confidence to be spoken out.

"Why? since He is close to *our* life also, and cares tenderly for that?—since, if we let Him possess Himself of it, it is one of His own channels, by which He still gives Himself unto the world? He did n't do it all in one single history of three years, my child, or thirty-three, out there in Judæa. He keeps on—so I believe—through every possible way and circumstance of human living now, if only the life is grafted on His. The Vine and the branches, and God tending all. And the fruit is the kingdom of heaven."

It is never too late, and never impossible, for a human face to look beautiful. In the soft light and shadow of the stirring pines, with the moving from within of that which at once illumined and veiled, with an exultation and an awe, there came a glory over the homely and faded features which they could neither bar nor dim. And the thought took possession of the word and tone, and made them simply grand and heavenly musical.

After that, they sat still again,—it matters not how many minutes. The crisp green spines rustled dreamily over their heads; the wild birds called to each other, far back in the closer lying woods; the water glanced on, millions of new drops every instant making the selfsame circles and gushes and falls, and the wealth of summer sunshine holding and vivifying all. Leslie had word and scene stamped together on her spirit and memory in those moments. There was a Presence in the hush and beauty. Two souls were here met together in the name of the living Christ. And for that there is the promise.

Martha Josselyn and her sister sat and played and mended on.

By and by Dakie Thayne came; said a bright word or two; glanced round, in restless boy-fashion, as if taking in the elements of the situation, and considering what was to be made out of it; perceived the pair at chess; and presently, with his mountain stick, went springing away from point to point, up and around the piles and masses of rock and mound that made up the broadening ascent of the ledge.

"Check to your queen," said Sue.

Martha put her elbow up on her knee, and held her needle suspended by its thread. Sue darned away, and got a great hole laid lengthwise with smooth lines, before her threatening move had been provided for. Then a red knight came with gallant leap, right down in the midst of the white forces, menacing in his turn right and left; and Martha drew a long sigh, and sat back, and poised her needle-lance again, and went to work; and it was Sue's turn to lean over the board with knit brows and holden breath.

Something peered over the rock above them at this moment. A boy's head, from which the cap had been removed.

"If only they'll play now, and not chatter!" thought Dakie Thayne, lying prone along the cliff above, and putting up his elbows to rest his head between his hands. "This'll be jolly, if it don't turn to eavesdropping. Poor old Noll! I have n't had a game since I played with him!"



Sue would not withdraw her attack. She planted a bishop so that, if the knight should move, it would open a course straight down toward a weak point beside the red king.

"She means to 'fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer,'" Dakie went on within himself, having grasped, during the long pause before Sue's move, the whole position. "They're no fools at it, to have got it into a shape like that! I'd just like Noll to see it!"

Martha looked, and drew a thread or two into her stocking, and looked

again. Then she stabbed her cotton-ball with her needle, and put up both hands—one with the white stocking-foot still drawn over it—beside her temples. At last she castled.

Sue was as calm as the morning. She always grew calm and strong as the game drew near the end. She had even let her thoughts go off to other things while Martha pondered and she wove in the cross-threads of her darn.

"I wonder, Martha," she said now, suddenly, before attending to the new aspect of the board, "if I could n't do without that muslin skirt I made to wear under my *piña*, and turn it into a couple of white waists to carry home to mother? If she goes away, you know—"

"Aigh!"

It was a short, sharp, unspellable sound that came from above. Sue started, and a red piece rolled from the board. Then there was a rustling and a crashing and a leaping, and by a much shorter and more hazardous way than he had climbed, Dakie Thayne came down and stood before them. "I had to let you know! I could n't listen. I was in hopes you would n't talk. Don't move, please! I'll find the man. I do, beg your pardon,—I had no business,—but I so like chess,—when it's any sort of a game!"

While he spoke, he was looking about the base of the rock, and by good fortune spied and pounced upon the bit of bright-colored ivory, which had rolled and rested itself against a hummock of sod.

"May I see it out?" he begged, approaching, and putting the piece upon the board. "You must have played a good deal," looking at Sue.

"We play often at home, my sister and I; and I had some good practice in—" There she stopped.

"In the hospital," said Martha, with the sharp little way she took up sometimes. "Why should n't you tell of it?"

"Has Miss Josselyn been in the hospitals?" asked Dakie Thayne, with a certain quick change in his tone.

"For the best of two years," Martha answered.

At this moment, seeing how Dakie was breaking the ice for them, up came Miss Craydocke and Leslie Goldthwaite.

"Miss Leslie! Miss Craydocke! This lady has been away among our soldiers—in the hospitals—half through the war! Perhaps—did you ever—" But with that he broke off. There was a great flush on his face, and his eyes glowed with boy-enthusiasm lit at the thought of the war, and of brave men, and of noble, ministering women, of whom he suddenly found himself face to face with one.

The game of chess got swept together. "It was as good as over," Martha Josselyn said. And these five sat down together among the rocks, and in half an hour, after weeks of mere "good-mornings," they had grown to be old friends. But Dakie Thayne—he best knew why—left his fragment of a question unfinished.

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."



A MIDSUMMER DREAM.

“FOR my part,” said Dick, as he indolently stretched his long limbs under a great chestnut, one splendid summer morning, “I think people expect far too much of me. So far as I can see, nobody but ‘humans’ and horses works. Young animals don’t; and the flowers and fruit and insects are no care to any one, not even themselves. They just keep on growing, and living, and having a good time. The world would slip on easily enough, if the fathers and schoolmasters would only let things alone. They’ll *have* to do without me to-day, anyhow. The birds and I are going to enjoy ourselves. I only wish I had somebody to talk to, though,” sighed the poor fellow.

“Ha! ha! ha!” shouted a shrill little voice beside him. “Here’s a great hulking fellow with a soul, that don’t want to do anything with it!”

Dick turned in great surprise toward the voice, and there stood a tiny creature, not much taller than one’s finger, dressed in a tight-fitting suit of brown silk, with a neat little green cap on his head.

“And who might you be?” asked Dick, surveying the midget before him.

“O, I am nobody but one of the little men,” replied the morsel. “And I’m very busy, too,—very busy at this season,—but I could n’t help hearing your remark. Excuse my laughing, but it seemed so odd!”

“What’s going on just now in fairy-land?” asked Dick, who was willing to cultivate the friendship of his tiny acquaintance.

"O, there 's worlds to do," replied the sprite, removing his cap, and wiping his forehead with a film of spider-web. "I 've to shear the wool of the young peaches to spin into winter cloaks for delicate fairies. I don't know what would become of us with another such winter as the last, and a short peach crop. Then I must go and breathe a warm breath over the grapes and plums, and make the delicate bloom come over them so soft and tender as you see it; and then I 've to polish up the Baldwins and Spitzenbergs. Besides, the Cobweb Company is under my superintendence, upon which all fairyland depends for hosiery, and you have n't an idea what a bother the spiders are, with being so wilful about working! Sometimes they go on a general 'strike' and *won't* work, and then the Brownies have to spin up thistle-down and silk-weed to fit the ladies out. It is rather coarse and stiff, however, and the court fairies don't like it much. Sometimes I have to manage the operatic entertainments of the court, and then my cares are really awful. When a katydid won't sing, for example, and pretends that she caught cold sleeping on a damp dahlia, and declares that she can't raise a note unless she is coddled up with red-clover honey, or a great bull-frog of a basso gets sulky and claims extra pay, and makes me catch flies for his supper before he will open his mouth,—I can tell you, mortals have n't an idea what an amount I have to do. Then there 's Mushroom, Toadstool, & Co., the cabinet-makers, who do not always fulfil their contracts, and the jeweller, Jack Frost, who is entirely unreliable, though an excellent workman when he has a mind to be, and the gnomes, who are *so* contrary! However, they can do beautiful work. Once, her Majesty Queen Titania took a fancy to wear a full set of garnets, and I had to search over all the pink sand on the shores of Monadnock Lake to find the smallest size, and match them in color. Then I had to get a Moorish fairy to cut and polish them, and then a German gnome set them in solid sunbeams. Common gold would n't suit her Majesty. I succeeded after a while," said the elf, sighing, "but these lady fairies!"—and the sigh was almost a groan. "The sand-sprites searched a whole moon to perfect the set!"

"Who are the sand-sprites?" asked Dick, now wide enough awake.

"They are the spirits whose work it is to keep the sand-crystals all polished up. Criminals are sometimes put to this work, or unhappy sprites who pine for a change of life. Fairy-land has its trials, as well as the earth. Would you mind strolling along with me? I am afraid I have loitered too long already," said the elf, rising and resuming his cap.

Dick uncoiled his long limbs and followed his goblin guide. Over rock and through bush and brake he led the truant school-boy, talking as they strolled along.

"Now, there," said he, pointing to a crevice in the rock, "is where the pixies keep their lamps in the daytime. They are busy now, trimming and filling them."

Dick peeped in. There stood, as it seemed, hundreds of little folks, each at work with a bronze lamp, the smallest ever seen. They trimmed the cobweb wick daintily enough, using for the purpose the nippers of spiders, which

were admirably adapted to the purpose, and filled them with liquid lightning from a conductor in the side of the rock, and then polished them off carefully with a mullein leaf. When these leaves were thrown down after being used, hundreds of small bugs carried them off out of the way. The pixies seemed in the highest state of enjoyment over their work, and were in great glee about the pranks which they were to play, when night should come down over the earth.

And now the very air seemed to shiver, and glimmer, and swim with countless wings of every conceivable color and shape, and each pair supported a tiny creature, who seemed created only to bask and float in the sunshine. Yet each one was bound on some errand, — each had a work to do.

Some were busy about the flowers, raising the velvet nap on the violets and dahlias; some were distributing dew upon those flowers which had been overlooked in the night; some were mellowing the soil, and stretching the roots out, downwards and sideways through the earth, that they might enjoy the rich moisture; some were floating upon the warm summer air, bearing only “the invisible odors of flowers,” and seeing that feeble invalids, who could not stir out of doors, and could only sit languidly at their windows, should have one sweet breath of the blossoms and fields. Others carried the fruitful pollen from plant to plant. Some were guiding the humming-bird to the honey stores, or helped the avaricious bee carry home his load; and myriads bestrode the winged seeds which were sailing on the fresh morning breeze, guiding them to their destinations, either to comfort or annoy.

“It seems,” remarked Dick, “that the little people care very little whether men are pleased or vexed, so long as they do their work well. I see that the Canada thistles are as well cared for as either fruit or flower.”

“An elf would scream with laughter,” replied the goblin, “at the idea of taking more care of one plant than another, when men themselves differ so much about their value. Geraniums are weeds in Africa, and you keep a cactus in your green-houses which in Mexico is the pest of every traveller. The rare and lovely gentian blooms unseen beside the lonely glacier, and that mullein which you just switched down with your stick is known in European conservatories as the ‘American Velvet Plant.’ We fairies only wait orders from the Master of Life to care for every growing thing. And, in fact, men would respect all plants more than they do, if they understood all of their mysterious virtues as we do. But you are yawning, let us go on.”

“Chir-r-r-r-r,” laughed a squirrel from a branch overhead. “Here’s a jolly couple going to see sights! A big fellow with a soul trying to learn things of a fairy. Ho! ho! ho! Well, if I have n’t any soul, I understand my own business, which is more than boys do, generally speaking,” — and he stuffed two great acorns into his cheeks, and scampered off to his nest.

“Caw! caw!” screamed a crow. “These proud mortals *do* condescend sometimes, don’t they! Well, they are not of so much account, after all, if I told all I knew about the matter. I could tell tales if I would! *Such* merry ones! Except for their souls, there’s little to choose between them and

our four-footed creatures ! Caw ! caw ! caw ! ” — and the crow flapped away across a ploughed field, and lighted on a dead pine.

“ That is too true,” sighed the elf sadly, “ but still you *have* souls.”

“ Have n’t you souls, too ? ” asked Dick, in great surprise.

“ No,” said the elf, “ but I came very near getting one once. I loved a mortal lady, and had she returned my love, I should have had a soul. Undine had one, you know. It made a great deal of talk among us, but it did her little good after all, poor thing ! They found me out in my presumption, and I was punished for desiring more than King Oberon himself possessed ; yet he obtained one afterward. When Shakespeare wrote, he gave him one. Did you ever hear of the ‘ Culprit Fay ? ’ ”

Dick nodded.

“ I was that poor sprite, and the poet gave me the boon of a long life in his song. Yet still I have no soul, and there is no hereafter for me, even if I live for centuries.”

“ Poor Fairy ! ” cried Dick, who was not bad, only very lazy. “ I never thought so very much about my soul as you seem to do, and it seems odd enough to hear you say that you have none.”

“ And you have a Saviour, too, who will make your souls happy, if you will let him. We have no Saviour, for we cannot sin ; and when we die, that is the end of us. It is hard, and I came so near it once ! ” and tears stood in the elfin’s eyes.

“ Well, well ! ” said Dick consolingly. “ There ’s trouble enough in having a soul. Every one blames you so, if everything does not go just as it should, or as folks *think* they should. Now you do just as you are bid, and get no blame at all.”

The elf looked at him very sorrowfully, but did not speak.

Just then they came to the beach of the lake, where the garnet sand was sparkling with rosy light in the afternoon sun. And the beach was all alive with tiny figures, working in the sand, turning and twisting it about, each handling a single grain, polishing and cutting its facets as carefully as if preparing diamonds for a royal diadem. Some were riding on the backs of sand-flies ; some daintily smoothing the plumage of the wild fowls that flashed and swam over the glassy water ; some helped the squirrel carry home his load of nuts. Down in a dark nook, half under a mossy stone, Dick could see that they were painting the red spots on the backs of the trout ; while up in the pines on the breezy hill-top they were singing psalms, and making solemn organ-music among its slender, pin-like leaves.

“ I have passed a very pleasant day with you, Mr. Fairy,” said Dick, as he saw that the sun was sinking behind the western hills, and Monadnock lay in purple distance over the lake. “ I have seen and learned much ; and, as it grows late and dark, may I trouble you to show me a short cut home ? I wish I could think that the cuts I expect to get with the rod were short ones, too.”

“ I will guide you home very willingly,” replied the fairy ; “ but first look into this pool, and tell me if you don’t think the day’s ramble has done wonders for your personal appearance ? ”

Dick looked down into the little ebony mirror framed with mosses, and started back with astonishment. Could that be his mouth with the dark beard around it, — his own tow head, which now hung thick with glossy, dark curls, — his own roguish eyes, which now peered out so thoughtfully from under the heavy brows ?

“Can it be true ?” exclaimed Dick. “And I have idled away my youth, and thought it but a summer ramble, — only a truant day with my fairy friend. And now it is near night, and the day is far spent” ; — and Dick covered his face with his hands and wept.

“You have indeed spent more time with me than you intended,” said the fairy, “but you have learned much, too. You once thought it was of no use to take pains with little things. Now you see that everything costs toil and earnest labor. And you never knew what a soul and a Saviour were worth, till you saw us poor little creatures with neither ; now did you ?”

“Cannot I help you somehow, my dear little friend ?” asked Dick, tenderly.

“If you wish to do so, you can, if you really love us. You have talent, genius ; but without love there is no immortality. Yes, you can help us, if you will !”

And as he spoke, the forest glowed with the innumerable eyes of birds and beasts, and the air was filled with their voices. The birds sang and cried and twittered, the owls hooted, the wolves barked, and the deer threw back their great antlers and gazed at him mutely with tearful eyes, and the world seemed filled with immeasurable life which pleaded for an hereafter. The wood trembled to the voice of inarticulate woe, and the fays peeped out of their coverts, and their wee elfish faces and tiny voices wept and sobbed and begged for immortality.

In after years, as Dick (now an artist of a world-wide renown) sat before his canvas, faithfully doing his appointed work, one could see that the lesson of his fairy friend had not been lost upon him. There was more of the owl than a stiff piece of feathered stupidity : he was a philosopher, a statesman. A grave wisdom looked out of his solemn eyes. You knew that that owl could think. There was the accumulated erudition of generations under his feathery wig. There was a world of legal acumen in the keen glance of that fox. The bears were fat old gentlemen who lived well and knew the world ; and the deer were almost human, almost girlish, in their timid earnestness and graceful shyness. And the fays sported, and the pixies frolicked, and the undines bathed in the moonlit waves, with watery jewels flashing over their ivory limbs, and there seemed everywhere so much of mystical life in all of these of God’s dumb and unseen children, that men said in a whisper, “He has given these beings human souls.” And out of a dim corner of the studio gleamed the sad, sweet face of the “Culprit Fay” ; and it smiles a calm gratitude, that out of patience and love, through toil and tribulation, cometh immortality.

Chapelle Hobrow.



HOW JOHNNY BOUGHT A SEWING-MACHINE.

JUST across the street from the Methodist Church, in the principal street of Benton, is a small one-story house, consisting of three rooms only. This is occupied by Mrs. Cooper, a widow, and her only son Johnny, with whom it is our purpose to become further acquainted. When the great Rebellion broke out, Johnny's father was one of the first to enlist. It was a great trial to him to leave behind his wife and son, but he felt it his duty to go. For more than a year he wrote cheerful letters home; but one dark day there came over the wires tidings of the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, and in the list of killed was the name of James Cooper.

It was a sad day for Mrs. Cooper; but she had little time to mourn. The death of her husband threw the burden of maintaining herself and Johnny upon her shoulders. After a while she obtained a pension of eight dollars a month, which helped her considerably. One half of it paid her rent, and the other half paid for her fuel and lights. But it costs a good deal to buy food and clothes for two persons, and she was obliged to toil early and late with her needle to make up the requisite sum. Johnny was now eleven years old, and might have obtained a chance to peg shoes in some of the shoe-shops in the village, as indeed he wanted to do; but Mrs. Cooper felt that he ought to be kept at school. As she would not be able to leave him money, she was resolved at least to give him as good an education as the village schools would allow.

One evening, just after tea, Mrs. Cooper laid down her work, with a little sigh. "Johnny," said she, "I will get you to run over to Squire Baker's, and say that I shall not be able to finish his shirts to-night, but I will try to send them over in the morning before he goes."

"You don't feel well, mother, do you?"

"No, I have a bad headache. I think I shall go to bed early, and see if I can't sleep it off."

"I don't believe it agrees with you to sew so much," said Johnny.

"I sometimes wish I had a sewing-machine," said his mother. "That would enable me to do three times as much work with less fatigue."

"How much does a sewing-machine cost?"

"I suppose a good one would cost not far from a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars! That is a good deal of money," said Johnny.

"Yes, quite too much for our means. Of course there is no chance of my being able to purchase one."

As Johnny went across the field to Squire Baker's, he could not help thinking of what his mother had said. He had hoped the cost of a machine would not exceed twenty dollars, for in that case there might be some chance of his earning the amount in time. Occasionally the neighbors called upon him to do odd jobs, and paid him small sums. These in time might amount to twenty dollars. But a hundred seemed quite too large for him to think of accumulating.

"Still," thought Johnny, "I've a good mind to try. I won't wait for jobs to come to me; I'll look out for them. I have a good deal of time out of school when I might be doing something. If I don't get enough to buy a sewing-machine, I may get something else that mother will like."

The next day was Saturday, and school did not keep. It was about the first of October. In the town where Johnny lived there were many swamps planted with cranberries, which were now ripe and ready for gathering. It was necessary to pick them before a frost, since this fruit, if touched with the frost, will decay rapidly. As Johnny was coming home from the store, he met a school companion, who seemed to be in a hurry.

"Where are you going, Frank?" he inquired.

"I'm going to pick cranberries for Squire Baker."

"How much does he pay?"

"Two cents a quart."

"Do you think he would hire me?" asked Johnny, with a sudden thought.

"Yes, and be glad to get you. He's got a good many cranberries on the vines, and he's afraid there will be a frost to-night."

"Then I'll go and ask mother if I can go. Just hold on a minute."

"All right."

Having obtained permission, Johnny rejoined his companion, and proceeded at once to the swamp. The fruit was abundant; for the crop this year was unusually good, and Johnny found that he could pick quite rapidly. When noon came, he found that he had picked twenty quarts.

"Can you come again this afternoon?" asked the Squire.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, promptly.

"I shall be very glad to have you, for hands are scarce."

Johnny had already earned forty cents, and hoped to earn as much more in the afternoon. He was so excited by his success that he hurried through his dinner with great rapidity, and was off once more to the swamp. He worked till late, and found at the end of the day that he had gathered fifty quarts. He felt very rich when the Squire handed him a one-dollar green-back in return for his services. He felt pretty tired in consequence of stooping so much, but the thought that he had earned a whole dollar in one day fully repaid him.

"Mother," said Johnny when he got home, "if you are willing, I will keep this money. There is something very particular I want it for."

"Certainly," said his mother. "You shall keep this, and all you earn. I am very sure you will not wish to spend it unwisely."

"No, mother, you may be sure of that."

On Monday it so happened that the teacher was sick, and school was suspended. Johnny found no difficulty in obtaining a chance to pick cranberries for another neighbor. He was determined to do a little better than on Saturday. When evening came, he was paid for fifty-three quarts, — one dollar and six cents.

"I wish there were cranberries to be picked all the year round," thought Johnny. "I should soon get a hundred dollars."

But this was about the last of his picking. School kept the next day, and though he got a little time after school, he could only pick a few quarts. When the cranberry season was over, Johnny found himself the possessor of four dollars. After that his gains were small. Occasionally he ran on an errand for a neighbor. Once he turned the grindstone for about half an hour, and received the small compensation of one cent from a rather parsimonious farmer. Johnny was about to throw it away, when the thought came to him, that, small as it was, it would help a little.

So the autumn slipped away, and winter came and went. In the spring Johnny found more to do. On the first day of June he counted his money, and found he had fifteen dollars.

"It 'll take a long time to get a hundred dollars," sighed Johnny. "If mother would only let me go to work in a shoe-shop! But she thinks I had better go to school. But by and by there 'll be a chance to pick cranberries again. I wish there 'd be a vacation then."

One morning Johnny had occasion to cross the fields near a small pond about half a mile from his mother's house. He was busily thinking about his little fund, and what he could do to increase it, when his attention was all at once attracted by a sharp cry of distress. Looking up, he saw a gentleman in a row-boat on the pond, who appeared to be in the greatest trouble.

"Boy," he called out, "can you swim?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Then save my little daughter, if you can. She has just fallen out of the boat. There she is."

The little girl just appeared above the surface of the water. Luckily it was very near the shore, yet too deep for any one to venture who was unable to swim. Our young hero had plenty of courage. Moreover, he was an expert swimmer, having been taught by his father before he went to the war. Without a minute's hesitation he stripped off his jacket and plunged in. A few vigorous strokes brought him to the little girl. He seized her, just as she was about sinking for the third time. He held her till her father could receive her from his arms into the boat.

"Let me lift you in, too," he said.

"No, sir; I'll swim to shore," said Johnny.

"Come up to the hotel this afternoon. I want to see you."

The father applied himself to the restoration of his daughter, and Johnny went home and changed his wet clothes. He had recognized the gentleman as a merchant from the city who had been boarding at the hotel for a week or two. He felt a glow of satisfaction in the thought that he had been instrumental in saving a human life; for it was very evident that, her father being unable to swim, the little girl would but for him have been drowned.

In the afternoon he went to the hotel, and inquired for Mr. Barclay, for he had heard the gentleman's name. He was conducted up stairs into a private parlor.

Mr. Barclay advanced towards him with a smile of welcome. "I am glad to see you, my brave boy," he said.

"Is your little girl quite recovered?" asked Johnny, modestly.

"Yes, nearly so. I thought it best to let her lie in bed the remainder of the day, as she might have got chilled. And now, my dear boy, how shall I express my gratitude to you for your noble conduct? Under God, you have been the means of saving my dear child's life. I am quite unable to swim, and I shudder to think what would have happened but for your timely presence and courage."

"I am very glad I was able to be of service," said Johnny.

"I cannot allow such a service to go unrewarded," said Mr. Barclay. "Adequate compensation I cannot offer, for money will not pay for the saving of life; but you will allow me to give you this as a first instalment of my gratitude." He pressed into the hands of the astonished boy a one-hundred-dollar bill.

"One hundred dollars!" exclaimed Johnny in bewilderment. "Do you really mean to give me so much?"

"It is little enough, I am sure."

"O, I am so glad!" said Johnny, delighted. "Now I can buy mother a sewing-machine."

"But don't you want to buy something for yourself?" asked Mr. Barclay, with interest.

"No, sir; I would rather have a sewing-machine than anything."

Then Johnny, encouraged by Mr. Barclay's evident interest, proceeded to tell him how for nearly a year he had been saving up money, without his mother's knowledge, to buy her a machine, in order that she need not work

so hard in future. But thus far he had only succeeded in saving up fifteen dollars. Now, thanks to this unexpected gift, he would be able to buy it at once. "And it'll come just right, too," he said, with sparkling eyes; "for it will be mother's birthday in a week from to-day, and I can give it to her then. Only," he said doubtfully, "I don't know whom I can get to buy it."

"I can help you there," said Mr. Barclay. "I am going to the city in a day or two. I will select the machine, and arrange to have it sent down by express on your mother's birthday."

"That'll be just the thing," said Johnny. "Won't she be astonished? I sha'n't say anything to her about it beforehand. Here 's the money, sir; I thank you very much for that, and for your kind offer."

"I ought to be kind to you, my dear boy, when I think how much you have done for me."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon. Call again to-morrow, and you shall see the little girl you have saved."

Johnny did call the next day, and made acquaintance with little Annie Barclay, whom he found a sprightly little girl of four years of age. She took quite a fancy to our young hero, with whom she had a fine game of romps.

Mrs. Cooper knew that Johnny had saved a little girl from drowning, but never inquired what reward he had received, feeling sure that he would tell her some time. As for Johnny, he had his reasons for keeping silent, as we know.

At length Mrs. Cooper's birthday came. Johnny was full of impatience for evening, for then the express-wagon would arrive from Boston with the present for his mother. As soon as he heard the rumble of the wheels, he ran to the door. To his delight, the wagon stopped at the gate.

"Come here, youngster, and give us a lift," called the express-man. "I've got something heavy for you."

It was a large article, looking something like a table; but what it was Mrs. Cooper could not tell, on account of its many wrappings. "There must be some mistake," she said, going to the door. "I am not expecting anything."

"No, there is n't," said Johnny; "it's all right, directed in large letters to Mrs. Mary Cooper, Benton."

"I shall want fifty cents," said the express-man.

"I've got it here," said Johnny, seeing that his mother was searching for her pocket-book.

"O, by the way, here 's something else, — a letter directed to you. That will be fifteen cents more."

"Indeed!" said Johnny surprised. "Well, here 's the money." He took the letter, but did not open it at once. He wanted to enjoy his mother's surprise.

Mrs. Cooper was unwrapping the machine. "What is this?" she exclaimed, in delighted surprise. "A sewing-machine! Who could have sent it? Do you know anything about it, Johnny?"

"Yes, mother. It's a birthday present for you from me."

"My dear boy! How could you ever have earned money enough to pay for it?"

Then Johnny told his mother all about it. And her eyes glistened with pride and joy as she heard, for the first time, how he had worked for months with this end in view, and she could not help giving him a grateful kiss, which I am sure paid Johnny for all he had done.

It was really a beautiful machine, and, though Johnny did not know it, cost considerably more than the hundred dollars he had sent. Mrs. Cooper found that it worked admirably, and would lighten her labors more even than she had hoped.

"But you have n't opened your letter," she said with a sudden recollection.

"So I have n't," said Johnny.

What was his surprise on opening it to discover the same hundred-dollar bill which Mr. Barclay had originally given him, accompanied by the following note.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: — I have bought your mother a sewing-machine, which I send by express to-day. I hope it will please you both, and prove very useful. I also send you a hundred dollars, which I wish you to use for yourself. The sewing-machine will be none the less your present to your mother, since both that and the money are a very insufficient recompense for the service you have rendered me. Continue to love and help your mother, and when you are old enough to go into a store I will receive you into mine.

"Your friend,

"HENRY BARCLAY."

There was great joy in the little cottage that evening. Johnny felt as rich as a millionaire, and could not take his eyes from the corner where the handsome new sewing-machine had been placed. And his mother, happy as she was in her present, was happier in the thought that it had come to her through the good conduct of her son.

Horatio Alger, Jr.



THE FOUR SEASONS,

AND A LITTLE ABOUT THEIR FLORA.

JULY AND AUGUST. — MIDSUMMER.



MIDSUMMER comes at last! The warm days and the early wild-flowers are capricious, spring after spring, and cannot be bound to make their appearance on a special day. The anemones sometimes will take a start before the dog's-tooth violets, and some springs all the wild-flowers insist upon coming out together; and if a cold northeast wind or rain has kept us in for some days, we find that the little, fleeting things have taken upon themselves to blossom all at once, and send their white flowers off

on the wind, without waiting for us to look upon them. Then, too, we who are nearer the sea-shore are later with our wild-flowers than those who live a hundred miles away from our east wind; and a little farther south all the flowers can venture out a week or two

sooner than with us. But the 15th of June brings us all up even, — everybody and everything. The grass by that time must needs be full and green everywhere, if it ever means to be; and the latest of forest-trees has its leaves out. Even the *Catalpa* in the grounds shows that it is not quite dead, but has sent out its new leaves, to cover the old pods of last year.

It was quite time to prepare for midsummer. Until now, everything has been growing and growing, preparing for these days of its climax, when everything will have reached its fulness and its greenness, to linger for a time, perhaps for a few days, in this rich culmination of its beauty, before it shall begin to ripen into decay, or show one dead leaf or drooping twig. They say there is such a day of complete beauty in the summer, when the leaves hang still and thoughtful on the large trees. I have often thought that I had found this day. It is before the farmers have cut their first crop of hay, or, if they have mowed some of the meadows, it is where the grass is already renewing itself greener and thicker than before. In some fields, the grass is in blossom, and then tall spikes wave about with the long blades in great billows before a wind. It is a gentle wind. It comes to lift up the branches of the trees, and show, underneath, what a full, soft growth of foliage each tree is bearing. Not one leaf has fallen yet, — not one shows a yellow tinge. The chestnuts have put on their cream-white blossoms, as though the Summer had been holding them back till she could throw over them this scattered foam, as a crown of beauty. It is a day of a blue, cloudless sky, when the sun rests on the broad meadows, still green, — when all the world of nature seems to be waiting, as if loath to begin upon its new form of growth, its time of ripening, — waiting for the full fruit, — waiting in midsum-

mer, for the leaves to begin to call in again the fresh-flowing sap, to prepare for midwinter. Yes, as early as this, the plants and trees must begin to think of preparing for winter! Their life is "always beginning, never ending." In the midsummer, the buds begin to prepare themselves for the next spring. The leaves dance and play awhile in the happy, soft summer breeze, as if conscious that they had reached the fulness of their beauty.

The office of the leaf has been to spread out to the light and air the green matter upon which the plant feeds. During its rapid summer growth, it has been drawing up, through the roots and fibres, the sap that has fed the whole plant. The water that comes up in the sap evaporates through the pores of the leaves. I hope to find some time to tell you of the forms and structure of these vessels; but, this midsummer day, we will wait with the leaves. In the water that the leaves drew up from the ground, there came too a small portion of earthy matter. A part of this has been left in the stem, increasing its hardness; but a larger portion is carried to the leaves. The water is exhaled, and the earthy matter is left behind in the cells of the leaf. This gradually chokes its tissue, and obstructs its vessels, and unfits it for its duty. So, as autumn approaches, the leaf languishes. The stem on which it rests continues to grow, and the feeble leaf, with all its breathing obstructed, cannot keep pace with this growth. A separation must take place: the petiole breaks away, and the leaf falls, leaving the scar which we have noticed. Here the new buds are to form themselves for the new leaves that the tree or plant will need for its growth another year. In most *Endogenous* plants, the leaf is not in this way attached to the stem by a joint, and it is not thrown off from the stem, but withers and decays there, — the dead petioles remaining for a long time.

But of this time of decay we need not think yet. When it does come, we shall find that the leaves are the last to wish us to feel mournful or sad about it; they will take this very time to put on their gayest and brightest hues, as if to show that they feel it is their time of ripening, and that they must wear their most brilliant colors, as the fruits do.

Now, especially, is the time for rejoicing; and we have seen how the Chestnut has waited till now with its blossoms to give us a glad surprise. For they always do surprise us. Are not you glad that flowers and plants do not have the methodical way that some people do, of putting away their furs on a particular day, and building their furnace-fires on another? How tiresome it would be if all the flowers came out regularly on the first day of May! Not tiresome exactly; — I do not suppose there would be so much confusion as in New York, where everybody does his moving on the same day. Each tree would have its own furniture-cart, and would spread out its own leaves without interfering with anybody else. But we should be bewildered with so much flowering, and we are sufficiently so now. Botanists are much puzzled to know how to rank the flowers, each one is formed so differently, each wearing its own shape, after its own fashion.

Here are the Chestnut-blossoms. Showy as they are, they cannot come under the type of perfect flowers. Yet they are of the First Series, as they

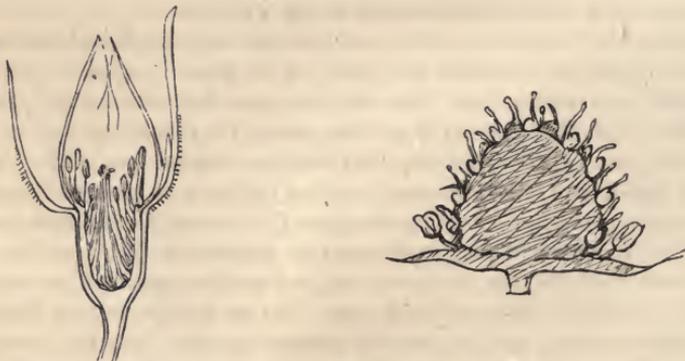
have the principal parts of a flower. They are of the first class, of wooded plants, and of the first sub-class. They fall into the third division, and they are *Apetalous*; that is, the corolla is wanting. You remember the anemones and hepaticas were in this division. They belong to the Oak Family. The sterile or staminate flowers are clustered in long catkins, with a calyx 5-6 parted; the fertile or pistillate flowers are two or three together in prickly burrs, which, when ripe, bear the nuts. The beautiful cream-colored blossoms are the long staminate catkins that spread out near the end of the branches; the pistillate are at the base of the stalks of the staminate flowers, and are surrounded with crowded leaves and prickles.

Along the hedges, we can still find some of the wild roses, and still, in the beginning of July, some lingering strawberries. The roses and strawberries belong to the same family; so it will not be out of place to sit down under the shade of our Chestnut, and examine before eating. Let us look first at the rose.

Such a large family as is the Rose Family,—did you know it?—and our little single wild rose stands modestly near the end of the list. This family embraces “plants with regular flowers, numerous (rarely few) distinct stamens inserted on the calyx, and one or many pistils, quite distinct, or united and combined with the calyx-tube. Calyx of usually five sepals, united at the base, often appearing double by a row of bractlets outside. Petals as many as the sepals, rarely wanting, mostly *imbricated in the bud, and inserted with the stamens on the edge of a disk that lines the calyx-tube*. Trees, shrubs, or herbs.”

The Rose *genus* is described as having its calyx-tube urn-shaped, contracted at the mouth, becoming fleshy in fruit. Petals five, inserted, with the many stamens, *into the edge of the hollow thin disk that lines the calyx-tube and bears the numerous pistils over its whole inner surface*.

I want to show you how exactly we find this description that I have italicized carried out when we cut open one of these rose-buds, and see the



position of the pistils and stamens with our own eyes. And the examination of this rose-bud will show us its relationship with the strawberry. If we could place by the side of this section of the rose-bud that of a strawberry flower,

we should see how this same receptacle, that in the rose held the pistils, has enlarged to form the pulpy, *edible* fruit, holding the pistils that are to form the *real* fruit. But we will slice our strawberry, which will show the same thing in a more advanced stage. You see it is the receptacle of the straw-



berry now enlarged, bearing the small seed-like pistils on its surface. The seeds are borne differently in the rose: the receptacle, instead of being convex or conical, is concave, or urn-shaped, as you can see in a section of the rose-hip. It is like the finger of a glove reversed, like a strawberry turned inside out, the whole covered by the adherent tube of the calyx, which remains beneath in the strawberry.

I spoke just now of *real* fruit, meaning the term that botanists use for the seed-vessel, and the seeds contained in it. The seed-vessel is

called the *Pericarp*. The principal kinds of fruits are divided into three,—*Fleshy Fruits*, *Stone Fruits*, and *Dry Fruits*. You might hardly think to find the strawberry among these last. But you must remember that its *seed-vessels*, its *real* fruits, are on the outside of the pulpy *receptacle* that you are eating. If you examine each one of these little seed-vessels, you will find the remains of its style on the place from which it has fallen. It is called an *Achenium* or *Akene*, which is the name given to such small, one-seeded, dry fruit. In one strawberry, you swallow a great many of these.

After this “*dry fruit*,” we will rob our luncheon-basket for something more luscious,—a bunch of cherries, the last of the season. For it will give an example of the *stone fruit*, or *drupe*. In the drupe the outer part of the thickness of the pericarp, or seed-vessel, becomes fleshy, and softens; while the inner has hardened like a nut. We will look for some more of these *drupe*s in the hedge around us. Here are some unripe blackberries and raspberries that will serve us, though you would not think it! Each one of these grains on the *berry* is a *drupe*, as though a bunch of cherries had grown together directly from the receptacle. In the strawberry, we eat the receptacle, or end of the flower-stalk; in the raspberry, a cluster of stone fruits, like cherries on a very small scale; and in the blackberry, both a juicy receptacle and a cluster of stone fruits covering it.

So these are not *berries* in the strict, botanical sense. A true berry comes under the first division of *fleshy fruits*. With these, the whole *pericarp*, or wall of the ovary, thickens and becomes soft (fleshy, juicy, or pulpy) as it

grows ripe. They include berries, gourd fruit, and *pomes*, meaning apples, pears, and quinces. So, while strawberries, blackberries, and raspberries cannot come into this division, in spite of their name, we can go "berry-ing" for whortleberries, blueberries, and cranberries with a clear conscience. The *orange* answers, too, the description of a berry, with a leathery rind. And the pumpkin, squash, cucumber, and melon are examples of gourds. A gourd is a "sort of berry" with a hard rind and soft interior.

We must not be too busy with these *fruits* in midsummer, to overlook the flowers or the full summer growth. Not only the trees are crowded with leaves, but every shrub and bush, every vine and weed, has been luxuriating in greenness. The paths along which we passed in spring are now all grown over with briars and brambles. It is hard work to make our way into the woods; and we should no longer find there the little delicate flowers that ventured to appear in the early spring. But July and August have their myriads of flowers. We should never be able to read or write of them all. They are showy ones, too, and each one seems to call for special notice, and make us want to cry out, "Ah, was there ever anything so beautiful?"

Filling in all the undergrowth of the woods is the *Kalmia*. The glossy green of its leaves has made the woods beautiful all winter long, and through the spring; and now it lights them up into more gorgeous beauty with its brilliant flowers. I have told you how it was related with the *Epigæa*, or Mayflower, and, with the *Rhodora* and another relation, the *Azalia*, has just passed or is passing away from the swamps. What a beautiful family, indeed! All with such exquisite or brilliant colors, and so much variety in their forms! The *Kalmia*, or American Laurel, has its own silver-shaped flower, "between wheel-shaped and bell-shaped," difficult to describe, white or pink, "five-lobed, furnished with ten depressions, in which the ten anthers are severally lodged until they begin to shed their pollen; filaments thread-form; calyx five-parted." Its brilliant clusters light up each side of the road, as we pass through it, for miles and miles. And, away from the road, we find it thick in the woods, or scattered down some hilly slope, every summer exciting us to fresh amazement.

In August, among the brambles and the blackberry-vines at the foot of the hedges, by the side of some very quiet roads or lanes, can be found a pretty wild bean, sometimes called the Ground-Nut. Its flowers are of a purplish chocolate-color, or a "brown purple," and are fragrant. It twines and climbs around the bushes, bearing clusters of flowers; and their shape leads me to speak of the differing forms of flowers.

It is hard enough to put all their different shapes into classes. Yet the wiser and wiser men grow, the more they try to describe and to classify all the flowers of the earth. The more they find out their differences, the more anxious they are to find out the points that make them alike, that they may know how to recognize them again, and how to make others recognize them. It is only the savage, says a wise man, that gives the name of "flower" to one and all.

Let us, then, take a heap of our summer flowers in our lap, and see how

many different shapes of flowers we have, and find out what are their names. Here is the *Rosaceous* flower, and the *Liliaceous*, which explain themselves, — so many of the fruit-blossoms and our wild rose have given us the shape of the petals of the first, and the gay field-lily now shows us that of the second. The *Caryophyllaceous* flower might need more explanation, which we can find in the Wild Pink, late in June, or in the Soapwort, or “Bouncing Bet,” that grows by roadsides. The five petals have long, narrow claws, that are enclosed in the tube of the calyx. The *cruciate* or *cruciform* flower gives its name to the order of the *Cruciferae*, to which the Mustard and Radish belong. This is a large family, and all its flowers bear much resemblance to each other. They have four petals placed in the form of a cross, and of their six stamens four are equal in length, while two are shorter and exterior. These are all somewhat regular in form; but the Ground-Nut and the Lupines we picked some weeks ago are irregular, and have a *papilionaceous*, or *butterfly-shaped* corolla. The petals of such a corolla bear separate names. The upper petal is termed the *vexillum* (standard or banner); the two lateral ones are called *wings (alae)*; and the two lower, which are usually somewhat united along their anterior edges, and are more or less boat-shaped, form together the *keel (carina)*. There are other forms of *Polypetalous* flowers (those with many petals) that you can recall in the Columbine (*Aquilegia*), and in the Larkspur and Monk’s-hood in the gardens. All children have found in the latter the “Venus’s car drawn by doves,” by pulling back the purple hood.

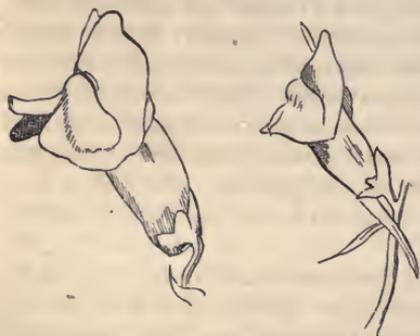
The *monopetalous* corolla and calyx have, too, as varied forms. Among the more regular shapes is the *campanulate*, or bell-shaped flower. Where shall you go to find an example of this? I will tell you. You must think of the very prettiest place in woods, near river-banks, of which you know, — some place so lovely, with all its scenery, its wild growth, its shade of trees, its moss-grown, rocky seats, that you would think not one more thing was needed to make it the loveliest place in the world. You will find that one more thing *has* come, — the Harebell. On the bank, by the broad riverside, looking across to glowing sunsets; in wet, rocky glens, where the pathway is slippery with moist moss; on islands, hanging over the edge of the water; almost dipping into the foam of hidden waterfalls; on the shore of Niagara; — in the prettiest and the grandest places, all by itself, or in large companies, it grows. Nobody can paint it, for no one could make it tremble, or take into the picture the loveliness of the spot where it chooses to live. So you must find it for yourself, if you want to know it, — and you will see what a campanulate flower is.

We can venture to come back to the *funnel-shaped* flowers; for among these is the Morning-Glory, beloved of our childhood, — almost the only flower that was willing to come up from the seeds we planted and dug over. The wild Convolvulus, or Bindweed, has an uncommonly pretty leaf.

Then there is the *tubular* form. For a representative of this look in the wild, uncultivated bits of land by the roadside, where tall plants cluster on the edge of a brook, or marshy place. Among these, lifting themselves

above all the rest, are some rough-looking, stout-stemmed herbs, that bear large clusters of handsome, purplish flowers, which have a picturesque effect, and are gorgeous among the thick green of the tangled mass. The flowers are in dense *corymbs*; that is, they form clusters,— each flower resting on a pedicel, or small stalk, that lifts them up to an even head, each flower being *tubular*. This is the *Eupatorium*, or *Joe-Pye Weed*. Its color varies from pink to purple. It is common in low grounds. It belongs to a sub-order of the large family of *Compositæ*.

There is a large order among the monopetalous flowers of the *Labiates*, *Labiata*, which are more frequent, however, in Europe. The various kinds of mint are of this form. The corolla is *two-lipped*, and sometimes the calyx also. Two of the petals grow together, higher than the rest, and form an upper lip, and the three remaining ones join on the other side of the flower to form the lower lip, and the flower is, therefore, monopetalous. When the



two lips are separated, and the throat open, it is said to be *ringent*. But when it is closed by the bringing together of the two lips, or by an elevated protuberance of the lower, called the *palate*, the corolla is said to be *personate*, or *masked*. This can be seen in the common Snap-dragon and Toadflax.

The Whiteweed, Succory, and Dandelion are examples of the *Compositæ*. Each apparent flower is rather a collection of distinct blossoms, closely crowded together in a head, and surrounded by an involucre. In the Whiteweed, the flowers round the edge have flat and open or strap-shaped corollas, which are pistillate, bearing a pistil only. In the Dandelion and Succory, the flowers are perfect, bear both stamens and pistils, and are all strap-shaped.

The Clematis keeps on a long, continuous beauty. It climbs over and around the shrubs in the wild hedges with its twisting branches. Its flower has no corolla, but four sepals, and gains its showy appearance from its seed-vessels, or *achenia*. These bear *persistent* styles, that are long and feathery. So to the flowers succeed, through autumn, the “conspicuous feathery tails” of the fruit.

In the hedges, too, is the Clethra, of the brilliant Heath Family. It does not inherit the rich color of its tribe, but it has none the less of its beauty. Its flowers are white, in “terminal racemes”; that is, the flowers cluster along a common stalk. It has a corolla of five obovate-oblong petals, a calyx of five sepals, and its blossoms have a delightful fragrance. But we must leave the dry hedges, and the woods, and penetrate into moister spots, and find the myriad beauties that are hidden in—a swamp.

Willow-bushes hedge it in, and a thicket of reeds and sedges, through which we must search for a safe footing far in, if we are only wise enough

(not to be armed, but) to be *footed* with India-rubber boots. The tall Cat-tail (or Cat-o'-nine-tails), or Reed-mace, stands among the reeds with its rich red-brown clubs, either as a defender of the pass or to invite us in. As we plunge on, among the black mud, and the green reeds and grasses, we seem to have come into the very centre of all growing things. Dragon-flies hover over the pools of water, clouds of insects swarm among the bushes, frogs croak under our feet, — there is a mass of life, animal and vegetable, around us. Green all about, and glimpses of blue sky above, and blue reflected in the pools that lie at the foot of great moss-grown trunks of trees. We press on, for besides all the wonders of swamp-life that encourage us and stay us, we are aiming for a great prize. We have not time to look at all the microscopic Algæ that form a green growth over the water itself, but we plunge along.

Here is the Iris, or Blue Flag, with its sword-like leaves. Some of its blue flowers still linger, — deep blue, veined with green, yellow, and white dashes at its base. And the leaves of the Side-saddle-flower grow closely together around its roots, pitcher-like in form, holding water still. Here are huge shrubs or trees of Laurel, the Dog-wood growing rankly, delicate Gold-thread, and such Mosses! Happy mud-turtles sitting on projecting roots or flat stones, as if conscious of being in the very heart of their own dominions,



by the side of nodding lilies. This is the land of the Arethusas, and of the Calopogon.

In wet places, near Plymouth, grows the *Sabbatia*, with its handsome, rose-colored flowers.

Great hemlocks rise amongst the luxurious growth. There is a mound of

moss-grown rock, and a dry spot, among the roots of one of these great trees, where one can stop to look round. Grape-vines and Clematis are trailing among the shrubs and trees, and fill up all the passages, so that now we cannot tell where we came in, or how we shall get away from the tangle of growth. Here are alders, and elders, and birches, and strange deepening blueberries, that we do not venture to pick. Little rabbit-paths lead in among the bushes; if we were only small enough to follow them, what might we not find? We could penetrate into the mounds of ferns and brake that grow rankly all around. We seem to have reached a strange, unknown, tropical country, and could fancy that from behind the jungle some wild beast might appear, or some imp look out from the bushes, or a snake crawl from the slime. Down among deep bogs such as these lie, and are found, relics of old, old times, of other races; and, in the moist, earthy atmosphere, we feel as if we too might vegetate, then stay and fossilize, to be dug up and wondered over some millions of years hence. But there is a path through it all: over stones, clutching at briars, stopping to admire smooth reeds, strange tall grasses, thick brakes, we come at last to a sunshiny place, where the wonder of our swamp breaks in upon us. We are in one of the favored spots where the *Rhododendron* grows.

High overhead, all around us, the rich pink blossoms fill us with a new wonder. What a strange place for this brilliant foreign-looking plant to choose! It must miss the flamingoes and parrots and palm-trees of a home in the South. No, it is native born and bred. It is found "sparingly in New England, New York, and Ohio, but very common along shaded water-courses in the mountains of Pennsylvania and southward." It grows sometimes twenty feet high. Its beautiful corolla is of pale rose-color, or nearly white, greenish on the upper side, and spotted with yellow or reddish, bell-shaped, or partly funnel-form. It is somewhat two-lipped. Its color varies with its position and in its growth. I could wish the swamps where it grows might be even more fiercely guarded by dragon-flies, or snake-root, or frogsbit, spike-rush, grass-blades, or spear-grass, so that these oases of glorious flowers might not be disturbed or cut away, but left to rule in their strange solitude.

We might keep on in our walk to where the water spreads out, away from its reedy margin, into a pond. But we must take an early morning for our search after Water-Lilies, — a morning time, when we can catch them just as the morning sun is waking them up from their night's sleep. We shall have to leave our sleep still earlier, and have a chance to see the first dawning glow above the hills, to watch the spiders' webs along the roadside, freshly spread for their day's work. They must have been up early, too! No, the webs were spread the last thing before going to bed, so that the spider can take a late nap, while the silly insects that are out earlier are caught in his toils. The webs make a lovely tapestry in the grass before the dust has weighed them down, and while the morning dew is sprinkled over them.

But who can describe the sight, when, one after another, the Water-Lily buds open to meet the sun, across the broad pond? It is indeed bewildering

with its flashing beauty. How the half-opened flowers float gracefully on the surface of the water, sending their deep green smooth stalks far down into the deep earth below, so that they can sway at their ease, supported by the waves! I shall not describe it to you botanically, as you must find it for yourself in your Gray's Botany. Only observe its four green sepals and white petals, and how these last pass gradually into yellow stamens in the centre.

In among the lilies is other water-growth, — pink and blue flowers that you must study, — the wonderful Vallisneria, a sort of Eel-grass. The flowers are *diœcious*; that is, the pistils and stamens are found in separate plants. The staminate flowers grow on so short a *scape*, or flower-stalk, that they are confined to the bottom of the water. The fertile flowers are borne on an exceedingly long scape. So, when the staminate clusters are ready, they break away from their stalks, and float on the surface, where they open and shed their pollen around the pistillate flowers, which are raised to the surface at the same time. Afterwards, the fertile scapes — from two to four feet long, if the water is as deep — coil up spirally, and draw the seed-vessel under water to ripen.

We shall want to carry away some of our prize of Water-Lilies in the bud. They are in the habit of opening day after day, three times, and then their little life is over. If their pretty long stalks are cut away, we can keep them afloat in a shallow dish, opening for three days, and shutting at night for sleep.

In August, and late in July, we can find the Cardinal-flower, “the superb Lobelia, flashing among the sedges,” as Willis calls it. Its deep red, five-lobed, monopetalous corolla is split down to its base on one side, and its five stamens hang free from the corolla.

The Kalmia, the Rhododendron, the Water-Lily, and the Cardinal-flower are some of the glories of midsummer. It is hard to name them all, when we think of meadows, fields, hillsides, swamps, and deep glens, — glens with all the varieties of Ferns and Maiden-hair. And already over the stone walls stretch the long branches of the Golden-Rod, Hypericon, and Blue Vervain. But these can wait for us till September.

Lucretia P. Hale.





CARRIE'S RESCUE.

I SAID that on the tenth day of their stay on the desolate island, Carrie was waked early in the morning by the cry of "A sail!" Yet when she sprang up from her hard bed she could see no sail anywhere, nor anything unusual. There they were, as before, down at the end of the island, with the birds. One flock of strange little birds were perched close by Carrie, forty or fifty in number, going through the same performance which she had so often watched in the morning, — nodding a great many times at each other, and putting morsels from one beak into another, till the same bit of food had gone half round the circle, — as if this were their morning salutation, and means of finding out each other's condition for the day. The birds appeared as usual; but when Carrie looked along the coral island, she saw it covered with groups of people, standing up, half dressed, and eagerly gazing towards the west. When she gazed also in the same direction, she saw a little upright shadow against the sky, on the far-off horizon, and she knew that there was the blessed sail.

Every eye on the island was turned to it, but for a few minutes nobody spoke. Nobody dared feel quite sure that it was a vessel, and even if it were, the crew might not see the coral island, it was so low, and there was not wood enough to raise the flag high. And even if they saw the flag, they might not see that it was placed upside down, or "Union down," which is the signal of distress at sea. But soon the vessel came more clearly in view,

and then there appeared another ; and soon the shipwrecked people could distinguish two brave little schooners beating up against the wind, coming straight for the wreck, and bearing the red English flag. It was found, on their arrival, that they had been catching turtles on what is called the Mosquito Coast ; and as soon as the little boat from the wreck had reached them, they had unloaded their cargo, which took them a whole day, and then set sail at once. They threw overboard all their turtles, except three large ones, which they brought to the shipwrecked people for food.

But these two small schooners could only take a very small part of the six hundred people, and what would become of the rest ? However, the very next day brought two large American gunboats, or naval steamers, named the "Huntsville" and the "State of Georgia." One of the boats from the wreck had gone all the way to Aspinwall, more than a hundred miles, and had got the commander of these vessels to come to Roncaçor Reef.

The people were all taken from the island in boats, as soon as possible, and put on board these vessels. Many of them were so weak that they could not stand, and had to be lifted by the sailors ; and Carrie wrote home that when she got on board everybody was so kind that she could do nothing but cry. The officers brought them nice broth and wine and ice-water ; and told how anxious they themselves had been, while coming as fast as possible on their humane errand. They thought that the shipwrecked passengers might have no water, as the supply was so uncertain ; or that there might come a storm, bringing the waves across the low island. They said, too, that the wreck took place so far from the usual track of vessels that no one would ever have gone there to look for the passengers, if the little boat had not succeeded in reaching Aspinwall. And it seemed a wonder that it ever arrived there ; for it was out nearly three days and nights, was once nearly upset, so as to lose all the provisions on board ; besides that the compass would not work, because of the iron in the boat. So their rescue appeared very wonderful ; and several of the ladies said afterwards, that it seemed as if they had really known what it was to die, — as if the mere sweeping of the water over them would not have been much, after their minds were made up to it ; and one lively French lady used to say, when there was any alarm, "Since I died, I have had no fear."

When the rescued passengers arrived at Aspinwall, they immediately took the railway cars which had been waiting to carry them across the Isthmus to Panama. It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and it seemed a dream, after their strange island life, to be whirled along through all the new scenery of the tropics, — past great palm-trees, having native huts beneath them, made of the palm-trunks in columns, all open, and thatched with the leaves of the same tree. The natives were not like the poor people in Northern cities in being ragged and dirty, but were so clean and white in their garments, however destitute they might be, that it was a pleasure to see them ; and the women wore pretty muslins and laces drooping from their bare shoulders ; and some of them had bright flowers, blue and red and yellow, behind their ears.

In describing the shipwreck, I spoke of Julia, the colored girl, who, when the vessel struck, supposed that to be the usual mode of stopping. Julia enjoyed the ride across the Isthmus, and presently a colored man came and sat down by her, and asked if she "got free in de Linkum war." She said, "Yes." Then some one asked him where he came from, and he said, "Jamaica." Carrie asked him if he had been free a long time, and he answered, with great energy, "Before I was born I was free," and repeated it again and again, "Before I was born."

When they reached Panama, on the Pacific coast, they all had to begin crying again, Carrie said, because the people were so kind to them. The moment she got out of the car, she was clasped in the arms of a Spanish woman, who said in English, as well as she could, "O, we have thought so much about you. We feared you would die for want of water." It was a beautiful thought to Carrie, that persons she had never seen could care so much about her, just because she was a human being like themselves. Afterwards these kind women sent trunks of clothing on board the steamer which was to take them to San Francisco, and Carrie had a pair of their pretty little blue kid slippers given to her, just like a pair which had been worn at home by the dearest of her friends.

Now I must tell you about little Roncadora, and then stop. One night, as they were sailing on the Pacific Ocean, there came some very beautiful gray and white gulls, flying over and around the vessel, with pretty orange bills, and fringed wings, and white fan-tails. They seemed very gentle, dove-like, confiding birds; and they only stayed one day. The last thing Carrie saw at night was one of these birds, still flying after the vessel, late into the darkness; and when next morning she heard that a little baby had been born on board the ship, it seemed just as if these birds had brought her, and so she wrote to us about them all together.

The captain of the steamer took a great interest in the little new-comer, because he was returning home to a baby of his own, whom he had never seen. So he put the cabin in festive array; and for the christening basin they prepared a great pink conch-shell, and arranged an American flag to hang over baby's head. The captain gave her some little garments that he was carrying home for his own baby, and also some little gold clasps for her sleeves. The christening service was performed by a missionary who was on board, and she was named, from the reef where they were wrecked, "Roncadora America." When the name was pronounced, the great gun of the ship was fired, and then the captain addressed the father, who held her, presenting him with a purse of fifty dollars from the passengers, and ending triumphantly,

"And now, my friends, see Roncadora
With freedom's banner waving o'er her."

At this the father uncovered her, though she had made herself quite apparent before, by wrestling with her little fists under her counterpane, and uttering many wild and incomprehensible sounds. She proved to be a pretty baby,

with a great deal of soft dark-brown hair. Of course she was a pet for all the passengers until they reached California.

They arrived in San Francisco on the forty-second day after leaving home, — twice the length of the usual passage. This was not the end of Carrie's adventures, for she was going on to Puget's Sound, in Washington Territory, and next time I shall tell how she got there, and about her interviews with the Indians. But now I shall leave her at San Francisco, resting after her weary voyage. She wrote home from that place, "We are very happy here, with Hop Kin and the other Chinese men, who make our bed and wash our clothes ; and we think we shall remain here some time."

T. W. Higginson.



LESSONS IN MAGIC.

VII.

I HAVE been a little unwell lately, and, being obliged to stay in the house, a friend kindly sent me a lot of books, — "to kill the time with," he said. Among them was one of which my readers have probably heard ; "Ten Acres Enough," it is called, and a most delightful book it is. Well, I read "Ten Acres," and have thought of "Ten Acres" ever since, and if it will not weary my young friends, I will, for the subject of this Lesson, introduce an agricultural topic, — which it is, — eggs.

I remember once seeing a sign in New York, many years ago, which read, "Fresh-laid Eggs, every day, by Mary McCabe."* I don't know whether

* A fact.

Mary is yet alive, but if she is, let her read attentively this Lesson, and, having read it, save herself much trouble by procuring

The Egg Bag.

The performer comes on the stage, holding in his hand a woollen bag, and addresses his audience somewhat as follows: — “Here, ladies and gentlemen, I have a bag, a woollen bag. I use that material so that I may pull it over your eyes if necessary. This is a very eggs-traordinary bag; it is supposed to have formerly belonged to the goddess Ceres, but has been in my possession now for a series of years. It is eggs-tremely useful for the la(y)-dies, and would throw a farmer’s wife into egg-stasies. I hope you will excuse these little jokes, as I assure you they are not only quite harmless, but really necessary for my trick, which I will now begin. I first turn the bag inside out so that you may see it is empty.” (Turns the bag.) “Next, I throw it into the air, and, letting it fall, trample it under my feet.” (In each instance suiting the action to the word.) “I think you will all admit that the contents, supposing there were any, would be pretty well crushed by this time; and yet, see! I place my hand inside, and running it down to the corner, I bring out a nice fresh egg. That this is the genuine article, and not a ‘counterfeit presentment,’ I will convince you by breaking it.” (Breaks the egg.) “Again I place my hand inside the bag, and another egg comes forth. Now I will turn the bag once more, and show you that the outside, which is now inside, also contains eggs. See!” (Takes an egg from the bag.) “Now, ladies and gentlemen, some of you may think that these eggs come from my sleeve, but they do not, I assure you. They come from the bag; and if you will look carefully, you will see that something drops inside. In that something is an egg. Now, watch!” (Shakes the bag gently, and something inside falls.) “I will now take out the egg, and place it along with its fellows on this plate.”

And so he goes on, taking egg after egg from this apparently empty bag, until at least a dozen are on the plate.

The trick has always been a popular one; but, in order to make it effective, it is necessary to talk the whole time; and I am doubtful whether it would please as much in the drawing-room as it does on the stage. It is very simple, the whole secret being in the construction of the bag, which is made in this way.

Get some heavy woollen stuff, and have *two* bags made, — one a trifle smaller than the other in every way, so that if one is placed inside the other, and the two then sewed together at the mouth, they will appear as one. Next have a number of pockets made, and have these placed between the two bags, sewing one side of the pocket to the inner bag, and the other side to the outer. Have a slit cut in each bag, just above where these pockets are sewed, so that, whichever bag is inside, you can always have access from it to the pockets. It is in these pockets, which are closed with a hook and eye, that the eggs are placed. The reader will naturally wonder, however, why the eggs are not broken when the bag is trodden on and

beaten against the floor. As that would not be a pleasing feature, we guard against it by having them made of white kid, filled with cotton or hair. The two genuine eggs which were first brought out of the bag were held concealed in the performer's hand, — *palmed*, in fact, — and in that way introduced inside.

At the conclusion of this trick you may with very good effect introduce

The Animated Egg.

To perform this trick, two hats are borrowed from the audience, who are requested to assure themselves that there is no preparation about them. An egg is then shown, and, to prove that it is not connected by a thread to the performer, it is laid on a table whilst the conjurer walks off from it. Everything having been proved to be fair and above-board, the egg is placed inside one of the hats. Music now strikes up, and presently the egg appears on the rim of the hat, *actually walking out by itself*. The audience of course are astonished, and signify their approbation of this proceeding by "deafening applause." The egg, however, with that modesty which is ever found in the true artist, merely bows its acknowledgments, and, keeping on the "even tenor of his way," proceeds to march around the rim of the hat, and then, striking out into a new path, begins the circuit of the crown. The performer now places the second hat close to that upon which the egg is travelling, and, leaving the one it is on, it gracefully passes to the other. So it continues dancing round the hat, walking into it, creeping up the performer's arm, and doing all sorts of strange things, never before heard of in the annals of eggs.

The trick never fails to please, and yet is one of the most simple known. The egg which is used is merely a shell, having been emptied of its contents by making a pin-hole at each end, and sucking or blowing out the white and yolk. The egg, having been thus prepared, is laid in a dish with others, before beginning the trick. So much for the preparation of the egg. To the top button of the performer's waistcoat is fastened a piece of very fine sewing-silk, to the other end of which is attached a small piece of wax. Everything is now in readiness to begin the trick. The egg is laid on the table, and the performer walks to the other side of the room, permitting any one to pass between him and the egg, so as to assure the audience that it is not attached to his person in any way. Returning to the table, he picks up the egg, and, in doing so, presses on it the end of the silk to which the wax is attached.

He next takes one of the hats and places the egg inside of it. Now comes the only part that requires practice. The egg being inside, the performer *moves the hat down*, until the egg is even with



the rim, and it appears to the audience as if it had walked up, instead of the hat moving down; then, taking off the egg, he holds the hat before him with the crown in a horizontal position, as shown in the accompanying illustration, and begins to turn the hat round, turning it from him; this again gives the audience the impression that the egg is walking up the hat.

With very little practice, this trick may be performed as well by any of Our Young Folks, as by the most skilful magician.

Whilst on the subject I will describe another trick in which eggs play a prominent part. It is known as

The Singular Saucepan,

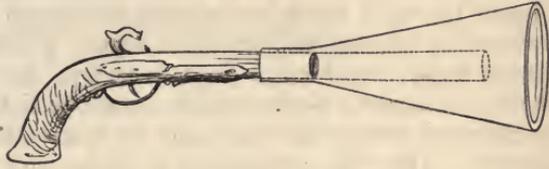
and is performed as follows:—

Four rings are borrowed from the audience, and placed in a pistol; a saucepan is then shown, and the performer, placing some eggs in it, proceeds to pour some spirits-of-wine on them, which he lights, remarking at the same time (he always makes this remark, as omitting it would evince a want of respect to a most venerable joke), "This, they say, is the way they cook in Japan, but at any rate it is the way I cook in *my* pan." When the eggs are nearly cooked, the cover is placed on the saucepan, and the pistol which holds the rings is aimed and fired at it. The cover is now removed, and in the place of the eggs, are found four doves, each with a ribbon round its neck, to which is attached a ring. The birds are handed to the persons who loaned the rings, with the request that they will identify their property.

For this trick, a saucepan of peculiar construction is required. It is made of three parts, — a saucepan proper, a lining, and a cover. The saucepan is made, say eleven inches in diameter and five in depth, and has an iron handle; the lining is about half the depth of the pan, and of such circumference as to just admit of its being placed inside the pan, where it must fit tightly; it must be made of thin tin, the idea being to give the impression that there is nothing in the pan, when it is really inside; the cover, which, like all saucepan covers, goes inside the pan, is made of such size that it will fit inside the lining. Supposing the saucepan to be properly made, we will proceed with the trick.

The performer goes among the audience, holding in his hand a small stick, and requests the loan of four rings. As they are handed to him, he begs that the owners will place them on the stick, so that he may not be accused of changing them. This being done, he takes hold of the ends of the stick, one with each hand, and begins to run the rings up and down it, by turning the stick, first with one end up, and then with the other. Whilst doing this, he manages to pass over the end which is in his right hand four rings of his own, which he has held concealed there; and when next the genuine rings come down to his left hand, he holds them there, but turns the stick immediately after, and, although no rings run down it, the audience imagine that they do, from the fact of his having made the movement. Again he turns the stick, and this lets the false rings run down. Having changed the rings, there is no further necessity of turning the stick, which is

now laid down with the request that the audience will keep a watch upon it. The pistol is next produced, and, after being duly loaded, the performer attempts to put the rings in, but the bore being too small, he is unable to do it. He then fits to the barrel a funnel made of brass or tin, and in this he places the rings. This funnel is made in this way: the pipe is carried up into the body of the funnel; and it is between this pipe and the sides of the funnel that all articles are placed. As this article is used whenever the conjurer has occasion to place anything in a gun or pistol, it is important that the student of magic should understand it, and, that he may the more fully comprehend it, I annex a cut showing much more clearly than I can describe it how the thing is made.



The false rings now being in the pistol, the conjurer goes out to get his saucepan, taking the borrowed rings with him. These he attaches to pieces of ribbon which he fastens on the necks of the doves. He then puts the birds in the lining of the pan, and over them again, but inside of the lining, places the cover. Taking the saucepan in one hand, and the lining and cover (the doves between them, of course) in the other, he goes back to the audience, and, laying the lining and cover on a table, hands out the saucepan for examination. This being concluded, he places the eggs in the pan, pours the spirit on them, lights it, and, whilst it is blazing, claps the cover and lining on, or rather in, the pan, fires the pistol at it, and the next moment, pulling out the cover and leaving the lining behind, discovers to the astonished audience the doves with the rings on their necks.

I hope I have made this description clear; for it is a pretty trick, and, when properly done, a pleasing one.

P. H. C.



AFLOAT IN THE FOREST:

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

A SLOW RETREAT: IN THE ARCADE.

THEIR report spread consternation among the crew. Trevannion, incredulous of the existence of such bloodthirsty savages as Munday represented the Muras to be, was disposed to treat it as an exaggeration.

The young Paraense, who, when in his father's house, had met many of the up-river traders, and heard them conversing on this very theme, was able to indorse what the Mundurucú said. It was well known to the traders that there were tribes of wild Indians inhabiting the Gapo lands, who during the season of the inundation made their home among the tree-tops, — that some of these were cannibals, and all of them savages of a most ferocious type, with whom an encounter in their native wilds, by any party not strong enough to resist them, might prove both dangerous and deadly.

There was no time to argue ; and without further opposition the ex-miner himself sprang to one of the paddles, the tapuyo taking the other. They had no idea of going back across the lagoon. To have proceeded in that direction would have been to court discovery. With such slow progress as theirs, a mile would be about all they could make before daybreak ; and, out on the open water, their craft would be distinguishable at three times that distance. The course counselled by the tapuyo was to keep at first parallel to the line of the trees ; and then enter among these as soon as the dawn began.

As the party retreated, not two, but ten fires were seen gleaming among the trees, filling the forest with their bright coruscation. The tapuyo explained that each new light denoted the uprising of a fresh family, until the whole malocca was astir. The fires were kindled to cook the breakfast of the Indians. Notwithstanding this domestic design, our adventurers looked back upon them with feelings of apprehension ; for they were not without fears that, roasted over those very fires, they might furnish the savages with the material for a cannibal repast !

To all appearance never did the ceiba go slower, — never lie so dull upon the water. Despite the vigorous straining of strong arms, it scarcely seemed to move. The sail was of no service, as there was not a breath of air, but was rather an obstruction ; and, seeing this, Mozey let loose the halyards and gently lowered it.

They had hardly made half a mile from the point of starting, when they saw the dawn just appearing above the tops of the trees. They were upon the equator itself, where between dawn and daylight there is but a short interval of time. Knowing this, the craft was turned half round, and pulled towards a place of concealment. As they moved on to make it, they could see the sunlight stealing over the surface of the water, and the fires becoming paler at its approach. In ten minutes more, daylight would be upon them !

It was now a struggle against time, — a trial of speed between the ceiba and the sun, — both slowly approaching a critical point in their course. Trevannion and the tapuyo plied the paddles as men rowing for their lives and the lives of others dear to them. They almost felt as if the sun favored them ; for he not only seemed to suspend his rising, but to sink back in his course. Perhaps it was only the shadow of the trees, under which they had now entered. At all events, they were in the midst of obscurity, propelling the dead-wood into the embouchure of an igarapé, overshadowed with drooping trees, that, like a dark cavern, promised them a hiding-place.

At the moment of entering, it was so dark they could not tell how far the opening extended. In this uncertainty they suspended the stroke of their paddles, and suffered the ceiba to come to a standstill. As yet they had no other light than that afforded by the fire-flies that flitted about under the trees. But these were of the large species, known as *Cocuyos* (*Elater noctilucus*), one of which, when held over the page of a printed book, enables a person to read; and as there were many of them wandering about, their united sparkle enabled our adventurers to make out that the creek was of very limited extent.

Gradually, as the sun rose higher, his light fell gently glimmering through the leaves, and showed that the arcade was a *cul de sac*, extending only about a hundred yards into the labyrinth of branches and parasitical plants. They had entered, so to speak, a court through which there was no thoroughfare; and there they must remain. They could only get out of it by taking to the tree-tops, or else by returning to the open lagoon. But they had had enough of travelling through the tree-tops, while to abandon the craft that had carried them so comfortably, and that might still avail them, was not to be thought of.

As to returning to the open water, that would be like delivering themselves into the very jaws of the danger they were desirous to avoid; for, once seen by the savages, there would not be the slightest chance of escape. They were provided with canoes moored among the tree-trunks that formed the supports of their aerial habitations. Clumsy structures enough; but, no matter how clumsy or slow, they were swifter than the dead-wood; and in the event of a chase the latter would be easily overhauled and captured. Only one course offered any prospect of safety, — to remain all day in the arcade, trusting that none of the savages might have any business near the place. At night they could steal out again, and by an industrious use of their paddles put a safer distance between themselves and the dangerous denizens of the malocca.

Having determined on this, they drew their craft into the darkest corner, and, making it fast to a tree, prepared to pass the time in the pleasantest possible manner.

There was not much pleasure sitting in that silent, sombre shadow; especially as they were in dread that its silence might be disturbed by the wild shout of a savage. They had taken every precaution to escape discovery. The little fire left burning upon the log had been extinguished by Munday, immediately on seeing the two lights first described. They would fain have rekindled it, to cook a breakfast; but fearing that the smoke might be seen, they chose that morning to eat the charqui raw.

After breakfast they could do nothing but keep their seats, and await, with such patience as they might command, the development of events. It was not all darkness around them. As the little creek penetrated the trees in a straight line, they commanded a view of a portion of the lagoon. Their situation was very similar to that of a person inside a grotto or cavern on the sea-shore, which commands a view of the ocean stretching away from its mouth, the

bright space gradually widening as it recedes in the distance. Though themselves seated in the midst of obscurity, they could see brightness beyond the opening of the bay, — the sun shining with a golden gleam upon the water.

On this their eyes were kept, — not in the hope of seeing anything there that might give them gratification, but rather desiring that nothing should be seen. Notwithstanding the obscurity that surrounded them, they could not divest themselves of the idea that one passing the entrance of the creek could see them distinctly enough ; and this kept them in constant apprehension.

They had no need to keep watch in any other direction. Behind them, and on each side, extended the unbroken wall of tree-tops, shaded with lianas, worked and woven together into a network that appeared impenetrable even to the wild animals of the forest. Who would have looked for an enemy in human shape to come that way ?

Up to noon no incident occurred to disturb the tranquillity of the place or in any way add to their apprehensions. Now and then a bird appeared, winging its way over the bright band illumined by the sun, or poising itself for a moment and then plunging downward upon some prey it had detected in the water. All these appearances only increased their confidence ; as the presence of the birds, undisturbed at their ordinary avocations, indicated the absence of human beings.

The same conclusion was drawn from the behavior of a brace of large fish-cows, at some distance outside, directly in front of the arcade. When first noticed, they were engaged in some sort of rude gambol, at which they continued for a full half-hour. After that, one of them swam off, while the other, laying itself along the water, appeared to go to sleep.

It was a tantalizing sight to the eyes of the old tapuyo ; and it was just as much as he could do to restrain himself from swimming out and attacking the sleeper, either with his knife or the pashuba spear. The danger, however, would have been too great, not from a conflict with the cow, but of being seen by the sharp-eyed savages.

In view of this, the Mundurucú resisted the temptation, and consented, though not without reluctance, to let the peixe-boi continue its slumbers uninterrupted.

Mayne Reid.



Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY
of
CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.



CHARADES.

No. 15.

MY *first* is coming, take your seats ;
Be quick, and shut the door !
Zephyrus breathes, my *second* leaves
For famed Italia's shore.
My *whole* a thousand teachers seek,
And but a few obtain ;
Inverted, it is one who rides
Commander on the main.

WILLY WISP.

No. 16.

INVITE my *first* to dinner when you may,
'T will not till after tea your welcome ask.
My *second* blindly must pursue its way,
Life's brightness then a darkened mask ;

Pierce but its tender vestments, slight
And fragile, there 's forever night.
My *third* assists to build the nest,
Far eastward grown, yet always in the
West.

Without my *whole*, in letters three,
Wise men but fools would ever be.

R. J. D.

No. 17.

A ROGUE in my *first*
Was just driving away,
When on him my *next* he espied ;
He started, but fell
To my *third* as a prey,
And came to my *whole* to be tried.

PUZZLE.

No. 13.

BURIED in caverns deep I lie,
Fettered with links of iron chain,
Far from the gaze of human eye,
Yet often sought for human gain.
I'm hard, I'm soft, I'm black as night,
My lustre 's like the diamond's rays ;
E'en now full many a reckless wight
My potent, magic power displays
The chemist well my value knows,
From his ordeal unharmed I'm cast ;
Though fire and flame around me close,
To Neptune's power I yield at last.
To headsman's axe submit me now ;
A change, portentous, dire, is wrought ;

With tortured limbs and aching brow,
A battle fierce is ever fought.
Better on fabled bed of yore
Lie down at old Procrustes' will, —
That cruel fiend of mythic lore, —
Than suffer pangs that never kill !
Though headless, still my power is felt ;
I claim the whole world as my field.
My presence bids the sternest melt,
And to my sway the bravest yield.

My riddle read, my problem solve ;
For you I've travelled land and sea.
My many opposites resolve
And you will well rewarded be.

DAVY WHITE.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 25.



ENIGMAS.

No. 18.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 6, 9, 11, 4, is what persons often are.

My 8, 12, 2, 10, is sometimes a pet.

My 7, 13, 4, is a girl's name.

My 5, 12, implies a command.

My 6, 11, 3, 2, is a musical instrument.

My 8, 1, 13, is a vessel for holding liquids.

My whole is what school girls enjoy.

ELLA E. W.

No. 19.

FRENCH.

Je suis composé de 27 lettres.

Mon 9, 24, 17, 13, 4, 7, 5, est une des saisons.

Mon 22, 26, 16, 21, 19, est un animal.

Mon 3, 18, 11, est ce qu'on articule, tous les fois qu'on parle.

Mon 20, 5, 16, 14, 21, est une rivière de la France.

Mon 8, 23, 10, est un sentiment excellent.

Mon 1, 26, 2, 24, est un végétal.

Mon 25, 5, est un adjectif démonstratif.

Mon 12, 6, 15, 27, 15, est ce qui nous donne le jour.

Mon tout est une proverbe Française.

ZAIDEE.

No. 20.

LATIN.

Litterae quatuordecim me componunt.

VIII, II, X, XI, XIII, VII mei, locus in quo vivimus est.

IV, XII, III, VIII, VI, XIV mei, bona qualitas est.

I, IX, VII mei, animal domesticum est.

IV, V, III, XIII, VII mei, saepe mortifex est.

Totus rex Romanus est.

FRANK.

ANSWERS.

CHARADES.

13. Mummary, — mum, (Mumm,) merry

14. Pawn-broker.

PUZZLE.

12. Ladder.

ENIGMAS.

15. Eggs are close things, but the chicks will out at last.

16. See the answer given in the June number for No. 15.

17. Fortune is none,
That reason cannot conquer.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

22. Grievous words stir up anger, but a soft answer turneth away wrath. [(Greave) o u (s words)

(stirrup) (pan) ger (butt) (ass) oft (*anser*) (tear) et (hay-weight) (rat) h.]23. Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

[(Tender) (hand) (dead) st (row) (key) A (net) (tea) l e, & (eye) (tea) (s t i n g s) (ewe) (four) (ewer) (panes): (grass) (pit) li (cayman) of (metal), & (eye) t (sow) f t (ass) (silk) R e (manes).]

24. One day in Paradise is worth a thousand years on earth. [(t day *in* pair o' dice) = (M y ears on earth).]



Ella F. Thank the little sister Lilian for us, and tell her, "Almost."

F. E. S. We are glad to hear from you, although we have not been able to print any of your rebuses. Thank you for the club; next year we hope you will do better yet.

Berta. Yes; some publisher must approve the plan and undertake to carry it out. The cost depends upon the size, style, and number of copies made; nothing but a careful calculation will determine this.

Mab. Because it has only mediocrity. Ten thousand similar things are equally good.

F. H. E. Thank you; no.

H. A. F. G. No.

M. M. F. says: "I send you the enclosed simple lines to gratify my two little girls, — two of your happy readers from the first number. They *did* bury a little sparrow one day with sincere grief, and begged these lines, which were read to a stricken company of small people and dolls."

ELEGY.

Dear little bird, good by!
I bury you with grief;
I know not if you soared or sung;
Your life was very brief.

These tender little wings
Can scarce have tried their strength;
I wish I knew you *once* had sung
Your song in its full length.

Up in the sky I hear
Other glad sparrows' notes;
I'm sure *one* mother-bird is still, —
No song swells from her throat.

How glad was she one day
To find you in her nest!
I'm sure she misses you to-night,
Just when she feeds the rest.

I wish you had a *soul*
That would wake up one day,
To live and sing with me, dear bird,
After life's work and play!

F. F. W. The subject is good, but it is not so well treated as it should be for our use.

H. L. W. We are sorry to say, that the rebuses are a little too far-fetched in some of their principal symbols.

Alice G. Too late.

Bumble Bee. There's time enough yet. You are now too young for such ventures.

A Beginner. "The Ohio Farmer" (Cleveland, O.), "Moore's Rural New-Yorker" (Rochester, N. Y.), and "The Agriculturalist" (New York City), are all good. You would do best to purchase samples and make your own choice.

W. C. P. says: "Being 'one of the industrious,' I tried my hand at 'Manufactory.' I send you 298 words, which can be found in Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries." Good boy!

Country. Our subscribers are so much more numerous and widely scattered than those of any foreign magazine, that it would be almost impossible to devise any plan whereby all would have a fair chance for obtaining such recognition as you speak of. We have often thought of the idea, and, if it can be properly carried into effect, shall adopt it by and by.

L. D. Send two dollars for each name, — that is all.

W. S. T. "Theological Seminary" is hardly a sufficient address, and, as that is all you give us, you cannot wonder that your letters are unanswered. Many of the puzzles you sent us are older than you are.

Wendell P. F. Your rebus is too plain.

Anti-veto. Thanks for the attempt, but you have only rearranged words that have already been given as examples.

Helen Campbell. We wish we could say yes, but it is not best.

Willy Wisp. Don't think that we have forgotten you. Some of your rebus sketches are in hand now. These inversions of yours are good, although short: —

"Stop leeward & draw eel-pots."

— "Draw pupil's lip upward."

Violet. Lear and Duncan do not properly belong among historical characters.

Emily. We are afraid that your puzzle is too easy.

Willy Wisp says, that a conundrum ought always to be accompanied by its answer, because nobody ever guessed one unless by some rare inspiration, or accident. We don't know but he is right, and so we include here a couple of his:—

"Why can't a lady rest after attending sewing-bees?—Because after sowing *B's* she is unable to reap *O's* (repose).

"What is the difference between a newspaper reporter and a crow in planting-time?—One is seeking for general, and the other for colonel (kernel) information.

"Why is a child sent to you from her Grecian step-mother like the word *pneumatics*?—Because it comes from the Greek *pneuma* (new ma)."

Our Friend "Phi," who is a capital fellow and has seen sights in his time, has given us a nice account of one of his army experiences when he was serving as surgeon, which we copy here. The picture which ends the article is of his own drawing, and he calls his little narrative

"THE PET OF THE CAMP.

"The first time I saw 'Billy' the pig, he was eating his breakfast out of a trough made of a sardine-box, and, though a month old, he was only seven inches high. He was covered with a thick coat of reddish-colored bristles, so long about the neck and shoulders as to resemble a mane; this, with a very chubby look, and a little grunt, like the base note of a small accordion, made up the drollest pig I ever saw. It appeared that a Zouave, returning to his regiment, stopped at our camp to chat and rest himself, and was so well pleased with his entertainment that he gave to his soldier-host one of two little grunters he had brought along with him.

"Billy became quite a pet, going about where he pleased, but sleeping in a candle-box, which had a swing-door that allowed him to go in or out, and also served to keep out the cold. The officer of the day (one who has care of the sentries and camp) would call on him and inquire, 'Billy, have

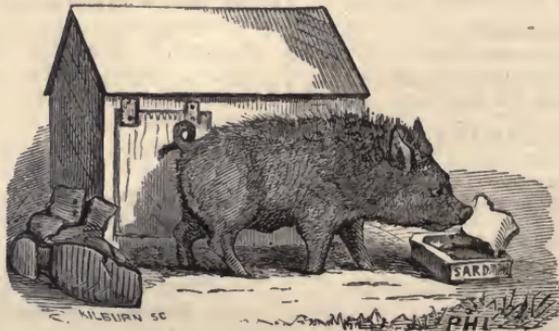
you had your rations this morning?' to which came the invariable response, 'O-o-o-we!' which is pretty good French for 'Yes.'

"When the regiment marched, some one would carry him in a haversack (or satchel), otherwise he would have had to gallop his short legs to keep up with the men. It did not matter whether we only halted for the night, or went into camp for days, it was all the same to Billy, who was equally at home. He was courageous too, and seemed to be fearless of anything; screaming mules, neighing horses, and guns he was used to. Three dogs (elephants to him) one day barked furiously about his ears, unnoticed for some time, till, suddenly losing patience, Billy made a grand charge, nipping right and left, actually driving off his canine hectors, that ever after tacitly respected him.

"He was rather serious, rarely making any noise, and when he did squeal, it proved to be a remonstrance against being tossed in the air; upside-down not being his favorite position. The Officer of the Day, on going his 'grand rounds' after midnight, would pause at Billy's box (near the sentry line) and tap on it, upon which a little melodious baritone grunt could be heard, as if replying, 'O-o-we'll,' and the officer would say to his sergeant, 'Billy is snug in his quarters, — I wish I was in mine.'

"Billy grew to be twelve inches high, and so remained; and one day I made a careful sketch of him, in exact proportion to a good-sized shoe, as seen in the engraving.

"About Christmas-time the idea of roast pig as a festive dish was discussed freely, and approved of; but absolute starvation would alone have induced us to turn our pet into pork. Finally he made acquaintance with some stray pigs, and would be gone nearly all day in the woods with them, grubbing under the snow for roots, but came back regularly every evening to occupy his residence. It was while he was absent on one of these excursions that we suddenly broke up camp, and bag and baggage marched off into Virginia, and saw no more of poor Billy, who must have been much astonished to find the camp deserted. Some have a theory that he followed our route, — perhaps he did."





THE WANDERERS.

W. J. HENNESSY, *Artist.*

A. V. S. ANTHONY, *Engraver.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

No. IX.

THE TALE OF THE WHALE.



WHEN Peter the Headstrong, of stubbornest will,
Was sent out from Holland, commissioned to fill

In New Netherland province a Governor's chair,

The people all knew by his obstinate air,
By the stamp of his foot and the wag of his head,

That he meant to be minded in all that he said;

And that naught but the soberest, solemnest fun

Would ever find vent from this son of a gun.

Descended from captains, he too in the fight

Had led on to glory, but never for flight,

And in reaching the former by acting, not talking,

Had lost an extremity needed in walking.

By closely observing, his people soon learned

To compass his movements, wherever he turned :

* "At this season [1647], two whales of common size, swam up the [Hudson] river. One grounded about forty-three miles from the sea. [A Dutch mile is nearly equal to four English miles.] This fish was tolerably fat, for although the citizens of Rensselaerswyck broiled out a great quantity of train oil, still the whole river was oily for three weeks, and covered with grease." — *Vanderdonck*.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

For the index that showed what old Peter intended
 Was not in his face, but the limb that was mended.
 So they watched with sly glances the silver-clad peg
 That served as a mate to his natural leg,
 And whenever, in argument, down came the stump,
 And smote on the floor with a resonant thump,
 Not a tongue further wagged, but, with looks mild and meek,
 The Dutchmen all listened for Peter to speak.
 Still they liked the old hard-headed, obstinate soldier,
 For than he none e'er lived who was kinder or bolder,
 And during his reign all his subjects rich gat,
 While their faces grew broad and their bellies waxed fat.

One morn, at Manhattan, this Governor great
 Sat weighing in Council grave matters of state,
 When a stout-bodied Dutchman bounced into the room,
 On whose face were depicted the terrors of doom.
 "Your Highness," he said, having got back his breath,
 "I have seen, God preserve us! a portent of death.
 Just now in the river that flows by our town
 Appeared a great monster, whose color was brown:
 My glass, as I raised it, was wanting in strength
 To disclose to my vision his terrible length:
 And then through his nostrils the water he threw
 So high, that it fell not in rain but in dew:
 And so swift did he rush 'gainst the stream pouring down,
 That he banked up the waters and flooded the town;
 But he's gone up the river, and much do I fear
 That tidings of woe we directly shall hear."

Then Peter called out, "Bring to me my state pipe
 And a pound of tobacco; I don't like the stripe
 Of the tale which you tell, and must presently think;
 For if at such pranks we should knowingly wink,
 The Yanghees from Hartford perhaps will come next
 With a Puritan parson, all sermon and text,
 Bringing onions and rum to Manhattan's fair isle,
 And all sorts of notions our maids to beguile."
 For two hours and a quarter he silently smoked,
 Till his Councillors doughty were more than half choked;
 Then, rising, in dignity calm and serene,
 While his face through the smoke shot a rubicund gleam,
 To the floor of the chamber he brought down his peg
 And steadied himself on his flesh-and-blood-leg;
 Then looking around, with an air grand and grim,
 Said aloud in firm tones, "Let the animal swim!"

So the animal swam 'gainst the wind and the tide,
 Caring not if the river were narrow or wide,
 Rushing on like the tempest, and marking his path
 With the terrible waves of his foam-breathing wrath.
 As he passed by Fort Orange the gunner awoke:
 "The Yanghees from Hartford!" was all that he spoke,
 Then opened the gates, and, with breeches in hand
 And pipe in his mouth, rendered up his command.
 But soon 'mid the islands off Rensselaerswyck's shore
 The animal floundered and snorted and tore.
 Stuck fast in a quicksand, unable to go,
 He blew out his life in a chorus of woe,
 While the Donderberg mountains re-echoed his pain,
 And rolled out their thunder o'er valley and plain.

As the spring floods subsided, the yeomanry came
 To see the great monster without any name;
 Among them a skipper, renowned on the sea,
 With a knowledge of fishes like Barnum, P. T.
 This skipper climbed up on the animal's back,
 Then wandered about on a varying tack,
 Pulled away at his flippers, examined his tail,
 And said to the Dutchmen, "This here is a whale."
 As when in years later, obedient to fate,
 The rocks flowed with oil in a neighboring state,
 And hundreds forsook their homes, firesides, and friends
 For the spot where the stream of petroleum wends,
 So now from the hillsides, the plains, and the town



The people all came where the animal brown
 Lay dead on the quicksand, with hatchets and saws,
 And axes and cleavers, and meat-hooks and claws,

Determined to turn to their own private use
What before they had thought was a public abuse,
Prepared in great kettles his blubber to broil,
And try the great whale into barrels of oil.
The Skipper Jan Symensen ruled in the roast,
With Borssum and Stogpens and burgher Van Voorst.
Then Dirck Cornelissen came in for his share,
As did Jansen and Claessen, — which surely was fair.
Govert Loockmans was there with the Criegers and Pieters,
And Volckertsen, Symon Pos, Teunissen Meters ;
Jan Tyssen, the trumpeter famed for his blowing,
And Wolfert Gerritsen, a master at mowing ;
Rutger Hendricksen, ale-maker equal to Taylor ;
Cornelis Tomassen, both blacksmith and nailor ;
Carstenssen, the millwright, Laurensen, the sawyer,
And Adriaen van der Donck, sheriff and lawyer ;
Jansen Stol, who at Beverwyck managed the ferry ;
Pieter Bronck, at whose tavern so many got merry ;
Gerritsen van Bergen, the owner of acres ;
The sportsman renowned, named Harry de Backers,
Of whom it is told that one day out of fun
He killed eleven gray geese at a shot from his gun ;
Pels Steltyn the brewer, and Jacob Wolfertsen ;
Cornelis Crynnesen, Cornelis Lambertsen ;
Claes Jansen van Waalwyck, Claes Jansen van Ruth,
And Megapolensis, a preacher of truth,
Who afterwards sent his son Samuel to college,
Where he rapidly grew both in size and in knowledge ;
Sander Leendertsen Glen, a skilled Indian pedler,
And Mynderts der Bogaert, a quarrelsome meddler,
Of whom it is said, having got in a passion,
He strove to throw over in murderous fashion
A man whom in anger he caught by the throat,
As the twain were a-sailing one day in a boat ;
Jan de Neger, the hangman, the colonie's Haman ;
Jan Willemsen Scuth, and Jan Jansen van Bremen ;
Antonie de Hooges, who to Anthony's Nose
Gave his name on the Hudson, and Andries de Vos ;
Jan Labbadie, carpenter, native of France,
Who oft at Fort Orange led many a dance ;
Gysbertsen, the wheelwright, who frequently spoke ;
Jansen Dam, who in Council delighted to smoke ;
Burger Joris, whose smithy stood under a tree ;
Adriaensen van Veere, a freebooter free ;
And Pieterse Koyemans, called Barent the miller,
Whose name in the manor was ever a pillar

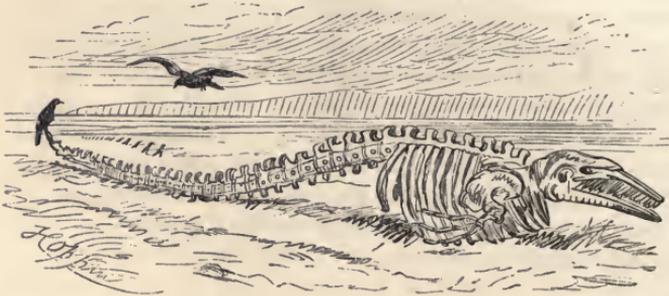
Of strength, and his brothers Dave, Jacob, and Arent,
Who shed lustre and fame on the name of their parent.
Besides these, there came an unnamable throng,
With titles so twisted and jagged and long,
That were I to try to record them in rhyme,
I should fail in my language, my rhythm and time.
It would lengthen too much this unerring detail
To tell how by piecemeal they cut up the whale ;
How the doughty old knights of the broadsword appeared
When they brought down their blades as if nothing they feared ;
How the butchers with cleavers dealt terrible blows,
And the children all scattered for fear of their toes ;
How Harry de Backers, with cracking report,
Kept on shooting his gun off to keep up the sport ;
How Skipper Jan Symensen smoked and drank toddy
Till he could not distinguish the whale from his body ;
How Mynderts der Bogaert got into a fight,
And was whipped by Van Porg, to the people's delight ;
How Jansen Dam swore, and how Labbadie capered ;
How Neger, the hangman, got sulky and vapored ; —
These matters are treated by Munsell's grave pen,
In his volumes of Annals, now numbering ten.

At the end of a month from the time they began,
The oil ceased to flow, which so freely had ran.
Of the whale naught remained but his carcass and spine,
On which crows came to breakfast and oft stayed to dine.
An account which was kept showed the end of this toil
To be seventy-nine barrels five pipkins of oil.
Thus light was increased, and spread through the land,
Springing forth from the whale lying dead on the strand ;
And down to this day in some houses they show
The oil which kind Providence once did bestow ;
For the vessels in which it was placed, like the cruse
Of the widow, ne'er lessened, though ever in use ;
And the good vrouws felt certain that oil would abound
If the vessels that held it were kept clean and sound.

But the ghost of the whale lingers still round the spot
Where they tried out his blubber in caldron and pot.
And in spring, when the ice in the river goes down,
And rushes in torrents past Albany town,
When the water submerges the docks and the street,
And boats take the highway intended for feet,
Then often dread blows break the silence of night,
And the children start up with a terrible fright,

And mammas in their nightcaps look ghastly with fear,
 As the sound from the river falls full on the ear.
 Well the old burghers know that the wandering shade
 Of the monster is roving and will not be laid.
 And though ages have passed since he gave his last groan,
 And no vestige remains of his vertebrate bone,
 Still the noise of those blows, as it breaks on the sense,
 Makes the breathing come hard, and the muscles grow tense ;
 For then in mid-river the ghost of the whale
 Is flapping in madness his horrible tail.

B. H. Hall.



THE LILY AND THE BEETLE.

IT so happened once, that a fair, tall White Lily grew near the edge of a small brook in a forest ; and the forest, which was very large, nestled the brook in its very midst ; and so no human eye had ever looked upon the Lily, and she could never have known of the existence of human beings at all, unless she listened to what the young angels whispered, as they flew past sometimes at twilight.

But she was so happy in her green, wild home, surrounded by her friends, and full of her cares !

If she looked up, she saw some large-leaved vine, which threw its tendrils from branch to branch of the tall trees, and from tree to tree. So there a great bower spread over her head. And when she looked down, there was the thick, green moss, spotted with bright flowers, and tiny vines crept in and out of it, with bright red berries, and soft, white blossoms ; and she, in the midst of her large tuft of leaves and flowers, herself the tallest and fairest of them all, the queen and eldest sister, watched with pride and joy their

slowly swelling buds, and the pale yellowish, greenish petals, as they grew almost glowing with whiteness. She was so fair, our Lily, that nature had given her a mirror, the clear waters of the little brook, from which her open blossom looked up into the blue skies.

Did I tell you she had friends there in the woods? Yes, and you have already guessed them. Not a gay butterfly roamed that way, that did not stop to rest upon her dear blossoms; there were tiny birds, too, with bright plumage, that would come and dip their long bills among her yellow-dusted stamens, and then, lifting their heads in the air, fly away, singing her sweetest praises; and she loved at night to listen to their notes, when they sang and folded their little heads under their wings.

Was it not a beautiful forest, to be so full of love and sweetness, all alone by itself, and don't you wish you could find it out?

But this Lily was meek, as well as lovely, and did not scorn to talk with the grasshoppers that came awkwardly jumping on her green leaves, nor the flies, though they sometimes would eat holes in her green leaves and lay their eggs injuriously along their fibres; and she always had a pleasant nod for the gnats hopping along on the stream, whenever those nervous creatures could stop to look her way. O, you cannot think what a busy life that was, off in the forest, where there lived so many brilliant and so many ugly little creatures, all together, but each living for some good purpose, and a necessary one too.

There were the glow-worms and the fireflies, that were loved by the Lily, for they came at the pensive hour of evening, with the dews and the soft night-breezes, and when their silent, yellow light shone out, her softest fragrance filled the air.

I suppose you have often seen a beetle? There are many different kinds of them, and they do not look pretty either, as you turn them up from the earth; but I want to tell you how the Lily comforted one of them, who believed himself to be very ugly, and of no use to anything in the world.

Very near her, down under the moss, in the marshy bog, a whole family of brown beetles lived. The old father and mother had died long ago, and left the children to bring themselves up; and they did it a good deal better than little human children would have done, whom God makes dependent upon tender care; they brought themselves up so well, that they could do everything that beetles were intended to do, quite as properly as ever their father and mother did before them.

But these young beetles, who had been hatched in the earth where their mother had left them when she died, had not come yet to notice the beautiful things about them, but crawled about slowly over the moss, tipping forward on their noses, and then backwards on their tails, while their long, fan-like horns waved slowly up, and then down, till you would have thought the bright moss was a very uneven ground for them.

But one day one of the beetles, as he crawled up out of his hole in the earth, felt himself stronger. So, taking courage and looking up, what should he see but that great tuft of Lily; and before he knew what he was

going to do, the hard crust on his back had separated, and out came two gauzy, but fibrous wings, which took him right up to the Lily, and there he sat on one of her green, broad leaves! Well, indeed! and on the same leaf a golden butterfly had settled himself just before, and, astonished at the impudence of the brown beetle, whose back was covered with grains of dirt, he fluttered off up to the white petals of the Lily, and then poised himself on her long stamens.

"The awkward thing," he said, flippantly, "to come bouncing here without warning or invitation. Shake him off, fair Lily, and let him not come to ride on your shiny leaves."



But the Lily, though perhaps she thought his appearance was sudden, only nodded her stately head, and slightly moved her leaves, so that the beetle enjoyed a pleasant swing; and the butterfly, shocked at her indifference, hastily bade her good morning.

But very happy was the ugly brown beetle with his new experience of life; and soon feeling about, in his way, with those fan-like horns of his, he came upon the layers of eggs which the flies had left there, and shortly made a good meal of them; and some insects that alighted for a bite of the green

leaves, he soon made way with ; and every time a zephyr came that way, the Lily poured out sweet fragrance, which the beetle eagerly drank in.

“But how still you are !” he said, gazing up into her lovely face. “Are you not tired of standing so always ?”

“O no,” she answered, “how could that be ? This is my home ; I never wander, and so never weary ; but I wave to and fro in the cool breezes, and my leaves dance for joy in the air and the sunbeams.”

“But I,” said the beetle, — “I work in the earth ; I go to and fro, silent among my brothers ; I grow weary ; still I make passages in the ground, and dig it away with my claws, to shape a grave for some dead mouse, into which he falls. But what do you do, standing still and looking into the brook ?”

“O,” replied the Lily, with a gentle dignity, “I do not need to make roads in the earth, as thou dost, but I gladden the brook when I look in it, and the sky comes down and kisses us both ; the little flies and tired insects sleep under my leaves, and I sweeten the air with my breath. Many tiny eggs are hatched along my stems, and the little creatures would die, were it not for the nourishment of my tender leaves.”

But the beetle could scarcely understand her mission.

“Where do you sleep when night comes ?” he asked ; “do you not crawl somewhere into the ground ?”

“When night comes, I close my leaves together and rest thus.”

“But do you not work for something to eat ?” he persisted, poor stupid beetle.

“The warm air and the sunlight nourish me,” she patiently answered.

“But you look so beautiful !” said the poor beetle, at last, dazzled by the brightness of her white petals ; “how do you paint yourself so ?”

“I take no care of myself, it is all given to me.”

“I see how it is,” said the beetle, sadly ; “I am a poor earth-worm, and cover myself with its dust ; but you are above the earth.”

“No indeed,” interrupted the Lily, “that is not so. I grew slowly out of the ground. I draw much nourishment from the air, but yet, without the ground in which my roots are planted, I could not live one day : from the earth I derive the strength of my color, and from it freshness and vigor shoot up through my branches.”

“I did not think the black earth could have anything to do with such beauty,” he said, struck with astonishment ; and, creeping close to the stalk of the Lily, out of sight, he whispered to himself, humiliated, “O, if I could only work for the fair Lily, and help her beauty, and not be so ugly in her sight !”

“But see,” said the Lily, for a little breeze had brushed the green leaves over the brown beetle, and a stray sunbeam made him shine like a rainbow, “you have a beauty of your own in your shelly back, which I can admire, and the green of my leaves is reflected mingled with gold upon it. When in the dark ground, you eat up the worms about my roots, you give me life, and when the flies lay their eggs too thickly under my leaves,

you, by devouring them, save me from destruction. You have found your wings ; go now, and chase that crowd of flies over the brook."

And so indeed he could, to his delight, skim the surface of the water, and snap up many an unwary insect that was becoming troublesome ; but, in his love, he still returned to the Lily, to watch over her fair leaves, and to dig with his strong claws down into the earth about her roots, to eat away the grubs, and loosen the ground for the rootlets to creep about in. He was very happy in doing it for her sake. And was it not beautiful, that what he loved to do, and could do, was just the very thing he was made to do, and that in such a natural way he could minister to the beautiful Lily ?

So use and beauty are combined in this world, children ; you will see it more plainly as you grow older and older.

Author of "Angel Children."



HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES

VI.

FATHER BRIGHTHOPES had been a long time absent from the Vale ; and on his return to Mr. Reverdy's house, the young folks of the neighborhood, who, I believe, had not quite forgotten him, went one evening to pay him their respects.

It was a joyous occasion ; but the old clergyman's pleasure at the reunion was marred by a sad report which had reached him concerning the conduct of two of his young acquaintances. They had been seen to steal into a neighbor's orchard on Sunday afternoon, when they supposed everybody was at church, and help themselves to some choice early pears. The owner of the fruit was very indignant, and he had stopped Father Brighthopes in the street, to relate to him the circumstance, and to request him to "have up the little villains and give them a sound lecturing." The "little villains," I am sorry to say, were our friends Jason Jones and Burton Thorley.

Father Brighthopes did not like to cloud the happiness of that evening by "lecturing" anybody. Besides, the guilt of the two boys being generally known, he observed that they were already suffering no light punishment from the taunts and significant looks of their companions. There were frequent allusions to pears ; and once Cary Wilson, having called Burt's attention, pretended to be eating some very delicious fruit, and filling his pockets with it, at which pantomime nearly everybody laughed except Burt, who looked very black and fierce.

Father Brighthopes, considering what he should do about this unpleasant affair, excused himself for his long absence by telling the children the occasion of it. "A near relative of mine," he said, "did something very rash and

wrong, which plunged not only himself, but his whole family, into deep trouble, and I was sent for to assist them."

"He could n't have been much like you, if he he did anything so wrong!" said Emma Reverdy.

"Why not, my child?"

Emma thought a moment, then said, "Did you ever do anything wrong, Father Brighthopes?"—regarding the beautiful, kind face of her old friend with a look which implied plainly, "I don't believe you ever *could* do wrong!"

"My dear child," said the old clergyman, "if I had never done wrong, I should not know how to pity and forgive others who do wrong. I have done many, many wrong things in my life," he added, with sincere humility.

"Tell us one,—just one real bad thing, you know!" said Emma. "I should so like to hear it!"

Father Brighthopes looked around his little audience, and saw that all were eagerly watching for his reply. His eye fell on Burton and Jason, and he thought, "Instead of a lecture, it shall be a story." And he began in this way:—

"Well, Emma, since you wish it, I will tell you something I did when I was a small boy,—so many years ago! It was a very wrong thing, but it proved to be one of the most useful lessons of my life."

"If it was such a useful lesson, how could it be wrong?" said Grant Eastman.

"My son, everything that happens in this world is, I believe, designed for our good. Suffering and even wrong have their use, or they would not be permitted. And what can teach us so much as one of our own errors? If you commit a fault, and know that it is a fault, and are sorry for it, don't you see how useful and important the lesson may be?—exerting an influence, perhaps, over your whole life. But this is to be a story," said Father Brighthopes, pleasantly, checking himself, "and not a lecture."

"O yes! a story!" said Emma. "Some real naughty thing now, remember!"—and, folding her hands, she looked up in his face with a beaming expression, confident that she was to hear something very interesting and delightful.

"Well, it happened when I was once visiting my cousins Edward and Jane. We were all children then: Jane was about my own age, but Edward was older. He was a strong, self-reliant boy, and Jane and I looked up to him with great respect and admiration. So, when he said one day, 'Hurrah, let's have some fun!' we were of course very eager to join him, and asked what he would do.

"'Get a bag and a basket,' said he, 'and I'll show you.'"

"Jane ran to the house for a basket, and I ran to the barn for a bag, and off we started, following Edward's lead, and wondering what fun he would show us. He always took the lead at such times, and always made us carry the bag and basket, or whatever the burden might be. He was a rather proud young gentleman, as I remember him; and I see him again now, walking

on before, important, mysterious, refusing to tell us his plans, and frequently ordering us to keep a little behind him, and talk low.

“‘O, I know,’ said Jane at last, ‘it’s but’nuts!’ for that’s what we children called them. ‘But, Eddie,’ said she, ‘those are Mr. Talbot’s trees, and he won’t let us; for you know he is very particular about his but’nuts.’”

“‘Come along!’ said Edward, in his authoritative way, ‘and don’t make so much noise! Talbot ain’t at home, and he never’ll know; he won’t miss ’em, for he has got so many they’re rotting on the ground.’”

“‘But there’s the brook to cross,’ I remonstrated; and very glad I was of any obstacle in our way. I had a feeling that we ought not to touch Mr. Talbot’s butternuts. Notwithstanding Edward’s authority and influence, and my own love of adventure, and my love of butternuts too, something within me kept whispering, ‘Do not go, do not!’ It was the voice, my children, which we always hear at such times, if we only listen, and which would never let us do wrong, if we would obey it.

“‘Who cares for the brook?’ said Edward. ‘You are a brave fellow, to be scared by a little water!’”

“‘We might have crossed the bridge and come up the other side,’ said Jane.

“‘With everybody staring at us!’ said Edward, contemptuously. ‘I came this way on purpose. Think I’m a goose?’”

“‘I should think you thought I was, if you expect me to swim,’ said Jane.

“That made me laugh; and very glad I was to laugh and forget what that uncomfortable little voice within me kept saying.

“‘We can wade,’ said Edward; and he began to roll up his trousers.

“I did the same, afraid he would think me a coward if I did n’t. Then we all sat down and pulled off our shoes and stockings. Then we forded the stream, taking care not to slip on the stones, or step in the deep places. I carried over both the bag and the basket, for Jane had to hold up her dress.

“‘There!’ said Edward, triumphantly. ‘You see it’s easy to do a thing if you’ve got somebody to show you how, and ain’t afraid. Now for the but’nuts!’”

“‘If Mr. Talbot would n’t like to have us get them, I don’t think we ought to,’ I again remonstrated, — rather feebly, I suppose, for I was n’t strong enough to resist both the temptation and Edward’s influence. It is not because we are strong, my children, that we ever do a mean action, but because we are weak, — because that part of us which should always govern is too weak for the selfish part, which should be governed. Remember this, my dear boys, and never flatter yourselves that it is brave or manly to do wrong. Remember it, my dear girls, and do not indulge your faults because it is said women are weaker than men. In coarse, animal qualities, women are certainly weaker; but in true strength, in the finer qualities of the heart and conscience, I have often found them as superior to men as my little cousin Jane was to my big cousin Edward.

“Edward called me a coward. I was *afraid* of appearing a coward in his eyes, and that was the real cowardice I showed. If I had been truly

courageous, I should have had the power to say, 'No,' and turn back, notwithstanding his taunts.

"Come," said he to me, 'don't stand moping, — there 's no use in that; but pick 'em up, and you shall have half you get.'

"That decided me. The prospect of having some butternuts to carry home to my brother and sister made me forget my scruples; and Jane and I, getting down on our hands and knees, under the trees, gathered the nuts, while Edward walked around and kept watch.

"There!" said he, when we had filled both the bag and the basket, 'you 've done it, and nobody is hurt. Now don't you see I was right about it?'

"I tried hard to feel that he *was* right. Although we had taken as many as we could carry, we had left a great many more on the ground, and it was not likely that Mr. Talbot would suspect the robbery. Still I experienced a strangely uneasy and guilty sensation, as we recrossed to the other side of the brook, and placed our plunder on the bank. We were all anxious to get away, fearing to be seen; but our feet were wet, and I tore my stockings putting them on. At last we started off; I with one shoe in my hand, and the bag on my shoulder, and Jane with her shoes in the basket. Ed-



ward walked leisurely behind, to guard our rear, whispering now and then to frighten us, 'Hurry! hurry! Old Talbot will be after you!'

"Poor little Jane was more frightened than I was. She lost one of her shoes out of the basket as she ran, and Edward had made us think Mr. Talbot was so surely coming that we were afraid to go back and find it.

"'Never mind it,' said she, 'I will go home without it.'

“‘But what will you tell your mother?’ I asked.

“‘Besides,’ said Edward, ‘Old Talbot will find the shoe. He’ll know it’s Jane’s, and he’ll be marching over to our house with it, and saying, ‘Look here! this belongs to a little girl that has been stealing my but’nuts!’”

“That plunged us both in very great distress, and I was going back to find the shoe, when Edward took something from behind him, and threw it far on before us into the woods. It was the shoe, which he had picked up, and had held in his hand all the while we were talking about it.

“Going through the woods, Jane tripped, and spilled the butternuts out of her basket; and she and I had to stop and gather them up, — for Edward would not touch them. At length, after several such adventures, we entered my uncle’s orchard.

“‘Now,’ said Edward, ‘if anybody sees you, and asks what you have got, you can say apples.’”

“‘But anybody can see the but’nuts, and know they are not apples,’ Jane replied.

“‘What a couple of silly fools you are!’ said Edward. ‘You would n’t know anything if it was n’t for me!’ And he made us cover the basket with leaves.

“So we reached home, and hid the butternuts in the loft over the woodshed. I tried to feel that the danger was now over, and all occasion of uneasiness at an end. But I was secretly troubled. So I knew was Jane; for her bright young face was clouded. And not even Edward’s haughty and careless bearing could disguise the fact that he too felt something which spoiled his anticipated enjoyment.

“At last, evening came, and after supper Jane and I walked in the orchard. The approaching night, the deepening shadows, and the stillness — all but the noise of the crickets — impressed us both.

“‘O dear!’ said she, with a sigh, ‘what do you think, cousin?’”

“‘I wish we had n’t taken Mr. Talbot’s but’nuts,’ I replied.

“‘Do you? So do I! I’d give anything if we had n’t touched them! I am as unhappy as I can be about them.’ And dear little Jane heaved a big sigh. ‘What made us, do you know?’”

“‘I suppose we did n’t think,’ I said.

“‘But we think now,’ said she. ‘And do you want to keep them? I don’t; I’d give anything if they were back under the trees!’”

“‘What if we should carry them back?’ I said. ‘It is n’t too late, is it?’”

“‘O, no! let’s find Eddie, and see what he says.’”

“But Edward only laughed at us. *He* did n’t steal any of the butternuts, he said; and then we remembered that he had made us pick them up and carry them home. ‘I only went to please you,’ he said. ‘It was all for fun; and now if you want the fun of taking them back, you can have it all to yourselves, for I sha’ n’t go with you!’”

“Was n’t that mean?” exclaimed Emma Reverdy, — “to make you steal the butternuts, and then get off that way!”

“Jane and I thought it rather hard; but we talked it over, and comforted and encouraged each other as well as we could. All the while it grew darker and darker. Two such miserable little wretches you never saw.

“‘I should n’t think you would care so much,’ said she to me; ‘for you will go home in a few days, and nobody will ever accuse *you* of stealing Mr. Talbot’s but’nuts. You won’t have to meet him and look him in the face, as I shall.’

“But that did not console me. I knew that, wherever I might go, the recollection of those dreadful butternuts would go with me, and make me miserable. If nobody else knew I was a thief, I should know, and that would be more punishment than I could bear

“And so, though the evening was cloudy, and the autumn wind blew drearily, and the night threatened to be wild and dark, Jane and I went up into the wood-shed, took down the bag and basket, and carried them back through the orchard to the woods. As many years as I have lived since then, my children, I have never forgotten that night. How gloomy it was! How the wind roared! The great trees rocked and swung over our heads, and awful sighs and moans filled the darkness. The leaves rustled under our feet, the twigs snapped, and now and then some giant limb creaked, like a living thing.

“‘Do you think God sees us?’ whispered little Jane.

“The question filled my young soul with awe.

“‘Yes,’ said I, ‘He sees us, and He is displeased at what we have done.’

“‘But if we do right now, He will be pleased, won’t He?’ said dear little Jane, holding fast to my hand.

“We hurried on. Sometimes we stumbled in the darkness, but at last we got safely through the woods. Then there was the brook to cross. It was a black stream now, and we could not see the big stones nor the deep places. The noise it made, mixed with the roaring wind, was something terrible.

“‘Can we ever get across with the but’nuts?’ Jane said, despairingly, as we once more took off our shoes on the bank.

“‘You stay here,’ I said, ‘and I will carry over the bag first, and then come back for the basket.’

“But she would not hear of that, — the brave, the noble little girl! ‘I helped take them,’ said she, ‘and I will help carry them back.’ So we crossed the brook together, feeling the way carefully with our feet, and holding each other tightly by the hand. We climbed up the other bank, hurried on to the trees, and there emptied the bag and basket, scattering the butternuts over the ground. Then we forded the brook again, and returned home.

“We left the black stream and the dark windy woods behind us; and something more, — we left our sin behind us, too.

“‘I am so glad! so glad!’ dear little Jane kept saying, as she ran by my side. And indeed all the butternuts in the world would not have made us as happy as we were at that moment. Do you know why, my children?”

"Because you had done right," said golden-haired Margaret Grover, showing her pretty teeth with a smile.

"Yes! The consequences of doing right, after the mind has been troubled by a guilty action, are wonderful. The clouds break away; the spirit becomes bright and clear as the blue heavens. How strong we feel, and how thankful that wisdom and courage were given us to put away our sin!"

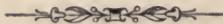
The enthusiasm with which the old man spoke made every one present feel that *to do right* was the most beautiful as well as the wisest thing in the world; and more than one then silently resolved never to commit another selfish or unjust action.

"But suppose the butternuts had been pears, and you had eaten them?" said mischievous little Cary Wilson, with a sly glance at Jason. "Then you could n't have carried them back."

"No; but I should have felt, all my life long, how slight, how brief the pleasure of eating them, and how long and bitter the dissatisfaction of having taken wrongfully that which was another's; and I am sure that would have taught me never to do so foolish a thing again.

"O, my children," added Father Brighthopes, earnestly and tenderly, "what is most beautiful, what is happiest, in man and woman, and in boy and girl the same, is to bear a clear and noble mind, unsullied by any meanness or injustice. If you have that, you are rich and strong; and if you have it not, no pleasure, neither wealth nor position, can compensate you for the loss."

J. T. Trowbridge.



THE POND OF THE DOLLYS.

IN the country of the Dollys there was a lily-pond. Its banks were green, its waters blue. Along the shores bloomed bright shrubs. Flowering trees bent over the edge, and shook off their blossoms. It was the Pond of the Dollys, and there, on large palm-leaves, we floated abroad, in the sunshine and in the shade.

One day, in early summer-time, as I was drifting about on my fine boat, a pleasant little zephyr, who had already paid me a good deal of attention, wafted me near to a blossoming tree.

Wishing to be by myself awhile, I sent him to bring me a choice perfume from the flowery fields of Persia. He was a pleasant little zephyr, but too playful,—would keep blowing in my face, when I wanted to be quiet and listen to what was going on down at the bottom.

It was the busy time of year, and the Water-Fairy was hurrying up the lily-buds and getting summer clothes ready for the water-bugs. Even the worms could not go through the season without something new. She wished them all to agree never to sting anybody. But the mosquitos made no promises.

The lily-buds had to spin and weave their own clothes. Beautiful garments of green and white and real lily-gold. And all to be made of mud. They grumbled at having nothing better to work with. But the Water-Fairy kept singing away, night and day,

“Lily-bud, lily-bud, spin your gold.”

One lazy bud worked just below me, and her complainings were loud.

“Gold from mud! Who believes it? White from black! It can't be done. There 's a wind stirring. Let me alone, to rock while the waters are in motion. The breeze will soon be gone.”

“Lily-bud, lily-bud, spin your gold.”

“And why spin gold, and keep it hid beneath my mantle? Nobody can see it, — not even the pickerel. Why should I work? There 's a fish just come. He 's a brook fish and brings news from the mountains. It is said they have high times up there. Pretty fish, what have you seen?”

“Sights that made my blood run cold,” said the fish.

“Lily-bud, lily-bud, spin your gold.”

said the Water-Fairy again; and then she went on, quite sadly, “My dear little bud, I love you, and only want you to do your best. Don't add to my troubles. One of your grown-up sisters has just had her heart eaten into, and turned black. My trials are great.”

Then her tears came up in little bubbles, and floated upon the water, — I suppose, because they were salt.

Just then a stout little puff came along, all of a breeze, and pushed me half across the pond. Floating away, I heard the lily-bud singing forth her troubles,

“Beneath the wave it is dark and cold:
There 's nothing here but mud and mould:
Still thou bidst me spin my gold.”

And the Water-Fairy answered,

“Draw their best from mud and mould:
So shalt thou turn it into gold.”

The winds were asleep, and for that reason I floated out all night. The stars were friendly, and kept winking at me, but I could n't quite take their meaning. The katydids were busy, doing that which they keep speaking of, later in the season. But as they wish it kept private, I shall never, never tell. Yet it is all true, every word of it. Katydid, she did, she did.

I also found out why that mournful bird that sings of summer nights wants everybody to whip poor Will. This I might speak of, as it is no secret. But everything cannot be told at once. I have not yet done with my lily-bud.

Just about sunrise the same stout puff came whistling along, on his way back, and gave me a blowing-up for staying out nights. But when I showed him it was his own fault, he calmed down somewhat, and took me to visit a

pleasant young family of turtles, who had a happy home of their own, with blue flags waving over it.

He was a changeable, shifty-minded, short-winded little puff, and was a long while in bringing me back to my blossoming tree, — some days, I should think. I arrived one early morning, just about sunrise, and found my lily-bud, with her head above the surface. The sunlight crept softly along the water and touched her lips. Then she quivered with joy, and struggled to throw back her green mantle, calling upon the Water-Fairy for help.

But from below there came up a mournful voice. "My dear child, I have done for you all that I can. Farewell. I shall never see you more. Alas! alas!" And great briny tears bubbled up and floated upon the water.



The Flower-Fairy, doing up her morning work, passed that way. She blew, with her mild breath, upon the lily-bud, and her green mantle fell back. In pure white and gold she floated there, no longer a bud, but a perfect lily.

Then the Fairy gathered up the floating tears, and sprinkled them upon the bosom of the flower. "These, my child," said she, "are the tears of affection. They will add a fragrance which shall make you everywhere beloved. You shall be welcomed always with a smile."

I have noticed that people smile at sight of a bunch of lilies. I don't suppose they know that their smile is making what a fairy foretold come true.

When my zephyr arrived, I gave him to understand that he might take back his choice perfume to the flowery fields of Persia; for where the Water-Lily grew, it would not be needed. He kissed the flower, but she was too full of the delight of her new life to heed him. As I was wafted away, I heard her singing forth her joy to the young lily-buds below.

SONG OF THE WATER-LILY.

Sisters, come up, and breathe the air.
 Come up, come up! the world is fair!
 There 's life and gladness everywhere.
 Sisters, come up!

Sisters, come up, and see the light:
 The sky is such a beautiful sight,
 The blue is so blue, and the white is so white!
 Sisters, come up!

Sisters, come up! If you only knew
 This gentle warmth, how it thrills me through!
 O, I long for the sun to be shining on you!
 Sisters, come up!

Sisters, come up. The beauty may go;
 For the world was made but this morning, I know.
 And if you *should* lose all this wonderful show!
 Sisters, come up!

Sisters, come up! There 's music so gay,
 And all around such a bright array,
 That methinks I have come on a festival day.
 Sisters, come up!

Insects bright their way are winging,
 Birds on leafy boughs are swinging.
 There 's humming and buzzing and chirping and singing,
 And all the air with joy is ringing.
 Sisters, come up!

And the trees are out in their brightest bloom,
 And the flowers have brought their rich perfume.
 The world is full; but still there 's room.
 Sisters, come up!

O, glad am I that, down in the cold,
 The Fairy bade me spin my gold,
 And draw things beautiful out from the mould.
 Sisters, come up!

What grief should I suffer, when everything
 Some gift of beauty or joy doth bring,
 If I alone had no offering!
 Sisters, come up!

Sisters, come up! The world is gay,
 And all, of their best, are giving away:
 I 'm sure it must be a festival day.
 Sisters, come up!

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.





“YOUR walk is lonely, blue-eyed Grace,
 Down the long forest-road to school,
 Where shadows troop, in many a place,
 From sullen chasm to sunless pool.
 Are you not often, little maid,
 Beneath the sighing trees afraid?”

“Afraid,—beneath the tall, strong trees
 That bend their arms to shelter me,
 And whisper down, with dew and breeze,
 Sweet sounds that float on lovingly,

Till every gorge and cavern seems
Thrilled through and through with fairy dreams ?

“Afraid, — beside the water dim
That holds the baby-lilies white
Upon its bosom, where a hymn
Ripples forth softly to the light
That now and then comes gliding in,
A lily's budding smile to win ?

“Fast to the slippery precipice
I see the nodding harebell cling ;
In that blue eye no fear there is ;
Its hold is firm, — the frail, free thing !
The harebell's Guardian cares for me :
So I am in safe company.

“The woodbine clammers up the cliff
And seems to murmur, ‘Little Grace,
The sunshine were less welcome, if
It brought not every day your face.’
Red leaves slip down from maples high,
And touch my cheek as they flit by.

“I feel at home with everything
That has its dwelling in the wood ;
With flowers that laugh, and birds that sing, —
Companions beautiful and good,
Brothers and sisters everywhere ;
And over all, our Father's care.

“In rose-time or in berry-time, —
When ripe seeds fall, or buds peep out, —
While green the turf, or white the rime,
There 's something to be glad about.
It makes my heart bound, just to pass
The sunbeams dancing on the grass.

“And when the bare rocks shut me in
Where not a blade of grass will grow,
My happy fancies soon begin
To warble music, rich and low,
And paint what eyes could never see :
My thoughts are company for me.

“What does it mean to be alone ?
And how is any one afraid,

Who feels the dear God on his throne
 Beaming like sunshine through the shade,
 Warming the damp sod into bloom
 And smiling off the thicket's gloom?

"At morning, down the wood-path cool
 The fluttering leaves make cheerful talk;
 After the stifled day at school,
 I hear, along my homeward walk,
 The airy wisdom of the wood, —
 Far easiest to be understood.

"I whisper to the winds; I kiss
 The rough old oak and clasp his bark;
 No farewell of the thrush I miss;
 I lift the soft veil of the dark,
 And say to bird and breeze and tree,
 'Good night! Good friends you are to me!'"

Lucy Larcom.



MEMOIRS OF A CRIPPLE.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

JUST now, and for five years past, all our ideas of *cripples* have been associated with some poor maimed soldier, one of the heroes who, though no less brave than they who lost their lives, nor more so than the more fortunate, who saved both life and limb, yet demand our full sympathy and respect.

But stop: our title says, Written by *herself*. Was she, then, of those devoted, though mistaken ones, who felt themselves more useful in carrying the musket than when wielding their truer weapons, the pen and the needle, for the comfort and encouragement of dear ones in the field?

No, our cripple was none of these. She can only say that, though in one sense born almost under the walls of that fort against which Treason first exploded its long pent-up malice and deadly hate of Freedom, yet her earliest *conscious* breath was drawn equally near those not less sacred walls where was wisely conceived, and bravely urged upon a doubting world in the shape of two thousand negro soldiers, an idea in grandeur and importance second only to that of Emancipation itself, — the idea that the oppressed should, could, and would fight for their own lives and liberties.

And so our cripple claims to be a true Union — female.

But who was she, and what was the matter with her ?

The latter question will be answered in her own words ; but it is no more than fair to tell our readers beforehand what *kind* of a person she is, lest, if they should suppose her to belong to the human species, and near the beginning of her story she should bewail the loss of three and a half of her legs, they should suspect, either her of a moral as well as bodily deficiency, or us, the translator, of inserting some absurd things for our own amusement. And so, as it is all true and not even *embellished*, — as we have read in one of the Rollo books of a story told by that prince of small boys' friends, Jonas, — we are willing, at the risk of their not reading it at all, to tell them that this individual was large, but very handsome (for she was yellow, with splendid anklets of black hairs), and useful (for out of her body came the most beautiful golden silk you ever saw), and good (for she would eat and drink from my hand), — was a great, handsome, good, and useful *spider*.

Yes, a spider, — one of the "silk spiders of South Carolina," and, in our opinion, a very well-behaved individual, considering where she came from.

She was a favorite pet of ours. Her large size and good temper, but, above all, her remarkable and never-before-heard-of calamities, made her the chief among many others of her kind ; and though a record of them all was kept, yet hers was most full and complete, and abounds in incidents very curious and instructive.

But now you say, If this is a true story, tell us how your wonderful spider told it to you ; for we never heard of a spider talking, nor even writing, though we have seen writing that would have passed for a spider's handiwork.

Now this is a secret that we cannot explain to you ; but we can *suppose* an explanation. While dying, this spider lay in a box upon a cushion of a silk handkerchief folded up ; and, with her sharp jaws, she may have cut the words which we alone could decipher and translate ; and if you insist upon seeing this same handkerchief, and find yourself unable to read a word of this story, that is no reason why we should be, for spider language is very peculiar, and only to be acquired after long practice.

But in whatever way it was written and read, the story is a true one. Hear it : —



Fig. 1. Female Spider (minus first right leg, and first, second, and tip of fourth left legs).

I.

I AM about to die, — here all alone in a dark box. I am so weak that I cannot spin a thread, and, if I could, my legs are not strong enough to support me on the web. I should not care so much if I could only lay the eggs which, I am sure, are in my body, and cover them up warm with soft silk, and hang the cocoon under a leaf so as to be shielded from sun and rain and greedy birds: then I could die content.

My only hope is that my master, the Doctor, (to whose desire for information on certain matters my fatal illness is due,) understands my condition, and will care enough for the eggs to open my poor body after my death and take them out and keep them until they hatch. I think he will; and this induces me to write for the benefit of you, my five hundred little spider-children who may in time come from these eggs.

I say for your *benefit*; for although as soon as you are hatched you will know all that would be necessary to know in your native woods, yet, as it will be your fate, and probably the fate of all your descendants, to live in captivity here at the North, there are many things that will be strange and perplexing, and may, as in my own case, be the cause of injury and death. Indeed, my own experience gives me some ground for apprehension lest your captivity and unnatural condition may so affect coming generations that, although you now understand as well as I could tell you how to behave toward your sisters and brothers, — which ones it is prudent for you to try to eat, and which, on the other hand, you must submit to be eaten by, — how to twist your legs and swell your little bodies when the times come for casting off your skins, — how to make your webs and catch and eat your food, — yet in course of time all these may be as lost arts, and a complete account of them become desirable.

And so, if my failing strength will permit, I shall speak not only of those things which are to be sought or avoided by you in your state of bondage, but also of those which, though now most familiar, may be less well understood by your great-great-grandchildren.

I think, too, that without conceit I am as well fitted for the work as any one. I am quite old, — seven months yesterday, for I was hatched on the 4th of October, 1865, and to-day is the 5th of May, 1866. Moreover, I have seen much of life, and passed through many remarkable scenes and adventures; I am sure, too, that the Doctor thought a great deal of me, especially after I lost three and a half of my legs; for he had to put some extra pages into his note-book of spiders to finish my record, while the others never covered the space allowed them.

I say this, because, although these memoirs are especially designed for you, my own children, yet they may be found useful to strangers, and they might wish to know the authority and reputation of their informant and adviser. Of course I have made mistakes, — one of them is the direct cause of my death; but this experience may help others to avoid similar errors.

But, though this is intended to give warning and advice, yet I know too

well the temper of young spiders to expect such solemn matters to be greatly esteemed for their own sake. Like solid food, they need some flavoring to be acceptable, and so I shall not hesitate to make this history as interesting as I can consistently with the truth.

For this reason, instead of beginning at my own birth, when, of course commenced my first *personal* acquaintance with spiders, men, and things, I will relate what I have heard in various ways concerning my parents, their neighbors, and the country where they lived.

I am sorry so much of this information comes through men; for men never seem content with simple truth, which to simple minds is always strange and interesting, but, even in the fairy tales they write for their little children, are unable to restrain their fancy, and are led from one figment to another, until there is no end to the stories they tell of innocent plants and animals, whose real lives are far more wonderful than all that ever was imagined of them by men.

But it could not be helped. We spiders have no books or records; for, though we can communicate with each other, yet, as all are born knowing exactly what will be essential to their comfort, there has never been felt the need of preserving knowledge. We have not even traditions; for such is our nature that young and old do not associate. The latter generally perish soon after their eggs are laid, and before their children are hatched. But it was our good fortune to live for some time in the little paper box where my mother died; so we read all the many interesting things that were written on the inside, and from them I select the more important to transmit to you, her grandchildren.

It appears that our kind of spider (which men call *Nephila plumipes* or *feather-footed Nephila*) is found in but one small place, named Long Island, a little south from Charleston, on the coast of South Carolina, between James and Folly Islands.

It is said that some have been seen in other places, but we have always felt that Long Island was specially adapted for us. We are very peculiar, and need a great deal of water both to drink and to keep the air soft and moist; and this island lies in the middle of a great swamp, and is covered with trees and vines and bushes, so that it is nice and damp. Indeed, we cannot live in a dry atmosphere, and this, we think, is the reason why we are not found in other parts of the State.

We are fond of the sunlight too, and do not avoid the light, as do our ugly black cousins, that live in holes in houses and on the ground, but always make our webs on the trees, so that the sun may reach us in the morning at



Fig. 2. Map of Charleston, S. C.

least, while at noon we are sheltered from the great heat by the leaves. The only neighbors on Long Island were great mosquitoes, who were so good as to attack their common enemies, but never troubled our race. They were better off than the spiders; for though we have eight eyes on the front of our heads, yet we cannot see each other, or anything else at all, but merely distinguish *light* from *darkness*. Our hearing and touch, however, are very acute and almost make up for the poorness of our eyes.

[NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR. — She is right in saying that their hearing is acute; but we are inclined to think that, for some of the particulars of her capture, our cripple's mother depended upon what she had heard from ourself and others, as much as upon her own perception of what was going on. It would seem, that, although most spiders evidently can see very well, yet this kind only sees about as much as a man does with his eyelids shut.]

My mother says that one day in April, more than a year ago, while she



Fig. 3. Cocoon of Spider.

and her sisters were enjoying the shade of the leaf that supported their cocoon, and wondering how soon it would be proper for them to leave their close nursery, where they had been cooped up for several weeks after they left the eggs, there came along the path two men, one of

whom carried a gun, and the other a little paper box, into which he dropped cocoons which he picked off the bushes. The little spiders trembled for fear their house would share the same fate; but, thanks to the friendly leaf, the horrid strangers passed them by.

But, though spared this time, yet when they came out of the cocoon, and separated, each to make a house for itself, my mother took pains to climb up into a tree by the side of the path, and make her web in a secure position. During the summer, most of her sisters were, one by one, either devoured by birds, or drowned by the rain, or swept away by the wind, till only six were left; but, as these were the largest and strongest of all, they made bigger and bigger webs, even *three feet across*, and every day caught great bugs, locusts, and flies, on which they grew fat and comfortable, and they hoped no cocoon-hunter would ever come that way again.

But alas! one day in August there came striding along the terrible man with the box; only this time he had no box, but carried in one hand a stick, with which he broke down the webs across his path, while the other he flourished about to keep away the mosquitoes, who had already taken the alarm and were attacking him on every side; so that, though he shook his head and stamped his feet and threw about his hands, he was evidently much tormented. He looked tired, too, and hot, and was covered with mud to the

waist, but his lips moved steadily, as if he was counting how many spiders there were. Suddenly he stopped, and with his stick entangled one of them in her web, took off his hat and dropped her into it, then brought together the edges of the rim, so that she could not escape. He tried to carry it in his hand, but the mosquitoes now attacked him with such fury that he was obliged to hold the hat in his teeth, and my mother hoped the captive would find her way out and bite him in the face.

He was soon gone, apparently satisfied with a single specimen; but after this my mother and the others lived a life of fear and trembling, lest this pirate, who had come through such deep mud for one spider, should come again and kidnap the entire population of the island.

Their worst fears were realized; on the last day of August the enemy



again appeared, but this time in greater force. The leader carried a long stick as before, then came a man holding a little paper box, while behind him was a boy carrying some trays filled with these boxes. When they came to a spider the leader tore down her web, and quickly dropped her into the box, which was ready to shut and be exchanged for an empty one. So, one by one, her neighbors were taken; and, though the valiant mosquitoes stung them at every step, even through their clothes, crawled down their backs and into their ears, the invaders came steadily on and stopped under the tree where my mother had made her web. She had gone so high that she hoped they either would not notice her or would not be able to reach her; but, after a few trials, a stick thrown by the leader came crashing through her web and brought her to the earth. Her efforts to escape were in vain, (for our legs are so slender, that, though we are quick enough on our webs, yet on the

ground we move quite slowly,) and she was soon confined in a space so small that she could hardly stretch herself.

But she was the last captive ; for the clouds, which had for some time looked very black at this intrusion upon the peaceful regions under their care, now opened upon the invaders their heaviest batteries of thunder and lightning, blasts of wind, and heavy drops of rain ; whereupon, as *they* said, lest the boxes should be wet, but, as *we* think, stricken with remorse and terror, they began a retreat, and, having gained their boat, put off with all haste. But even now the good clouds pursued them, and when they tried to row, the winds blew them backward faster than they could go forward ; and when they raised a sail, tipped them over, and would have spilled them into the water if the sail had not split into ribbons ; and all this time the rain drenched them, the thunder and lightning terrified them, and the wind blew from every point against them as they turned in the creeks. They grounded on oyster-beds, and stuck fast upon mud-flats, and each moment my mother expected to hear wicked words and threats to cast overboard the box of captives, as Jonah was cast in ancient time.

But no ; they seemed anxious only lest their precious freight should be lost ; and their leader spoke so confidently of the beautiful silk he should get from them, as he had done the year before, and the year before that, when he first found a stray spider on Folly Island, that my mother and her companions forgot their hate, and soon the clouds too were appeased, and the moon came out and lighted them home ; and so, though the rough harbor had to be crossed, and it was nearly midnight, yet they finally arrived safely at Mt. Pleasant, near Charleston.

My mother was kept in her box ; but every morning it was opened, and she was examined, and a few words written on the cover. During the night of the third day of her captivity, she made a soft cushion of silk upon the lower side of the cover by pulling threads out of her spinners with her hind feet, and curling them up, and then, pressing the under side of her body against it, deposited upon it four or five hundred little yellow eggs. These she covered with another cushion, and then spun strong threads over it all, so that they should be secure from injury, and never fall out. (Fig. 3.)

The next morning, when the Doctor (for so he was called) opened her box, he was much pleased, and spoke to his friends of the young spiders that would be hatched from the eggs ; but, though he might have known my mother was faint and weary, he offered her no water. The following day, however, he brought her, on a pin, a little bit of flesh, so soft and juicy that it was nearly as good as her favorite dish, — a fly with dewdrop sauce ; and, as she took this eagerly, it was given her every day, and sometimes a drop of water on it made it still more delicious. Still, the air was dry, and very different from that of her dear Long Island ; and gradually my poor mother wasted away, and grew weaker and weaker, till she could not eat, and at last, on the 25th day after her capture, she died.

Two observations which she made were less clear then than now. One was, that almost every day during their quiet stay at Mt. Pleasant she heard

strange noises, as of rubbing and turning, which must have been caused by the machinery used in reeling silk from her less fortunate companions; the other was, that, soon after these noises ceased, she felt the case in which all the little boxes were kept lifted and carried about, then she breathed the sea-air, and by the middle of September a cooler atmosphere; when, too, she heard great rattlings and rumblings, and at times the word Boston; which means that here in this city, where I was hatched, and where I trust you will be, my mother died on the 25th day of September, 1865.

I am sure her life might have been prolonged if *water* had been given her; for some of her younger companions, who had not exhausted their strength by laying eggs, lived until the Doctor was convinced of their need of water, and gave them some; then they revived, and one of them, who was set at liberty in a house of flowers, made a great web, and caught all the flies, and grew fat; but during the winter they squirted very badly-smelling water over the plants to kill the bugs, and it killed her too.

II.

AND now, my dear children, it is time to commence my own story.

You have already seen that this *nominally* begins on the 3d day of September, 1865 when, according to my mother's account, her eggs were laid in the little box where she died. But I *really* knew nothing for myself until they hatched on the 4th day of October.

Now these eggs are curious things. I can't understand (nor do I believe men know any better, wise as they think themselves) how it is that a little yellow ball, not half as big as a pin's head, and filled with what look like drops of oil, should, within a few weeks after it is laid, change of itself, and become in some places harder, in others softer, with little partitions and divisions into the head and body and legs of a little round spider, with eyes and jaws and everything; but still packed away tight in the egg.

These changes, however, men have watched, and have been convinced of what we knew long ago, — that we are not merely *spiders*, but *insects*, just as much as the proud beetles and butterflies. For, although after we are hatched our head and chest are closely soldered together so as to look like *one piece*, yet while we are forming in the egg they are quite distinct, — as much so as the head and chest of a grasshopper. What if we don't have wings? We have *eight* legs, and other insects have only *six*; and, in fact, we don't need wings, for some of us never want to leave the earth, and others can crawl up as high as they wish and swing off, and some can spin fine silky threads, which are so light as to float in the air, and even carry the spider with them over land and water, which is a much easier way than insects have, by flapping their wings, and working so hard.



Fig. 4. Young Spider in the
EGG.

And as for being ugly, why, I have heard the Doctor say we were very handsome and far more sensible than common insects, for we never run away as they do when food or drink is put to our mouths. I would not change coats with any of them.

Well, we will let men quarrel over our names, and go back to the 4th of October; 1865, when I broke the shell of my egg and came out into the air.



Fig. 5. Young Spider (natural size and magnified).

I was one of the first, being on the outside of the mass of eggs; but this had already cracked open in several places, and within two days all my sisters and brothers had come out and pushed the shells away out into the meshes of the cocoon, so that the cavity was occupied by us. Of course we needed more room now, for our legs, though short, were active, and we were packed pretty closely, so as to resemble, the Doctor said, a white rasp-

berry. How that would have frightened us a month later, after having heard that the natives of some hot countries, and even some learned persons, consider spiders *very good eating*, and say they *taste like nuts!*

For the first few days, I kept pretty quiet, and, thinking my stomach or abdomen too fat and round, while my head and legs were too thin, I occupied myself in squeezing as much as I could from my abdomen through the slender stem that supports it into my head and legs, and was glad to find them growing larger. But now the skin over these parts became stiff and dry, and would no longer stretch; and all at once, while straining hard, the skin on the top of my head *snapped right up, like the lid of a box*, so that I soon got my head and eyes and jaws out, and then, by pulling, split the skin on each side, near the stem, so that my abdomen could be pulled out; and now only



Fig. 6. Spider casting her skin.

my legs were left, and by getting on my back, and pulling and twisting, I extricated first the third pair of legs which are short, and then the others, and my feelers or palpi; after which I kicked my old clothes out among the egg-shells, and found myself in a nice clean suit, softer and easier than the first one.

I could now spin threads by pressing my spinners against anything, and moving away from it. I had no occasion to spin a great deal then, but it was good fun to climb about on the silken ropes of our cocoon, and then I always fastened a thread to hold me if I fell.

But presently a new trouble arose: I was hungry and had nothing to eat. When thirsty, we had always found little drops of water which were sprinkled upon the cocoon, but now we needed food too, and, seeing nothing else, I began to long for a taste of one of my plump little sisters; so one day I pretended to be very much hurt when a small one tumbled against me, and caught her in my jaws and bit her so that she died,—and then, of course, I might as well eat her. So I did, and after this, although I was sorry to lose my little sisters, I had to eat them, for there was no other food, and if some did not eat others, all would starve.

Men are very much shocked at what they call our natural cannibalism, but I am quite certain that, if five hundred of them were shut up in a small room, with nothing to eat, the men would soon eat the little boys. To be sure we are very different from men, and it might not be proper for them, but it is evidently the thing we are intended to do. The little spiders are like many shoots on an apple-tree in the spring, some of which must be cut off to let the rest grow better. But I think you understand it, and need only tell you always to select the *smallest*, for the larger will make the best spiders when they grow up, and do most credit to our race; and besides, a big one might object to being eaten, and do you an injury, or even eat you herself.

We never felt *ugly* toward each other, though, I must say, that to be large and *eat*, is nicer than to be small and be *eaten*. I have never mentioned my brothers. I don't think I had any, and I hope you will never see any either. *Gentlemen spiders*, they call themselves. They are a disgrace to our family,—little, dried-up, good-for-nothing creatures. Why, they look as if they had stopped growing when only a quarter of an inch long, while we keep on till we are more than an inch in length, and are as handsome as can be. I know we abuse our brothers and husbands sometimes, and even eat them up; but it is their own fault, for they never do anything, and are always in the way, and if they are really treated unjustly, why, let them hold a convention and assert their rights.

Well, on the 1st of November we were carefully put into a glass jar, which was kept mouth downward. This gave us light and plenty of room, especially now that only one hundred of us were left. We now ventured out of the cocoon and spun a loose web of lines crossing in all directions, so that we could hang on them and climb about. Soon after this, a great blue-bottle, crushed, was dropped into our midst. At it we rushed, and as many as could plunged their sharp teeth into it and sucked away at the juicy flesh. And now every day was given us a fly or a cockroach, and by and by we did not hesitate to attack them even when alive, and seldom felt obliged to devour one another.

On the 20th of November, I, being the largest of all, was put into a jar all alone. I soon forgot my companions, and set about making a nice new web, three inches wide, and not in the least like the one we all lived in together; for it was flat like a wheel, and the lines were regular and carefully made, so that when finished it was very handsome. Over some of the



Fig. 7. Male Spider.

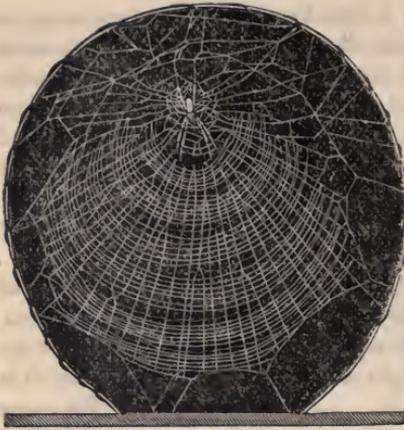


Fig. 8. Web of Spider.

threads I spread a soft gum, which presently ran into little globules or beads, which shone in the sun like pearls.

I shall not be able to tell you all about this web, and the many others I made afterward, and will only give you a few hints, the result of my long experience. 1st. Never make your webs *right up and down*, as people think spiders' webs are made, but always *slanting* a little, so that your bodies may hang away from the web, and not touch the sticky threads. 2d. Never make them of *circular* or *spiral* lines, as common spiders do, but spin your cross-lines in *loops* running from side to side over the radii, but not going all the way round, so that the web is not *circular*, but *oval*, with the greater part *below* the point where the straight lines meet, and then, as you hang head downward, you can feel where an insect is, when it touches the web, and dart to it without turning about. 3d. If the insect seems to be a large one, never seize it until you have touched it all over with your front legs, and measured its size and strength; then, if it is safe, bite it in a soft place, and hold on till it is almost dead; then turn it over between your palpi (feelers) and third pair of legs, and reel out silk upon it with your hind legs till it cannot move, and finally hang it up and eat it at your leisure. 4th. When your web becomes dry and dusty or rent, you can tear down as much as is necessary, and renew it; but never throw the old part away till you have chewed it up and swallowed all the gum, so that only the dust and the dry silk are left. 5th. Always build your webs during the *night*, or just before day, so that they may be fresh and sticky next morning; but it is better to cast your skins during the day, while the other spiders are quiet, and then by evening your skin will have dried, so that you need not fear them if they move about during the night.

In this manner I lived on alone, and, having plenty to eat, soon grew to be nearly an inch in length. I had already cast my skin several times, and when the operation had to be gone through with again I felt it a great bore to have to stop eating for several days, to make the old skin more loose and easy to come off, and then to spend a whole half-hour in getting it off and hanging by my thread while I pumped fluid through the stem from my abdomen into my head and legs, so that when the new skin dried they would be larger than before; for you see I was lazy and fat, and did not like so much exertion.

And so this time, after my body was all out, I thought matters could be hastened; and when the first two legs on my left side seemed to stick, I grew impatient and gave a jerk; and snap! off went the first leg close to

my body. To be sure it did not hurt me much, for you know we have the power of casting off our legs at the second joint from the body without bleeding to death, as we might if injured in other places; but this is only to save our lives when we are caught by the legs. So I was very sorry indeed, for I had always been rather vain of my good looks.

There I hung by the thread coming from my spinners, and by the second leg, which seemed to be twisted and indisposed to come out. I dared not struggle, for fear of losing it also, but toward night, the Doctor, thinking I might die if unrelieved, tried to help me; but at the first touch the already over-strained parts gave way, and off came my second leg, leaving me alive, though dreadfully weak and a cripple for life.

This was on the 7th of January. The next morning I was put into a fresh jar, where, during the night, I tried to make a web; but I was so awkward with only six legs that it was a very poor one. However, it was good enough to catch the little flies and cockroaches that were dropped upon it.

The truth is, although it was well enough to be particular when we had to catch our food in our webs, and each spider wished hers to be the largest and best, yet now, when food is put into our mouths, it is not worth while to spend so much time and trouble; and it is much easier, too, to suck water from the end of a stick or brush, than to run over the web after a shower, and pick up a drop here and there.

On the 4th of February I moulted again, and this time was careful not to pull off any more legs. In fact I was a little disappointed not to find two new ones in place of those I had already lost, as might have been the case if I had been younger; but so far from this, the Doctor, in trying to cut down my old skin, snipped off the end of my left hinder leg. He seemed to feel very sorry, and spoke of ordering some "artificial legs" for me, but they never came, and, though I lost only a drop of blood, and soon recovered, I missed this foot more than the other two; for, as you know, the hind legs are used to draw out the silk from the spinners, and wind it over the insects we have caught, to guide the thread while we spin, and, finally, to support the weight of our bodies as we hang in the web. However, I was soon strong again, and, on being put into a large glass case with others, found myself larger than any of them, and treated them just as I pleased, which, I regret to say, was not very kindly; I demolished their webs for fun, and, if they complained, threatened to demolish them too. But I was punished for this, for while preparing to cast my skin, and feeling, as all spiders do at that time, weak and sluggish, I was attacked by one whom I had abused, and should have been slain if I had not cast off the leg which she had seized, and fallen



Fig. 9. Spider after casting her skin.

to the bottom of the case. I was now a cripple indeed, and, after moulting for the last time on the 5th of March, was glad to be removed to a jar by myself, and afterward to a wire frame fastened in a board, on which I made a web, poor enough, but yet something to hang from.

On the 26th of March, the Doctor noticed for the first time that my hinder leg, the end of which had been cut off, was again possessed of at least one claw, not so good as the first, but better than none at all. He spoke then of wishing to see how it looked, and wondering whether it would be reproduced a second time; but I never thought he would do such a horrible and wicked thing as to cut it off again. But he did, with a great dull pair of scissors, and all the satisfaction I had was in knowing that he looked at it through a glass for half an hour. After this injury, I could hardly get along at all. All I could do with that leg was to hook the stump over a thread or wire; and my body was now so heavy and full of eggs that I grew weary and sick.

But it seemed as if I was fated to bear all possible trials; for only a week after this, my poor body was put in a kind of stocks, with my head and jaws and legs all on one side of a partition, and my abdomen on the other, so that I could not help myself, or touch the silk which hung out of my spinners; the Doctor now fastened the end of this to a little wheel, and turned it, and pulled out all the silk I had, and which I meant to use in making a cocoon for my eggs. It was downright stealing, I think. I would like to bite him now for it.

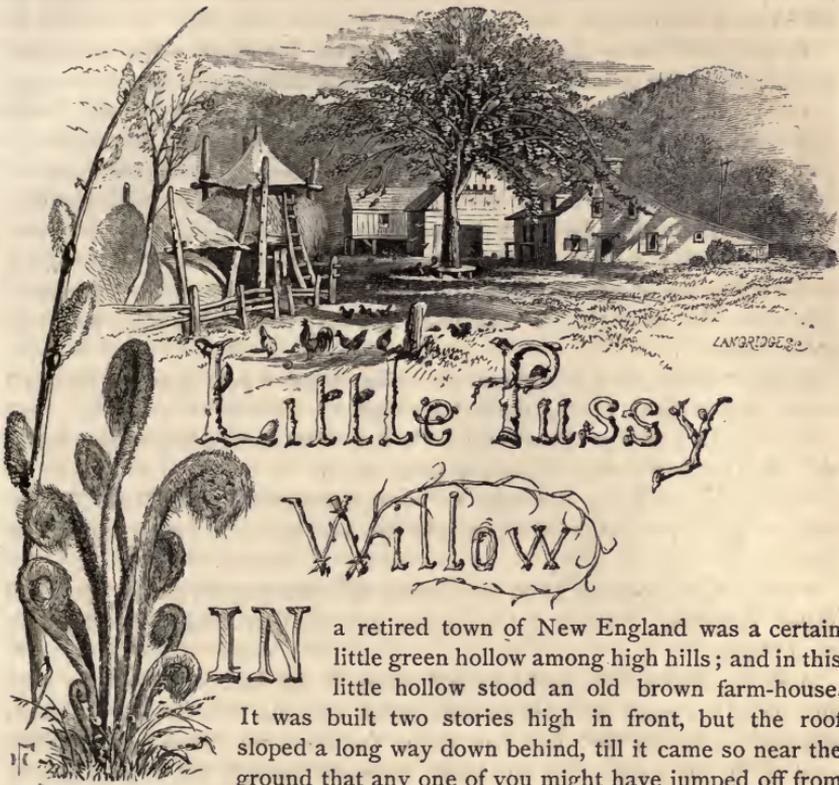
This, of course, put me into a bad humor, the consequence of which was, that when, on the 28th of April, a week ago, he took me between his thumb and finger, and pinched me a little, I opened my jaws and tried to bite; and when the leg of a little kitten, a few days old, was put against my head, I bit it as hard as I could, and the kitten jerked her paw away, and I fell heavily to the floor, which bruised me badly. I was picked up, but now I had lost my temper and needed no pinching, but bit the poor kitten again, and drew blood, and again I was thrown to the floor.

The Doctor was now satisfied, and put me back into my web; but I was so weak that, after a few days, I fell to the bottom of the box, injuring me still more, so that yesterday I was laid upon this soft cushion to die. I found that it would be impossible for me to lay my eggs, and so I have spent my last moments —

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR. — It would seem that our unhappy cripple made her story so long that she could not add the parting words of advice proper to the melancholy occasion. But perhaps she would have said: "Do not be in too much haste to be rid of your old clothes; for in this my misfortunes began. Do not impose upon your weaker neighbors; for this cost me a leg, which I could ill spare after losing two and a half before. Do not lose your temper because you are pinched a little; for this was the cause of my untimely death."

The kitten is still alive and well.

Burt G. Wilder, M. D.



Little Pussy Willow

IN a retired town of New England was a certain little green hollow among high hills; and in this little hollow stood an old brown farm-house.

It was built two stories high in front, but the roof sloped a long way down behind, till it came so near the ground that any one of you might have jumped off from it without frightening the most anxious mamma.

As I have said, this house stood in a little hollow formed by ever so many high hills, which rose around it much as waves rise around a little boat in stormy weather; they looked, in fact, like green waves that had been suddenly stopped and hardened into mountains and hills. Upon their sides grew forests of pines, besides chestnut, hickory, ash, and maple trees, which gave them a charming variety through most of the months of the year. The rocks, too, in many places were perfectly veiled and covered with the bright, glossy green leaves of the rose-laurel, while underneath the crevices were full of fern, saxifrage, rock-columbine, and all sorts of lovely things, which were most charming to explore, if one had energy enough to hunt them up.

The house had no yard round it, but stood on a smooth green turf knoll, and was shaded by a great elm-tree, whose long branches arched over, and seemed like a broad, leafy sky. In summer this was pleasant enough, for the morning sun sent straight arrows of gold hither and thither between the boughs and branches, and carried some of the greenness as they went into the chambers of the old house, and at night the moon and stars winked and twinkled, and made a thousand pretty plays of light and shadow

as they sent their rays dancing over, under, and through the elm-boughs to the little brown house.

It was somewhere about the first of March, I believe, when there was quite a stir in the ground-floor bedroom of this little brown house, because a very small young lady had just made her appearance in this world, who was the first daughter that had ever been given to John and Martha Primrose ; and, of course, her coming was a great event. Four of the most respectable old matrons in the vicinity were solemnly taking tea and quince preserves in Martha's bedroom, in honor of the great event which had just transpired, while a little bundle of flannel was carefully trotted and tended in the lap of the oldest of them, who every now and then opened the folds and peered in through her spectacles at a very red, sleepy little face that lay inside.

"Well," said Dame Toothacre, the eldest, "did I ever know such a spell of warm weather as we had the last fortnight?"

"Yes," said Ma'am Trowbridge, "it has fairly started the buds. Look, that pussy willow by the window is quite out."

"My Mary says she has seen a liverwort blossom," said Dame Toothacre ; "and I've heard blue-birds these two weeks, — it's a most uncommon season."

"If the warm weather holds on, Martha will have a good getting-up," said Dame Johnson. "She's got as plump and likely a little girl as I should want to see."

And so, after a time, night settled down in the bedroom, and one after another of the good old gossips went home, and the little bundle of flannel was tucked warmly into bed, and nurse Toothacre was snoring loudly on a cot-bed in the corner, and the moon streamed through the willow-bush by the window, and marked the shadow of all the little pussy buds on it clearly on the white, clean floor, — when something happened that nobody must know of but you and me, dear little folks ; and what it was I shall relate.

There came in on the moonbeams a stream of fairy folk and wood spirits, to see what they could do for the new baby. You must know that everything that grows has its spirit, and these spirits not only attend on their own plants, but now and then do a good turn for mortals, — as, when plants have good and healing properties, they come to us by the ministry of these plant spirits.

In the winter, when the plant seems dead, these spirits dwell dormant under ground ; but the warm suns of spring thaw them, and renew their strength, and out they come happy and strong as ever. Now it was so early in March that, if there had not been a most uncommonly warm season for a week or two past, there would not have been a plant spirit stirring, and the new baby would have had to go without the gifts and graces which they bring. As it was, there came slipping down on the moonbeam, first, old Mother Fern, all rolled up in a woollen shawl, with a woollen hood on her head, but with a face brimful of benevolence towards the new baby. Little Mistress Liverwort came trembling after her ; for it was scarcely warm

enough yet to justify her putting on her spring clothes, and she did it only at the urgent solicitations of Blue-bird, who had been besieging her doors for a fortnight. And, finally, there was Pussy Willow, who prudently kept on her furs, and moved so velvet-footed that nobody would even suspect she was there; but they undrew the curtains to get a look at the new baby.

"Bless its heart!" said Mother Fern, peering down at it through her glasses. "It's as downy as any of us."

"I should think it might be a young blue-bird," said Liverwort, looking down out of her gray hood; "it looks as much like one as anything. Come, what shall we give it? I'll give it blue eyes, — real violet-blue, — and if that is n't a good gift, I don't know what is."

"And I'll give her some of my thrift and prudence," said Mother Fern. "We Ferns have no blossoms to speak of, but we are a well-to-do family, as everybody knows, and can get our living on any soil where it pleases Heaven to put us; and so thrift shall be my gift for this little lady. Thrift will surely lead to riches and honor."

"I will give her a better thing than that," said Pussy Willow. "I grow under the windows here, and mean to adopt her. She shall be called Little Pussy Willow, and I shall give her the gift of *always seeing the bright side of everything*. That gift will be more to her than beauty or riches or honors. It is not so much matter what color one's eyes are, as what one sees with them. There is a bright side to everything, if people only knew it, and the best eyes are those which are able always to see this best side."

"I must say, friend Pussy," said Mother Fern, "that you are a most sensibly-spoken bush, for a bush of your age. You always did seem to me to have a most remarkable faculty in that line; for I have remarked how you seize on the first ray of sunshine, and get your pussies out before any of us dare make a movement. Many a time I have said, 'Well, I guess Miss Pussy Willow 'll find herself mistaken in the weather this year'; but, taking one year with another, I think you have gained time by being always on hand, and believing in the pleasant weather."

"Well," said Pussy, "if I should hang back with my buds as our old Father Elm-tree does, I should miss a deal of pleasure, and people would miss a deal of pleasure from me. The children, dear souls! I'm always in a hurry to get out in the spring because it pleases them. 'O, here's Pussy Willow come back!' they cry when they see me. 'Now the winter is over!' And no matter if there is a little dash of sleet or snow or frost after that,



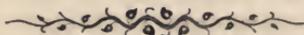
I stand it with a good heart, because I know it is summer that is coming, and not winter, and that things are certain to grow better, and not worse. I 'm not handsome, I know; I 'm not elegant; nobody thinks much of me; and my only good points are my cheerfulness and my faith in good things to come; — so these are the gifts I bring to my little god-child."

With that, Pussy Willow stooped and rubbed her downy cheek over the little downy cheek of the baby, and the tiny face smiled in its sleep as if it knew that something good was being done for it. But just then Nurse Toothacre, who had been snoring very regularly for some time, gave such a loud and sudden snort that it waked her up, and she sat bolt upright in bed. "Was that a dog barking?" she exclaimed. "I thought I heard a dog."

Whisk! went all the little fairies up the ladder of moonshine; but Pussy Willow laughed softly as she softly patted her velvet tip against the window, and said, —



Harriet Beecher Stowe.



A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

IX.

THE "by-and-by" people came at last, — Jeannie, and Elinor, and Sin Saxon, and the Arnalls, and Josie Scherman. They wanted Leslie, — to tell and ask her half a hundred things about the projected tableaux. If it had only been Miss Craydocke and the Josselyns sitting together, with Dakie Thayne, how would that have concerned them, — the later comers? It would only have been a bit of "the pines" preoccupied: they would have found a place for themselves, and gone on with their own chatter. But Leslie's presence made all the difference. The little group became the nucleus of the enlarging circle. Miss Craydocke had known very well how this would be.

They asked this and that of Leslie which they had come to ask; and she would keep turning to the Josselyns and appealing to them; so they were drawn in. There was a curtain to be made, first of all. Miss Craydocke would undertake that, drafting Leslie and the Miss Josselyns to help her; they should all come to her room early to-morrow, and they would have it

ready by ten o'clock. Leslie wondered a little that she found *work* for them to do: a part of the play she thought would have been better; but Miss Craydocke knew how that must come about. Besides, she had more than one little line to lay and to pull, this serpent-wise old maiden, in behalf of her ultimate designs concerning them.

I can't stay here under the pines and tell you all their talk this summer morning, — how Sin Saxon grew social and saucy with the quiet Miss Josselyns; how she fell upon the mending-basket and their notability, and declared that the most foolish and pernicious proverb in the world was that old thing about a stitch in time saving nine; it might save certain special stitches; but how about the *time* itself, and *other* stitches? She did n't believe in it, — running round after a darning-needle and forty other things, the minute a thread broke, and dropping whatever else one had in hand, to let it ravel itself all out again; "she believed in a good big basket, in a dark closet, and laying up there for a rainy day, and being at peace in the pleasant weather. Then, too, there was another thing; she did n't believe in notability itself, at all: the more one was fool enough to know, the more one had to do, all one's life long. Providence always took care of the lame and the lazy; and, besides, those capable people never had contented minds. They could n't keep servants: their own fingers were always itching to do things better. Her sister Effie was a lamentable instance. She'd married a man, — well, not *very* rich, — and she had set out to learn and direct everything. The consequence was, she was like Eve after the apple, — she knew good and evil; and was n't the garden just a wilderness after that? She never thought of it before, but she believed that was exactly what the old poem in Genesis was written for!"

How Miss Craydocke answered, with her gentle, tolerant common-sense, and right thought, and wide-awake brightness; how the Josselyns grew cordial and confident enough to confess that, with five little children in the house, there was n't a great necessity for laying up against a rainy day, and with stockings at a dollar and a half a pair, one was apt to get the nine stitches, or a pretty comfortable multiple of them, every Wednesday when the wash came in; and how these different kinds of lives, coming together with a friendly friction, found themselves not so uncongenial, or so incomprehensible to each other, after all; — all this, in its detail of bright words, I cannot stop to tell you; it would take a good many summers to go through one like this so fully; but when the big bell rang for dinner, they all came down the ledge together, and Sue and Martha Josselyn, for the first time in four weeks, felt themselves fairly one with the current interest and life of the gay house in which they had been dwellers and yet only lookers-on.

Mrs. Thoresby, coming down to dinner, a few minutes late, with her daughters, and pausing — as people always did at the Green Cottage, without knowing why — to step from the foot of the stairway to the open piazza-door, and glance out before turning toward the dining-room, saw the ledge party just dividing itself into its two little streams, that were to head, respectively, for cottage and hotel.

"It is a wonder to me that Mrs. Linceford allows it!" was her comment. "Just the odds and ends of all the company here. And those girls, who might take whatever stand they pleased!"

"Miss Leslie always finds out the nicest people, and the best times, *I* think," said Etty, who had dragged through but a dull morning behind the blinds of her mother's window, puzzling over crochet, — which she hated, because she said it was like everlastingly poking one's finger after a sliver, — and had caught, now and then, over the still air, the laughter and bird-notes that came together from among the pines. One of the Miss Haughtleys had sat with them; but that only "stiffened out the dulness," as Etty had declared, the instant the young lady left them.

"Don't be pert, Etty. You don't know what you want, or what is for your interest. The Haddens were well enough, by themselves; but when it comes to Tom, Dick, and Harry!"

"I don't believe that's elegant, mamma," said Etty, demurely; "and there is n't Tom, Dick, nor Harry; only Dakie Thayne, and that nice, *nice* Miss Craydocke! And — I *hate* the Haughtleys!" This with a sudden explosiveness at the last, after the demureness.

"Etty!" and Mrs. Thoresby intoned an indescribable astonishment of displeasure in her utterance of her daughter's name. "Remember yourself. You are neither to be impertinent to me, nor to speak rudely of persons whom I choose for your acquaintance. When you are older, you will come to understand how these chance meetings may lead to the most valuable friendships, or, on the contrary, to the most mortifying embarrassments. In the mean time, you are to be guided." After which little sententious homily out of the Book of the World, Mrs. Thoresby ruffled herself with dignity, and led her brood away with her.

Next day, Tom, Dick, and Harry — that is to say, Miss Craydocke, Susan and Martha Josselyn, and Leslie Goldthwaite — were gathered in the first-named lady's room, to make the great green curtain. And there Sin Saxon came in upon them, — ostensibly to bring the curtain-rings, and explain how she wanted them put on; but after that she lingered.

"It's like the Tower of Babel up stairs," she said, "and just about as likely ever to get built. I can't bear to stay where I can't hear myself talk. You're nice and cosey here, Miss Craydocke." And, with that, she settled herself down on the floor, with all her little ruffles and flounces and billows of muslin heaping and curling themselves about her, till her pretty head and shoulders were like a new and charming sort of floating-island in the midst.

And it came to pass that presently the talk drifted round to vanities and vexations, — on this wise.

"Everybody wants to be everything," said Sin Saxon. "They don't say so, of course. But they keep objecting, and unsettling. Nothing hushes anybody up but proposing them for some especially magnificent part. And you can't hush them all at once in that way. If they'd only *say* what they want, and be done with it! But they're so dreadfully polite! Only finding

out continual reasons why nobody will do for this and that, or have time to dress, or something, and waiting modestly to be suggested and shut up! When I came down they were in full tilt about the Lady of Shalott. It 's to be one of the crack scenes, you know, — river of blue cambric, and a real, regular, lovely property-boat. Frank Scherman sent for it, and it came up on the stage yesterday, — drivers swearing all the way. Now they 'll go on for half an hour, at least; and at the end of that time I shall walk in — upon the plain of Shinar — with my hair all let down, — it 's real, every *bit of it*, not a tail tied on anywhere, — and tell them, I — myself — am to be the Lady of Shalott! I think I shall relish flinging in that little bit of honesty, — like a dash of cold water into the middle of a fry. Won't it sizzle?"

She sat twirling the cord upon which the dozens of great brass rings were strung, watching the shining ellipse they made as they revolved, — like a child set down upon the carpet with a plaything, — expecting no answer, only waiting for the next vagrant whimsicality that should come across her brain, — not altogether without method, either, — to give it utterance.

"I don't suppose I could convince you of it," she resumed; "but I do actually have serious thoughts sometimes. I think that very likely some of us — most of us — are going to the dogs. And I wonder what it will be when we get there. Why don't you contradict — or confirm — what I say, Miss Craydocke?"

"You have n't said out, yet, have you?"

Sin Saxon opened wide her great, wondering, saucy blue eyes, and turned them full upon Miss Craydocke's face. "Well, you *are* a oner! as somebody in Dickens says. There 's no such thing as a leading question for you. It 's like the rope the dog slipped his head out of, and left the man holding fast at the other end, in touching confidence that he was coming on. I saw that once on Broadway. Now I experience it. I suppose I 've got to say more. Well, then, in a general way, do you think living amounts to anything, Miss Craydocke?"

"Whose living?"

"Sharp — as a knife that 's just cut through a lemon! *Ours*, then, if you please; us girls', for instance."

"You have n't done much of your living yet, my dear." The tone was gentle, as of one who looked down from such a height of years that she felt tenderly the climbing that had been, for those who had it yet to do.

"We're as busy at it, too, as we can be. But sometimes I 've mistrusted something like what I discovered very indignantly one day when I was four years old, and fancied I was making a petticoat, sewing through and through a bit of flannel. The thread had n't any knot in it!"

"That was very well, too, until you knew just where to put the stitches that should stay."

"Which brings us to our subject of the morning, as the sermons say sometimes, when they're half through, or ought to be. There are all kinds of stitches, — embroidery, and plain over-and-over, and whippings, and

darns! When are we to make our knot and begin? and which kind are we to do?"

"Most lives find occasion, more or less, for each. Practised fingers will know how to manage all."

"But — it's — the — *proportion!*" cried Sin, in a crescendo that ended with an emphasis that was nearly a little scream.

"I think that, when one looks to what is really needed most and first, will arrange itself," said Miss Craydocke. "Something gets crowded out, with us all. It depends upon what, and how, and with what willingness we let it go."

"Now we come to the superlative sort of people, — the extra good ones, who let everything go that is n't solid duty; all the ornament of life, — good looks, — tidiness even, — and everything that's the least bit jolly, and that don't keep your high-mindedness on the strain. I want to be *low-minded* — *weak-minded*, at least — now and then. I can't bear ferociously elevated people, who won't say a word that don't count; people that talk about their time being interrupted, (as if their time was n't everybody else's time, too,) because somebody comes in once in a while for a friendly call; and who go about the streets as if they were so intent upon some tremendous good work, or big thinking, that it would be dangerous even to bow to a common sinner, for fear of being waylaid and hindered. I know people like that; and all I've to say is, that, if they're to make up the heavenly circles, I'd full as lief go down lower, where they're kind of social!"

There can scarcely be a subject touched, in ever so light a way, — especially a moral or a spiritual subject, — in however small a company of persons, that shall not set in motion varied and intense currents of thought, — bear diverse and searching application to consciousness and experience. The Josselyns sat silent with the long breadths of green cambric over their laps, listening with an amusement that freshened into their habitual work-day mood, like a wilful little summer breeze born out of blue morning skies, unconscious of clouds, to the oddities of Sin Saxon; but the drift of her sayings, the meaning she actually had under them, bore down upon their different knowledge with a significance whose sharpness she had no dream of. "Plain over-and-over," — how well it illustrated what their young days and the disposal of them had been! Miss Craydocke thought of the darns; her story cannot be told here; but she knew what it meant to have the darns of life fall to one's share, — to have the filling up to do, with dextrousness and pains and sacrifice, of holes that other people make!

For Leslie Goldthwaite, she got the next word of the lesson she was learning, — "*It depends on what one is willing to let get crowded out.*"

Sin Saxon went on again.

"I've had a special disgust given me to superiority. I would n't be superior for all the world. We had a superior specimen come among us at Highslope last year. She's there yet, it's commonly believed; but nobody takes the trouble to be positive of it. Reason why, she took up immediately such a position of mental and moral altitude above our heads, and be-

came so sublimely unconscious of all beneath, that all beneath was n't going to strain its neck to look after her, much less provide itself with telescopes. We're pretty nice people, we think; but we're not particularly curious in astronomy. We heard great things of her, beforehand; and we were all ready to make much of her. We asked her to our parties. She came, with a look upon her as if some unpleasant duty had forced her temporarily into purgatory. She shied round like a cat in a strange garret, as if all she wanted was to get out. She would n't dance; she would n't talk; she went home early,—to her studies, I suppose, and her plans for next day's unmitigated usefulness. She took it for granted we had nothing in us *but* dance, and so — as Artemus Ward says — 'If the American Eagle could solace itself in that way, we let it went!' She might have done some good to us, — we needed to be done to, I don't doubt, — but it's all over now. That light is under a bushel, and that city's hid, so far as Highslope is concerned. And we've pretty much made up our minds, among us, to be bad and jolly. Only sometimes I get thinking, — that's all."

She got up, giving the string of rings a final whirl, and tossing them into Leslie Goldthwaite's lap. "Good by," she said, shaking down her flounces. "It's time for me to go and assert myself at Shinar. '*Moi, c'est l'Empire!*' Napoleon was great when he said that. A great deal greater than if he'd pretended to be meek, and want nothing but the public good!"

"What gets crowded out?" Day by day that is the great test of our life.

Just now, everything seemed likely to get crowded out with the young folks at Outledge, but dresses, characters, and rehearsals. The swivel the earth turned on at this moment was the coming Tuesday evening and its performance. And the central axis of that, to nearly every individual interest, was what such particular individual was to "be."

They had asked Leslie to take the part of Zorayda in the Three Moorish Princesses of the Alhambra. Jeannie and Elinor were to be Zayda and Zorahayda. As for Leslie, she liked well enough, as we know, to look pretty; it was, or had been, till other thoughts of late had begun to "crowd it out," something like a besetting weakness; she had only lately, to tell the whole truth as it seldom is told, begun to be ashamed, before her higher self, to turn, the first thing in the morning, with a certain half-mechanical anxiety, toward her glass, to see how she was looking. Without studying into separate causes of complexion and so forth, as older women given to these things come to do, she knew that somehow there was often a difference; and beside the standing question in her mind as to whether there were a chance of her growing up to anything like positive beauty or not, there was apt often to be a reason why she would like *to-day*, if possible, to be in particular good looks. When she got an invitation, or an excursion was planned, the first thing that came into her head was naturally what she should wear; and a good deal of the pleasure would depend on that. A party without an especially pretty dress did n't amount to much; she could n't help that; it did count with everybody, and it made a difference. She would like, un-

doubtedly, a "pretty part" in these tableaux; but there was more in Leslie Goldthwaite, even without touching upon the deep things, than all this. *Only* a pretty part did not quite satisfy: she had capacity for something more. In spite of the lovely Moorish costume to be contrived out of blue silk and white muslin, and to contrast so picturesquely with Jeannie's crimson, and the soft, snowy drapery of Elinor, she would have been half willing to be the "discreet Kadiga" instead; for the old woman had really to look *something* as well as *somehow*, and there was a spirit and a fun in that.

The pros and cons and possibilities were working themselves gradually clear to her thoughts, as she sat and listened, with external attention in the beginning, to Sin Saxon's chatter. Ideas about the adaptation of her dress-material, and the character she could bring out of, or get into, her part, mingled themselves together; and Irving's delicious old legend that she had read hundreds of times, entranced, as a child, repeated itself in snatches to her recollection. Jeannie must be stately; that would quite suit her. Elinor—must just be Elinor. Then the airs and graces remained for herself. She thought she could illustrate with some spirit the latent coquetry of the imprisoned beauty; she believed, notwithstanding the fashion in which the story measured out their speech in rations,—always an appropriate bit, and just so much of it to each,—that the gay Zorayda must have had the principal hand in their affairs,—must have put the others up to mischief, and coaxed most winningly the discreet Kadiga. She could make something out of it: it should n't be mere flat prettiness. She began to congratulate herself upon the character. And then her ingenious fancy flew off to something else that had occurred to her, and that she had only secretly proposed to Sin Saxon,—an illustration of a certain ancient nursery ballad, to vary by contrast the pathetic representations of Auld Robin Gray and the Lady of Shalott. It was a bright plan, and she was nearly sure she could carry it out; but it was not a "pretty part," and Sin Saxon had thought it fair she should have one; therefore Zorayda. All this was reason why Leslie's brain was busy, like her fingers, as she sat and sewed on the green curtain, and let Sin Saxon talk. Till Miss Craydocke said that, "Something always gets crowded out," and so those words came to her in the midst of all.

The Josselyns went away to their own room when the last rings had been sewn on; and the curtain was ready, as had been promised, at ten o'clock. Leslie stayed, waiting for Dakie Thayne to come and fetch it. While she sat there, silent, by the window, Miss Craydocke brought out a new armful of something from a drawer, and came and placed her Shaker rocking-chair beside her. Leslie looked round, and saw her lap full of two little bright plaid dresses.

"It's only the button-holes," said Miss Craydocke. "I'm going to make them now, before they find me out."

Leslie looked very uncomprehending.

"You did n't suppose I let those girls come in here and spend their morning on that nonsense for nothing, did you? This is some of *their* work,—the work that's crowding all the frolic out of their lives. I've found out



where they keep it, and I've stolen some. I'm Scotch, you know, and I believe in brownies. They're good to believe in. Old fables are generally *all but* true. You've only to 'put in one to make it so,' as children say in 'odd and even.'" And Miss Craydocke overcasted her first button-hole energetically.

Leslie Goldthwaite saw through the whole now, in a minute. "You did it on purpose, for an excuse!" she said; and there was a ring of applauding delight in her voice which a note of admiration poorly marks.

"Well, you must begin somehow," said Miss Craydocke. "And after you've once begun, you can keep on." Which, as a generality, was not so glittering, perhaps, as might be; but Leslie could imagine, with a warm heart-throb, what, in this case, Miss Craydocke's "keeping on" would be.

"I found them out by degrees," said Miss Craydocke. "They've been overhead here, this month nearly, and if you *don't* listen nor look more than is ladylike, you can't help scraps enough to piece something out of by that time. They sit by their window, and I sit by mine. I cough, and sneeze, and sing, as much as I find comfortable, and they can't help knowing where their neighbors are; and after that, it's their look-out, of course. I lent them some books one Sunday, and so we got on a sort of visiting terms, and lately I've gone in, sometimes, and sat down awhile when I've had an errand, and they've been here; and the amount of it is, they're two young things that'll grow old before they know they've ever been young, if somebody don't take hold. They've only got just so much time to stay; and if we don't contrive a holiday for them before it's over, why, — there's the 'Inasmuch,' — that's all."

Dakie Thayne came to the door to fetch Leslie and the curtain.

"It's all ready, Dakie, — here; but I can't go just now, or not unless they want me *very* much, and then you'll come, please, won't you, and let me know again?" said Leslie, bundling up the mass of cambric, and piling it upon Dakie's arms.

Dakie looked disappointed, but promised, and departed. They were finding him useful up stairs, and Leslie had begged him to help.

"Now give me that other dress," she said, turning to Miss Craydocke. "And you, — could n't you go and steal something else?" She spoke impetuously, and her eyes shone with eagerness, and more.

"I've had to lay a plan," resumed Miss Craydocke, as Leslie took the measure of a button-hole and began. "Change of work is as good as a rest. So I've had them down here on the curtain among the girls. Next, I'm going to have a bee. I've got some things to finish up for Prissy Hoskins, and they're likely to be wanted in something of a hurry. She's got another aunt in Portsmouth, and if she can only be provided with proper things to wear, she can go down there, Aunt Hoskins says, and stay all winter, get some schooling, and see a city doctor. The man here tells them that something might be done for her hearing by a person skilled in such things, and Mrs. Hoskins says, 'There's a little money of the child's own, from the vandoo when her father died,' that would pay for travelling and advice, and 'ef the right sort ain't to be had in Portsmouth, when she once gets started, she shall go whuzzever 't is, if she has to have a vandoo herself!' It's a whole human life of comfort and usefulness, Leslie Goldthwaite, may be, that depends! — Well, I'll have a bee, and get Prissy fixed out. Her Portsmouth aunt is coming up, and will take her back. She'll give her a welcome, but she's poor herself, and can't afford much more. And then the Josselyns are to have a bee. Not everybody; but you and me, and we'll see by that time who else. It's to begin as if we meant to have them all round, for the frolic and the sociability; and besides that, we'll steal all we can. For your part, you must get intimate. Nobody can do anything, except as a friend. And the last week they're here is the very week I'm going everywhere in! I'm going to charter the little red, and have parties of my own. We'll have a picnic at the Cliff, and Prissy will wait on us with raspberries and cream. We'll walk up Feathercap, and ride up Giant's Cairn, and we'll have a sunset at Minster Rock. And it's going to be pleasant weather every day!"

They stitched away, then, dropping their talk. Miss Craydocke was out of breath; and Leslie measured her even loops with eyes that glittered more and more.

The half-dozen button-holes apiece were completed; and then Miss Craydocke trotted off with the two little frocks upon her arm. She came back, bringing some two or three pairs of cotton-flannel drawers.

"I took them up, just as they lay, cut out and ready, on the bed. I would n't have a word. I told them I'd nothing to do, and so I have n't. My hurry is coming on all of a sudden when I have my bee. Now I've

done it once, I can do it again. They'll find out it's my way, and when you've once set up a way, people always turn out for it."

Miss Craydocke was in high glee.

Leslie stitched up three little legs before Dakie came again, and said they must have her up stairs.

One thing occurred to her, as they ran along the winding passages, up and down, and up again, to the new hall in the far-off L.

The Moorish dress would take so long to arrange. Would n't Imogen Thoresby like the part? She was only in the Three Fishers. Imogen and Jeannie met her as she came in.

"It is just you I wanted to find," cried Leslie, sealing her warm impulse with immediate act. "Will you be Zorayda, Imogen,—with Jeannie and Elinor, you know? I've got so much to do without. Sin Saxon understands; it's a bit of a secret as yet. I shall be so obliged!"

Imogen's blue eyes sparkled and widened. It was just what she had been secretly longing for. But why in the world should Leslie Goldthwaite want to give it up?

It had got crowded out, that was all.

Another thing kept coming into Leslie's head that day;—the yards of delicate grass-linen that she had hemstitched, and knotted into bands that summer,—just for idle-work, when plain bindings and simple ruffling would have done as well,—and all for her accumulating treasure of reserved robings, while here were these two girls darning stockings, and sewing over heavy woollen stuffs, that actual, inevitable work might be despatched in these bright, warm hours that had been meant for holiday. It troubled her to think of it, seeing that the time was gone, and nothing now but these threads and holes remained of it to her share.

Martha Josselyn had asked her yesterday about the stitch,—some little baby-daintiness she had thought of for the mother who could n't afford embroideries and thread-laces for her youngest and least of so many. Leslie would go and show her, and, as Miss Craydocke said, get intimate. It was true there were certain little things one could not do, except as a friend.

Meanwhile, Martha Josselyn must be the Sister of Charity in that lovely tableau of Consolation.

It does not take long for two young girls to grow intimate over tableau plans and fancy stitches. Two days after this, Leslie Goldthwaite was as cosily established in the Josselyns' room as if she had been there every day all summer. Some people *are* like drops of quicksilver, as Martha Josselyn had declared, only one can't tell how that is till one gets out of the bottle.

"Thank you," she said to Leslie, as she mastered the little intricacy of the work upon the experimental scrap of cambric she had drawn. "I understand it now, I think, and I shall find time, somehow, after I get home, for what I want to do." With that, she laid it in a corner of her basket, and took up cotton-flannel again.

Leslie put something, twisted lightly in soft paper, beside it. "I want you to keep that, please, for a pattern, and to remember me," she said. "I've

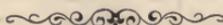
made yards more than I really want. It's nothing," she added, hastily interrupting the surprised and remonstrating thanks of the other. "And now we must see about that scapulary thing, or whatever it is, for your nun's dress."

And there was no more about it, only an unusual feeling in Martha Joselyn's heart, that came up warm long after, and by and by a little difference among Leslie Goldthwaite's pretty garnishings, where something had got crowded out.

This is the way, from small to great, things sort themselves.

"No man can serve two masters," is as full and true and strong upon the side of encouragement as of rebuke.

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."



AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

FOLLOWING THE FLOAT.

UNFORTUNATELY for our adventurers, as well as for the cow-fish itself, other eyes than those of the tapuyo had been watching the gambols of the two cetaceans, and had paid particular attention to the one now taking its siesta on the surface. Neither Munday nor his companions had any suspicion of this ; for, excepting the peixe-boi itself, no living creature was in sight. Having observed it for a considerable length of time, still reclining in its attitude of repose, they had almost ceased to think of it ; when all at once it was seen to spring clear out of the water, and, after making two or three grotesque plunges, sink suddenly below the surface !

The action was too violent and unnatural to be voluntary. The peixe-boi had evidently been assailed in its sleep by some enemy, from which it was but too eager to retreat.

But what could this enemy be ? The tapuyo knew of nothing *under* the water that was likely to have made the attack. There are no sharks nor swordfish in the Gapo, and an alligator would scarcely dare to meddle with a creature of such enormous dimensions. Much less could an enemy have come from the air. There is no bird in South America, not even the great condor itself, that would think of swooping down upon a peixe-boi.

Some of the party said that they had seen something glancing towards the cow-fish at the moment it made the leap,—something that looked like a flash of lightning ! What could that be ? There was no cloud in the sky, no thunder. It could not have been lightning.

"*Pa terra!*" exclaimed the tapuyo, in evident alarm. "I know not what it was. Keep quiet, or we are lost!"

"What was it?"

"A harpoon, — look yonder, patron! Don't you see the water in motion where the juarouá went down?"

"Certainly I do. That's very natural. The waves are caused by the plunging of the animal."

"The waves! not that; look again. You see a thin ripple. There's a cord making it. Yonder's the float! and close behind that you will see something more. There, there he is!"

Sure enough, there was a rippling line caused by a cord drawn rapidly along the surface; at the end of this a small buoy of wood dragged rapidly after, and close behind a canoe, with an Indian in it, the Indian in a bent attitude, plying his paddle, and evidently in pursuit of the wounded cow-fish. The log was a "float," the line drawing it along was at its other end attached to a harpoon, and that harpoon had its barbs buried in the body of the peixe-boi!

Such a specimen of a human being, even for a savage, none of the spectators — the tapuyo perhaps excepted — had ever beheld. He was as naked as if he had never been outside the Garden of Eden; and this very nakedness displayed a form that, but for the absence of a hairy covering, more resembled that of a monkey than a man. A body extremely attenuated, yet pot-bellied, too; a pair of long, thin arms, with legs to match, the latter knotted at the knees, the former balled at the elbows; a huge head, seemingly larger from its mop of matted hair; a face with high cheeks and sunk-en eyes, — gave him an appearance more demoniac than human. No wonder that little Rosa screamed as he came in sight, and that dismay exhibited itself on the features of several others of the party.

"Hush!" whispered Munday. "Silence all! Not a word, or we shall be seen, and then not he, but perhaps a hundred of his tribe — Hush!"

Fortunately the scream of Rosita had been only slight; and the savage, in eager pursuit of the peixe-boi, had not heard it, for he continued the chase without pause.

He had no difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of his game. The float guided him; for, no matter where the cow went, the tether was still attached to her, and the movement of the log along the surface betrayed to the eye of her pursuer every change of direction.

Two or three times, the savage, dropping his paddle, was enabled to lay hold of the line and commence hauling in; but the great strength of the juarouá, as yet unexhausted, proved too much for him, and he was compelled to let go or be pulled out of his craft.

The latter was but a frail concern, of the smallest and rudest kind, — consisting of a shell of bark, gathered up at both ends and tied by sipos, so as to give it somewhat the shape of an ordinary canoe. Even when paddling with all his strength, its owner could make no great speed; but great speed was not required in the chase of a peixe-boi with a barbed spear sticking

through its skin and rankling between its ribs. It only required patience, until the huge creature should become exhausted with its struggles and enfeebled by the loss of blood. Then might the conquest be completed without either difficulty or danger.

For twenty minutes or more the chase continued; the float being dragged hither and thither, until it had crossed the water in almost every direction. Sometimes both log and canoe were in sight, sometimes only one of them, and sometimes neither,—at such times the cow-fish having passed far beyond the limits of clear water visible to the spectators.

On the last of these occasions, several minutes had elapsed before the chase came again in sight. Our adventurers were in hopes they would see no more of either fish, float, or follower. The interest they might otherwise have taken in such a curious spectacle was destroyed by the thought of the danger that would result in their being discovered.

Just as they had begun to congratulate themselves that they were to be spared this misfortune, the float once more came before their eyes, still being dragged along the surface, but with much less rapidity than when last seen. The manatee was coming into the arcade, the canoe following close after, with the hideous savage eagerly plying his paddle, while, with outstretched neck and wild, scintillating orbs, he peered inquiringly into the darkness before him!

There was no chance to escape discovery.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

A CANNIBAL CAPTURED.

THE fears of those standing upon the ceiba could not have been greater than that of the savage himself, as his canoe came bumping against the dead-wood, and he saw standing above him a crowd of human forms. A wild cry escaping from his lips expressed his terror and astonishment. Then a second, in louder tone, was intended to give the alarm to his kindred, who might possibly hear it.

With an Indian, as with the wild animals, presence of mind is rather an instinct than an act of reason. Instead of being disconcerted by what he saw, and losing time to recover himself, the Mura at once plunged his paddle into the water, and commenced beating backward, assisted by the recoil of the canoe, which, on striking the dead-wood, had rebounded from it by the violence of the collision.

In a moment he had sculled himself almost clear of the arcade; he was already within a few feet of its mouth, and would soon be back upon the open lagoon, when he would undoubtedly make for the malocca, and bring the whole tribe of cannibals upon them. None of the party thought of pursuing him. There was an attempt made to seize the canoe at the moment of its closing upon the log, but the craft had recoiled so suddenly after the collision, and been paddled so rapidly out of reach, that it all ended in Tippe-

rary Tom getting soused in the water, and nearly drowned before he could be dragged out again. The attempt at seizure might have had a different result had Munday been among those who made it. But he was not.

He was nowhere to be seen upon the log, nor anywhere else! What had become of him? None of them could say. Little Rosa was the only one who could give any explanation of his absence. She thought she had seen him slip off at the back of the log, while the canoe was coming on in front. She was not sure, it was so dark upon that side; and she had been too much engaged in regarding the approach of the savage.

Had he made off to conceal himself among the tree-tops? Had he gone to secure his own safety, and abandoned his friends to their fate? They could not think this. Such a cowardly act would have been contrary to all they knew of the brave Mundurucú, whose faithfulness had so many times been put to the severest test. No one could account for it.

Just at that critical moment when the canoe had reached the mouth of the arcade, a dark round thing, like a human head, rose up in the water some six feet before it, and then another dark thing, wonderfully like a human hand, shot up beside the head, followed by a long and sinewy arm. The hand was seen to strike upward and clutch the canoe close by the stem; and then the craft went down, one end under water, while the other flew up into the air; then there was a capsize, — the savage, with a shriek and a loud splash, falling out; and then there was a struggle, — now under water, now above the surface, — accompanied by strange choking noises, as if two enormous alligators were engaged in a conflict of life and death.

As the astonished spectators continued to gaze upon the scene, — still but imperfectly comprehended by them, — they saw that the combatants were coming nearer, as if the struggle was being carried on towards the end of the arcade, and was likely to terminate where they stood.

And there it did end, immediately after, by the missing tapuyo making his appearance alongside the log, and dragging beside him the man who had made that involuntary "header" from the canoe.

The latter no longer resisted. The knife-blade glittering between Munday's teeth — a taste of whose quality the savage had already experienced — hindered him from offering any further resistance; and as they came up to the log, the two were swimming side by side peaceably, only that the action of one was evidently involuntary, while the other was directing it.

It was more like the companionship of a policeman and a thief, than that of two swimmers who chanced to be going the same way. One arm of the Mura was clutched by the Mundurucú, as if the captive was partly supported while being dragged along.

"Reach out there, patron, and pull him up!" cried Munday, as he conducted his captive alongside the log. "I don't want to kill the animal, though that might be the safest way in the end."

"No, no, don't do that!" returned Trevannion, who now, along with all the others, had arrived at a full comprehension of the affair. "We can keep him secure enough; and, if his shouts have not been heard, we need not

fear having him along with us." As the patron spoke, he reached down, and, laying hold of the captive, drew him close to the side of the dead-wood. Then, assisted by Munday in the water and Mozey upon the log, the Mura was hoisted aboard.

Once upon the dead-wood, a more abject wretch than the captive Mura could not have been found. He trembled from head to foot,—evidently believing that he was about to be killed, and perhaps eaten. He had only consented to be taken in the knowledge—which Munday had in some way conveyed to him—that resistance could but end in instant death; and there are few, even amongst the most reckless of savages, who will not yield to this.

As he stood dripping upon the dead-wood, a red stream, trickling down his wet skin from a knife-wound in the shoulder, explained how the tapuyo had made known to him the idleness of resistance. It was a first stab, and not dangerous; but it had given a foretaste of what was to follow, had the struggle been kept up. After receiving this hint, the Mura had surrendered; and the after commotion was caused by his being towed through the water by a captor who was required to use all his strength and energy in supporting him.

While the canoe-man was advancing up the arcade, the Mundurucú, instead of waiting till he came near, had dropped quietly into the water, and swum in an outward direction, as if intending to meet the manatee-hunter, face to face. This he actually did,—met and passed him, but without being seen. The darkness favored him, as did also the commotion already caused by the wounded cow-fish, which in its passage up the creek had left large waves upon the water. These, striking against the trunks of the trees, created a still further disturbance, amidst which the swimmer's dark face and long swarthy locks could not have been easily distinguished.

Supporting himself by a branch, he awaited the return of the savage,—knowing that as soon as the latter set eyes upon the others he would instantly beat a retreat. All turned out just as the tapuyo had anticipated; and just as he had designed did he deal with the canoe-man.

In all this, the only thing that appeared singular was the tapuyo's taking so much pains to go out near the entrance, instead of boldly laying hold of the canoe as it passed him on its way inwards, or indeed of waiting for it upon the log,—where any one of the others, had he been a strong swimmer and armed with a knife, might have effected the capture.

Munday, however, had good reasons for acting as he had done. While the canoe was approaching, who could tell that it would come close up? It had done so, even to striking the dead-wood with its bow; but Munday could not rely upon such a chance as that. Had the savage discovered their presence a little sooner, he would have turned and sculled off, before any swimmer could have come up with him.

A similar reason was given for gliding stealthily past, and getting on the other side. Had the Mundurucú acted otherwise, he might have been perceived before he could seize the canoe, and so give time for the manatee-

hunter to make off. As this last would have been a terrible contingency, rendering their discovery almost a certainty, the cunning old man knew how important it was that no mismanagement should occur in the carrying out of his design.

"If that rascal's shout has been heard," said Trevannion, "there will be but little chance of our escaping capture. From what you saw, I suppose there are hundreds of these hideous creatures. And we, without weapons, without the means either of attack or defence, what could we do? There would be nothing for it but to surrender ourselves as prisoners."

The Mundurucú was not able to offer a word of encouragement. To have attempted defence against a whole tribe of savages, armed, no doubt, with spears and poisoned arrows, would have been to rush madly on death.

"It is fortunate," continued the ex-miner, "that you have not killed him."

"Why, patron?" demanded the tapuyo, apparently in some surprise.

"It would have made them revengeful; and if we have the ill luck to be taken, they would have been the more certain to destroy us."

"No, no," answered the Indian, — "not a bit more certain to do that. If, as you say, we have the bad luck to become their captives, we shall be killed all the same. Their old revenge will be strong enough for that; and if not their revenge, they have an appetite that will insure our destruction. You understand, patron?"

This conversation was carried on in a low tone, and only between Trevannion and the tapuyo.

"O Heaven!" groaned the ex-miner, turning his eyes upon his children. "It would be a fearful fate for — for all of us."

"The more reason for doing all we can to avoid falling into their hands."

"But what can we do? Nothing! If they discover our hiding-place before nightfall, then we shall surely be taken."

"Admit that, master; but if they do not —"

"If they do not, you think there would be some hope of our getting away from them?"

"A good hope, — a good hope."

"On the raft?"

"Better than that, patron."

"You have some plan?"

"I've been thinking of one; but it's no use to speak of it, so long as we are in doubt this way. If we are left unmolested until night, then, patron, it will be time to declare it. Could you but promise me that this screecher has n't been heard, I think I could promise you that by midnight we should not only be beyond the reach of his bloodthirsty fellows, but in a fair way of getting out of our troubles altogether. Ha! yonder's something must be looked to; I forgot that."

"What?"

"The *igaritú*. How near it was to betraying us! Its course must be stopped this instant." And he once more slipped down into the water and swam away.

The canoe, out of which the Mura had been so unceremoniously spilled, and which was now bottom upwards, was drifting outward. It was already within a few feet of the entrance, and in another minute would have been caught by the breeze stirring beyond the branches of the trees. Once outside, it would soon have made way into the open lagoon, and would have formed a conspicuous mark for the eyes of the malocca.

Munday swam silently, but with all his strength, towards it. It must be reached before it could drift outside; and for some time there was apprehension in the minds of the spectators that this might not be done. The only one of them that would have been gratified by a failure was the captive Mura. But the wretch showed no sign of his desire, knowing that there would be danger in his doing so. He was held fast in the strong arms of the negro; while Tipperary Tom stood near, ready to run him through with the spear in case of his making any attempt to escape.

Their apprehensions soon came to an end. The tapuyo overtook it before it had cleared the screening of tree-tops; and, laying hold of a piece of cord which was attached to its stem, took it in tow. In less than five minutes after, it might have been seen right side up, lying like a tender alongside the grand monguba.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

A DAY SPENT IN SHADOW.

ALL day long did our adventurers abide in silence, keeping close in their shadowy retreat. Now and then only the Mundurucú swam to the entrance of the arcade; and, screened by the trees, took a survey of the open water outside. He saw only a canoe, larger than that he had captured, with three men in it, out upon the lagoon, about two hundred yards from the edge, and opposite the malocca, which could not itself be seen, as it was some distance back among the trees; but, from the bearings he had taken on the night previous, the tapuyo knew where it lay.

He watched the canoe so long as it remained in sight. The gestures of the savages who were in it showed that they were occupied in fishing, though what sort of fish they might be taking in the flooded lake Munday could not guess. They stayed about an hour; and then, paddling their craft back among the trees, were seen no more.

This gratified the tapuyo and those to whom he made his report. It was evidence that the harpooner had come out alone, and that, while striking the cow-fish, he had not been observed by any of his people. Had that incident been witnessed, every canoe in possession of the tribe would have instantly repaired to the spot.

Since the killing of a juarouá is an event of rare occurrence in the season of the *vasanté*, when it does transpire it causes the same joyful excitement in a malocca of Amazonian Indians as the capture of a great walrus would in a winter village of Esquimaux. It was, therefore, quite clear to our

adventurers, that no suspicion had been aroused as to the cause of the harpooner's absence from the malocca, and so they were enabled to endure their imprisonment with calmer confidence, and higher hopes of finally effecting their escape.

How long would this state of things continue? How long might the Mura be away before his absence should excite suspicion and lead to a search?

"As to such a thing as this," said Munday, pointing contemptuously to the shivering captive, "he'll no more be missed than would a coaita monkey that had strayed from its troop. If he's got a wife, which I don't suppose he has, she'll be only too glad to get rid of him. As for any one of them coming after him through affection, as you call it, there you're all out, Patron. Among Muras there's no such feeling as that. If they'd seen him strike the juarouá it might have been different. Then their stomachs would have brought them after him, like a flock of hungry vultures. But they have n't seen him; and unless chance guides some one this way we need n't be in any fear for to-day. As for the morrow, if they'll only stay clear till then, I think I can keep my promise, and we shall not only be beyond reach of Muras, but out of this wretched lagoon altogether."

"But you spoke of a plan, good Munday; you have not yet told us what it is."

"Wait, master," he rejoined; "wait till midnight, till the lights go out in the Mura village, and perhaps a little longer. Then you shall know my plan by seeing it carried into execution."

"But does it not require some preparations? If so, why not make them while it is daylight? It is now near night; and you may not have time."

"Just so, Patron; but night is just the preparation I want, — that and this knife."

Here Munday exhibited his shining blade, which caused the Mura captive to tremble all over, thinking that his time was come. During all the day he had not seen them eat. They had no chance to kindle a fire for cooking purposes, apprehensive that the smoke, seen above the tree-tops, might betray them to the enemy. Some of them, with stronger stomachs than the rest, had gnawed a little of the *charqui* raw. Most had eaten nothing, preferring to wait till they should have an opportunity of cooking it, which the Mundurucú had promised them they should have before morning of the next day. Their abstinence was altogether misunderstood by the Mura. The wretch thought they were nursing their hunger to feed upon his flesh.

Could he have seen himself as he was in their eyes, he might have doubted the possibility of getting up such an appetite. They had taken due precautions to prevent his making his escape. Tied hand and foot by the toughest sips that could be procured, he was also further secured by being fastened to the monguba. A strong lliana, twisted into a rope, and with a turn round one of the buttress projections of the roots, held him, though this was superfluous, since any attempt to slide off into the water must have terminated by his going to the bottom, with neither hands nor feet free.

They were determined, however, on making things doubly sure, as they knew that his escape would be the signal for their destruction. Should he succeed in getting free, he would not need his canoe; he could get back to his village without that, for, as Munday assured them, he could travel through the trees with the agility of an ape, or through the water with the power of a fish; and so could all his people, trained to the highest skill both in climbing and swimming, from the very nature of their existence.

There was one point upon which Trevannion had had doubts. That was, whether they were really in such danger from the proximity of this people as Munday would have them believe. But the aspect of this savage, who could now be contemplated closely, and with perfect coolness, was fast solving these doubts; for no one could have looked in his face and noted the hideous expression there depicted without a feeling of fear, not to say horror. If his tribe were all like him, — and the tapuyo declared that many of them were still uglier, — they must have formed a community which no sane man would have entered except upon compulsion.

No wonder, then, that our adventurers took particular pains to keep their captive along with them, since a sure result of his escape would be that they would furnish a feast for the Mura village. Had he been left to himself, Munday would have taken still surer precautions against his getting off; and it was only in obedience to the sternest commands of Trevannion that he was withheld from acting up to the old adage, "Dead men tell no tales."

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

THE CRY OF THE JAGUAR.

THE night came on without any untoward incident; but no sooner was the sun fairly below the horizon than they became aware of a circumstance that caused them serious annoyance, if not absolute alarm. They saw the full round moon rising, and every indication of the most brilliant moonlight. The Mundurucú, more than any of them, was chagrined at this, because of the importance of having a dark night for carrying out his scheme, whatever it was. In fact, he had declared that a dark night was indispensable, or, at all events, one very different from that which the twilight promised them.

The original intention had been, as soon as night set in, to get the dead-wood once more into the open water, and then, if the wind should be in their favor, to bend the sail and glide off in any direction that would take them away from the malocca. If there should be no wind, they could use the paddles and creep round the edge of the lagoon, going as far as might be before another sun should expose them to view. It was doubtful whether they could row the dead-wood, before daybreak, beyond eyeshot of the savages; but if not, they could again seek concealment among the tree-tops, and wait for night to continue their retreat.

This intention was likely to be defeated by the clear shining of a tropical

moon. As she rose higher in the heavens, the lagoon became all white effulgence; and as there was not the slightest ripple upon the water, any dark object passing along its surface would have been seen almost as distinctly as by day. Even the little canoe could not have been carried outside the edge of the trees without the danger of being seen from afar.

That the entrance to the arcade and the tree-line outside could be seen from the malocca was a thing already determined, for the tapuyo had tested it during the day. Through the foliage in front of the village he could see here and there some portions of the scaffoldings, with the *toldos* erected upon them, while its position was also determined by the smoke rising from the different fires.

As soon as night had come on, he and the young Paraense had made a reconnoissance, and from the same place saw the reflection of the fires upon the water below, and the gleaming fires themselves. Of course they who sat or stood around them could see them, should they attempt to go out with the monguba. This scheme, then, could only be resorted to should the moon be obscured, or "put out," as Munday said, by clouds or fog.

Munday admitted that his plan *might* be put in practice, without the interposition of either; but in this case it would be ten times more perilous, and liable to failure. In any case he did not intend to act until midnight. After that, any time would do before the hour of earliest daybreak. Confiding in the craft of the old tapuyo, Trevannion questioned him no further, but along with the rest waited as patiently as possible for the event.

The water-forest was once more ringing with its nocturnal chorus. Tree-toads and frogs were sending forth their metallic monotones; *cicadae* and lizards were uttering their sharp *skirling* notes, while birds of many kinds, night-hawks in the air, *strigidae* among the trees, and water-fowl out upon the bosom of the lagoon, were all responding to one another. From afar came lugubrious vociferations from the throats of a troop of howling monkeys that had made their roost among the branches of some tall, overtopping tree; and once — what was something strange — was heard a cry different from all the rest, and on hearing which all the rest suddenly sank into silence.

That was the cry of the jaguar tiger, the tyrant of the South American forest. Munday recognized it on the instant, and so did the others; for they had heard it often before, while descending the Solimoes. It would have been nothing strange to have heard it on the banks of the mighty river, or any of its tributaries. But in the Gapo, it was not only strange, but significant, that scream of the jaguar. "Surely," said Trevannion, on hearing it, "surely we must be in the neighborhood of land."

"How, Patron?" replied the Mundurucú, to whom the remark was particularly addressed. "Because we hear the voice of the *javarité*? Sometimes the great tiger gets overtaken by the inundation, and then, like ourselves, has to take to the tree-tops. But, unlike us, he can swim whenever he pleases, and his instinct soon guides him to the land. Besides, there are places in the Gapo where the land is above water, tracts of high ground that

during the *vasanté* become islands. In these the *jauarité* delights to dwell. No fear of his starving there, since he has his victims enclosed, as it were, in a prison, and he can all the more conveniently lay his claws upon them. The cry of that *jauarité* is no sure sign of dry land. The beast may be twenty miles from *terra firma*."

While they were thus conversing, the cry of the jaguar once more resounded among the tree-tops, and again was succeeded by silence on the part of the other inhabitants of the forest.

There was one exception, however ; one kind of creatures not terrified into stillness by the voice of the great cat, whose own voices, now heard in the interval of silence, attracted the attention of the listeners. They were the Muras. Sent forth from the malocca, their shouts came pealing across the water, and entered the shadowy aisle where our adventurers sat in concealment, with tones well calculated to cause fear ; for nothing in the Gapo gave forth a harsher or more lugubrious chant.

Munday, however, who had a thorough knowledge of the habits of his national enemies, interpreted their tones in a different sense, and drew good augury from them. He said that, instead of grief, they betokened joy. Some bit of good luck had befallen them, such as the capture of a cow-fish, or a half-score of monkeys. The sounds signified feasting and frolic. There was nothing to denote that the sullen savage by their side was missed from among them. Certainly he was not mourned in the malocca.

The interpretation of the tapuyo fell pleasantly upon the ears of his auditors, and for a while they felt hopeful. But the gloom soon came back, at sight of that brilliant moon, — a sight that otherwise should have cheered them, — as she flooded the forest with her silvery light, till her rich rays, scintillating through the leafy lianas, fell like sparks upon the sombre surface of the water arcade.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

THE MOON PUT OUT.

MIDNIGHT came, and still the moon shone too clear and bright.

Munday began to show uneasiness and anxiety. Several times had he taken that short swim, like an otter from its earth or a beaver from its dome-shaped dwelling, each time returning to his companions upon the log, but with no sign of his having been gratified by the excursion. About the sixth trip since night had set in, he came swimming back to the dead-wood with a more pleased expression upon his countenance.

"You 've seen something that gratifies you ?" said Trevannion, interrogatively ; "or heard it, perhaps ?"

"Seen it," was the laconic reply.

"What ?"

"A cloud."

"A cloud ! Well ?"

“Not much of a cloud, Patron; no bigger than the spread skin of the cow-fish there; but it’s in the east, and therefore in the direction of Gran Pará. That means much.”

“What difference can it make in what direction it is?”

“Every difference! If from Gran Pará ’t is up the great river. Up the great river means rain, — perhaps thunder, lightning, a storm. A storm is just what we want.”

“O, now I see what you mean. Well?”

“I must go back to the mouth of the *igarapé*, and take another look at the sky. Have patience, Patron, and pray for me to return with good news.” So saying, the tapuyo once again slipped down into the water, and swam towards the entrance of the arcade.

For a full half-hour was he absent; but long before his return the news he was to bring back had been told by signs that anticipated him. The moon-beams, hitherto seen striking here and there through the thinner screen of the foliage, had been growing dimmer and dimmer, until they were no longer discernible, and uniform darkness prevailed under the shadow of the trees. So dark had it become, that, when the swimmer returned to the ceiba, they were only warned of his approach by the slight plashing of his arms, and the next moment he was with them.

“The time has come,” said he, “for carrying out my scheme. I’ve not been mistaken in what I saw. The cloud, a little bit ago not bigger than the skin of the juarouá, will soon cover the whole sky. The rags upon its edge are already blinding the moon; and by the time we can get under the scaffolds of the malocca it will be dark enough for our purpose.”

“What! the scaffolds of the malocca! You intend going there?”

“That is the intention, Patron.”

“Alone?”

“No. I want one with me, — the young master.”

“But there is great danger, is there not?” suggested Trevannion, “in going —”

“In going there is,” interrupted the tapuyo; “but more in not going. If we succeed, we shall be all safe, and there’s an end of it. If we don’t, we have to die, and that’s the other end of it, whatever we may do.”

“But why not try our first plan? It’s now dark enough outside. Why can’t we get off upon the raft?”

“Dark enough, as you say, Patron. But you forget that it is now near morning. We could n’t paddle this log more than a mile before the sun would be shining upon us, and then —”

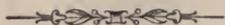
“Dear uncle,” interposed the young Paraense, “don’t interfere with his plans. No doubt he knows what is best to be done. If I am to risk my life, it is nothing more than we’re all doing now. Let Munday have his way. No fear but we shall return safe. Do, dear uncle! let him have his way.”

As Munday had already informed them, no preparation was needed, — only his knife and a dark night. Both were now upon him, the knife in his waist-strap, and the dark night over his head. One other thing was neces-

sary to the accomplishment of his purpose, — the captured canoe, which was already prepared, lying handy alongside the log.

With a parting salute to all, — silent on the part of the tapuyo, but spoken by the young Paraense, a hope of speedy return, an assurance of it whispered in the ear of Rosita, — the canoe was shoved off, and soon glided out into the open lagoa.

Mayne Reid.



UP EARLY.

LITTLE BIRDS are wide awake
Early in the morning,
Just think how funny it would be
To see the robins yawning!

To hear the little sparrow say,
“O dear! ’t is hardly light!
Mamma, I want to sleep some more!”
’T would make you laugh outright.

They hop out of their little nests,
So cosey and so warm,
And sing their merry morning tune
In sunshine and in storm.

And now, my pet, run find mamma,
And whisper in her ear,
That, when she wakes *her* birdie up,
It will be sure to hear.

A. Q. G.





AMONG THE STUDIOS.

IV.

IN our last paper we inadvertently omitted to mention the admirable collegiate institution located in the New York University building, — thereby giving offence to one or two gentlemen who are justly proud of a college which can boast of so many distinguished names among its professors and its graduates. As we find ourselves again at the portals of this sober edifice, it is appropriate that we should confess and lament our negligence.

In that same unfortunate paper we spoke of sometimes meeting files of spectral little boys, with tattered Latin grammars under their arms, issuing from the University. It was far from our thought to injure the feelings of any of those learned little gentlemen, but it seems that we have done so.

A little boy — we know he must be a spectral little boy, and are sure that he has a tattered Latin grammar under his arm — has written us a dispiriting missive, in which he finds great fault with us because we called the University a “gloomy” building, and wondered how people could live in it, and not grow morbid. Now the tone of our sinister little friend’s letter is an evidence of the deteriorating effect which the cheerless architecture of the University exercises on the youthful mind. Figuratively speaking, he has thrown down the tattered Latin grammar, taken off his little jacket, and

dared us to meet him in mortal combat on the threshold of the haunted castle. For our part, we shall avoid that spectral little boy. We would not venture near the place on the present occasion, but, having promised to meet a friend in Mr. Hennessy's studio, what can we do? We must keep our engagement, even if we have to face *le petit monstre*.

Near the end of a lonely hall in the third story are two doors facing each other. Each door has a small white porcelain slate attached to it, and under the slate the name of the occupant of the premises. With one of these rooms (Mr. Homer's) the reader is already acquainted. The other is the studio of Mr. Hennessy.

The two studios offer a strange contrast. Mr. Homer's workshop is as scantily furnished as a shelter-tent. A crayon sketch of camp-life here and there on the rough walls, a soldier's overcoat dangling from a wooden peg, and suggesting a military execution, a rusty regulation musket in one corner, and a table with pipes and tobacco-pouch in the other, — these are the homely decorations of Mr. Homer's chamber. Mr. Hennessy's apartment, on the contrary, is rather exquisitely arranged, as the reader will observe on turning to the engraving which accompanies this article. The tinted walls are covered with choice paintings, engravings, and photographs. A landscape by Whittredge — showing a ledge of rocks near the sea-shore, — is one of the gems of Mr. Hennessy's snuggery.

There are several canvases with their faces turned to the wall, — studies, hints, embryo figure-pieces, — failures perhaps. These pictures which give us the cold shoulder, as it were, always excite our curiosity. We feel like one who, standing on the boundary of a wonderful garden, is not permitted to enter: we understand why Bluebeard's wife could n't for the life of her keep out of the forbidden chamber.

On a screen back of the easel hangs a small study which seldom fails to attract our attention. It is not, perhaps, one of Mr. Hennessy's best efforts; but there is a simple pathos about it that wins us in certain moods. A very old lady, with silvery hair and a serene, dreamy face, is sitting alone by the wide fireplace in a dreary-looking kitchen. Through the open lattice you see the village church, and the quiet graveyard lying in the sunshine. We never gaze upon this old lady's meagre face — it seems touched with the light of another world — without remembering the lines of La Motte Fouqué, translated by Thackeray in his book of ballads.

“And thou wert once a maiden fair,
A blushing virgin, warm and young,
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair
And glossy brow that knew no care, —
Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

“The golden locks are silvered now,
The blushing cheek is pale and wan;
The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
All's one, — in chimney-corner thou
Sitt'st shivering on.

“A moment—and thou sink’st to rest!
 To wake, perhaps, an angel blest,
 In the bright presence of thy Lord.
 O, weary is life’s path to all!
 Hard is the strife, and light the fall,
 But wondrous the reward!”

If we were compiling one of those gilded “Books of Beauty” which used to be fashionable, we would put in this old lady, even if we were obliged to leave out a dozen of her blooming granddaughters.

We would like to linger half the day in this pleasant room, where Mr. Hennessy, like a skilful gardener, has turned every inch of his limited ground to good account. From the ivy-vine, which shoots up from the flower-pot on a bracket, and wreathes itself into a graceful drapery for the window, to the few rare volumes on the escritoire, you see something of that sense of refinement which is never wanting in this artist’s pictures, however homely or commonplace the subject may be. So much for Mr. Hennessy’s studio. A word or two touching the painter himself.

Mr. William J. Hennessy is among the youngest recognized members of his profession. He was born in Ireland in the year 1837. The schools of the county not affording such a course of instruction as was desirable, his father employed a tutor for young Hennessy and the other children of the household. Under the guidance of this teacher, who was a graduate of Tuam College, Hennessy pursued his studies with success, until the deplorable condition of the over-taxed country forced his father to remove with the family to some more friendly land.

They came to the United States and settled in New York. Here young Hennessy, who had early displayed remarkable facility with his pencil, gave every spare hour to roaming through the picture-galleries, though at this period he had no idea of becoming a painter by profession. He was connected for a while, we believe, with the Associated Press. He relinquished his position whatever it was, and entered an English importing house, where he remained two years, discovering, by degrees, that commercial business was not, for him at least, the road to content. During these two years he had not neglected his art, and he now determined to devote himself to it exclusively. As a preliminary step, he secured a place in the office of Mr. Roberts, the wood-engraver, where he was at once employed to draw on the block,—a proof that he was something more than a ‘prentice hand.

His connection with Mr. Roberts’s establishment lasted several years. On retiring from the business, his skill as a draughtsman enabled him without difficulty to obtain commissions for drawings from a number of influential publishing houses. His three years’ experience in this work was of inestimable advantage to Mr. Hennessy, when the time came for him to exchange the pencil for the brush.

The transition from India-ink to oil-colors seems natural enough: it is not always so easy to accomplish. Mr. Hennessy, however, was successful. We do not propose to follow him through his various fortunes. A brief survey of his progress is all that the plan of our sketch will permit. The

first picture exhibited by him was entitled "Dolly Neglected," 1860. In 1861, an excellent painting, "Over the Way," obtained for the artist his election as an Associate of the Academy. During the following year, he became a full Academician. The works which entitled him to this recognition were "Passing Away," and "The First Day Out," painted for Mr. J. R. Pinchot of New York. Since 1862, Mr. Hennessy has executed numerous orders. It is high praise of his pictures to say, that they almost always come into the possession of gentlemen whose taste in art matters is respected. Mr. Hennessy is at present engaged on two large works, and has recently completed a series of beautiful designs on wood for an illustrated edition of Mr. Whittier's "Maud Müller."

When an artist has finished a picture of importance, he sometimes drapes it carefully on his easel, and invites a few friends and critics to view the work, previous to sending it to the Academy, where it becomes, to a certain extent, public property. In this private exhibition the picture has its fairest trial, for the chances are that the painting hung next it in the crowded gallery will spoil the effect which the artist labored so conscientiously and successfully to produce. It affords us pleasure to give our readers a private view of Mr. Hennessy's latest picture before it leaves his atelier. (See frontispice.) "The Wanderers" was drawn by the artist from the original painting, and is the first of a series of full-page illustrations which will henceforth be one of the features of this Magazine.

The blind old fiddler and his little companion, his granddaughter, tell their own story, — a sad story undoubtedly, for they are poor, alone, and as helpless as the Babes in the Wood. Indeed, they are more helpless than those young prodigals, for the robins took care of them, and it is n't likely that the birds will show any attention of the sort to this vagrant pair. If any such queer couple — a little child, and an old man who has grown to be a child again — should, in real life, come to the reader, we trust he will treat them kindly. In the mean while, we commend this picture of "The Wanderers" to his special favor.

T. B. Aldrich.



Round the Evening Lamp

A Treasury of



CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

PUZZLES.

No. 14.

TAKE the name of a bird which in color is blue,

(Or the name of a person in Scripture will do,)

Which backward and forward will spell the same through;

Of one who dwelt in a vale, take the plain Bible name,

Which backward and forward is also the same;

And a word sometimes used in a questioning way,

(Though not very common perhaps in our day,)

And spelling the same, if you read either way.

Place their three initials together, and frame,

Of the *son* of a Jew whose brethren once came

To comfort in sorrow, the brief Scripture name

Which backward and forward will still prove the same.

B.

No. 15.

I am the letter *p* pronounced by inspiration. I am found in all languages, written or unwritten. I am pronounced when dear little children are put to bed, and when they are welcomed in the rosy morning. I am sometimes heard at a great distance, and a man was once fined \$15 and costs for pronouncing me improperly in the street. Like a Hebrew word, I have various, incoherent meanings. Sometimes I signify affection, sometimes respect, sometimes patronage, sometimes design, and not rarely nothing. Animals change me from a labial to a lingual, and make a kind of *l* out of me. Bunnie's *l* is very downy, but Kittie's — oh! oh! take her away — a nutmeg grater would be a greater, — yes, it is a grater; and now, after this egotistical curvetting, I will enclose an impression of myself in this envelope, and the first reader that guesses me, next to the Editor, shall possess my labial photograph.

WILLY WISP.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

No. 5.

A number is composed of three figures. Their sum is equal to 12. The sum of the first and second is equal to the third, and the sum of the first and third is equal to 10. What is the number? SUSIE.

No. 6.

Take one half of ten, and multiply it by itself, so that the answer will be neither less nor greater than the number taken.



A. M. G. Rebus No. 14 cannot well be read as you suggest, but it may be read, "Potatoes cannot be for tea (forty)."

George P. W. The reason why we do not publish your rebuses is that we have had enough proverbs for the present.

M. L. S. It is really too old.

Oliver E. C. has for an inversion: "No evil was in a man I saw live on."

Frank A. P. The puzzle is not original.

W. F. H. We have several stories of Bayard Taylor's already by us, which will be printed as soon as the accompanying illustrations are ready. Oliver Optic will write something more when he is free from present engagements which keep him hard at work upon his books.

Baby & Dot. Try again, but don't take a proverb.

Lizzie P. Either way.

Fred. P. If you turn to the first mention of the subject in the "Letter Box," you will find out what you wish to know.

Paul. There is no good authority, so far as we know, for beginning the words you mention with small letters.

A writer may be great in spite of his faults, but not because of them. In considering the objectionable expressions which we meet in Shakespeare, we must remember the time and the state of society when he wrote; the world is wiser and better now, and sees that there is error in what was held to be quite right in his day. Therefore admire him for his wonderful genius, profit by what is good in his writing, and be mindful that his blemishes are no more to be imitated or approved than those of a common man.

Swearing is swearing, no matter in what language it is spoken; it is a contemptible and degrading vice.

Clinton B. We are pleased to hear from you.

X. Y. Z. "Time and tide waits" is bad grammar.

Louisa C. A very good beginning.

Nellie Dee. "Learn to labor and to wait."

Reader. Senatus Populus-Que Romanus. The Roman Senate and People is the meaning.

Daisy. You do not take any liberty at all in writing to us. We are always glad to hear from our little friends; to know their pleasures and their troubles (and we know how to sympathize with them in both); to share their confidences, which we respect as much as though they were as old as their grandfathers; to answer their questions, and to give them all the help we can. When, therefore, you feel as though you would like to write to us, do so freely, believing that your letter will be welcome as a proof of the regard which we shall always try to deserve and to return.

Clem. C. They were not quite up to the mark.

Cousin Will. You are quite right. The answers were transposed.

P. H. C. desires us to say to such of our readers as have favored him with letters, that he has just returned from a professional tour in Brazil, and finds awaiting him engagements in the South and the Southwest which will call him immediately from home again, allowing him no leisure to reply to his correspondents. He therefore asks for indulgence until he shall have a vacation and be at liberty to attend to them.

John L. B. Certainly; raise it as you like.

W. C. P., with wonderful patience, has been wrestling with that big, ugly word "Disproportionableness," and has reduced it into 1700 submissive little words, all to be found in their proper dictionary places when wanted. If *W. C. P.* will exert equal perseverance and industry in the important work of life that is coming on soon, he can hardly fail to accomplish something worth remembering.

M. W. B., whose letter reaches us just as we have written the above paragraph, relates that he has been trying his hand on the same stout word as *W. C. P.*, and has moulded it into 2241 new shapes. He has also been manipulating "Manufactory," and has got from it 512 words and 41 geographical names, while from "Stripe" he has produced 54 words. And now we hope he will exert his evident industry in some more profitable way.

"*Little Lettie*" is not quite up to the standard for publication.

One of the Young Folks, whose enclosure is post-marked at Brooklyn, sends the following verses. As she gives no direction as to the disposition we are to make of them, we decide to give her pretty compliment this place in our exchange of remembrances.

SALUTATIO.

Would that I knew more than your name,
And whether, ever, you 're the same ;
Loving blest Nature's every look,
Without — well as within — a book,
Rose Terry !

In joyous strains you greet the spring,
The very measure seems to sing.
It needs no music, — for the best
Could not impart a keener zest,
Rose Terry !

And I can feel the breezy air
Bounding along the meadows fine,
Resting upon the hillside green,
Listening to your sweet "song" between,
Rose Terry !

I know the very spot where gleam
The sunbeams on the sparkling stream,
O'ershadowed by the tangled wood,
Where once the sylvan forest stood,
Rose Terry !

I'd safely place the stones to guide
That you might reach the other side
Without a fear, without a scath ;
That would I do — if I were "Faith,"
Rose Terry !

I know just where the scented air
Breathes of the lilac blossoms there,
And where the modest daisy springs,
The robin in the cedar sings,

Rose Terry !

But more I know, — a willow tree
That stands beside the pleasant lea ;
Its twisted trunk for *two* has room,
And I'll pluck flowers of spring-time's bloom,
For you, Rose Terry !

There, 'neath the willow's silvery spray,
Watch the bright river glide away
Till lost in distance : — long may be
Time's distance ere you 're lost to me,
Rose Terry !

"*The Poppy*" is declined because it is a translation.

Several Writers are informed that all letters about subscriptions, changes of address, clubs, and such business, should be sent to the *Publishers*, and all communications offered for insertion in the Magazine, together with all questions to be answered here, should be addressed to the *Editors*.

Inky. The objection to your enigma is that it is based upon the name of one of us, — from which we modestly shrink.

Whistler wishes for some good mathematical puzzles. So do we, but our young friends do not send us any. We get enigmas by the hundred, together with many charades, but we still want really clever and original puzzles. Where are the bright boys and girls who will invent something for us ?



JUST MY LUCK AGAIN !



OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1866.

No. X.

THE FOUR SEASONS,
AND A LITTLE ABOUT THEIR FLORA.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER. — AUTUMN.



OLDEN-RODS, the same that peered over the stone walls in the last days of August, are still nodding to us in the warm September days, climbing up higher and higher in a thick tangle of greenness. For these autumn flowers do not hurry away, as did the delicate Anemones, — the wind-flowers, — opening to the wind, then floating off upon its breezes. They are all stout herbs, that will not care when the hot days of early September give way to chill and cold, and the warm afternoons suddenly fall into damp evenings. These September afternoons! they are among the most charming of the year. The grass is still soft and green, the vines are still hanging in full rich clusters along the roadsides, while the September sun comes in aslant under the trees, and lights up everything with a golden glow. As we ride along the lanes, a rich apple odor comes to us from the orchards; there is a feeling of harvest in the air in the midst of the summer-like heat; we put out our hands, trying to grasp and hold this sunny warmth, which has been gladdening us all summer, and has not merely rejoiced us, but has set growing all these wide fields, these leafy lanes, this rich luxuriance of fruit. For all these, dear Sun, we have to thank you. You have called up the tall trees out of the little seed, and brought the green into the leaves, and the gay colors into the

flowers, and the soft ripeness into the fruit. Before you go slanting away into the winter solstice, to look at us only over your shoulder, you give us one more warm greeting, another hot touch to the red sides of the apples, another yellow glow to the pumpkins and squashes.

But these afternoons are short. Suddenly the sun disappears; then all the plants send up into the air their wet vapor that his hot rays have been drawing out; the leaves that have fallen from the trees cling moist among the bushes; and we come home hurriedly, trailing along our large bunches of Golden-Rods, Asters, the last of the Blue Vervain, perhaps some Cardinal-flowers, and great boughs of Clematis with its fleecy seed, drooping to the ground.

One of the most beautiful bunches of flowers I can remember was made up of autumn flowers, — of the gay garden flowers, to be sure, which are well fitted to be brilliant and showy, but have not the same soft charm of spring and summer flowers, the very fleetness and transient nature of which gives them a beauty that the stiffer, long-lived Dahlias and garden Asters cannot have. But the charm of this bunch I speak of was in the exquisite way in which it was arranged. The delicate yellow, late-appearing blossoms of the Madeira-Vine, and its shining, graceful leaves, gave a wonderful grace. It seemed to have picked up all the mellowness of the autumn days along with their gay coloring, and it dwells in my memory among the joys that last forever.

And of this power of arranging flowers I desire to speak. Flowers are so beautiful that it seems as though they might arrange themselves, if the vase were pretty enough, — as they do in the meadow, or on the hillside, — just where they ought to be. But no; I think they like best those who love them, and look happier if a kind, thoughtful hand is caring for them. It does not do to give them a thrust all at once into a vase, although it be ever so pretty; they prefer to be taken one by one, and set deep into the water, where they may miss as little as possible their natural food. There is nothing provokes you so much, perhaps, as to be scolded as “those children” and “those boys” who have done so and so, when you know perfectly well that you have each been acting quite differently from the rest, in your own favorite way, however much you may have seemed to be joining with the others. So with these flowers. They must think it was not quite worth while for you to pick them from their pretty homes, just to let them lie littering the steps, to be trodden on by the first-comer, or else to be put into a pitcher, all in a heap, half of their stems out of the water, broken and torn. It is an art to arrange flowers, and an art that must begin by being loved, like all other arts. There must be a pleasure in setting each flower where it will look prettiest in contrast to the rest, — each with a separate touch of the hand and a thought of the spot where it grew. This power will give more pleasure than many others; for there is almost nothing more pleasing than a gracefully arranged bunch of flowers.

In arranging our autumn bouquet we shall find there is a bewildering variety of these Golden-Rods. Some of them shoot up into tall plumes; others

hang gracefully, the flowers rising from the upper side of the stalk, — small flowers of various forms gathered in *racemes*, or clusters. The leaves, too, of different plants differ in shape; and it is a pleasant study to find all the varieties of the *Solidago*, or Golden-Rod, as it leads us along pleasant lanes and hedges in these glowing autumn days.

It belongs to the Composite Family, which is a very difficult one to get acquainted with, because it is so very large. We might have been studying them all summer long, for ever since the much-loved Dandelion made its appearance there have been members of this family about. The Succory, Thistle, Sunflower, White-Weed, our late friend, the Joe-Pye-Weed, and all the kinds of Asters, are of this family. You must look at them very closely. What you have picked for one flower, and have called a Daisy, is a bunch of many flowers closely crowded into a head, and the green that surrounds this head is not the calyx, but an involucre. Look at the Succory: you will see it is composed not only of many flowers, but of two different kinds, — those of the centre or disk, and the ray-flowers. Each of these last “strap-shaped” flowers, you will see, consists of five petals showing five teeth on the extremity, united at their edges except on one side, and then lying *spread out flat*; and each of these rays bears both *stamens* and *pistils*. You see from these different flowers in one head what a puzzling family theirs must be; and many of the flowers are exceedingly small and difficult to make out.

We associate the Asters with autumn, but some of their tribe appear in the summer. Yet autumn is the time when they are in their greatest glory, as they show then a surprising variety, — purple, lilac, and white; some with yellow disks; in some the purple creeps into the centre; sometimes the rays are broad and few, sometimes many and fine as a thread. There is a small, white, starry kind, with many heads crowded on the many branches, and a large, showy purple one, with broad rays. There are all shades of lilac, all sizes of the white. When all other flowers have gone, and when the shrubs and other herbs are suddenly touched and withered by the frost, one may see a gay field of Asters, in countless varieties, looking up fresh and joyous into the clear blue sky, a perfect tangle of color. Even after the Golden-Rod has gone, one may pick a bright and variegated bouquet of Asters alone.

Happy those who, in the September days, can find the Fringed Gentian, as its sky-blue corolla lights up the sandy slope that shuts in some mountain road! This flower grows on a tall footstalk, with a calyx as long as its bell-shaped tube, out of which press its fringed edges. It looks straight up into the sky, but it is of a purpler tinge than the sky, though we call it sky-blue, and though Bryant says of it,

“Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall!”

There are other varieties of the Gentian in this region, of which the Soapwort Gentian, sometimes called Barrel Gentian, with its corolla closed at the mouth, is more common.

Among the glories of meadow, hedge, and wood are the bright-colored berries; — especially the Barberry bush near the sea-shore; the red juice that

deepens into its coral berries glows all along its leaves, and its laden branches hang gracefully with their drooping fruit. There are the orange and scarlet berries of the Bittersweet, whose leaves have a fresh, yellowish, spring-like greenness late into the fall. In some places there are the showy milk-white berries of the Cohosh, or White Baneberry, and the Red Baneberry, with oval, cherry-colored fruit. There are the deep red seeds of the Dwarf Cornel, sometimes called Bunch-berries, — each set, as the flower was, in a frame made by four or five oval leaves, — the brilliant berries of the Solomon's Seal, and, until late in the autumn, the black-purple fruit of the Elder. And to these may be added the hips of the Sweet-Brier and Wild Rose, greatly varying in shape, — some of them even urn-like in form. A charming doll's tea-set one may make of these, sitting on a broad stone door-step, with the climbing vine still trailing overhead; the long oval hips, with the help of a



pin or two, can easily be turned into coffee-pots, and the rounder ones to tea-pots, or cut apart into cups and saucers. Down in the garden close by, you may see the thick grape-vines, heavy with fruit, and the orchard trees, loaded with pears or apples.

Fruit and seed, — we tasted and saw in the summer some varieties of them, but now is the harvest-time; now we can see and taste all that the summer has been preparing for us, and what has been the work of all the green things. We have seen how

“The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud,
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care, —
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and, turning yellow,
Falls, and floats adown the air.
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens, and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.”

How have all this fruit and these berries ripened from the flowers? How, we should not be able to say, but we can see from what part of the flower the fruit has come. Of these juicy pears, it is the calyx into which we are plunging our teeth, and you can see little traces of its stamens on top, and can remember the green thing that held the flower. Here is indicated the Rose Family, and you see that, instead of the hard red urn of which we made the coffee-pot, with fuzzy seeds inside, we have a soft, delicious fruit, whose true seeds in the middle are polished brown, and done up in papery *carpels*.

The Apple too, *Pyrus malus*, is of the Rose Family, and comes under the same head as the Pear, *Pyrus communis*. A *Pome* is the name given to the product of the pear, apple, and quince trees, which belongs to the *first* kind of fruits I mentioned, — the *Fleshy* fruits. If you hold up to the light a thin slice of an apple cut across the core, you will see marked in it the form of the apple-blossom, — a little picture of what it was in the spring. But these are not the remnants of the petals, for they long ago died away above the fruity calyx. This must be only a fanciful resemblance, — an image of the flower still lingering round the seed.

Other big berries are these pumpkins and squashes that lie golden among the dead corn-stalks; the cucumbers and melons, with their cool, delicious fruit, have a similar rind and soft inner portion, and all are *gourds*.

To the second kind of fruits, the *Stone* fruits, the peach belongs. Here the outer wall of the ovary, the *pericarp*, is soft, and the inner is hard like a nut. Its seed lies within its fruit, and is known as the stone.

I have spoken of the *Achenium*, which belongs to the third kind of fruits, the *Dry* fruits, — which we found on the *outside* of the strawberry, and *inside* the Rose-hip; the fruit of the Composite Family is an achenium. That of the Thistle is crowned with a *pappus*, — a tuft of fine hairs, the remains of a limb of the calyx, which wafts the seed away. Something like this form of fruit is found in the valuable *Cereals*. We must not forget these among the important seeds.

“ You nor I nor nobody knows
How Oats, Peas, Beans, and Barley grows ! ”

Therefore it would be well to inquire. The fruit is called a *Caryopsis*, or grain. The fruit and seed are incorporated in one, forming the *farinaceous* substance for which we are so grateful. We eat the rich store of food which had been laid up for the seed, when it should lie waiting in the ground, the little germ not quite ready or strong enough to put out into the earth after other food, or to start up into the air for light and water. Ceres, the goddess of grain and wheat, gives her name to this tribe. You remember how her daughter, Proserpine, was forced to pass one third of her time down in the lower regions, and allowed to spend only two thirds in the light and air with her mother and all her friends. So the little seeds of wheat and grain lie hidden underground a third of the year, and then rejoice us the rest of the year with the springing grain, the full corn in the ear, and the harvest.

On many plants hang pods, on bushes and trees hang nuts, with a hard, crusty wall.

The involucre of the fertile flowers of the Oak forms the cup of the acorn in ripening. This is called a *Cupule*, and gives to this family the name *Cupuliferae*.

Another form of fruit is the *Samara* or *Key* fruit, like the winged fruit of the Red Maple, which in the spring foretold some of the glowing autumn beauty of the leaves.

You will see that many of the seeds are furnished with wings to carry them

away. Such are the light seeds of the Dandelion and of the Thistle, the fuzz of the Rose-hip, the feathery seeds of the Clematis, and these wings of the Maple, Ash, and Elm. And where are they going? Does the little seed have any doubt or terror when he separates from the branch, and goes floating off on the wind, now here, now there, sometimes lighting on a spire of grass, sometimes dipping into a brook, or lost in its waters, sometimes blown away by a child's breath who is trying to find out "if her mother wants her," sometimes



snugly laid into the bottom of a nest for a bed for the birds' eggs, or sometimes carried far away from where it grew, and torn, and combed, and teased, and wet, and dried, and plunged into a hopper and out again, and pulled and twisted and spun, finer and finer, stronger and stronger, then woven and smoothed, and sold and sewn, till it is turned into dresses for you and me? That is what we do with the downy wings and feathers, — but the seed itself? Perhaps the birds carry it off; no matter; forget them as we will, they find their way at last into the ground. Some fall by the wayside, and the fowls of the air devour them up, and some on

stony ground, where there is not much earth, and spring up, and when the sun is up, they are scorched, and because they have no root they wither away. Some fall among thorns that choke them, so that they yield no fruit; and others fall on good ground.

Let us follow one of the Maple keys, which one spring hung gayly on the Red Sugar-Maple. As it danced on the high branches, looking off over the glittering water of a pond, its wings grew and grew, and at last separated it from the tall tree. Away it went, now high and now low, now nearly falling into the deep water, now carried off into the branches of a Birch-tree. There it stayed awhile, till there came along a bird that snapped it up in her beak to weave it into her nest along with twigs and moss. A very comfortable home this, with the little speckled eggs for companions, and, by and by, the chattering little birds.

"When I lived on a tree," began the Maple-seed, and spread its little wings as though it were a bird.

"What kind of a bird were you," asked the others, "and why did not you have a nest of your own?"

"I was not exactly a bird," explains the seed, "but I am quite glad I have wings like a bird, for I can go where I please. Just now, I please to stay here."

"But *we* don't please to stay here," scolded the small birds, one and all.

"I had such a stiff dragon-fly, just now," said one, "I could hardly swal-

low him. If I could only catch my own dinner, I would not have so many of these hard-winged things."

"Almost everybody has wings," said the Maple-seed.

"All but caterpillars," answered one of the little birds, "and they are very soft and nice to eat. Only I have to share and share them with the others, they are so large. Now I like a little bit to myself."

"If we could only catch beetles on the wing, as our parents do!" said another.

"Your wings are not yet very large," suggested the seed. "It takes large wings to fly with."

"So I suppose," screamed out all the four wide-opened beaks, and some large May-bugs were tucked in before they could shut them.

The pin-feathers grew at last, and the wings came, and the four little birds tumbled and hopped out of the nest, and went out into the wide world. But the seed was tucked in among the twigs. In vain it stretched its wings, after the rest of the family.

"There, after all, I never shall be a Maple, only a mattress for four birds, and that is the end of it. There is one comfort,—I don't have to fly after my food, like the birds; it is all stored up in my chest, for the time I shall want it."

Great winds came, and tossed about the Birch-branches, and turned up the white linings of the leaves, and at last hustled the nest to the ground. And more winds came, and tore it apart, and at last the seed found itself lying on a gravelly bank sloping to the pond. Winter was coming, and this would have been an exposed place for a seed with nothing but two tattered remnants of wings to protect it, had not some rains sent down more gravel over the bank, and over the little seed too.

It is in its grave, buried deeper and deeper. Perhaps you trod on it that day you scrambled down the bank after hazel-nuts. It is all in the dark, with no use



for its little faded wings. Alone and in prison! But the seed bethinks itself of the nice little store of food the mother-tree laid up for it. It will begin life all fresh with that. Only meanwhile it must wait all winter long under the earth,—under the earth, and under the snow that comes to wrap it up, and tuck it in out of the cold winter airs, till spring shall come. Yes, spring, with the returning sun, with moist days and hot days. She calls to the little seed, and up come two narrow, green leaves. If this very little seed had fallen into our hands, we might have cut it open, after soaking it in water, and then drying it. We should have found the little plant ready formed,—a pair of leaves like the first seedling leaves, on a little stem, coiled up within the coat of the seed, as you can see in the pictures on the preceding page, which illustrate the shape of the seed, the seed cut open to show the plant enlarged, the embryo partly unfolded, and the same after it has begun to grow.

No wonder that the seed could stay patiently all winter, till the sun was ready for it! It had only then to push forward and grow, to send up its little stem into the light and air, where its leaves would unfold, and from the opposite end push down its root into the soil. And in every seed lies just

such a little plant concealed, and when you lay it open you will find it more or less visible.

These two first leaves of the Maple are the *Cotyledons*, of which we have spoken before, and the little bud that appears between them is called the *Plumule*. It does not appear in the Maple till some days after the seed-leaves; but soon it rises on a stalk that lifts it far up, putting on a pair of minute leaves. It now consists of two pairs of leaves, the seed-leaves being of a different shape from all the succeeding leaves, which, as you may observe in the Bean, are very plainly the seed split apart.

Later a third pair of leaves is formed, rising on a third joint of the stem, which proceeds from the top of the second as that did from the first, and as you saw in the picture. And in this shape, this very autumn, you can find many little Maple-trees. They have changed their few leaves to the brilliant red that all the large Maples have put on. Little as it is, the plant wears the family colors, and is a complete miniature tree. If you pull it up by the roots, you will see how like the picture on page 587 it is, and how it is like a tree.

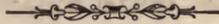


But if you think of its being our little seed, you will leave it to grow. No need now of its wishing for wings. It would rather now stay "fast-rooted in the fruitful soil." It is sending down its little roots to hunt for food, to pick out and choose what will be needed for its little stem, and its roots will hold it firm. For now it is to be a great tree. Year after year it will reckon up its age by putting on each year a new ring of growth. For this is one of the outside-growers, the *Exogens*.

Had it been of the *Endogens*, like the grass that grows by its side, now as tall as the little Maple, it would have sent up but one little leaf at first. And this can be seen in the seed itself. If you examine some grains of Indian corn, after soaking them in water, each will show one cotyledon and one plumule, ready to shoot up from the base. The cotyledon remains in the seed, while its base comes out to make room for the plumule, which shoots up and forms the first leaves of the plant. These appear one above the other in succession, the first in the form of a scale, the second or third and the succeeding ones being the real leaves of the plant, while the roots thrust themselves down in the other direction. All of which may be seen more plainly in the picture on the opposite page, of a grain of Indian corn in germination.

The nourishment in the Maple-seed lasted just long enough to provide for sending up the little stem to the air, to seek after what it wants there, and to start the root in the other direction; and then it could shift for itself. It will stretch up higher and higher, passing by the little grass-blade, reaching up till in time it shall toss its own winged seeds in the air, to flutter above the breezy pond, a full-grown tree.

Lucretia P. Hale.



AN OCTOBER LULLABY.

SLEEP, little one, sleep!
 Night's curtain is down,
 And the great sun has gone to his rest;
 The Katydid's sing their merry-go round,
 And the little bird chirps in its nest;
 But the cricket sings, "Sleep, sleep!"

Sleep, little one, sleep!
 No danger is nigh;
 'T is the tree-frog that sings in the leaves,
 And the Katydid shrill rings out a reply;
 But softly and low, as one who grieves,
 The cricket sings, "Sleep, sleep!"

T. T.



THE QUICKSILVER MINE OF NEW ALMADEN.

THIS earth of ours is a house, built by the master-workman, God. Though we know not whereupon the foundations thereof are fastened, nor when the corner-stone was laid, and though in all its building there was no sound of hammer, nor of axe, nor of any laborer's tools, yet clearly it is a house, a building of many stories. The ocean-level is the first floor; the high hills are the chambers; the mountain-tops are the breezy attic-rooms among the rafters; while all the under-ground depths and the caves of the sea are the cellars, stored with untold comforts for the dwellers in this wondrous house of the world. Will you listen to me, while I tell you about one of the great store-rooms in the earth's cellar, that you may know with what a generous and careful hand our Father has treasured up gifts for the children of his loving care? Then get your maps and find the State of California, that lies stretched out all its sunny length along the Pacific Ocean. Find, if you can, Santa Clara County. In this county, sixty-five miles south of San Francisco, near the head of the charming valley of San José, and in an eastern spur of the Coast Range of mountains, is the quicksilver mine of New Almaden.

Four years ago, in my summer vacation, I was riding down from the old Mission of Santa Clara on my way to the little village of New Almaden, through an avenue of ancient willow and poplar trees, that extends a distance of three miles, and that was planted long since by the fathers of the Mission. On either side of this delightful avenue, at intervals, there are tasteful cottages, fertile farms, orchards laden with delicious fruit, nurseries and gardens well supplied with water from Artesian wells. Twelve miles beyond San José we came to a little bend in the road called Pat's Pass, where a brook looked suddenly out upon us ; and, as if afraid at being caught so near the highway, it slipped away as suddenly, and scampered off among the trees and bushes. This turn in the road brought us in sight of the romantic village where I was to spend a few weeks with friends.

New Almaden, I found, had only one street ; and this, shut in between the vast hills that rose before and behind, wound like a crescent to suit the base of the mountain.

A short day it seemed that came to the occupants of the row of cottages nestling between the strong, protecting hills ; for long before the sun waked the sleepers in the valley it shone upon the hill-tops, and after it left us in shade and twilight below, it rested lovingly upon the same high summits.

The houses of this little village all face the mountain that contains the mine. Between the houses and the mountain that rises behind them there is room enough for out-houses and vegetable gardens, while back of the gardens, along the foot of the hill, the frightened little brook, safely hidden by a thick growth of shrubs, wimples on its way. There are two villages connected with the mines. This one — the lower village — is occupied by the families of the superintendent and engineer, and by those of the workmen connected with the smelting works at the upper end of the street.

It was a warm day when we proposed to ride to the top of the hill and visit the mine. At noon, when the wagons going up the hill for ore came along, four laughing girls, Hattie, Jane, Annie, and Mary, with myself, who had been their teacher, mounted one of the huge vehicles. The driver spread out the ore-bags upon the bottom of the wagon to protect our clothes from dirt, and we seated ourselves in Turkish fashion. The driver cracked his whip, and the horses began to wind up the mountain. The view as we rose higher and higher was magnificent. In the gaps between the hills around us we saw the beautiful valley of San Juan, stretching off until the mist made it look like the great sea ; while in the distance the Coast Range showed dimly against the sky. As we neared the entrance to the mine, we began to see signs of the upper or miner's village. Little cabins here and there came into view, and the tow-headed urchins of the Cornish folks or the swarthy children of the Mexican miners toddled about, staring at the ascending wagons, or huzzaing at us as if we were a railroad train.

At this village live the miners and their families. They have a store, and provisions are brought from the lower village on the backs of mules. We were glad, when the wagons stopped, to jump out and stand upon our feet again ; and what a strange, busy scene there was about us, to be sure !

Mexicans and Cornishmen principally are the miners; yet Spanish, English, French, Irish, and Indian all were seen running to and fro, loading wagons, tying up bags of ore, and tossing them upon the wagons as if they were only bags of feathers. With shouts of laughter and a perfect Babel of tongues, these great brawny carriers, or *tenateros* (as they are called), worked away like giants. The miners labor constantly within the mine. They are not paid by the day, but receive wages for the amount of ore they extract. They work in parties, usually of about ten; half the number toiling during the day, the other half by night. So, if the passage upon which a set of men is at work be uncommonly hard, they will not earn much; but if it prove rich and easy, the gain is theirs. Sometimes a miner will make from thirty to forty dollars a week, seldom less than fifteen.

The ore taken out by each party is kept separate, weighed twice a week, and an account taken. They choose one of their number to receive the pay, and he divides it among his fellow-laborers. There is sometimes a trouble. If a lazy fellow gets into a party of industrious miners, he reaps the benefit of their labor, while, like all drones in beehives or among men, he is held a nuisance by his companions. In this case complaint is made to the engineer, who either places the idle one in a set nearer his capacity, or discharges him.

Miss Jane, one of our party, was the daughter of Mr. D——, the engineer, and while we were looking about us she had gone to find her father, who was to conduct us through the mine.

“Where are we going now? where is the great mine?” the girls began to call out on seeing Jane approach.

“O, you ’ll see it soon enough,” replied Miss Jane, who, having been over the mine several times, now assumed airs of dignified importance toward the rest of us ignorant mortals, and thought to frighten us by vivid descriptions of the horrors of the vast labyrinth.

Soon Mr. D—— announced that the track was free, and a car ready for us. Candle-boxes were turned down for our seats, and we mounted the car, when to each of us was given a long stick with a bit of lighted candle at the end. We all sat on one side of the car, and rested our candles upon the other end, to keep the flame from our clothes. Fairly started, two stout carriers pushing our train, we noticed, at some distance ahead, an opening — (“Black enough, is n’t it?” said Jane) — right into the side of the hill. This entrance to the tunnel is ten feet wide, and ten feet high to the crown of the arch, which is strongly roofed with heavy timber throughout its entire length.

Mr. D—— went before us with a torch, to make sure that there was nothing in our way.

“Are you warm, girls?” calls out Jane; “because if you are, you won’t be long, — so get your shawls unfolded”; — and sure enough, as from the warmth and sunshine we went into the dark tunnel, a damp, cold blast of air seemed to strike us.

Shivering, shuddering, huddling close up to each other, we were pushed into the mountain, amid such shouts as these: —

O, my, dear! candle ’s out.”

"Dear ! dear ! I shall fall off this box !"

"O, what a horrid place ! how musty it smells !"

"Shall we *ever* get to the end ?"

All this was sufficiently amusing to Jane, who, with peals of laughter, kept calling out, "I told you so !" and adding, with gleeful triumph, "But it's a great deal worse by and by ; it grows worse all the time !"

"Look out for your heads !" shouts Mr. D—, and down into our laps we go, to avoid great troughs in the roof of the tunnel.

"There 's a jolt coming, girls !" says the comforting Jane ; and up we go, apparently several feet towards the roof, coming down with a united girl-scream that echoes through the dreadful darkness.

A twinkling glimmer of a light appears ahead, and we hear the hissing sound of a steam-engine, and workmen's strokes. Directly we stop ; Mr. D— tells us that we have come more than eight hundred feet into the mountain. "And now," he continues, "you see our kitchen."

Slowly we are unpacked from our car ; and, relighting our troublesome little torches, we follow our leader into a room dug out of the solid rock, where a great steam-engine keeps up a constant buzz. Its work is to unwind a rope from a large wheel, which lowers, through a shaft, a huge iron bucket, to the depths below. By a reverse turn of the wheel, this bucket, filled with ore, is brought up again every ten minutes.

"Now," said Mr. D—, "we 'll go up into the spare bedroom, if you please."

Slowly, up a very narrow and almost perpendicular ladder, we creep, bearing our long, unhandy candles ; then, through a winding road, we thread our way, and again we seem to be approaching workmen. Here is a chamber with jagged sides and ceiling, where two or three men are loading wheelbarrows, while others with stout picks are tearing down, and making still more jagged, the rough, red walls. I am curious to see how the ore is carried down from this "spare bedroom" to the ground floor ; so I follow the wheelbarrow-man, until I see him tip the contents of the barrow into a hole, and hear the ore rattling through those very troughs in the tunnel against which we had wellnigh hit our heads when coming in. It falls into boxes in the side of the tunnel, and from these it is taken upon the cars.

The miners work by the light of a single tallow candle, stuck in the side of the rock. We held our torches as high as possible, to lighten the chamber ; and though, by gas-light, the sparkling quicksilver, twinkling and gleaming in the bright red cinnabar, might make it a brilliant spare-room enough, yet it looked weird and dismal to us.

"But the cellar is our finest room," says Mr. D—. So we prepare to descend the dreadful ladder, where, if one should not hit the round, one might be dashed through hideous darkness to the bottom. Some of the girls find it so frightful that, upon reaching a landing-place near the "kitchen," they decline going any deeper into the black earth. We will leave them cuddled together in the darkness, to await our return.

Down, down, down, we that are willing go, into depths that seem end-

less, and the girls begin to wonder if we are not within call of the Chinese, who are always supposed to be opposite us on the globe. Nearly three hundred feet it is before we stand at the bottom of the mine. There we find so many paths striking out here and there, streets crossing and recrossing, leading to chambers where the mighty work of tearing out the interior of the mountain goes on, that the mine seems like a vast city, or like that famous old labyrinth of Egypt with its three thousand chambers.

The miners have given the different passages the names of their saints ; and they call them as readily as we do the names of the thoroughfares in a familiar city. There are so many streets in this mine that all the saints' names which the miners know are exhausted, and a wide passage bears the appropriate name of *El Elefante*, — The Elephant ; while the new streets that are constantly being opened are receiving the names of different animals. You will gain some idea of the extent and number of the streets of this underground city, when I tell you that sixty pounds of candles are used by the workmen every twenty-four hours.

Let us step into one of the rooms where some miners are at work. See that Mexican standing upon a single plank high above us in an arch of rock. He is drilling into the rock in order to place a charge of powder. With every stroke of the drill, his great chest heaves, and he utters a sort of groan, or "something between a grunt and a groan," which he supposes makes his labor easier. Fancy some eight or ten men working together in a room dark as midnight, but for the dim light of two or three candles, with alternate strokes and groans ; add to this three or four carriers going and coming with heavy loads of ore, puffing and wheezing away like so many steamboats, and you must think that life in a quicksilver mine is not so very delightful. Still, Mr. D—— tells us that the miners are generally a healthy and contented set of men. I believe, however, they are not long-lived, — forty-five years being the average which they reach.

Sitting down quietly in a passage of this great cave, I begin to know how wondrous and vast a place it is. There are distant twinkles here and there ; confused noises a great way off ; explosions in various parts of the mine, so remote that to me they sound like distant thunder ; I hear the buzzing of the ponderous wheels of the engine, the emptying of buckets, and the voices of the men, which last sound like baby-tones among all the louder noises. These things make me feel that I am truly in a huge city underneath the ground. Every lesson is valuable, little friends, that brings us nearer to our brotherman, and teaches us sympathy with his labors, his cares and trials, or his joys ; so, when I thought of the great number of human beings whose whole lives are spent in just such caves as this, with scarcely a gleam of the sweet light of the sun to fall upon them, I was glad that I had learned a very little of what it was, and I hoped I should appreciate more truly the great though common blessing of daylight.

We have lingered long enough below ground, so we venture up the ladders again, and, reaching the "first floor" of the mine, find our girls sadly impatient to be getting into the light of heaven once more. With much

scrambling and shouting we are all at last seated upon the boxes, and our swarthy gnomes begin to push us out. We have gone half-way, when Jane calls to her father: "Father! the chapel."

"O, yes, yes! I have n't forgotten that," replies Mr. D——; and, bidding the carriers halt, we all get out and turn into a narrow path cut through the overarching rock into a small vestibule, where in a niche is placed the shrine of the tutelary saint or protectress of the mine, — *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, — Our Lady of Guadalupe. Before this shrine, in bronze candlesticks, wax candles are always burning. Away in amid the busy turmoil of the mine, to this little silent side-room the miners come to worship before they begin their work, by day or night.

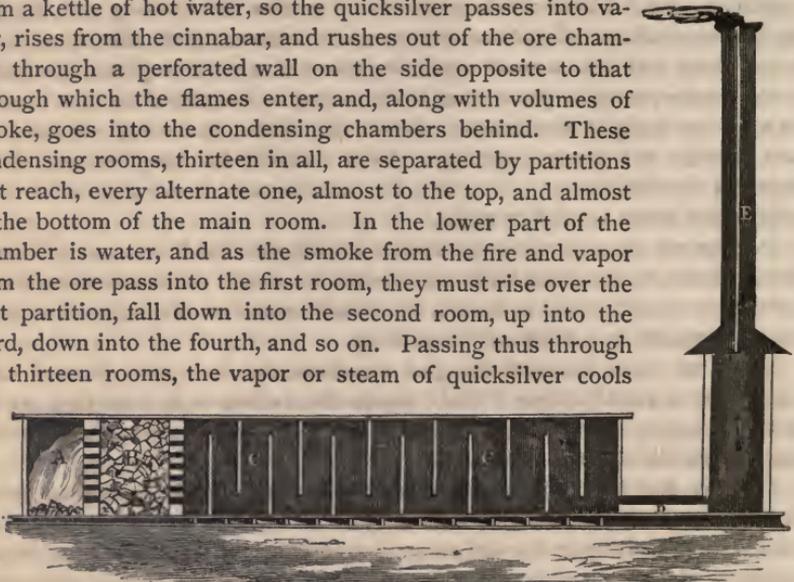
Perhaps we do not worship saints nor the Virgin; but if in some still room of our hearts, remote from noise and tumult, we should all keep an altar where, before every day's work is begun, we should seek Our Father's blessing, it would certainly be a most excellent thing.

When we come out into the glad sunshine, the four girls draw a deep sigh, utter a simultaneous "Oh!" shake themselves to be sure they are yet living, I suppose, and then, half blinded by the light, stagger about in the most laughable manner.

The ore that is taken from the mountain is carried down in wagons to the furnaces at the lower village; and now you will like to know how the quicksilver is extracted from the red stone that contains it. This red stone is vermilion or cinnabar, and it is very beautiful. Long ago, before any white man knew about this valuable mine, the Indians used to work it in a rude way with stones and pointed sticks, for the sake of the vermilion with which they painted their bodies. This was as precious to them as gold is to us; for they not only ornamented their own faces with it, but used it as an article of exchange with other Indians, from Columbia River to the Gulf of California. The Indians had gone into the mountain to the depth of sixty feet; and in the first attempts of white men to tunnel the mine, they came upon some rude instruments and several human skeletons, probably the remains of an unfortunate party of Indians buried by the caving in of the earth. See now how differently the untaught savage and the educated man value and use the gifts of nature. The savage prized only the gaudy paint of the rock, while the metal hidden in its substance was nothing to him: he did not even know it was there. We, on the other hand, care little for the vermilion, because our art teaches us that the *secret* treasure of the rocks, only to be extorted by strong fires, is by far the most valuable. If you do not know the uses of quicksilver, I shall not tell you; but I hope you will find them out from some other source. My business is to inform you about the raw material.

The process of extracting the quicksilver of commerce from cinnabar is so simple that you can readily understand it. Were you to go through the smelting works at New Almaden, you would see a long line of furnaces, fourteen in all, — and perhaps in each furnace a roaring fire would be burning; behind each furnace is an ore chamber, as it is called, where the cinnabar is placed in large pieces, and with open spaces between, so that the flames and

smoke from the fire may pass through it. This ore chamber is separated from the furnace by a perforated wall of brick, which allows the flames to enter from the furnace and permeate the mass of ore. Just as steam rises from a kettle of hot water, so the quicksilver passes into vapor, rises from the cinnabar, and rushes out of the ore chamber through a perforated wall on the side opposite to that through which the flames enter, and, along with volumes of smoke, goes into the condensing chambers behind. These condensing rooms, thirteen in all, are separated by partitions that reach, every alternate one, almost to the top, and almost to the bottom of the main room. In the lower part of the chamber is water, and as the smoke from the fire and vapor from the ore pass into the first room, they must rise over the first partition, fall down into the second room, up into the third, down into the fourth, and so on. Passing thus through the thirteen rooms, the vapor or steam of quicksilver cools



Section of the Smelting Furnace.

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| A. The Furnace. | B. The Ore Chamber. |
| C. C. Condensing Rooms. | D. Enclosed Pipe. |
| E. Chimney. | |

and condenses, just as you have seen the steam from the teakettle condense into water on the bottom of a plate that had been put over the top of the kettle; only this vapor of which I am telling you forms drops of quicksilver, such as you see in the thermometer, instead of drops of water. At the bottom of each condensing room is a small pipe, through which the quicksilver runs into a trough that extends from one end of the building to the other. Outside the building, and close to it, you might see a row of mighty caldrons or kettles set in the ground. Into each of these a pipe from the main trough pours the beautiful, nimble "water-silver," as it used to be called. Should any of the vapor fail to be condensed in passing through the condensing chambers, just before it reaches the chimney it is led through a tube, where, from an enclosed pipe, water is scattered over a sieve, falls upon the vapor, and cools it to quicksilver, while the black smoke goes up the tall chimney alone. The quicksilver is ladled from the kettles outside the building, weighed into flasks of seventy-five pounds each, and then it is ready for the market.

The mine of New Almaden is supposed to be — next to the Spanish Almaden — the richest quicksilver mine in the world, and perhaps it is even superior to that. The Indians, who had for years known the place as a

deposit of vermilion, told of it to the Spanish Californians, who did not know what the mineral was. It was not until 1845 that a cavalry captain in the Mexican army, named Andres Castillero, meeting a tribe of Indians whose faces were painted with vermilion, gained from them a knowledge of the locality of this mine. This Castillero knew the nature of the ore, laid claim to the mine, formed a company, and began working. For years, hundreds of men have worked here, and still the supply is so abundant that it controls the quicksilver market of the world; by this I mean, that, should this mine be closed for any length of time, the scarcity of the metal would be felt all over the globe.

Within a distance of four miles from New Almaden, and in a straight line from the mine, are two other quicksilver mines, neither, however, so important as the one I have tried to describe to you. One is called the Henriquita, after Henriquita Laurencel, the little daughter of one of the proprietors of the mine at the time of its discovery; the other, Guadalupe, a name suggested by a small river that drains the district.

How long it will be before the quicksilver of these vast storehouses will be exhausted, it is impossible to guess. We can only wonder at the wisdom and the bounty and the divine skill which, when our earth was formed, so wrought that in its depth are veins for the silver, that the stones of it are sapphires, and that it hath dust of gold.

Lucy St. John.



HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES.

VII.

“WHERE was our little friend Kate this evening?” asked Father Brighthopes, after the company had gone.

“I can’t imagine why she did n’t come,” replied Emma. “You never saw anybody so delighted as she was when I told her you had got back and would be glad to see her to-night. O, and you never saw such a change in any one, either! Since she has known you, she has appeared so different! She’s a real nice, sensible girl; and she thinks you are an angel, Father Brighthopes.”

“That is sensible, truly!”

“You need n’t shake your head so, for it *is* sensible. She thinks there’s nobody in the world like you, and I agree with her.”

“Well, well, I am thankful for your good opinion,” said Father Brighthopes; and indeed he was well pleased. We all love to be loved; and to him there was nothing more precious and touching than the love of children. “But if Kate wished so much to see me, I fear some serious ac-

cident has occurred to prevent her coming. I think I must call and ask about her in my walk to-morrow."

"O, I wish you would! and let me go with you! For it's vacation now, and I've nothing to do but just to go round with you."

"Emma! Emma!" said Mrs. Reverdy, gently reproving her. "You are altogether too forward. You must n't think, because our friend is so kind to you, that he will want your company everywhere he goes." Then, turning to Father Brighthopes, — "Her fondness for you must be her excuse. She is not usually so free. You must not let her weary you."

"There is no danger of that," he replied. "Emma knows instinctively when I wish to be alone, and never intrudes upon me. I shall wish to have her take this walk with me, by all means."

"I am delighted to hear you say so; for my dear child is never so happy, and never improves so fast, as when under your influence."

A glow of satisfaction warmed the good old man's heart, for he knew that this praise was sincere; and although he had long since outlived his vanity, if he ever had any, such simple acknowledgments of his usefulness were always very gratifying to him.

The next morning, accordingly, they set out on their walk, Emma skipping by his side, happy as the birds in the bushes.

"Do you remember when we went to see Grant Eastman and his mother?" she cried. "I have n't been to walk with you since. And do you know, Father Brighthopes, that what we thought was such a misfortune for Grant turned out to be the best thing for him? He did n't go back into Mr. Marsh's store at all, but he has a much better place, where he gets twice the wages. The business is just what he likes; and he pleases his employers so well that they have written to his mother a long letter about him. She let me read it, — and you never saw so happy a woman!"

"What an accommodating little mouse that was!" said Father Brighthopes.

"Yes," cried Emma; "and father says, if it had n't been for that nest made of stolen money, Grant might have been spending some of the best years of his life in that mean little store, on a mean little salary. Now he is in a business that will bring out his capacities, father says. Is n't it curious, how an accident like that can make such a change, not only for him, but for his mother? And we all thought it such a sad thing!"

"My child," said Father Brighthopes, "it is not always that misfortunes so soon are shown to have been designed for our good. But to the true man, or woman, or little girl, all misfortunes will thus prove to be blessings in the end; although they may hang over us for years, — perhaps for a lifetime. Think of this, my child, when sorrow comes to you, — for it will come: it is something no one can escape," he said, very tenderly, holding her hand. "Think of this, and try to have faith and strength to bear whatever burden is laid upon you."

Emma, so happy at that moment, wondered what sorrow could ever happen to her. Then she thought: "This dear old friend cannot be with me

always. And my father and mother,—can I ever part with them? Yes, I know it must be so! O, when such sorrows do come, how can I bear them, if I forget what Father Bright hopes is saying to me now?”

As they reached Mr. Orley's gate, they heard voices of children at play behind the house. At the sound of the gate shutting, the laughter ceased; and in a minute Kate, who ran to the corner to see who had come, flew to meet them, with a face rosy with blushes, and eyes beaming with joy. Her heart beat so fast that she could hardly speak a word as she led them into the house. “Mother!” she called, “here is Father Bright hopes come to see us!”

Mrs. Orley came out of a back room, looking both astonished and pleased at the sight of their visitors. Father Bright hopes scarcely recognized her, she was so changed since he first saw her. She was more neatly dressed,—and her countenance, which was then so sour and care-worn, had an almost happy expression. Nor could he help noticing that the house presented a much more orderly and cheerful appearance than on his former visit.

“Well, Kate,” said he, taking the chair Mrs. Orley placed for him, and giving his hat to the child, “as we did not see you at Mr. Reverdy's last night, I feared you must be ill.”

“It was I that was sick,” said Mrs. Orley. “I had one of my sick-head-aches, and she would n't leave me, although I urged her to, for I knew how great a disappointment it was to her not to go.”

At that moment, a voice without was heard calling: “Kate! Kate! O Kate! Come and help!”

As Kate and Emma ran out, Mrs. Orley continued: “There was another reason why she stayed at home. We talked so frankly when you called before, and your coming did us all so much good, I want to tell you everything, if you will let me. Ah, what you said about Kate was so true! I wonder I never found out before what a dear good child she was. From that day, she took right hold with a will, as if she was determined to help me all she could, and make her home bright and cheerful, in spite of everything. I was a great deal happier after I told you my troubles, and found there was one person in the world who could sympathize with me, and I was n't so sharp with the child as I had been; and that seemed to give her great encouragement. The next I noticed, her father, when he came home from his work, looked pleased to see us, and did n't hurry away to the tavern right after supper, as he had been in the habit of doing, when he used to come home and find the house uncomfortable.

“‘I wish you 'd stay at home one evening,’ said she, one night, as he was going out later than usual. ‘Why don't you, father?’”

“‘You did almost make me forget to go out,’ said he. ‘I never saw you looking so handsome in my life, Kate. And your mother has brightened up wonderfully too. But a man wants a little recreation, you know.’”

“‘O, yes,’ said she, ‘I know. But what do you do for recreation at the tavern?’”

“‘What do I do? I play euchre, for one thing.’”

“‘That must be nice! I wish you would show *me* how to play euchre. I want recreation too. So does mother.’

“He is really very fond of her, and she said this so sweetly and affectionately, that he let her put his hat away, and get the cards out of his pocket, and draw him up to the table, where they played euchre together half the evening. It was a new thing for me to see him happy at home, and go to bed quite sober; and I was so thankful that I resolved I never would do anything to make the house uncomfortable for him again.

“From that time he spent nearly all his evenings with us. Sometimes he and Kate play euchre or backgammon; but oftener she reads aloud from books that she takes out of the library. Last night she was afraid, if he came home and found me sick and her gone, he would go to the tavern again; and that is the true reason why you did not see her at Mr. Reverdy’s. You will forgive me for troubling you with this long story, I am sure.”

“Forgive you?” repeated Father Brighthopes, with deep emotion. “You could not have told me anything that could give me such sincere pleasure. Ah! I knew Kate had an excellent heart, yet I never dared expect so much from her. How little we know how much good even a child may do, by her affection and example!”

“But we have you to thank for all this,” said Mrs. Orley, unable to restrain her tears. “I was really getting into a very bad way, though I was n’t fully aware of it until you came in, and showed me myself, and my duty to Kate. I am not yet what I should be, though I try hard to be. Some days the cloud will come over me again, and I can’t help being very low-spirited. Then, if it was n’t for Kate, I don’t know what I should do; for she is almost the only society I have. Our neighbors are proud, and they never come and see me, nor invite me to visit them.”

“That is hard,” said Father Brighthopes. “We all need society; but the fault may be in ourselves, if we are deprived of it.”

“O, well, I know I have n’t made myself very attractive to people, and I don’t wonder I have been left alone with my troubles and complaints. Few are so willing to listen to them, and give sympathy and advice in return, as you are. But our neighbors *are* proud, and I can prove it. There is Laura Follet,— she comes over to play with Kate nearly every day. She says there is n’t a girl in school she likes as well as she does Kate. She never found it out, though, until Mr. Orley, by spending his evenings at home, began to save his wages, and I was able to dress the child a little better than I used to.”

“Perhaps it was n’t the dress alone that made the change,” said Father Brighthopes. “Kate is not so sad as she was. She is very much happier; and it is happy companions children like.”

“Yes, there is something in that. But why is Laura ashamed to have it known she comes to see Kate? She was here when you called, but she would n’t show herself. Last week she gave a party; but, though she had been here playing with Kate every afternoon, and telling how much better she liked her than she did other girls, she invited every girl on the street to her party except Kate. I suppose that was her mother’s doings; but I think

it is very mean in her to let her daughter come and enjoy my child's society on the sly, in that way. It is as mean as stealing."

Kate and Emma now came into the room, laughing at something very funny.

"What amuses you, my children?" asked the old clergyman, indulgently.

"Kate don't want me to tell, but I guess I will," said Emma. "Laura Follet was here when we came. She was under the apple-tree with Kate; but she did n't want to be seen, for she don't like to have folks know she comes here. So she cut into the wood-shed. She could n't get out of the door without being noticed, so she thought she would jump out of the window. But as she jumped, her hoops caught on a nail, and there she was hung



by it, when she called and we ran out to her. She could n't get up or down; but there she was, — the drollest-looking object! and we had to lift her up and unhang her!"

"I declare," said Mrs. Orley, "that served her just right. Where is she now?"

"She is in the wood-shed, crying, she is so ashamed. I wanted her to come in, but she would n't," said Kate.

"Certainly, she must come in," said Father Brighthopes. "I remember

Laura, — a very pleasant little girl. Go to her, Emma, and tell her I wish to see her.”

After Emma had gone out, the old clergyman put his arms fondly around Kate, and kissed her cheek. “My dear child, your mother has been telling me such good things about you! It makes my heart glad to know how cheerful and industrious and loving you have been. Continue to be so always, and you will turn the bitterness of life into sweetness, and make everybody happy around you.”

Such praise and encouragement from him was too much for the warm-hearted child, and she cried for very joy.

“She won’t come,” said Emma, re-entering. “She says she must go home now.”

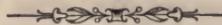
“Well, so must we,” said Father Brightopes, rising. “So tell her we will walk along together.”

He then took leave of Mrs. Orley with such words of kindness and comfort as he knew so well how to speak. Going out, he found Kate and Emma detaining Laura in the yard.

“You come, too, Kate!” said Laura, finding she could not avoid walking with the old clergyman, and wishing for her friend’s company to give her confidence.

Kate, with her mother’s permission, gladly assented, and Father Brightopes and his three young companions set off together.

J. T. Trowbridge.



A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

X.

THE tableaux had to be put off. Frank Scherman was obliged to go down to Boston, unexpectedly, to attend to business, and nothing could be done without him. The young girls felt all the reaction that comes with the sudden interruption of eager plans. A stagnation seemed to succeed to their excitement and energy. They were thrown back into a vacuum.

“There is nothing on earth to do, or to think about,” said Florrie Arnall, dolefully.

“Just as much as there was last week,” replied Josie Scherman, commonsense-ically. Frank was only her brother, and that made a difference. “There’s Giant’s Cairn as big as ever, and Feather-Cap, and Minster Rock, and the Spires. And there’s plenty to do. Tableaux are n’t everything. There’s your ‘howl,’ Sin Saxon. That has n’t come off yet.”

“It is n’t the fall that hurts, — it’s the fetch-up,” as the Irishman observed,” said Sin Saxon, with a yawn. “It was n’t that I doted particularly on the tableaux, but ‘the waters wild went o’er my child, and I was left la-

menting.' It was what I happened to be after at the moment. When I get ready for a go, I do hate to take off my bonnet and sit down at home."

"But the 'howl,' Sin! What's to become of that?"

"Ain't I howling all I can?"

And this was all Sin Saxon would say about it. The girls meant to keep her in mind, and to have their frolic, — the half of them in the most imaginative ignorance as to what it might prove to be; but somehow their leader herself seemed to have lost her enthusiasm or her intention.

Leslie Goldthwaite felt neither disappointment nor impatience. She had got a permanent interest. It is good always to have something to fall back upon. The tableaux would come by and by; meanwhile, there was plenty of time for their "bees," and for the Cliff.

They had long mornings in the pines, and cool, quiet afternoons in Miss Craydocke's pretty room. It was wonderful the cleverness the Josselyns had come to with little frocks. One a skirt, and the other a body, — they made nothing of finishing the whole at a sitting. "It's only seeing the end from the beginning," Martha said, when Leslie uttered her astonishment. "We know the way, right through; and no way seems long when you've travelled it often." To be sure, Prissy Hoskins's delaines and calicoes did n't need to be contrived after Demorest's fashion-plates.

Then they had their holiday, taking the things over to the Cliff, and trying them all on Prissy, very much as if they had been a party of children, and she a paper doll. Her rosy little face and wilful curls came out of each prettier than the last, precisely as a paper dolly's does; and when at the end of all they got her into a bright violet print and a white bib-apron, it was well they were the last, for they could n't have had the heart to take her out of them. Leslie had made for her a small hoop, from the upper half of one of her own, and laced a little cover upon it, of striped seersucker, of which there was a petticoat also to wear above. These, clear, clean, and stiffened, came from Miss Craydocke's stores. She never travelled without her charity-trunk, wherein — put at once in perfect readiness for different use the moment they passed beyond her own — she kept all spare material that waited for such call. Breadths of old dresses, ripped and sponged and pressed, or starched, ironed, and folded; flannel petticoats shrunken short; stockings "cut down" in the old, thrifty, grandmother fashion; underclothing strongly patched (as she said, the "Lord's mark put upon it, since it had pleased Him to give her the means to do without patches"); odds and ends of bonnet-ribbons, dipped in spirits and rolled tightly upon blocks, from which they unrolled nearly as good as new; — all these things, and more, religiously made the most of for whomsoever they might first benefit, went about with her in this, the biggest of her boxes, which, give out from it as she might, she never seemed, she said, to get quite to the bottom of.

Under the rounded skirts, below the short, plain trousers, Prissy's ankles and feet were made shapely with white stockings and new, stout boots. (Aunt Hoskins believed in "white stockin's, or go athout. Bilin' an' bleachin' an' comin' out new; none o' yer aggravations 'v everlastin' dirt-color.") And

one thing more, the prettiest of all. A great net of golden-brown silk that Leslie had begged Mrs. Linceford, who liked netting, to make, gathered into strong, large meshes the unruly wealth of hair brushed back in rippling lines from Prissy's temples, and showing so its brighter, natural color from underneath, where the outside had grown sun-faded.

"I'm just like Cinderella, — with four godmothers!" cried the child; and she danced up and down, as Leslie let her go from under her hands.

"You're just like — a little heathen!" screamed Aunt Hoskins. "Where's yer thanks?" Her own thanks spoke themselves, partly in a hysterical sort of chuckle and snuffle, that stopped each other short, and the rebuke with them. "But there! she don't know no better! 'T ain't fer every day, you need n't think. It's for company to-day, an' fer Sundays, an' to go to Portsmouth."

"Don't spoil it for her, Mrs. Hoskins. Children hate to think it is n't for every day," said Leslie Goldthwaite.

But the child-antidote to that was also ready.

"I don't care," cried Prissy. "To-day's a great, long day, and Sunday's for ever and ever, and Portsmouth 'll be always."

"*Can't* yer stop ter kerchy, and say — Luddolight 'n massy, I donno what to *tell* ye ter say!" And Mrs. Hoskins sniffled and gurgled again, and gave it up.

"She has thanked us, I think," said Miss Craydocke, in her simple way, "when she called us God-mothers!" The word came home to her good heart. God had given her, the lonely woman, the larger motherhood. "Brothers, and sisters, and mothers!" She thought how Christ traced out the relationships, and claimed them even to Himself!

"Now, for once, *you* 're to be done up. That's general order number two," Miss Craydocke said to the Josselyn girls, as they all first met together again after the Cliff party. "We've worked together till we're friends. And so there's not a word to be said. We owe you time that we've taken, and more that we mean to take before you go. I'll tell you what for, when it's necessary."

It was a nicer matter to get the Josselyns to be helped than to help. It was not easy for them to bring forth their breadths and their linings, and their braids that were to be pieced, and their trimmings that were to be turned, and to lay bare to other eyes all their little economies of contrivance; but Miss Craydocke managed it by simple straightforwardness, — by not behaving as if there were anything to be glossed over or ignored. Instead of hushing up about economies, she brought them forward, and gave them a most cheery and comfortable, not to say dignified air. It was all ordinary matter of course, — the way everybody did, or ought to do. This was the freshest end of this breadth, and should go down; this other had a darn that might be cut across, and a straight piecing made, for which the slope of the skirt would allow, — *she* should do it so; that hem might be taken off altogether and a new one turned; this was a very nice trimming, and plenty of it, and the wrong side was brighter than the right; she knew a way of joining worsted braid that never showed, — you might have a dozen pieces in the

binding of a skirt and not be noticed. This little blue frock had no trimming; they would finish that at home. No, the prettiest thing in the world for it would be pipings of black silk, and Miss Craydocke had some bits just right for covering cord, thick as a board, big enough for nothing else; and out they came, as did many another thing, without remark, from her bags and baskets. She had hooks and eyes, and button-fasteners, when these gave out; she used from her own cotton-spools and skeins of silk; she had tailors' twist for button-holes, and large black cord for the pipings; and these were but working implements, like scissors and thimble,—taken for granted, without count. There was nothing on the surface for the most shrinking delicacy to rub against; but there was a kindness that went down into the hearts of the two young girls continually.

For an hour or two at least each day they sat together so, for the being together. The work was "taken up." Dakie Thayne read stories to them sometimes; Miss Craydocke had something always to produce and to summon them to sit and hear,—some sketch of strange adventure, or a ghost-mMarvel, or a bright, spicy magazine-essay; or, knowing where to find sympathizers and helpers, Dakie would rush in upon them uncalled, with some discovery, or want, or beautiful thing to show of his own. They were quite a little coterie by themselves. It shaped itself to this more and more.

Leslie did not neglect her own party. She drove and walked with Mrs. Linceford, and was ready for anything the Haddens really wanted of her; but Mrs. Linceford napped and lounged a good deal, and could spare her then; and Jeannie and Elinor seemed somehow to feel the want of her less than they had done,—Elinor unconsciously drawn away by new attraction, Jeannie rather of a purpose.

I am afraid I cannot call it anything else but a little loss of caste which seemed coming to Leslie Goldthwaite just now, through these new intimacies of hers. "Something always gets crowded out." This, too,—her popularity among the first,—might have to be, perhaps, one of the somethings.

Now and then she felt it so,—perceived the shade of difference toward her in the tone and manner of these young girls. I cannot say that it did not hurt her a little. She had self-love, of course; yet, for all, she was loyal to the more generous love,—to the truer self-respect. If she could not have both, she would keep the best. There came to be a little pride in her own demeanor,—a waiting to be sought again.

"I can't think what has come over Les'," said Jeannie Hadden, one night, on the piazza, to a knot of girls. She spoke in a tone at once apologetic and annoyed. "She was always up to anything at home. I thought she meant to lead us all off here. She might have done almost what she pleased."

"Everybody likes Leslie," said Elinor.

"Why, yes, we all do," put in Mattie Shannon. "Only she will take up queer people, you see. And—well, they're nice enough, I suppose; only there's never room enough for everybody."

"I thought we were all to be nowhere when she first came. There was something about her,—I don't know what,—not wonderful, but taking.

'Put her where you pleased, she was the central point of the picture,' Frank said." This came from Josie Scherman.

"And she 's just dropped all, to run after goodness knows what and whom! I can't see through her!" rejoined Jeannie, with a sort of finality in her accent that seemed to imply, "I wash my hands of her, and won't be supposed accountable."

"Knew ye not," broke in a gentle voice, "that she must be about her Master's business?" It was scarcely addressed to them. Miss Craydocke just breathed audibly the thought she could not help.

There came a downfall of silence upon the group.

When they took breath again, — "O, if she 's *religious!*" Mattie Shannon just said, as of a thing yet farther off and more finally done with. And then their talk waited under a restraint again.

"I supposed we were all religious, — Sundays, at least," broke forth Sin Saxon suddenly, who, strangely, had not spoken before. "I don't know, though. Last Saturday night we danced the German till half past twelve, and we talked charades instead of going to church, till I felt — as if I 'd sat all the morning with my feet over a register, reading a novel, when I 'd ought to have been doing a German exercise or something. If she 's religious every day, she 's seven times better than we are, that 's all. I think — she 's got a knot to her thread!"

Nobody dared send Leslie Goldthwaite quite to Coventry after this.

Sin Saxon found herself in the position of many another leader, — obliged to make some demonstration to satisfy the aroused expectations of her followers. Her heart was no longer thoroughly in it; but she had promised them a "howl," and a howl they were determined upon, either with or against her.

Opportunity arose just now also. Madam Routh went off on a party to the Notch, with some New York friends, taking with her one or two of the younger pupils, for whom she felt most constant responsibility. The elder girls were domesticated and acquainted now at Outledge; there were several matronly ladies with whom the whole party was sufficiently associated in daily intercourse for all the air of chaperonage that might be needed; and one assistant pupil, whom, to be sure, the young ladies themselves counted as a most convenient nonentity, was left in nominal charge.

Now or never, the girls declared with one voice it must be. All they knew about it — the most of them — was that it was some sort of an out-of-hours frolic, such as boarding-school ne'er-do-weels delight in; and it was to plague Miss Craydocke, against whom, by this time, they had none of them really any manner of spite; neither had they any longer the idea of forcing her to evacuate; but they had got wound up on that key at the beginning, and nobody thought of changing it. Nobody but Sin Saxon. She had begun, perhaps, to have a little feeling that she would change it, if she could.

Nevertheless, with such show of heartiness as she found possible, she assented to their demand, and the time was fixed. Her merry, mischievous temperament asserted itself as she went on, until she really grew into the mood for it once more, for the pure fun of the thing.

It took two days to get ready. After the German on Thursday night, the howl was announced to come off in Number Thirteen, West Wing. This, of course, was the boudoir; but nobody but the initiated knew that. It was supposed to be Maud Walcott's room. The assistant pupil made faint remonstrances against she knew not what, and was politely told so; moreover, she was pressingly invited to render herself with the other guests at the little piazza door, precisely at eleven. The matronly ladies, always amused, sometimes a little annoyed and scandalized at Sin Saxon's escapades, asked her, one and another, at different times, what it was all to be, and if she really thought she had better, and among themselves expressed tolerably grave doubts about proprieties, and wished Madam Routh would return. The vague mystery and excitement of the howl kept all the house gently agog for this Tuesday and Wednesday intervening. Sin Saxon gave out odd hints here and there in confidence.

It was to be a "spread"; and the "grub" (Sin was a boarding-school girl, you know, and had brothers in college) was to be all stolen. There was an uncommon clearance of cakes and doughnuts, and pie and cheese, from each meal, at this time. Cup-custards, even, disappeared, — cups and all. A cold supper, laid at nine on Wednesday evening, for some expected travellers, turned out a more meagre provision on the arrival of the guests than the good host of the Giant's Cairn had ever been known to make. At bedtime Sin Saxon presented herself in Miss Craydocke's room.

"There's something heavy on my conscience," she said, with a disquiet air. "I'm really worried; and it's too late to help it now."

Miss Craydocke looked at her with a kind anxiety. "It's never too late to *try* to help a mistake. And *you*, Miss Saxon, — you can always do what you choose."

She was afraid for her, — the good lady, — that her heedlessness might compromise herself and others in some untoward scrape. She did n't like these rumors of the howl, — the last thing she thought of being her own rest and comfort, which were to be purposely invaded.

"I've let the chance go by," said Sin Saxon desperately. "It's of no use now." And she rocked herself back and forth in the Shaker chair, of which she had taken possession.

"My dear," said Miss Craydocke, "if you would only explain to me, — perhaps —"

"You *might!*" cried Sin, jumping up, and making a rush at the good woman, seizing her by both hands. "They'd never suspect you. It's that cold roast chicken in the pantry. I *can't* get over it, that I did n't take that!"

Sin was incorrigible. Miss Craydocke shook her head, taking care to turn it aside at the same moment; for she felt her lips twitch and her eyes twinkle, in spite of herself.

"I won't take this till the time comes," said Sin, laying her hand on the back of the Shaker chair. "But it's confiscated for to-morrow night, and I shall come for it. And, Miss Craydocke, if you *do* manage about the chicken, — I hate to trouble you to go down stairs, but I dare say you want matches,

or a drink of water, or something, and another time I'll wait upon you with pleasure,—here 's the door,—made for the emergency,—and I on the other side of it dissolved in tears of gratitude !”

And so, for the time, Sin Saxon disappeared.

The next afternoon, Jimmy Wigley brought a big basket of raspberries to the little piazza door. A pitcher of cream vanished from the tea-table just before the gong was struck. Nobody supposed the cat had got it. The people of the house understood pretty well what was going on, and who was at the bottom of it all ; but Madam Routh's party was large, and the life of the place ; they would wink hard and long before complaining at anything that might be done in the west wing.

Sin Saxon opened her door upon Miss Craydocke when she was dressed for the German, and about to go down stairs. “I 'll trust you,” she said, “about the rocking-chair. You 'll want it, perhaps, till bedtime, and then you 'll just put it in here. I should n't like to disturb you by coming for it late. And please step in a minute now, won't you ?”

She took her through into the boudoir. There lay the “spread” upon a long table, contrived by the contribution of one ordinary little one from each sleeping-chamber, and covered by a pair of clean sheets, which swept the floor along the sides. About it were ranged chairs. Two pyramids of candles, built up ingeniously by the grouping of bedroom tins upon hidden supports, vine-sprays and mosses serving gracefully for concealment and decoration, stood, one on each side, half-way between the ends and centre. Cake-plates were garnished with wreathed oak-leaves, and in the midst a great white Indian basket held the red, piled-up berries, fresh and fragrant.

“That 's the little bit of righteousness to save the city. That 's paid for,” said Sin Saxon. “Jimmy Wigley 's gone home with more scrip than he ever got at once before ; and if your chicken-heartedness had n't taken the wrong direction, Miss Craydocke, I should be perfectly at ease in my mind.”

“It 's very pretty,” said Miss Craydocke ; “but do you think Madam Routh would quite approve ? And why could n't you have had it openly in the dining-room ? And what do you call it a ‘howl’ for ?” Miss Craydocke's questions came softly and hesitatingly, as her doubts came. The little festival was charming—but for the way and place.

“O Miss Craydocke ! Well, you 're not wicked, and you can't be supposed to know ; but you must take my word for it, that, if it was tamed down, the game would n't be worth the candle. And the howl ? You just wait and see !”

The invited guests were told to come to the little piazza door. The girls asked all their partners in the German, and the matronly ladies were asked, as a good many respectable people are civilly invited where their declining is counted upon. Leslie Goldthwaite, and the Haddens, and Mrs. Linceford, and the Thoresbys were all asked, and might come if they chose. Their stay would be another matter. And so the evening and the German went on.

Till eleven, when they broke up ; and the entertainers in a body rushed merrily and noisily along the passages to Number Thirteen, West Wing,

rousing from their first naps many quietly disposed, delicate people, who kept early hours, and a few babies whose nurses and mammas would bear them anything but gratefully in mind through the midnight hours to come.

They gained two minutes, perhaps, upon their guests, who had, some of them, to look up wraps, and to come round by the front hall and piazzas. In these two minutes, by Sin Saxon's order, they seated themselves comfortably at table. They had plenty of room; but they spread their robes gracefully, — they had all dressed in their very prettiest to-night, — and they quite filled up the space. Bright colors, and soft, rich textures floating and mingling together, were like a rainbow encircling the feast. The candles had been touched with kerosene, and matches lay ready. The lighting-up had been done in an instant. And then Sin Saxon went to the door, and drew back the chintz curtains from across the upper half, which was of glass. A group of the guests, young men, were already there, beneath the elms outside. But how should she see them, looking from the bright light into the tree-shadows? She went quietly back, and took her place at the head, leaving the door fast bolted.

There came a knock. Sin Saxon took no heed, but smilingly addressed herself to offering dainties right and left. Some of the girls stared, and one or two half rose to go and give admittance.

"Keep your seats," said Sin, in her most ladylike way and tone, with the unchanged smile upon her face. "*That's the howl!*"

They began to perceive the joke outside. They began to knock vociferously. They took up their cue with a readiness, and made plenty of noise; not doubting, as yet, that they should be admitted at last. Some of the ladies came round, gave a glance, saw how things were going, and retreated; — except a few, parties from other houses, who had escorts among the gentlemen, and who waited a little to see how the frolic would end, or at least to reclaim their attendants.

Well, it was very unpardonable, — outrageous, the scandalized neighbors were beginning already to say in their rooms. Even Sin Saxon had a little excitement in her eye beyond the fun, as she still maintained the most graceful order within, and the exchange of courtesies went on around the board, and the tumult increased without. They tree-toaded, they cat-called, they shouted, they cheered, they howled, they even hissed. Sin Saxon sat motionless an instant when it came to that, and gave a glance toward the lights. A word from her would put them out, and end the whole. She held her *coup* in reserve, however, knowing her resource, and sat, as it were, with her finger on the spring, determined to carry through coolly what she had begun.

Dakie Thayne had gone away with the Linceford party when they crossed to the Green Cottage. Afterward, he came out again and stood in the open road. Some ladies, boarders at Blashford's, up above, came slowly away from the uproar, homeward. One or two young men detached themselves from the group on the piazza, and followed to see them safe, as it belonged to them to do. The rest sat themselves down, at this moment, upon the steps and platform, and struck up, with one accord, "We won't go home till morning." In the midst of this, a part broke off and took up, discordantly,

the refrain, "Polly put the kettle on, we 'll all have tea"; others complicated the confusion further with "Cruel, cruel, Polly Hopkins, treat me so — oh! treat me so!" Till they fell, at last, into an indistinguishable jumble and clamor, from which extricated themselves now and again, and prevailed, the choruses of "Upidee," and "Bum-bum-bye," with an occasional drum-beat of emphasis given upon the door.

"Don't go back there, James," Dakie Thayne heard a voice from the retiring party say as they passed him, — "it 's disgraceful!"

"The house won't hold Sin Saxon after this," said another. "They were out in the upper hall, half a dozen of them, just now, ringing their bells and calling for Mr. Biscombe."

"The poor man don't know who to side with. He don't want to lose the whole west wing. After all, there must be young people in the house, and if it were n't one thing it would be another. It's only a few fidgets that complain. They 'll hush up and go off presently, and the whole thing will be a joke over the breakfast-table to-morrow morning, after everybody 's had a little sleep."

The singing died partially away, just then, and some growling, less noisy, but more in earnest, began.

"They don't *mean* to let us in! I say, this is getting rather rough!"

"It 's only to smash a pane of glass above the bolt, and let ourselves in. Why should n't we? We're invited." The latent mob-element was very near developing itself in these young gentlemen, high-bred, but irate.

At this moment, a wagon came whirling down the road around the ledges. Dakie Thayne caught sight of the two white leaders, recognized them, and flew across to the hotel. "Stop!" cried he. At the same instant a figure moved hastily away from behind Miss Craydocke's blinds. It was a mercy the wagon had driven around to the front hall door.

A mercy in one way; but the misfortune was that the supper-party within knew nothing of it. A musical, lady-like laugh, quite in contrast to the demonstrative utterances outside, had just broken forth, in response to one of Sin Saxon's brightest speeches, when through the adjoining apartment came suddenly upon them the unlooked-for apparition of "the spinster." Miss Craydocke went straight across to the beleaguered door, drew the bolt, and threw it back. "Gently, young gentlemen! Draw up the piazza chairs, if you please, and sit down," said she. "Mr. Lowe, Mr. Brookhouse, here are plates; will you be kind enough to serve your friends?"

In three minutes she had filled and passed outward half a dozen saucers of fruit, and sent a basket of cake among them. Then she drew a seat for herself, and began to eat raspberries. It was all done so quickly — they were so entirely taken by surprise — that nobody, inside or out, gainsaid or delayed her by a word.

It was hardly done when a knock sounded at the door upon the passage. "Young ladies!" a voice called, — Madam Routh's.

She and her friends had driven down from the Notch by sunset and moonlight. Nobody had said anything to her of the disturbance when she came in; her arrival had rather stopped the complaints that had begun; for people

are not malignant, after all, as a general thing, and there is a curious propensity in human nature which cools off indignation even at the greatest crimes, just as the culprit is likely to suffer. We are apt to check the foot just as we might have planted it upon the noxious creature, and to let off great state criminals on parole. Madam Routh had seen the bright light and the gathering about the west wing. She had caught some sounds of the commotion. She made her way at once to look after her charge.

Sin Saxon was not a pupil now, and there was no condign punishment actually to fear; but her heart stood still a second, for all that, and she realized that she had been on the verge of an "awful scrape." It was bad enough now, as Madam Routh stood there, gravely silent. She could not approve. She was amazed to see Miss Craydocke present, countenancing and matronizing. But Miss Craydocke *was* present, and it altered the whole face of affairs. Her eye took in, too, the modification of the room, — quite an elegant little private parlor as it had been made. The young men were gathered decorously about the doorway and upon the platform, one or two only politely assisting within. They had taken this cue as readily as the other; indeed, they were by no means aware that this was not the issue intended from the beginning, long as the joke had been allowed to go on; and their good-humor and courtesy had been instantly restored. Miss Craydocke, by one master-stroke of generous presence of mind, had achieved an instantaneous change in the position, and given an absolutely new complexion to the performance.

"It is late, young ladies," was all Madam Routh's remark at length.

"They gave up their German early on purpose; it was a little surprise they planned," Miss Craydocke said, as she moved to meet her.

And then Madame Routh, with wise, considerate dignity, took *her* cue. She even came forward to the table and accepted a little fruit; stayed five minutes, perhaps, and then, without a spoken word, her movement to go broke up, with unmistakable intent, the party. Fifteen minutes after, all was quiet in the west wing.

But Sin Saxon, when the doors closed at either hand, and the girls alone were left around the fragments of their feast, rushed impetuously across toward Miss Craydocke, and went down beside her on her knees.

"O you dear, magnificent old Christian!" she cried out, and laid her head down on her lap, with little sobs, half laughter and half tears.

"There, there!" — and Miss Craydocke softly patted her golden hair, and spoke as she would soothe a fretted and excited child.

Next morning, at breakfast, Sin Saxon was as beautifully ruffled, ratted, and crimped, — as gay, as bewitching, and defiant as ever, — seated next Madam Routh, assiduously devoted to her in the little attentions of the meal, in high spirits and favor; even saucily alluding, across the table, to "*our* howl, Miss Craydocke!"

Public opinion was carried by storm; the benison of sleep had laid wrath. Nobody knew that, an hour before, she had been in Madam Routh's room, making a clean breast of the whole transaction, and disclosing the truth of Miss Craydocke's magnanimous and tactful interposition, confessing that



without this she had been at her wits' ends how to put a stop to it, and promising, like a sorry child, to behave better, and never do so any more.

Two hours later she came meekly to Miss Craydocke's room, where the "bee" was gathered, — for mere companionship to-day, with chess and fancy-work, — her flourishes all laid aside, her very hair brushed close to her pretty head, and a plain gingham dress on.

"Miss Craydocke!" she said, with an air she could not divest of a little comicality, but with an earnestness behind it shining through her eyes, "I'm good; I'm converted. I want some tow-cloth to sew on immediately." And she sat down, folding her hands, waiting.

Miss Craydocke laughed. "I don't know. I'm afraid I have n't anything to be done just now, unless I cut out some very coarse, heavy homespun."

"I'd be glad if you would. Beggars must n't be choosers; but if they might, I should say it was the very thing. Sackcloth, you know; and then, perhaps, the ashes might be excused. I'm in solemn earnest, though. I'm reformed. You've done it; and you," she added, turning round short on Leslie Goldthwaite, — "you've been at it a long time, *unbeknownst* to yourself; and you, ma'am, — you finished it last night. It's been like the casting out of the devils in Scripture. They always give a howl, you know, and go out of 'em!"

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."

THE RABBITS AND THE FOXES.

ON a wild, exposed promontory, jutting out into the sea, round which the wild waves roared and foamed, was a rabbit warren. Hundreds of these pretty gray animals, with their odd white tails and sleek skins, had made their burrows there.

They were very happy rabbits, on the whole, getting plenty of grass and roots to eat (I am afraid they sometimes went into the neighboring turnip-field, where they had no right to go); but every now and then the man to whom the warren belonged would come with some other men, and the whole day their guns went bang! bang! bang! and numbers of the rabbits were killed; for the man sold their skins to the furrier, to make muffs and tippets and cuffs to keep people warm. And then it was with the rabbits as it is with men after nations have been fighting against each other. One had lost a mother, a mother her child, a wife a husband; and for a time they were very sad. But rabbits are thoughtless creatures; and these soon forgot their friends, and went playing hide-and-seek in and out of their holes, and behind the sand-hills, just as if there was no such thing as a gun in the world.

The rabbits had other enemies than the men and the guns, and these were the foxes. In a hole on the side of a gorse-covered hill lived two old foxes and their cubs, as young foxes are called. Now foxes, like other folk, must eat; and it happens that what they like best they can only obtain by stealing. But, after all, foxes do not know that it is wrong to steal, so we must not be too hard on them.

Foxes are particularly fond of ducks and geese, to which they cannot possibly assert any right, being domestic animals; but rabbits are also great favorites of theirs, and to these they seem to have more claim, as, being wild, they cannot belong to any one, any more than the foxes whom nobody claims. It happened that one of the young foxes, who dwelt on the side of the furze-covered hill, had been very ill, and the cause was this: being very young, too young, indeed, to seek his own food, his teeth were small, and not sufficiently strong to crack a bone. But, though young, he was greedy, and, his father bringing home a nice fat duck, he seized a leg; but alas for him! he was unable to manage it, and the bone stuck in his throat. For some time his family despaired of his life, but at the time our story commences he was slowly recovering.

"Ah! father," said Bushytail, in a desponding tone, "I'm so hungry!"

"Delighted to hear it," replied the father. "What have you got in the house, Mrs. Fox?"

"Nothing," replied the mother, dejectedly.

"Nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Fox. "Why, what have you done with that goose I brought-home only yesterday?"

"It's all gone. Reinecke and Slyboots were out on the hill all the morning, and came home so hungry! But why have you brought home

nothing? You have been out all day. I made sure you would at least bring home a rabbit."

"I've been out hunting," said the fox, pompously.

"Of course," replied his wife, "but why did you not bring something home?"

"I've been hunting horses and men and dogs," said the fox, with a lofty air; "but I was hardly in condition, and so they escaped from my pursuit."

The young foxes looked up admiringly; but the wife sighed, for she knew her husband was not speaking the truth, and that, so far from his having been hunting the dogs and horses, he had himself been hunted, and had had a narrow escape. Indeed, had it not been for the night closing in, he would never have returned home to his family, but been torn in pieces by the dogs, and his tail—his handsome-bushy tail—cut off, and hung up as a trophy in the Squire's hall.

"I'm so hungry!" sighed Bushytail again. "I fancy I could pick just a little bit of rabbit, — a nice, tender young one."

"You shall have one, my son," replied the father. "As soon as the night is quite closed in, I will start for the warren."

In a little while the father set off, and in about an hour returned, with a charming little rabbit swung over his back, of which not only Bushytail but the rest of the family partook, and pronounced delicious. The next night the fox went to the warren and again brought back a rabbit; and so on for many nights; for he was, in spite of his other faults, a kind father, and did not care what trouble he took to provide for his children.

But as the young foxes grew, they required more to eat, so the father and mother went together, and each brought home a rabbit. At last, so many of the rabbits had lost some one from their families, that they determined to find out the murderer, and put a stop to his thefts; so they set a watch, and soon found out that it was the foxes. But what they were to do by way of punishment they knew not. In their dilemma, they thought of the man and the gun who came and banged away at them.

"If he would only give them a good fright. We don't wish to kill them," said the rabbits.

So they sent a deputation to the man who owned the gun, begging him to frighten away the foxes.

The man promised all they asked; and they went away quite satisfied with their success, and said to each other, that, after all, the man was not so very badly disposed towards them, for he was going to protect them from the foxes. However, it was from no love of the rabbits that the man had determined to wage war against Reynard, but because he feared he should lose a great many skins.

The very same night, the man went down to the warren, and, having found the track the fox had made, set a noose or snare, that he might become entangled in it.

That evening, Mr. Fox having hurt his foot in trying to get into a hen-roost, his wife was obliged to go by herself. As she came near the warren,

she thought she heard a noise ; so she turned down and got over the hedge at some distance from her usual place, and thus for a time she escaped the snare.

“ I am alone,” said Mrs. Fox, “ to-night ; and if I only take home a little rabbit, the children will not have enough for supper. I ’ll try and get a good fat one.” She managed to catch a fine plump one ; and, throwing it over her shoulder, she turned homeward. “ I may as well go the shortest way,” said Mrs. Fox : “ this rabbit is a heavy load.” So saying, she took the old track, and only discovered her error when it was too late to retreat. She was caught, owing in a great measure to her heavy load, which helped to entangle her more and more, in her struggles to get free. The man, hearing the scuffle, came up, and soon killed poor Mrs. Fox.

The warren-keeper buried Mrs. Fox close by, and set a noose on her grave ; for he said to himself, “ She has doubtless relations, who will come to look after her and my rabbits, and I may catch them too.”

Mr. Fox and Reinecke and Bushytail and Slyboots sat waiting and listening ; but no mother nor any supper made its appearance. They sighed and growled, but at last were obliged to lie down to sleep without anything to eat.

The next day passed, and, as you may guess, no Mrs. Fox appeared. She was lying so quiet under the green sod with the noose above her, waiting for those she loved best. Poor Reynard feared the worst. Such a kind, affectionate wife, so loving a mother, could hardly leave a lame husband and helpless children to starve. No ! death alone could account for her absence. Two days passed, and he and his young ones were almost perishing. Still, his foot was so bad, from the nail he had run into it, that he could hardly move ; and, had his life only been at stake, he would gladly have lain down and died.

But Reinecke, Bushytail, and Slyboots were starving. “ I will try and reach the warren,” said he. So, bidding the young ones keep heart till he returned, he sallied forth. Slow were his steps, and weary the way ; and the loss of his kind companion made him feel very sad. As he neared the gap in the wall by which he had been in the habit of entering the warren, what was it made him lift his head and snuff the air ?

He knew his wife was not far off ; and, as he entered the warren, and saw the little mound where poor Mother Fox was buried, he uttered a low whine, and lay down on it to die ! For he became entangled in the noose ; and when the warren-keeper came the next morning, he found Reynard stark and stiff, his bones nearly through his skin, and the hair quite worn away where he had slung the stolen rabbits. And the young foxes ? What became of them ? I really don’t know what became of Bushytail and Reinecke, but some day, perhaps, I will tell you the history of Slyboots, which I happen to know.

Charlotte Kingsley Chanter.



THE VETERAN EAGLE.

A FRIEND of mine, lately returned from the West, spent nearly the whole of his first visit to us in telling about the Wisconsin Eagle. Among all the novelties of his journey, nothing had apparently interested him so much as this bird; and if you young folks are half as much pleased as I was with the story, and the thoughts to which it gave rise, it will have been quite worth while for me to record them for your benefit.

You will see that I call the hero of my story a Veteran Eagle; but you must not on that account imagine him an old, decrepit bird, with drooping wings, subdued spirits, and an eye dimmed by age; for, on the contrary, he is still active, keen-sighted, and young, — as much the king of birds as ever. In fact, he is no more and no less a veteran than all our brave young officers and privates, who, though mere boys, have won the title of veterans by the experience they have had, and the service they have done in camps and on battle-fields; for you must know that the Wisconsin Eagle is a soldier, has served three years, been in fifteen battles, and done good service to his

country. But in telling you his story I must begin at the beginning, and omit no circumstance of his origin, birthplace, enlistment in the army, rank, equipment, &c. And this I am the better able to do, because, since I have been writing this account, a lady who learned my purpose has sent me a pamphlet containing a veritable history of this bird, which was circulated at the Chicago Fair, — an authority by which I shall verify or correct my facts, and from which I shall perhaps occasionally quote.*

He belonged to the Bald-Head, or more correctly the White-Headed family, a species who in some respects are all young veterans, inasmuch as, at three or four years old, their head-feathers, which were originally brown, have become snowy white, giving them a dignified and venerable appearance. Their other name of Bald-Head is derived from a spot between the beak and eyes, which is almost wholly destitute of feathers, so that the Bald Eagle, which is the emblem of America, assumes in his youth the honors which belong to a bald head and a hoary crown, although one would think he might afford to wait longer for them, as the eagle is a very long-lived bird, instances having been known of his living to be a hundred years old.

And so with the country of which the Bald-Head is the representative. Although America is a young nation, she has had so much experience, and has progressed so much faster than the nations of the Old World, that, if she could see herself in the mirror of history, she would appear with a fresh, ruddy face, and a strong frame, but a little wrinkled and bald about the temples, and with hair which care and anxiety have turned prematurely gray. But long life to her, and a high place among the nations! and if she too has become a veteran in her youth, may it be with her as with our eagle, — only the courage, strength, and wisdom which she has acquired on her many hard-fought fields that entitle her to the name.

But I must not fly away from my bird and his story. They are a fish-eating family by nature, these Bald-Heads, so it is not strange that many of their race should have taken up their abode in the neighborhood of our great lakes, where fish are abundant, and that our eaglet should have first seen the light somewhere in the region of Lake Superior. Here, when quite young, he was taken from the nest in Chippeway County, by a Chippeway Indian, in the month of July, 1861, and was sold to a farmer near by for a bushel of corn. This new owner says, that during the few weeks he kept the eagle he grew very fast and saucy, and that, whilst watching his belligerent freaks among his other domestic animals, the idea one day "struck him like a brick" that his eagle should go to the war. Acting on this idea, he took him to Eau Claire, and offered him for sale to Company C of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers.

This new companion in arms was not accepted without due consideration. His merits were well weighed. His eyes, claws, muscles, voice, all underwent examination; but the debate ended in his favor, and the new recruit, having thus passed muster, was finally purchased by a citizen of Eau Claire,

* "History of Old Abe, the Live War Eagle," by Joseph C. Barret.

and presented to the company, who received him with acclamations, and installed him in his place.

This place was one of no little honor, being next in rank to that of the regimental flag. Indeed, during the three years that followed, — that is, to the end of the war, — it came to take precedence of the flag itself; for the eagle is our national emblem; and, with all honor to the tri-colored flag, the regiment soon came to look upon their eagle as a more perfect representative yet of everything for which they were fighting. So the royal bird became in some sense their leader; and I think it not improbable that “Rally round the Eagle, boys!” was one of their battle-cries.

Wherever Company C went, they were sure to be cheered and welcomed with peculiar enthusiasm. By the time they arrived at Madison, on their way to active service, the novel character of their presiding genius had excited universal interest, and already they and their eagle enjoyed a notoriety for which, thus far, the brave fellows were indebted to the eagle, rather than the eagle to them. That he was in full sympathy with his comrades and the cause in which they were engaged was evident from the beginning. When Company C, or the Eau Claire Badgers, as they were then called, marched into Camp Randall, where the Seventh and part of the Eighth Wisconsin regiments were already assembled, they and their eagle were received with an outburst of cheers; and the men, running to the entrance of the camp, defiled right and left while they passed in, the musicians playing Yankee Doodle. The eagle, who had hitherto looked on with majestic gravity, at this moment seemed inspired with the common enthusiasm, and, seizing in his beak one of the little flags attached to his perch, he spread and flapped his wings, and continued these demonstrations until borne to the Colonel's quarters. It was a singular fact that he was always, during his continuance in the service, similarly affected by any cheering on the part of his own regiment, but quite indifferent to it when proceeding from other troops in his vicinity.

It was no wonder that the soldiers were proud of their eagle, and believed in him as a bird of good omen. The Eau Claire Badgers henceforward voted themselves the Eau Claire Eagles, and the Eighth Wisconsin was soon known everywhere as the Eagle Regiment.

While at Madison, the eagle was honored by thousands of visitors of high and low degree. One of the officers had by this time bestowed on him the name of Old Abe, — a name dear to the country, and which well becomes the gallant veteran. He had also been sworn into the United States service, — a ceremony which consisted in putting around his neck ribbons of red, white, and blue, and decorating his breast with a rosette of the same colors. Being now a national bird, he was furnished at State expense with a new perch, consisting of a shaft about five feet long, surmounted by a shield in the form of a heart, on which the stars and stripes were painted, and above it a cross-piece on which the eagle sat. This perch, which was used throughout the war, and is worn and battered by service, is still preserved by the State as an army relic.

An eagle-bearer was regularly appointed, whose duty it was to superin-

tend and care for the bird, and carry him at the head of the company. This duty devolved on several of the boys in succession, and was one always eagerly sought and claimed. Company C was also the regimental color-company; and when the regiment formed in line the eagle was always on the left of the color-bearer. He shared all the battles of the regiment, and was exposed to all their perils; and yet not only did he escape all injury, but not a color-bearer or eagle-bearer of the regiment—though both conspicuous marks—was ever shot down. Once or twice Old Abe was grazed by a bullet, or had a few tail-feathers shot away; but not a drop of his blood was ever shed in any engagement, and the soldiers were almost justified in the belief that he had a charmed life.

He was not foolhardy, however. I have it on official authority, that "at the battle of Farmington, May 9th, 1862, the men, being exposed to a galling fire, were ordered to lie down. The instant they did so, it was impossible to keep him on his perch. He insisted on being protected as well as they, and, when liberated, flattened himself on the ground, and there remained until the men arose, when with outspread wings he resumed his place of peril, and held it to the close of the contest."

His courage, moreover, was as undoubted as his intelligence, and he was every inch a soldier. The colonel of the regiment testifies that "upon parade, after he had been a year in the service, he always gave heed to '*Attention!*' With his head obliquely to the front, his right eye directly turned upon the parade-commander, he would listen and obey orders, noting time accurately. After parade had been dismissed and the ranks were being closed by the sergeants, he would lay aside his soldierly manner, flap his wings, and make himself generally at home."

When the regiment was forming for battle, he and the colors were first upon the line. At such times he always seemed anxious and uneasy, and only assumed composure when they faced and were ready to march to the combat. But it was amid the smoke of battle that he was to be seen in his true glory. Then, with his pinions spread, he would jump up and down on his perch, and as the artillery volleyed forth its thunder he would mingle his voice with it in wild and fearful screams.*

Of course his enthusiasm inspired the whole brigade, who believed that he sounded the trump of victory, and who vowed that he should never be captured by the enemy. The bird who proved such an inspiration to the soldiers would naturally be greatly exposed to Rebel sharpshooters. At the battle of Corinth, the Rebel General Price, having discovered him, ordered

* Those of you who are familiar with Roman history will remember that the Emperors of Rome always had the figure of an eagle in silver or gilt borne aloft before their armies, and that their success in conquering neighboring nations was so great that victory was always said to follow wherever the Roman eagles led the way. But I think nothing could have been so emblematic of our war, and of the hopes that hung upon the contest, as a live eagle carried aloft as a regimental banner, and always reminding our soldiers that the hopes, the freedom, and the very life of this and future generations hung upon our success. The sight of the old flag waving above the fight gave strength and courage to our boys on many a gallant field; but their blood must have caught new fire, and their lips echoed the shout afresh, when they saw the living type of American liberty flapping his wings with zeal, and heard his shrill battle-cry triumphing above the fight.

his men to be sure and take him, if they could not kill him; adding, that he would rather get that bird than the entire brigade.

It would be too long a story were I to undertake to tell you all the journeyings, perils, battles, and sieges to which our eagle accompanied, or rather led, the Eighth Wisconsin. "Where," says Mr. Barret, in his history of our bird, "did the Eagles *not* go in the Mississippi Valley?" They endured the dangers and toils of the Red River expedition; they stormed at Vicksburg; New Madrid and Island No. 10 were inscribed on their banners; nearly half their original number had found soldier's graves; but it was their boast that their eagle never lost a battle. It is their glory now, that by heroism such as theirs the country itself is saved.

You may well believe, that, when at last their perils were over and their work well done, the Wisconsin Eagles had a triumphant welcome home. There was a public reception in Madison, and another in Eau Claire; there were bell-rings, speeches, and salutes. Finally, the eagle, deservedly the chief object of notice to the crowd, was publicly presented to the Governor, and accepted on behalf of the State.

Thus the pet and pride of the regiment was transferred to civil authority, with an assurance from the Governor that he should be well and carefully provided for, and as safely kept as possible, as long as he lived.

He is supported now at the public expense, in a residence appropriated to him, near the State Armory. Like any other honored veteran, he is always brought out and paraded on occasion of every public military exercise or review, and is sure to excite attention and enthusiasm. I am told that, even in his quiet home at Madison, this brave bird is much excited by the report of fire-arms, flapping his wings, shrieking, and otherwise manifesting his familiarity with their use.

When in the service, and subjected to the necessities of camp life, he had a soldierly indifference with regard to his diet, and, like many another chivalrous youth of good birth and breeding, was satisfied with the poorest fare. For some time he lived very contentedly upon rats, until finally he was bitten by one of these vermin, after which he would never accept any of the species as an article of food. Since returning to private life, he shows more aristocratic preferences, and, I am sorry to say, is a dainty fellow. Perhaps he thinks himself deserving of some compensation for his hardships, or is keeping up a perpetual thanksgiving for the country's deliverance. At all events, his taste for delicate food is unmistakable, and, a grateful country being disposed to pamper him, he is fed chiefly upon live chickens.

I trust the majority of our soldiers do not claim similar compensation, and that the present scarcity of poultry is not owing to this cause. I would rather believe that our boys have had a wholesome discipline in hardships, and are more than satisfied with plain living and home fare, be it ever so homely; but we are an extravagant people by nature and habit, and I am afraid have all a lurking desire for chicken and tidbits, when they are to be had.

However the case may be in the matter of diet, I was, while listening to

the story of this bird, constantly detecting a similarity between his traits of character and those of the nation of which he is a worthy representative and type. For instance, Old Abe knows his keeper, and is gratefully attached to him, but is reserved towards strangers, sometimes even showing fight when they presume to take liberties with him, or trifle with his dignity. Thus, when he is disturbed from any cause, this keeper may stroke his ruffled feathers and soothe him by the process, but woe to any foreign or unfriendly hand that ventures to interfere. So I need hardly remind even the youngest among you how, in our time of war and difficulty, the American nation refused to be stroked into good-nature or submission by the rough hand of John Bull, or the dainty one of his Fretch neighbor, that plausible Johnny Crapaud, but how peaceably the people bent their neck to the mild paternal hand of our good President Lincoln, the keeper and ruler whom we had tried and knew we could trust.

It is a fine trait of this Wisconsin Eagle, true bird of America, that he knows and loves every soldier who has fought in the great cause. I am told that he always flaps his wings at sight of a federal uniform, and claims the wearer for a friend; and long may it be before America forgets any of the loyal sons who have done her such good service, or fails to recognize their claims to her gratitude!

Nor did our eagle serve the country in the camp and the field alone. He has been an aid to the sick and the wounded, and as the men, women, and children of the nation exerted themselves heart and hand to furnish and provide for our hospitals, and keep the Sanitary Commission in funds, so this benevolent bird had hardly returned from the duties of his last campaign before he might be found engaged in earning money for the great Chicago Fair, adding no less than twenty thousand dollars to the profits of this charitable enterprise. This sum was realized partly by exhibiting himself to the crowd of visitors who were eager to make his acquaintance, and partly by the extensive sale of his photograph. The latter object was mainly accomplished through a sort of military organization, — boys and girls all over the land being invited to act as agents for obtaining purchasers, and printed commissions as officers in the Army of the American Eagle being served to all who had obtained a certain number of subscribers for the picture, — their military rank being proportioned to their success as salesmen. I have by me now a paper which commissions a boy of my neighborhood as a first lieutenant, and I dare say there are among the readers of the *Young Folks* officers of various grades to whom Old Abe and his portrait are no strangers.

Mr. Barnum of New York, who has an eye, you know, for natural curiosities and celebrities of every kind, has been very anxious to obtain possession of this eagle for the American Museum, and offered for his purchase as large a sum of money as had been raised through his means at the Chicago Fair; but you may well believe the Wisconsin people proudly refused his offer. As if they would part with such a trophy, or as if a price could be set on the Bird of Liberty! Why, even the stray feathers that he chances to shed are treasured up and prized; and my friend, who told us most of this story, is as proud

of his good fortune in possessing one quill and a few little brush feathers, as you or I should be of a bit of the wood of the good ship Cumberland, or a few hairs of the black horse that carried Sheridan on his famous ride.

In case you should like to know something of the personal appearance of Old Abe, I must not omit to tell you that he is a huge fellow, measuring six feet and a half from tip to tip of his spread wings, and his weight is ten and a half pounds. As I have mentioned before, he has a beautiful fringe of white feathers on his head and neck; his tail also is white, spotted with black; but the rest of his plumage is a fine chocolate, with a golden tinge. His legs are bright yellow, his talons black and hooked, and his eye—O, but you must see an eagle's eye to know its piercing power! And perhaps you may have a chance, for there is a whisper in the air, hinting that at no distant day our feathered hero will make the tour of the New England States. In that case, we may all have an opportunity to pay our respects to him; and if my introduction of this national bird to your acquaintance has given him a title to your regard, I think you will all be as ready as I am to take off your hats to the veteran,—perhaps even to swing them in the air, and unite in giving three cheers for the Wisconsin Eagle.

Maria S. Cummins.



AMONG THE STUDIOS.

V.

ONE morning several years ago, as we stood at the window of an old farm-house in New England, looking out through a tangle of withered honeysuckle-vines on "the happy autumn fields," we grew half sorrowful to think how soon the color would fade out of the rich landscape, and wished that this one view, at least, might be saved from the cold touch of winter, and even the sunny touch of spring. There is a splendor in our New England autumn which makes the other seasons seem tame. Spring is a fresh, sparkling lyric, of which summer is the more sober ending; but autumn is the true poem of the year, and fitly closes the volume; for after that are blank, white pages.

Some such thought as this was in our mind as we leaned on the window-sill that October morning. "Now if a good magician would come along," we said to ourself, "and put Nature to sleep in her beauty, and keep her just so lovely and unchanged for a hundred years, like the Princess in the fairy story, how charming it would be to come to this one window, at all times of the year, and look out on the dreamy autumn! The hail might rattle against the other windows of the old house, the honeysuckles might climb up and press their rosy faces against the panes,—but not here! Here are perpetual rest, and beauty, and majesty, and tenderness inexpressible."

It seemed an extravagant sort of wish ; but

“ When Fancy makes a feast,
It costs no more to have it fine.”

We did n't dream then that our wish would ever be realized ; yet, truly enough, and in a way that does n't seem like a miracle at all, our desire is fulfilled.

On the western wall of the room in which we are writing is a frame, — call it a window, if you will, — through which we can look on “ the happy autumn fields ” to our heart's content. Day or night, summer or winter, the view never changes. In the fall of the year, when every wind is robbing the foliage outside of its gay beauty, we smile very complacently to ourself, thinking that *our* trees do not shed so much as the tiniest red leaf. The snow may lie in great drifts all over New England ; but there is a bit of New England, to be seen through our western window, on which the snow never falls. Farmer Jones looks with a troubled eye across his wheat-fields, and weighs the probable consequences of the blight which threatens them ; we have no such anxieties on our own account ; nor does the high price of hay affect us in connection with the solitary cow that grazes so indefatigably over yonder in the meadow. The twisted thread of water, glimmering in the distance among the purple hills, was never known to freeze over ; nor does that bird, poised with stretched wing in the cool, sunny sky, make the slightest progress in his southward journey across the brilliant woodland, every patch of which shows more colors than were in Joseph's coat. Nothing changes.

It seems a real window to us, — this modest black-walnut frame. We have several such in our snugery, — some of them looking out on the busy streets of cities in the Old World, and others,

“ Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.”

But the pleasantest scene, to our thinking, and the one to which we turn oftenest, is the autumnal landscape by Jervis McEntee.

We wish we could let the reader peep over our shoulder, and catch a glimpse of this exquisite little idyl in colors. It is so pure and delicate, so like the prismatic tracery of the frost on the window-glass, that we scarcely dare to breathe upon it. A copy of the picture in black and white would by no means do it justice ; and in presenting our young folks with a specimen of Mr. McEntee's art, we have been forced to select something more easily reproduced. We are quite sure that the engraving on the next page, “ The Flight of the Birds,” will make the reader willing to hear as much as we are permitted to tell concerning the artist.

Jervis McEntee was born at Rondout, one of the most picturesque villages on the Hudson River. Though he passes the winters in the city of New York, Rondout may still be called his residence, for there he has a fine studio, most romantically situated, and there he works from early spring-time until late in the autumn. The beauties of the neighboring scenery are inexhaustible ; and he appreciates them with the eye of a lover and an artist.



A man's pursuit in life is often shaped by what seems the merest accident. A volume left by chance on a window-seat first awoke the heart of one of England's greatest poets. Under any circumstances, the boy would have become a poet; yet it is interesting to notice how trifles sometimes teach a man the bent of his mind. The incident which fostered a love of art in our friend, when he was but a child, has been told to us so pleasantly by the artist that we cannot do better than to remember his own words.

"When I was very young, there came to this village, then a quiet and secluded place, Henry Pickering, a son of Colonel Timothy Pickering, of Revolutionary note. He had been rich, but in some way had lost his fortune, and, being a cultivated gentleman, fond of art and literature and of quiet habits, settled upon this place as his abode.

"I do not know what chance sent him to my father's house; but he came there, and wanted to live in his family. By his gentleness and the charm of his manner, he overcame my father's objections, and took up his abode with us, and continued a member of our family until just previous to his death, — a period of several years, I do not remember how many.

"He had a fine library, among which I remember Audubon's books, and these he used to show to me. He knew all the prominent artists and literary men of his time, and wrote poetry, chiefly descriptive of natural scenery and the charms of the out-of-door world. There is, I think, a biographical sketch of him in Griswold's *Poets*. He was very fond of children; and I became a favorite, accompanied him in his rambles, spending my happiest days in his society among the treasures of his room, and, I dare say, drew from him and his surroundings my first ideas of art. After living many years

with us, he left us to embark in business in New York. He meant to be absent only temporarily, for he left his effects behind him, and would not bid us good by. He never returned. He died soon after, and his brother came to Rondout and gathered up his books, leaving with us only the memory of the dear, delightful gentleman. I think of him now with a tender and tearful love, for I believe he directed my infant mind into a channel that perhaps but for him it would never have sought."

Surely this portrait of Mr. Pickering, hastily and vaguely drawn as it is, is enchanting, — the quiet, simple-hearted scholar, stealing away from the world with his books, to heal, perhaps, some hurt which his nature had sustained in the noisy battle of life. We trust that every reader of this page knows just such a sensitive, wise, lovable old gentleman. But we are interrupting our friend.

"I commenced to paint," he says, "like most boys, as soon as I could raise a sixpence to buy water-colors and gamboge; and since my earliest recollection I have had 'studios' in our garrets and over our carriage-houses; in such places I have spoiled a great deal of good canvas. About twelve or fifteen years ago, my father sent me to New York to spend a winter with Mr. Church, and I occupied a studio next to his in the Art-Union Building."

Two or three years later, we believe, Mr. McEntee attempted to forsake the brush and devote himself to mercantile pursuits; but, fortunately, he failed. Nature does not make a painter and then permit him, unrebuked, to throw away his gifts. Mr. McEntee returned to his art, and for several years contended with those obstacles which keep guard at the door of success in every profession. Since 1860, however, Mr. McEntee has ranked with the best American landscape-painters, adding each year to his skill and to his reputation. In 1854 he was married to a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Sawyer of New York.

Mr. McEntee's winter studio is in the Tenth-Street Building, New York, and is particularly rich in studies and sketches, chiefly of autumn scenery among the Catskills and the Adirondacks, though he has not confined his wanderings to those localities.

During the early part of the war, Mr. McEntee's regiment responded to the call for three-months men; he joined his company, as a sergeant we believe, and was subsequently promoted to a captaincy. Like his brother artist, Gifford, he can handle a musket and a pencil with equal skill. A sketch for his noble picture entitled "Virginia" was one of the results of Mr. McEntee's campaign. This painting, in the thirty-fourth annual exhibition of the New York Academy of Design, placed him permanently in the front rank of American artists. Mr. McEntee's works are not numerous; yet few painters are more industrious: he does nothing that is careless or meretricious. Each picture passes from his studio a finished work of art. We advise our young friends never to pass *his* windows without looking upon the charmed landscapes which they command.

T. B. Aldrich.

LITTLE PUSSY WILLOW.

II.



“WELL!” said the old nurse, “who would ‘a’ thought that are baby would ‘a’ slept so? — None o’ your worry-cats, she ain’t.”

You will observe from this speech that good Nurse Toothacre had not had early advantages in forming her style of conversation; in consequence of which her manner of expressing herself was not a thing to be recommended as a model for you young folks. You may have forgotten the story of Little Pussy from last month; how the three fairies, Mother Fern, and the pretty Miss Hepatica, and Pussy Willow, endowed her with certain rare gifts, such as beautiful blue eyes, a good healthy constitution, and the gift of seeing the bright side of everything.

This last gift was the greatest of all, as you will see if you think a little, because it is quite plain that it is not so much what people *have* that makes them happy, as what they think and feel about what they have. If one little girl has an old hat of her sister’s pressed over, and trimmed with some of her sister’s last year’s flowers, and likes it, and is delighted with it, she is really far better off than another

little girl whose mother has bought for her three new hats trimmed each with different fine things, and none of which suit her, so that she declares she has n’t a thing she can wear!

Little Pussy had great need to be gifted with this happy disposition, for she was not a rich woman’s daughter. Her father was a hard-working farmer, who owed about five hundred dollars on his farm; and it was his object, working day and night, to save up money enough to pay for this farm. She

had six older brothers, — great, strong, stamping boys ; and her mother was a feeble, delicate woman, who had to do all the cooking, washing, ironing, making, and mending for all these men folk, without any help from servants, — so you may believe she had small time to coddle and pet her baby. In fact, before Little Pussy Willow was four weeks old, she was lying in an old basket tied into a straw-bottomed rocking-chair, in the kitchen where her mother was busy about her work ; and all day long there she lay, with her thumb in her mouth, and her great, round blue eyes contentedly staring at the kitchen ceiling. Once in two or three hours her mother would take her up and nurse her a little, and pull her clothes down straight about her, and then Pussy would go off to sleep, and sleep an hour or two, and then wake up and stare at the kitchen ceiling as before, and sing and gurgle to herself in a quiet baby way, that was quite like the sound of the little brook behind the house.

When her father came home to his dinner, he would seize her in his great, strong, sun-browned hands, and toss her over his head, and her long-armed brothers would pass her from one to another, like a little shuttle-cock, in a way that would have alarmed many another baby ; but Pussy took it all with the utmost composure, and laughed and crowed all the more, the ruder her nursing grew.

“ I say, wife, what shall we call her ? ” said John Papa ; “ she ’s a perfect March blossom, — come just as the pussy-willows were out.”

“ Let ’s call her Pussy Willow then,” said Sam, the oldest boy ; and the rest laughed uproariously, and considered it a famous joke, — for when people work hard all day, and have a good digestion, it is not necessary that a thing should be very funny to make them laugh tremendously. In fine, whether the plant fairies secretly had a hand in it, or because brother Sam was so fond of his conceit, the fact is, that, though the baby was baptized in church by the name of Mary, she was ever afterwards called in the family “ Pussy,” and “ Pussy Willow.” Tom, the second boy, declared that her cheeks were soft and downy like the pussies, and when she was lying in her cradle, only two weeks old, he would sometimes tickle her cheeks with them to bring out that pretty baby smile which is as welcome on a little face as the first spring flower.

Pussy having a tranquil mind and a good digestion, throve very fast. The old women of the neighborhood remarked that she began to “ feel her feet ” when she was only a month old, and if anybody gave her the least chance to show off this accomplishment, she would jump up and down till one’s arms were tired of holding her ; but when her father or brother or mother was weary of this exercise, and laid her flat on her back in the cradle, Pussy did not make up a square mouth and begin to cry, as many ill-advised babies do, but put her thumb into her mouth, like a sensible little damsel, and set herself to seeing what could be found to amuse her on the top of the kitchen wall. There she saw the blue flies coursing up and down, stopping once in a while to brush themselves briskly with the little clothes-brushes which nature has put on the end of each of their legs, when suddenly they

would sweep round and round in circles, and then come down and settle on Pussy's face, and walk up and down over it, buzzing and talking with each other, first by her eyes, then by her nose, then over her forehead, as if the little face had been a flies' pleasure-garden, laid out expressly for them to amuse themselves in.

Pussy took it all in good part, though sometimes she winked very hard, and even took her thumb out of her mouth to make some blind little passes with her white baby fists doubled up, which would send the flies buzzing and careering again; but never a cry did she utter.

"Of all the good babies that ever I did see," said Nurse Toothacre, "I never see one ekil to this. Why, Marthy Primrose would n't know she had a baby in the house, if she had n't the washin' and dressin' and nussin' of her."

By and by little Pussy learned to creep on all-fours, and then she made long voyages over the clean-scoured kitchen floor, and had most beautiful times, because she could open the low cupboard doors and pull out all the things, and pick holes in all the paper parcels, and pull over pails of water, and then paddle in the clear, silver flood that coursed its way along the kitchen in little rivulets. One day she found a paper of indigo in the low closet, with which she very busily rubbed her hands and face and her apron and the floor, so that when her mother came in from hanging out clothes she did not know her own baby, but thought she was a little blue goblin, and had to take her to the wash-tub and put her in like a dirty dress to get her looking like herself again.

Now as Martha Primrose was celebrated as one of the nicest housekeepers in the country, of course she could not allow such proceedings; and as Pussy did not yet understand English, the only way she could keep her from them was to watch her and catch her away when she saw her going about any piece of mischief. In consequence, Baby's life was a perfect series of disappointments. It often seemed to her that she was stopped in everything she undertook to do. First, she would scuttle across the floor to the kitchen fireplace and fill both little hands with ashes and black coals, just to see what they were made of; and then there would be a loud outcry, and she would be made to throw them down, her apron would be shaken, and her hands washed, and the words, "No! no! naughty!" pronounced in very solemn tones over her. She would look up and laugh, and creep away, and bring up next by the dresser, where she would reach up for a pretty, nice dish of flour which she longed to pull over; and then the "No! no!" and "Naughty!" would sound again. Then Pussy would laugh again, and go into the back kitchen and begin paddling in a delightful pail of water, which was to her the dearest of all forbidden amusements, when suddenly she would be twitched up from behind, and "No! no! naughty baby!" once more sounded in her ear. Pussy heard this so much that it began to amuse her; and so, when her mother looked solemn and stern at her, she would shake her little head and look waggish, and try to imitate the "No! no!" as if it were something said for her diversion.

"You can't put her out," said Martha to her husband; "she's the best little thing; but it is wonderful the mischief she does. She just goes from one thing to another all day long."

The fact is, baby once got a pan of molasses pulled over on her head, and once fell, head first, into her mother's wash-tub, which luckily had not at the time very hot water in it; and once she pulled the tap out of her mother's cask of beer, and got herself pretty well blinded and soaked with the spurting liquid. But all these things did not disturb her serenity, and she took all the washings and dressings and scoldings that followed with such jolly good humor that the usual amusement, when her father and brothers came home, was the recital of Pussy's adventures for the day; and Pussy, sitting on her father's knee and discovering herself to be the heroine of the story, would clap her hands and crow and laugh as loud as any of them.

"She's got more laugh in her than a whole circus," said John Primrose. "I don't want no theatre nor no opera when I can have her";—and her brothers, who used to be gone whole evenings over at a neighboring tavern, gradually took to staying at home to have a romp with little Pussy. When the hay about the old house was mown, they had capital times, tumbling and rolling with little Pussy in the sweet grass, and covering her up and



letting her scratch out again, and toss the hay about in her little fat hands, enchanted to find that there was one thing that she could play with and not be called "Naughty baby!" or have "No! no!" called in her ear.

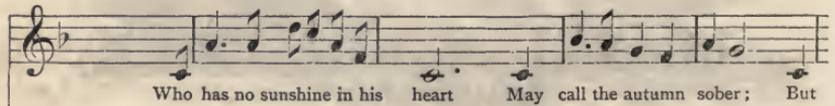
In my next I will tell you all about what little Pussy had to play with, and what she did, when she got older.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by H. M. T.



boys, with pulses leaping wild, Should love the brown Oc - to - ber. A-

long the glade and on the hill The rud - dy oaks are glowing, And

mer - ry winds are out by night, Through all the for - ests blow - ing.

The yellow moon is clear and bright,
 The silent upland lighting;
 The meadow grass is crisp and white,
 The frosts are keen and biting.
 A shining moon, a frosty sky,
 A gusty morn to follow, —
 To drive the withered leaves about,
 And heap them in the hollow.

Hurrah! the nuts are dropping ripe
 In all the wildwood bowers;
 We'll climb as high as squirrels go,
 We'll shake them down in showers.
 When heads are gray and eyes are dim,
 We'll call the autumn sober;
 But now, with life in every limb,
 We love the brown October.

AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

AN HOUR OF SUSPENSE.

SCARCE had the canoe with its living freight faded out of sight, when Trevannion repented his rashness in permitting his nephew to risk his life in a scheme so ill understood as the tapuyo's.

He had no suspicion of the Indian's good faith. It was not that that caused him regret; only a certain compunction for having so easily consented to expose to a dread danger the life of his brother's son,—a life intrusted to his care, and for which he should be held answerable by that brother, should it be his fortune ever to see him again.

But it was of no use to indulge in these regrets. They were now idle. The act which had caused them was beyond recall. The canoe must go on to its destination. What was that? Trevannion could not even conjecture. He only knew that Munday had started for the malocca; but his purpose in going there was as much a mystery as though he had pretended to have gone on a voyage to the moon.

Trevannion even felt angry with the tapuyo, now that he was out of reach, for having concealed the plan of his enterprise and the extent of the danger to be encountered. But there was now no alternative but to await the return of the tapuyo, or the time that would tell he was never more to return.

It had been fixed by the Indian himself, in a speech whispered into the ear of Trevannion as he pushed off the canoe. It was this:—"A word, Patron! If we 're not back before daylight, stay where you are till to-morrow night. Then, if it be dark, do as we proposed for to-night. Steal out and away. But don't fear of our failing. I only say that for the worst. The Mundurucú has no fear. *Pa terra!* in an hour's time we shall be back, bringing with us what we 're in need of,—something that will carry us clear of our enemies and of the Gapo."

So the party remained seated on the log. Each had his own conjecture about Munday's plan, though all acknowledged it to be a puzzle.

The surmise of Tipperary Tom was sufficiently original. "I wondher now," said he, "if the owld chap manes to set fire to their town! Troth, it 's loike enough that 's what he 's gone after. Masther Dick sayed it was ericted upon scaffolds wid bames of wood an' huts upon them that looked loike the laves of threes or dry grass. Shure them would blaze up loike tindher, an' create a moighty conflagrayshin."

The opinion of Tom's auditors did not altogether coincide with his. To set the malocca on fire, even if such a thing were possible, could do no good.

The inhabitants would be in no danger from conflagration. They would only have to leap into the flood to save themselves from the fire ; and, as they could all swim like water-rats, they would soon recover a footing among the trees. Besides, they had their great rafts and canoes, that would enable them to go wherever they wished. They could soon erect other scaffolds, and construct other huts upon them. Moreover, as Munday and Richard had informed them, the scaffolds of the malocca were placed a score of yards apart. The flames of one would not communicate with the other through the green foliage of that humid forest. To fire the whole village with any chance of success, it would be necessary to have an incendiary under each scaffold, all applying the torch together. It could not be for that purpose the tapuyo had gone forth.

While engaged in the debate, they got so engrossed by it as to become neglectful of a duty enjoined upon them by the tapuyo, to keep a strict watch over the captive. It was Tipperary Tom and the Mozambique who had been charged with this guardianship. Both, however, confident that it was impossible for the savage to untie himself, had only glanced now and then to see that he was there, his bronze-colored body being scarcely visible in the obscurity.

As it grew darker, it was at length impossible for them to distinguish the captive from the brown surface of the ceiba, except by stooping down over him, and this both neglected to do. Little dreamt they of the sort of creature they were dealing with, who could have claimed rivalry with the most accomplished professors of the famous rope-tricks.

As soon as he saw that the eyes of his sentinels were no longer upon him, he wriggled himself out of the sipos with as much ease as if he had been an eel, and, sliding gently from the log, swam off.

It was a full half-hour after his departure before either of the sentinels thought of giving any attention to the state of their prisoner. When they did so, it was to find him gone, and the coils of tree-rope lying loosely upon the log. With simultaneous exclamations of alarm, they turned towards Trevannion, and then all looked in the direction of the lagoon, thinking they might see a swimmer going out. Instead of that they saw, through the dim light, what appeared to be a fleet of canoes, with men in them violently wielding their paddles, and directing their crafts right into the arcade !

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

SCUTTling THE CANOES.

THE Mundurucú and his young companion, having paddled their craft out of the little creek, turned its head towards the Mura village. Though the fires were no longer blazing so brightly as at an earlier hour of the night, there was still a red glow seen here and there, that told the position of the scaffolds, and served as a beacon to direct their course. But they needed no such pilotage. The border of the forest was their guide, and along this

they went, taking care to keep close in under its shadow. It was dark enough out upon the open water to prevent their being observed; but the Mundurucú was accustomed to act with extreme circumspection, and more than ever since the mistake we recorded some time before.

As the malocca was but a short distance from the forest border, the tree line would bring them close to its water frontage. Beyond that he could trust to the guidance of the surrounding fires.

Less than half an hour's use of the paddle — its blade dipped gently in the water — brought them within a hundred yards of the outskirts of the village. Although the expedition was not to end here, it was not their design to take the canoe any farther. I say *their* design, for by this time the young Paraense had been made acquainted with his companion's purpose. The chief reason why Munday had not disclosed it to Trevannion was, that the Patron, deeming it too dangerous, might have put a veto upon its execution. What this plan was will be learnt by a relation of the mode in which it was carried out.

Tying the canoe to a tree in such a way that they could easily detach it again, the two slipped over the gunwale, and laid themselves silently along the water. Each was provided with a swimming-belt; for the task they had undertaken might require them to remain a good while afloat; and, moreover, it would be necessary for them now and then to remain still, without making any noise by striking the water to sustain themselves, while, furthermore, they would need at times to have both arms free for a different purpose. Thus accoutred, and Munday armed with his knife, they swam under the scaffolds.

They were careful not to cause the slightest commotion, — careful, too, to keep out of the narrow belts of light that fell slantingly from the fires above. These were becoming fewer, and fast fading, as the fires, one after another, went out. It appeared certain that the whole village was asleep. No human form was seen, no voice heard; no sign of human beings, save the scaffolding that had been constructed by them, and the half-score of boats in the water underneath, moored to the trunks of the supporting trees.

It was to these vessels that the Mundurucú was directing himself and his coadjutor. Though his eyes were everywhere, his mind was fixed upon them. There were, in all, about half a score of them, six being *igarités*, or canoes rudely constructed of tree bark, similar in shape and fashion to that they had just parted from, but three of them of larger size, each capable of containing about eight men. The others were large rafts or punts of rude fabrication, each big enough to support a toldo hut, with a whole family, and a number of friends to boot.

Only to the canoes did the tapuyo direct his attention. On swimming past the punts he did not even stay to regard them. To all the *igarités*, however, except one, — and it the largest, — he paid a visit; stopping a considerable time alongside each, but lying so low in the water that only his head could have been seen above the surface, and scarcely that through the treble shadow of the night, the scaffolds, and the tree-tops. It was only visible to

his companion, whose face was all the while within three feet of his own, and whose hands were employed in assisting him in his subtle task. What was this task, so silent and mysterious?

In each of the five canoes to which the swimmers had paid their silent visit, and just after their departure from it, could have been heard a gurgling sound, as of water gushing up through a hole in the bottom. It was heard, but only by him who had made the hole and the companion who had held the craft in its place while the knife-blade was accomplishing its purpose. To its sharp point the soft tree-bark had yielded, and in ten minutes' time the five canoes, one after another, were scuttled, and, if left to themselves, in a fair way of going to the bottom.

But they were not left to themselves. They would have been, but for the negligence of Tom and the sable Mozambique. Just as the scuttlers had concluded their part of the task, and were about to climb into the sixth canoe, that had been left seaworthy, a dark form that might have been taken for some demon of the flood was seen to rise out of the water, and stand dripping upon one of the rafts. It stood only for a second or two,—just long enough to draw breath,—and then, laying hold of a knotted liana that formed a sort of stair, it climbed to the scaffolding above.

Dim as was the light, the Mundurucú recognized the dripping climber as the captive he had left on the log. "*Santos dios!*" he muttered, in a hoarse whisper, "'t is the Mura. They've let him escape, and now we're discovered. Quick, young master. Into the igarité. All right; there are two paddles: you take one, I the other. There's not a moment to be lost. In ten minutes more we should have been safe; but now—see! they are filling fast. Good! If he gives us but ten minutes before raising the alarm—Ha! there it is. Off! off!"

While the tapuyo was speaking, still in a muttered undertone, a wild yell was heard upon the scaffolding above. It was a signal sent forth by the returned captive to warn his slumbering nation, not that their navy was being scattered in its very dock by an unknown enemy, for he had neither seen the scuttler nor suspected what had been going on, but simply to tell his tribe of the adventure that had befallen himself, and conduct them in all haste to the spot where he had parted from his detested but careless captors. He had seen the two of them go off in the igarité, impudently appropriating his own vessel before his face. Where could they have gone, but to make a nocturnal investigation of the malocca?

It was for this reason he had himself approached it so stealthily, not raising any note of alarm until he felt safe upon the scaffolding of his own habitation. Then did he send forth that horrid haloo-loo.

Scarce had its echoes ceased to reverberate through the village, when it was answered by a hundred voices, all shouting in a similar strain, all giving a response to the tribe's cry of alarm. Men could be heard springing from their hammocks, and dropping down upon the platforms, the timbers of which creaked under quick, resonant footsteps. In the dim light some were seen hastily snatching up their bows, and preparing to descend to

their canoes, little suspecting that they would find them scuttled and already half swamped.

As Munday had said, there was not a moment to be lost; and, acting up to his words, he did not permit one to be lost. In the large *igarité* propelled by the two paddles, he and his assistant stole off among the trees, and were soon out upon the lagoon, pulling, as fast as their strength and skill would permit them, in the direction of the creek.

CHAPTER XC.

THE LOG LEFT BEHIND.

THE escape of their captive had caused the keenest apprehensions to the people upon the raft, which were scarce intensified at the sight of the canoe entering the arcade.

By the simplest reasoning they had leaped to the quick conclusion that the latter was but the sequence of the former. The Mura had swum back to his malocca. They knew he could easily do it. He had *warned* his kindred, and it was they who now manned the *igarité* that was making approach. It was only the first of a whole fleet. No doubt there was a score of others coming on behind, each containing its complement of cannibals. The manatee-hunter had got back to his village in time to tell of the two who had gone there in his own canoe. These, unaware of his escape, had, in all probability, been surprised and taken prisoners. Shouts had been heard from the village just before the man was missed. It was this, in fact, that had caused them to think of their prisoner. On finding that he had given them the slip, they interpreted these shouts in two ways. They were either salutations of welcome to the returned captive, or cries of triumph over the death or capture of the *tapuyo* and his companion.

More like the latter. So thought they upon the log; and the thought was strengthened by the appearance of the big canoe at the entrance of the arcade. Its crew were Mura savages, guided to their place of concealment by him who had stolen away.

These conjectures, varied though they were, passed through their minds with the rapidity of thought itself; for scarce ten seconds had elapsed from the time of their sighting the canoe until it was close up to the *ceiba*.

Then, to their great joy, they saw they had been reasoning wrongly. The two forms had been magnified into ten, partly through the deception of the dim light, and partly because they had been springing from side to side while paddling the canoe and steering it into the creek.

As they drew near, the others could see that they were in a state of the wildest excitement, working with all their strength, and gazing anxiously behind them.

"Quick, uncle," cried Richard, as the *igarité* struck against the dead-wood. "Quick! all of you get aboard here."

"*Pa terra!*" added the *tapuyo*. "Do as he tells you. By letting your

prisoner get off you've spoiled my plans. There's no time to talk now. Into the igrarité! If the others are still afloat — then — then — Haste, patron! Everybody into the igrarité!"

As the Indian gave these directions, he himself sprang on to the log; and tearing down the skin sail, he flung it into the canoe. After it he pitched several pieces of the charqui, and then descended himself.

By this time all the others had taken their seats in the canoe, Richard having caught little Rosa in his arms as she sprang down.

There was not a moment of delay. The two paddles belonging to the igrarité were grasped, one by Munday himself, the other by the negro, who was next best rower, while the two bladed with the bones of the cow-fish were in the hands of Trevannion and his nephew.

There were thus four available oars to the craft, that promised a fair degree of speed.

With a last look at the log that had carried them safely, though slowly, — a look that, under other circumstances, might have been given with regret, — they parted from it, and in a score of seconds they had cleared the craft from the branches of the trees, and were out upon the bosom of the lagoon.

"In what direction?" inquired Trevannion, as for a moment their strokes were suspended.

"Stay a minute, Patron," replied the tapuyo, as he stood up in the igrarité and gazed over the water in the direction of the Mura village. "Before starting, it's as well to know whether they are able to follow us. If not, it's no use killing ourselves by hard work."

"You think there's a chance they may not come after us?"

"A chance, — yes. It would have been a certainty if you had not let that ape loose. We should now be as safe from pursuit as if a hundred leagues lay between us and them. As it is, I have my fears; there was not time for them to go down, — not all of them. The small ones may, but the big igrarité, — it would be still afloat; they could bale out and calk up again. After all, it won't carry the whole tribe, and there's something in that, — there's something in that."

While the tapuyo thus talked he was standing with his head craned out beyond the edge of the igrarité, scanning the water in the direction of the village. His final words were but the involuntary utterance of what was passing in his mind, and not addressed to his companions. Richard alone knew the meaning, for as yet the others had received no explanation of what had passed under the scaffolds. There was no time to give a detailed account of that. It would be soon enough when the igrarité was fairly on its way, and they became assured of their safety.

No one pressed for an explanation. All, even Trevannion himself, felt humiliated by the thought that they had neglected their duty, and the knowledge that but for that very neglect the danger that threatened them would have been now at an end.

The dawn was already beginning to appear along the eastern horizon, and although it was far from daylight, there was no longer the deep darkness that

but a short while before shrouded the water. Out on the lagoon, at any point within the circumference of a mile, a large object, such as a canoe, could have been seen. There was none in sight.

This looked well. Perfect stillness reigned around the Mura village. There was no human voice to be heard, where but the moment before there had been shouting and loud talking, both men and women taking part in what appeared a confused conversation. The fires, too, were out, or at all events no longer visible from the lagoon.

Munday remarked that the silence augured ill. "I fear they are too busy to be making a noise," said he. "Their keeping quiet argues that they have the means, as well as the intention, to come after us. If they had not, you would hear their howls of disappointment. Yes: we may be sure of it. They 're emptying such of their canoes as may still be above water."

"Emptying their canoes! what mean you by that?"

Munday then explained the nature of his late expedition, now that its failure could no longer be charged upon himself. A few words sufficed to make the whole thing understood, the others admiring the bold ingenuity of the plan as strongly as they regretted having given cause for its being frustrated.

Though no pursuers had as yet appeared, that was no reason why they should stay an instant longer by the entrance to the arcade; so, once more handling the paddles, they put the great *igarité* to its best speed.

CHAPTER XCI.

THE ENEMY IN SIGHT.

THERE was no debating the question as to the course they should take. This was opposite to the direction in which lay the malocca. In other words, they struck out for the open water, almost in the same track by which they had come from the other side while navigating the tree-trunk.

Trevannion had suggested keeping "in shore" and under the shadow of the tree-tops.

"No use," said the tapuyo; "in ten minutes more there will be light over the water. We'll be seen all the same, and by following the line of the forest we should give our pursuers the advantage; they, by keeping straight across, would easily overtake us. The trees go round in a circle, don't you see?"

"True," replied Trevannion; "I did not think of that. It is to be hoped we shall not have pursuers."

"If we have they will soon come up with us, for they have more paddles, and are better skilled in the use of them; if they come after us at all, they will be sure to overtake us."

"Then we shall be captured,—perhaps destroyed." This was spoken in a whisper in the ear of the tapuyo.

"It don't follow,—one or the other. If it did, I should n't have much hope in handling this bit of a stick. We may be pursued, overtaken, and still get

off in the end. They may not like close quarters any more than we. That, you see, depends on how many of their vessels are gone to the bottom, and how many are still afloat. If more than half that were scuttled have sunk, we may dread their arrows more than their oars. If more than half are above water, we shall be in more danger from their speed."

Notwithstanding the enigmatical character of the tapuyo's speeches, Trevannion, as well as the others, was able to understand them. He simply meant that, if the enemy were left without a sufficient number of canoes to pursue them in large force, they would not think of boarding, but would keep at a distance, using their arrows in the attack.

It was by no means a pleasant prospect; still, it was pleasanter than the thought of coming to close quarters with a crowd of cannibal savages, and being either hacked to pieces with their knives, clubbed to death with their *macanas*, or dragged overboard and drowned in the lagoon.

"In five minutes more," continued the tapuyo, "we shall know the best or the worst. By that time it will be light enough to see in under the trees yonder. By that time, if they have a single *igarité* above water, she'll be baled out. By that time they should be after us. If we don't see them in five minutes, we need never look for them again."

A minute — another — a third elapsed, and still no appearance of pursuers or pursuit. Slower still seemed the fourth, though it too passed, and no movement on the water. Every heart beat with hope that the time would transpire without any change. But, alas! it was not to be so. The black line was broken by the bow of a canoe, and in an instant after the craft itself was seen gliding out from under the shadow of the trees. The tapuyo's prediction was fulfilled.

"The big *igarité*!" he exclaimed. "Just what I had feared of; I doubted its going down in time. Eight in it! Well, that's nothing, if the others have sunk."

"But stay a moment," returned Richard; "see yonder! Another coming out, farther down to the right!"

"That's the cockle-shell we took from the harpooner. There are two in it, which is all it will hold. Only ten, as yet. Good! if that's their whole strength, we need n't fear their coming to close quarters. Good!"

"I can make out no more," said the young Paraense, who had suspended paddling to get a better view of the pursuers. "I think there are no more."

"Just my thoughts," rejoined the tapuyo. "I had that idea all along. I was sure the small craft had gone down. You remember we heard a splashing before we got well off, — it was caused by the sinking of the *igarités*. Our hope is that only the big one has kept afloat. As yet I see no others."

"Nor I," added Richard. "No, there are but the two."

"Thank Heaven for that!" exclaimed Trevannion. "There will be but ten against us. Though we are not equal in numbers, surely we should be a match for such puny savages as these. O that we only had arms!"

As he said this, the ex-miner looked into the bottom of the canoe to see what there was available in the way of weapons. There was the pashuba

spear, which Munday had pitched in along with the strips of charqui ; and there was another weapon equally effective in hands skilled in its use. It was a sort of barbed javelin or harpoon, the one with which the manatee-hunter had struck the juarouá. During the day, while doing nothing else, Munday had amused himself by completing the conquest of the peixe-boi, which he found, by the line and float, had got entangled among the tree-tops. Its carcass had been left where it was killed, for it was the weapon only which he coveted. In addition to these, there were the paddles, — those manufactured from the shoulder-blades of the cow-fish, — looking like weapons that it would be awkward to have come in contact with one's skull in a hostile encounter. Last, and not least to be depended upon, there was the tapuyo's own knife, in the use of which he had already given proofs of his skill. In a hand-to-hand contest with ten savages, armed as these might be, there was not so much to be dreaded.

But Munday assured them that there would be no danger of a close fight. There were no more canoes in sight. Twenty minutes had now elapsed since the two had shot out from the trees, and if there had been others they would long since have declared themselves. Arrows or javelins were the only weapons they would have to dread ; and with these they would most certainly be assailed.

"They 'll be sure to overtake us," said he ; "there are six of them at the paddles, and it 's easy to see that they 're already gaining ground. That 's no reason why we should wait till they come up. When the fight takes place, the farther we 're away from their village the better for us ; as who knows but they may fish up some of their swamped canoes, and come at us with a reserve force. To the paddles, then, and pull for our lives !"

Mayne Reid.



Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY
of
CHARADES,
PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.



CHARADES.

No. 18.

SHE wields it in her grimy hand,
But wields it not to slay,
And the beggar-man who waits outside
Is not afraid to stay ;
For Debby has a kindly heart,
Though not in luxury nursed,
And he owes the hugeness of his meal
To the sharpness of my *first*.

But in vain he tries to fill his mouth,
And his jaw he holds in pain ;
For it o'er him gains the mastery,
And his hunger strives in vain.
He wishes the mischief had his hold
Upon my *second* now,
And he grumbles all day, as he goes
along
With a frown upon his brow.

My *whole* has naught for himself to say,
No story has he to tell ;
But he goes along on his patient way,
And he does his business well.
So fare ye well, old friend of mine,
And may you find success ;
Too soon, I fear, our clever friends
Our charade to-night will guess.

A. K.

No. 19.

My *first* is the companion brief
Of childhood in its transient grief,
When, clouded o'er its hour of bliss,
The little heart my *second* is.
In woe and bitterness of soul,
The pair of Eden were my *whole*,
When driven thence their aching eyes
Looked back on gates of Paradise.

MAGGIE.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 28.

FRENCH.

Le



ne



pasla



ENIGMAS.

No. 22.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

I am composed of 55 letters.

My 7, 9, 14, 4, is a celebrated Italian city.

My 28, 47, 15, 44, is a Western State.

My 23, 16, 33, 26, 20, 1, 8, 30, is a river of Russia.

My 11, 48, 45, 10, 51, is a river of Brazil.

My 49, 43, 40, 5, 2, is an important city of Arabia.

My 3, 54, 34, 6, 18, is a city of Beloochistan.

My 12, 28, 42, 22, is a cape of South America.

My 36, 21, 42, is a river of North Carolina.

My 50, 37, 53, 41, 22, 22, 6, 46, is an important city of Georgia.

My 52, 13, 22, 2, is a river of Siberia.

My 15, 7, 38, 28, 29, 24, 55, 3, is a city of Siberia.

My 32, 15, 31, 40, 28, 22, 55, 9, 16, is a Western State.

My 55, 9, 17, 23, 6, 16, is a division of Africa.

My 35, 39, 41, 10, is a river of Mississippi.

My 25, 29, 42, 28, 22, is one of the Great Lakes.

My 7, 19, 23, is a river in Louisiana.

My 27, 9, 28, 23, is a mountain of the United States.

My whole is an old proverb.

W. A. MAY.

No. 23.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 4, 5, 14, 9, 6, is what all "young folks" love to do.

My 2, 17, 18, 19, passes us twenty-four times every day.

My 16, 10, 11, 9, 2, we see but a dozen times in a year.

My 4, 5, 8, 7, 3, 9, 17, 11, none care to see at all.

My 3, 9, 10, 13, is the name of a noted English college.

My 10, 18, 15, 16, 17, 1, 2, 8, 19, all good children love the best.

My 16, 10, 9, 2, is very troublesome to housekeepers.

My 9, 2, 12, 4, 1, 7, 8, is not profitable upon the farm.

My 16, 12, 13, 18, 9, 6, 4, are very precious to us all.

My 19, 14, 12, 11, is what farmers love in spring-time!

My 4, 7, 8, 6, 1, is what nobody loves at any time.

My 16, 12, 4, 9, 7, 3, 1, 10, 6, is an honored holiday emblem.

My 15, 2, 12, 13, 8, is the name of a notable river in Europe.

My 4, 18, 16, 11, 3, 19, is a noted champion of "equal rights."

My 14, 19, 16, 10, 18, 15, is what ancient warriors favored in the field.

My 15, 6, 16, 17, 19, 4, 8, none but the wicked ever experience.

My 19, 10, 4, 3, 9, 15, 6, 8, is a beautiful garden ornament.

My 11, 17, 9, 12, 10, 13, 4, are found in most young people's heads.

My 14, 11, 1, 7, 5, 19, 4, are a graceful addition to the crown of a deer.

My 4, 2, 14, 15, 5, would be a disagreeable companion in the surf at Newport.

My whole is the title of a quaint story in verse, by one of our prominent living poets.

B. F.

No. 24.

FRENCH.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 3, 7, 23, 4, is a vegetable.

My 15, 1, 5, 32, 2, 8, is one of the senses.

My 6, 31, 11, 20, 13, 30, 33, 16, is a spice.

My 21, 34, 37, 17, 18, is possessed by all.

My 9, 27, 24, 26, 28, 35, 21, is of no importance.

My 14, 29, 36, 12, is used by artists.

My 25, 10, 32, 35, 28, 1, 15, 8, is a flower.

My 19, 23, 28, is a fool.

My whole is a true but old saying.

MADMOISELLE MARIE.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 29.



WILLY WISP.

P U Z Z L E S.

No. 16.

IN the meadows you will find me,
 In the fields and pastures too ;
 In the houses and the carpets,
 But I'm never found in *you*.
 I am also found in heaven,
 In the forests and the earth ;
 In the streets and market-places,
 There you 'll find me full of mirth.
 You will find me in the rivers,
 In the valley, in the dell ;
 And I'm sure that you will see me,
 When I bid you all "farewell."

C. A. A.

No. 17.

SWEET little Blanche, her uncle's pet,
 Is lovely, all agree ;
 She is a beauteous, loving child, —
 And so she 's just like *me*.
 Sisters and brothers too she has,
 But all can clearly see,
 The uncle cares alone for Blanche, —
 This surely 's not like *me*.
 A doll well dressed her uncle brings,
 And Blanche is full of glee ;
 For well she knows it is for her, —
 He bought it too at *me*.

KITTIE CARROLL.

A N S W E R S.

P U Z Z L E.

- 14. Nun, — the blue titmouse, or Joshua's father. Ono, — see Ez. ii. 33, and Neh. xi. 35.
- Nan, — equivalent to, what? See Webster.
- NON, — see 1 Chron. vii. 27. (Son of Ephraim, named in verse 22 of the same chapter.)
- 15. A kiss.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

- 5. 426.
- 6. One half of ten, when divided into the two figures which compose it, is 1 ; 1 X 1 = 1.

ENIGMA.

- 21. *Praeteritum tempus nunquam revertitur.*

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

- 26. There were on the breakfast table only a corn-starch pudding, a puny corn-ball, a muffin, some dandelions, a flat pickle, a sharp apple-pie, a tin plate, and iron spoon. [T (hare) were on the B (rake) (fa's) T (table on LY (acorn) (star) Ch (pudding) (ape) (unicorn) (ball) a (muff in sum) (dandy) (lion) S (A flat) (pick) Le (A sharp) (apple) (pie) (eight in plate) (andiron) (spoon).]
- 27. Birds of a feather flock together. [(Birds) o (f) (a feather) (flock) II G (ether).]



Walter B. You can do much toward learning to paint by yourself from books and from patient attempts at drawing from nature; that is, taking as well as you can the likenesses of the objects you see about you, — houses, trees, stones, brooks, animals, and people. But to do best, you need a teacher who can point out the errors which you would not be likely to see yourself, and the way of correcting them. You will find Chapman's Drawing-Book and Ruskin's Elements of Drawing excellent helps and advisers; any bookseller can supply you with them.

Davidus has made 331 words out of "Horse-manship." We almost fear that we have busied many little heads over unprofitable work in making mention, as we did, of the long list of new words to be found packed away in one long old one. Such a puzzle is well now and then as a curiosity, but too many would be a waste of time. Try your ingenuity on some new sort of puzzle for us, boys and girls!

J. B. The rebus writer is expected to spell *rightly* with his symbols, — so far, at least, as to make the solution *sound* right. We of course print rebuses sometimes which have imperfections in them; we do not intend by this to set a bad example, but only to indicate that those are the best which have been sent us; and as we think that the children would prefer a child's puzzle to one of ours, we do not use any others if we can possibly help it.

Samuel C. D., Jr. The North American Indians are the original inhabitants of the continent. How long they have been here, and whence they came, are questions that must remain unanswered, although learned treatises have been written in support of various theories about their origin and history.

Frazinella wishes to be a writer, but fears she has not talent enough. By and by, dear, — by and by; there 's time enough yet. Begin by being a good child and a good scholar, and you will find your place in time. Tell papa that we think he does just right to sit down as soon as he has had his supper to read to his children, and that we are sure they will love and honor him all the more for it.

Aneta. Look at the subject of your enigma, please, and see if you have it all right.

J. E. B., who shows a considerable aptitude for versification, sends us a rhythmical address to the American Flag. We would copy a verse, had we room, to show how neatly it is put together. But *J. E. B.* has imitated in his vein of thought and manner of expression — unconsciously, no doubt — Drake's lyric upon the same subject, which even an old writer can hardly hope to approach, much less a young one.

A. F. Your sketches are most neat and creditable. Yet we must lay your rebuses aside, as upon the whole too intricate. One so clever as you appear to be ought to be able to originate all his symbols, and not borrow from others. Will you have the patience to try again?

Alma. A little simpler example, if you please.

Hagar V. No such translation has been made so far as we can learn.

N. H. D. You only sent us the answers to your problems. How could we tell whether they were right without having all your "work" set down also?

Mary B. Everett sends an enigma which looks like a good one, but has no answer; of course it must go into the basket.

She also sends a little poem, called "Apple-Blossoms," the first and last verses of which we copy: —

"Gray, gnarled, bent with branches olden,
In the garden stands a tree,
Haunt of blackbird and of robin,
Of oriole and wild bee.
Out and in the branches laden
Steals a wonderous perfume,
Fragrant incense of the south-land,
When the old tree bursts in bloom.

"Apple-blossoms fade and wither,
But the fruit will perfect be,
So God worketh, and the seasons
Give us of their wealth and beauty.
While our life is in its spring-time
Our young hearts burst into bloom,
Yield unto the great All-Father
Precious blossom and perfume."





OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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NO. XI.

FLORINDA AND FLORINDEL.



ONCE upon a time, in the midst of a large thick wood, there lived an old witch by herself. By day she changed herself into a cat or an owl; but in the evening she resumed her right form. She was able also to allure to her the wild animals and birds, whom she killed, cooked, and ate; for whoever ventured within a hundred steps of her castle was obliged to stand still, and could not stir from the spot until she allowed it. But if a pretty maiden came into the circle, the witch changed her into a bird, and then put her into a basket, which she carried into one of the rooms of the castle; and in this room were already many thousand such baskets of rare birds.

Now there was a young maiden named Florinda, who was exceedingly pretty, and she was betrothed to a youth named Florindel; and just at the time that the events which I am about to relate happened, they were passing the days together in a round of pleasure. One day they went into the forest for a walk, and Florindel said, "Take care that you do not go too near the castle." It was a beautiful evening, — the sun shining between the stems of the trees, and brightening up the dark green leaves, and the turtle-doves cooing softly upon the May-bushes. Florinda began to cry, and sat down in the sunshine with Florindel, who cried too; for they were quite frightened, and thought they should die, when they looked round and saw how far

they had wandered, and that there was no house in sight. The sun was yet half above the hills and half below, and Florindel, looking through the brushwood, saw the old walls of the castle close by them, which frightened him terribly, so that he fell off his seat. Then Florinda sang,

“My little bird, with his wing so red,
Sings sorrow, and sorrow, and woe;
For he sings that the turtle-dove soon will be dead,
O sorrow, and sorrow, jug, jug, jug!”

Florindel lifted up his head, and saw Florinda was changed into a nightingale, which was singing, “Jug, jug, jug”; and presently an owl flew round thrice, with his eyes glistening, and crying, “Tu-whit, to-who.” Florindel could not stir. There he stood like a stone, and could not weep, nor speak, nor move hand or foot.

Meanwhile the sun set, and, the owl flying into a bush, out came an ugly old woman, thin and yellow, with great red eyes, and a crooked nose which reached down to her chin. She muttered, and seized the nightingale, and carried it away in her hand, while Florindel remained there incapable of moving or speaking.

At last the witch returned, and said, with a hollow voice, “Greet you, Zachiel! if the moon shines on your side, release this one at once.” Then Florindel became free, and fell down on his knees before the witch, and begged her to give him back Florinda; but she refused, and said he should never again have her, and went away. He cried, and wept, and groaned after her, but all to no purpose; and at length he rose and went into a strange village, where for some time he tended sheep. He often went round about the enchanted castle, but never too near; and one night, after so walking, he dreamt that he found a blood-red flower, in the middle of which lay a fine pearl. This flower he thought he broke off, and, going therewith to the castle, all he touched with it was free from enchantment, and thus he regained his Florinda.

When he awoke next morning, he began his search over hill and valley to find such a flower. Nine days had passed away, when at length, early one morning, he discovered it; and in its middle was a large dewdrop, like a beautiful pearl. Then he carried the flower, day and night, till he came to the castle; and although he ventured within the enchanted circle, he was not stopped, but walked on quite to the door. Florindel was now in high spirits, and, touching the door with his flower, it flew open. He entered, and passed through the hall, listening for the sound of the birds, which at last he heard. He found the room and went in, and there was the enchantress feeding the birds in the seven thousand baskets. As soon as she saw Florindel, she became frightfully enraged, and spat out poison and gall at him; but she dared not come too close. He would not turn back for her, but looked at the baskets of birds; but, alas! there were many hundreds of nightingales; and how was he to know his Florinda? While he was examining them, he perceived the old woman secretly taking away one of the baskets, and slipping out of the door. Florindel flew after her, and touched the basket with his

flower, and also the old woman, so that she could no longer bewitch ; and at once Florinda stood before him, and fell upon his neck, as beautiful as she ever was. Afterwards he disenchanting all the other birds, and then returned home with his Florinda, and for many years they lived together happily and contentedly.

From the German of Grimm.



COW-BIRDS AND CUCKOOS.

IN the July number of the "Young Folks" mention was made of the trouble given to the pretty little Summer Yellow-Bird by the intrusions of the Cow-Blackbird. From what was there said, our young readers will have understood that it is the disagreeable habit of this Blackbird, instead of building its own nest and rearing its own children, like a well-behaved and affectionate mother-bird, to lay its eggs, one by one, in the nests of other birds, by whom these are hatched out and the young birds brought up. This habit is so very remarkable, and this bird is at certain seasons so common, as to deserve more attention from us than the casual allusion there made.

Speaking of this very singular habit of the Cow-Bird, we are apt, without consideration, to say that it is "unnatural." To us who have kind fathers and mothers that tenderly watch over and carefully bring up their children, it does at first seem very wrong in these birds, not only not to bring up their own offspring, but to impose them upon other and smaller birds, who either do not know enough, or who are not able, to protect themselves from this imposition. And when we further learn that the poor little, inoffensive young birds, into whose snug little home the young Cow-Blackbird is intruded, all perish through the means, direct or indirect, of this stranger, it seems to us as if it were all very wrong, and that it ought not to be so. But we have no right thus to judge of the works of our good Father, who made all things well. We must not speak of that as unnatural which accords with the great laws of instinctive nature which emanate from Him.

At certain seasons of the year this Blackbird is very common, coming in the early spring, leaving us in midsummer, returning in October, and leaving us again during the cold weather. They always move in flocks, sometimes consisting of not more than twenty, in the spring, but in the autumn numbering frequently many hundreds. They never mate or live together in pairs, as do most birds. They do not seem to care for one another, and never manifest any affectionate interest in each other's welfare. They are, therefore, to all appearances, selfish, uninteresting birds, with no sweet songs to commend them, and with no attractions but their glossy black plumage, and their only object and end in life seem to be to get their living. They are called the Cow-Bird, because they frequent the pastures and enclosures where that animal is kept, feeding upon the parasitic insects which

afflict it. They also feed, in the fall, upon the seeds of wild grasses and other plants that grow in marshy districts.

They are most common with us in the latter part of May, when the nests of the smaller birds are built. The female Blackbirds are on the lookout for nests whose owners are temporarily absent, in which to lay their eggs. The same bird never lays more than one egg in the same nest, but it sometimes happens that two different birds, and sometimes even three, will each lay an egg in the same place. When this happens, only one is brought up. The others perish. There are a great many different birds in whose nests the Cow-Blackbirds lay their eggs, and by whom their young are reared. The most common are the Chipping-Sparrow, the Maryland Yellowthroat, the several Vireos, — five in number in New England, — the Golden-crowned Thrush, &c. All of these are smaller birds. One or two large birds, of a mild and amiable character, like the Wood-Thrush and Wilson's Thrush, allow themselves to be thus imposed upon, and bring up the intruder, of whom they might rid themselves, if they were so disposed. But woe betide the Cow-Bird's egg that is dropped in the nest of the Brown Thrush! And let the intruding mother be on her guard, too, lest the owner catch her in her trespass! The one will be assuredly smashed, and the other driven away in sore discomfiture.

As soon as the young Cow-Bird is hatched by its foster-parents, its companions, whether eggs or young birds, are thrust out of the nest. I have no doubt this is done by the young Cow-Birds, though I have never caught them in the act. They are very greedy little fellows, always crying for food and never satisfied, and give a good deal of trouble to the poor birds who bring them up. Long after they have left their nests, when the great lazy things seem abundantly able to take care of themselves, I have seen them keeping up an incessant cry for more food, and giving to their adopted parents a great deal of unnecessary labor and care.

The scientific name of these Blackbirds is *Molothus pecoris*. There is another species of this bird in South America whose habits are very similar to those of our species. When these birds have deposited their eggs in the nests of other birds, they all seem to take their departure from this part of the country for the time being. Why they do this has never been satisfactorily explained, but has probably some connection with their food.

In Europe, a bird very different in its generic character from the Cow-Bird, the Cuckoo, has long been known to have the same peculiar habit of intruding its eggs upon other birds. This is a much larger bird than our Blackbird, being fourteen inches in length, or twice its size. Yet it is a very remarkable fact that its eggs are much smaller, the largest never weighing more than fifty-five grains. They are of the same size as the eggs of the European Skylark, — a bird that is not more than one fourth its size.

The Cuckoo of Europe is, in at least one respect, more attractive than our Blackbird. Its notes are very musical, and are listened to with great pleasure. Like those of our own Bluebird, they are the harbinger of spring to Northern Europe; and this, doubtless, adds to their popularity. They

appear in England in the middle of April. They do not move in large flocks like the Cow-Bird; but, like them, they never mate. The sexes live apart, and each individual bird seems to have very little interest in any other than his or her own affairs. In all respects the habits of the female, in depositing its eggs in the nests of smaller birds, appear to be the same as those already described in the case of our own Cow-Blackbird. But more is positively known as to the murderous propensities of the young Cuckoo, the moment it is out of its shell, to destroy



its foster brothers and sisters. With the Cow-Blackbird it is rather suspected than actually known. Dr. Jenner, an observing English naturalist, devoted much time and attention to investigations into the habits of the Cuckoo, especially of the young birds, and his observations are very interesting. The young Cuckoo is almost always the first hatched, and within a day or two after it appears, its instinct seems to prompt it to turn the offspring of its foster-parents out of the nest. After this has been accomplished, the young Cuckoo thus remains the sole tenant of the nest, and monopolizes the care and attention of the old birds. It does not actually destroy the eggs or young birds, but simply rolls them out of the nest. They fall to the ground, and there perish. This generally is done one or two days after the Cuckoo is hatched. Its back is singularly adapted by nature to accomplish this, being very broad and having a depression in the middle. It insinuates itself under the eggs or young birds, takes them, one by one, on its broad and hollow back, lifts them to the edge of the nest, and throws them out. Dr. Jenner witnessed a contest between two Cuckoos that happened to be hatched in the same nest, which was very remarkable. They each seemed by turns to have the advantage, as each carried the other several times nearly to the top of the nest, but was unable to carry it any farther, until at last one of them prevailed, and was able to cast out its weaker brother upon the cold ground to die.

When a bird was put into the same nest with a young Cuckoo too large and heavy for it to turn out, it would make most extraordinary efforts to do so, and appeared restless and uneasy if it could not succeed. After several days, it would seem to get over this murderous propensity. Its shape also changes when it is a few days old. The depression leaves the back, and it becomes round and full like that of other young birds.

It will thus be seen that this conduct of the young Cuckoo, which seems to us so cruel, ungrateful, and wicked, is really only carrying out the instinctive promptings of its nature, implanted within it by our Creator, doubtless for some wise purpose, though we cannot fathom nor satisfactorily explain it. Several writers have endeavored to account for these singularities in the Cuckoo, but in these attempts they have not been very successful, and their explanations are not satisfactory. All we know is that these peculiarities, both in the Cuckoos and in the Cow-Blackbirds, are as natural to them, and as much a part of the design of the All-wise, as any other natural results from natural causes less in dissonance with our views. We cannot fathom them; we cannot explain them; but we can read in them a wonderful adaptation of means to produce these ends, however strange they may appear to us.

In this country we have three species of Cuckoo. One of these, the Mangrove Cuckoo, is only found in Florida and the extreme Southern States:



The other two are both found throughout the United States east of the Mississippi, and are quite common in Massachusetts. They are of nearly the same size, and are very much alike. The principal difference is in the color of their bills. One is called the Yellow-billed, the other the Black-billed Cuckoo.

The Yellow-billed Cuckoo is rather the more common bird, and its habits are very much like those both of the Mangrove and of the Black-billed. It usually builds its nest in trees, near the edge of woods. This nest

is very rudely made of loose sticks, simply laid across each other without being fastened in any way, and is so flat that the eggs are in danger of rolling

off. A very curious habit of this Cuckoo is, after it has laid two or three eggs, and begun to hatch them, to lay another, and after a while another, and so on for some time. In this way, as young birds are hatched out and grow up, other young birds and other eggs succeed them in the same nest. Mr. Audubon once found, near Charleston, South Carolina, a nest in which there were two birds just ready to fly, three younger Cuckoos, all of different sizes and one of them just hatched out, and two eggs, one of which contained a chick and the other was quite fresh. In another instance, no less than eleven young Cuckoos had been successively hatched out and reared in the same nest, by the same parents, in one season. This is a very remarkable peculiarity in these birds, and is very unusual among birds in general.

The Black-billed Cuckoo builds a somewhat more elaborate nest than its yellow-billed relative, of sticks lined with mosses. It is usually placed in bushes or in low evergreen trees. Their eggs are bluish-green, very oval in shape, and without spots. The eggs of the Yellow-billed are larger, and of a lighter shade.

Unlike the Cuckoos of Europe, they never go in flocks, but always in pairs, are very affectionate to each other, evince by loud lamentations their fondness for their mates when they are wounded or killed, and are also very devoted to their young. In a word, except in their name, their form, and their food, they have no resemblance to the Cuckoos of Europe.

Many years since, I was an eyewitness to a very touching instance of the affection and devotion of one of our Black-billed Cuckoos to its young. Its mate, a female, had been shot by a cruel or thoughtless boy, as it was feeding its young birds. The nest contained three young and two eggs unhatched. Taking a warm interest in the fate of this poor orphaned brood, I visited it late in the same afternoon, and was delighted to find the male bird tenderly caring for his motherless children. I kept a careful watch over this interesting family, visiting them several times a day for two or three weeks. Nothing could surpass the assiduity of the parent bird. He hatched out the two eggs and was yet also able to provide food for his elder children, the warmth of whose bodies, without doubt, aided him in the incubation. In due time the five young Cuckoos were successfully reared, thanks to the fidelity and devotion of their widowed parent.

And yet Mr Darwin, a distinguished English naturalist, argues, that, because our Cuckoos build so rude a nest, and thus rear their young, with alternations of laying their eggs and hatching them, they are but a slight remove from the Cuckoo of Europe. I cannot see the justice of these conclusions, nor can I see any resemblance between the selfish, unconjugal, unparental European, and the self-sacrificing and exemplary American bird. If the latter builds a rude, inartistic nest, so does also that most devoted of all the families of birds, the Dove, while many other birds of unquestioned parental integrity build no nest at all, but lay their eggs on the bare ground.

While in their relations with one another our Cuckoos are thus exemplary and tender, we regret to say that towards other birds they are not always so

well behaved. They have a bad reputation, which I fear they deserve, of destroying the eggs in the nests of various smaller kinds of birds, which cannot be commended nor approved.

Neither of our Cuckoos has any song, and in this respect they are far behind their European relative. Their only note, alike in both species, is a harsh, guttural cry of "Kow-kow-kow," which the male repeats monotonously. By some this sound is said to forebode foul weather; and the birds are, in certain parts of the country, in consequence of this association of their cries, called Rain-Crows.

T. M. B.



A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

XI.

SIN SAXON came heart and soul into Miss Craydocke's generous and delicate plans. The work was done, to be sure. The third trunk, that had been "full of old winter-dresses to be made over," was locked upon the nice little completed frocks and sacks that forestalled the care and hurry of "fall work" for the overburdened mother, and should gladden her unexpected eyes, as such store only can gladden the anxious family manager who feels the changeful, shortening days to come treading, with their speedy demands, upon the very skirts of long, golden, sunshiny August hours.

Susan and Martha Josselyn felt, on their part, as only busy workers feel who fasten the last thread, or dash a period to the last page, and turn around to breathe the breath of the free, and choose for once and for a while what they shall do. The first hour of this freedom rested them more than the whole six weeks that they had been getting half-rest, with the burden still upon their thought and always waiting for their hands. It was like the first half-day to children, when school has closed and books are brought home for the long vacation. All the possible delight of coming weeks is distilled to one delicious drop, and tasted then.

"It's 'none of my funeral,' I know," Sin Saxon said to Miss Craydocke. "I'm only an eleventh-hour helper; but I'll come in for the holiday business, if you'll let me; and perhaps, after all, that's more in my line."

Everything seemed to be in her line that she once took hold of. She had little private consultations with Miss Craydocke. "It's to be your party to Feathercap, but it shall be my party to Minster Rock," she said. "Leave that to me, please. Now the howl's off my hands, I feel equal to anything."

Just in time for the party to Minster Rock, a great basket and box from home arrived for Sin Saxon. In the first were delicious early peaches, rose-color and gold, wrapped one by one in soft paper and laid among fine sawdust; early

pears also, with the summer incense in their spiciness ; greenhouse grapes, white and amber and purple. The other held delicate cakes and confections unknown to Outledge, as carefully put up, and quite fresh and unharmed. "Everything comes in right for me," she exclaimed, running back and forth to Miss Craydocke with new and more charming discoveries as she excavated. Not a word did she say of the letter that had gone down from her four days before, asking her mother for these things, and to send her some money ; — "for a party," she told her, "that she would rather give here than to have her usual summer *fête* after her return."

"You quite eclipse and extinguish my poor little doings," said Miss Craydocke, admiring and rejoicing all the while as genuinely as Sin herself.

"Dear Miss Craydocke !" cried the girl, "if I thought it would seem like that, I would send and tip them all into the river. But you, — you *can't* be eclipsed ! Your orbit runs too high above ours."

Sin Saxon's brightness and independence, that lapsed so easily into sauciness, and made it so hard for her to observe the mere conventionalisms of respect, in no way hindered the real reverence that grew in her toward the superiority she recognized, and that now softened her tone to a tenderness of humility before her friend.

There was a grace upon her in these days that all saw. Over her real wit and native vivacity, it was like a porcelain shade about a flame. One could look at it, and be glad of it, without winking. The brightness was all there, but there was a difference in the giving forth. What had been a bit self-centred and self-conscious — bright as if only for being bright and for dazzling — was outgoing and self-forgetful, and so softened. Leslie Goldthwaite read by it a new answer to some of her old questions. "What harm is there in it ?" she had asked herself on their first meeting, when Sin Saxon's overflow of merry mischief, that yet did "no special or obvious good," made her so taking, — so the centre of whatever group into which she came. Afterward, when, running to its height, this spirit showed in behavior that raised misgivings among the scrupulous and orderly that would not let them any longer be wholly amused, and came near betraying her, or actually did betray her, into indecorums beyond excuse or countenance, Leslie had felt the harm, and begun to shrink away. "Nothing *but* leaves" came back to her ; her summer thought recurred and drew to itself a new illustration. This it was to have no aim but to rustle and flaunt ; to grow leaves continually ; to make one's *self* central and conspicuous, and to fill great space. But now among these very leaves gleamed something golden and glorious ; something was ripening suddenly out that had lain unseen in its greenness ; the time of figs seemed coming. Sin Saxon was intent upon new purpose ; something to be *done* would not let her "stand upon the order" or the fashion of her doing. She forgot her little airs, that had been apt to detract from her very wit, and leave it only smartness ; bright things came to her, and she uttered and acted them ; but they seemed involuntary and only on the way ; she could not help herself, and nobody would have had it helped ; she was still Sin Saxon ; but she had simply told the truth in her wayward way

that morning. Miss Craydocke had done it, with her kindly patience that was no stupidity, her simple dignity that never lowered itself and that therefore could not be lowered, and her quiet continuance in generous well-doing, — and Sin Saxon was different. She was won to a perception of the really best in life, — that which this plain old spinster, with her “scrap of lace and a front,” had found worth living for after the golden days were over. The impulse of temperament, and the generosity which made everything instant and entire with her, acted in this also, and carried her full over to an enthusiasm of affectionate co-operation.

There were a few people at Outledge — of the sort who, having once made up their minds that no good is ever to come out of Nazareth, see all things in the light of that conviction — who would not allow the praise of any voluntary amendment to this tempering and new direction of Sin's vivacity. “It was time she was put down,” they said, “and they were glad that it was done. That last outbreak had finished her. She might as well run after people now, whom she had never noticed before : it was plain there was nothing else left for her : her place was gone, and her reign was over.” Of all others, Mrs. Thoresby insisted upon this most strongly.

The whole school-party had considerably subsided. Madam Routh held a tighter rein ; but that Sin Saxon had a place and a power still, she found ways to show in a new spirit. Into a quiet corner of the dancing-hall, — skimming her way, with the dance yet in her feet, between groups of staid observers, — she came straight, one evening, from a bright, spirited figure of the German, and stretched her hand to Martha Josselyn. “It's in your eyes,” she whispered, — “come !”

Night after night Martha Josselyn had sat there, with the waltz-music in her ears, and her little feet, that had had one merry winter's training before the war, and many a home practice since with the younger ones, quivering to the time beneath her robes, and seen other girls chosen out and led away, — young matrons, and little short-petticoated children even, taken to “excursionize” between the figures, — while nobody thought of her. “I might be ninety, or a cripple,” she said to her sister, “from their taking for granted it is nothing to me. How is it that everything goes by, and I only twenty ?” There had been danger that Martha Josselyn's sweet, generous temper should get a dash of sour, only because of there lying alongside it a clear common-sense and a pure instinct of justice. Susan's heart longed with a motherly tenderness for her young sister when she said such words, — longed to put all pleasant things somehow within her reach. She had given it up for herself, years since. And now, all at once, Sin Saxon came and “took her out.”

It was a more generous act than it shows for, written. There is a little tacit consent about such things which few young people of a “set” have thought, desire, or courage to disregard. Sin Saxon never did anything more gracefully. It was one of the moments that came now, when she wist not that she shone. She was dropping, little by little, in the reality of a better desire, that “satisfaction” Jeannie Hadden had spoken of, of “knowing

when one is at one's prettiest," or doing one's cleverest. The "leaf and the fruit" never fitted better in their significance than to Sin Saxon. Something intenser and more truly living was taking the place of the mere flutter and flash and grace of effect.

It was the figure in which the dancers form in facing columns, two and two, the girls and the young men; when the "four hands round" keeps them moving in bright circles all along the floor, and under arches of raised and joined hands the girls come down, two and two, to the end, forming their long line to face again the opposing line of their partners. The German may be, in many respects, an undesirable dance; it may be, as I have sometimes thought, at least a selfish dance, affording pleasure chiefly to the initiated few, and excluding gradually almost from society itself those who do not participate in it. I speak of it here neither to uphold nor to condemn, — simply because they *did* dance it at Outledge as they do everywhere, and I cannot tell my story without it; but I think at this moment, when Sin Saxon led the figure with Martha Josselyn, there was something lovely, not alone in its graceful grouping, but in the very spirit and possibility of the thing that so appeared. There is scope and chance even here, young girls, for the beauty of kindness and generous thought. Even here, one may give a joy, may soothe a neglect, may make some heart conscious for a moment of the great warmth of a human welcome; and, though it be but to a pastime, I think it comes into the benison of the Master's words, when, even for this, some spirit gets a feeling like them, — "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

Some one, standing behind where Leslie Goldthwaite came to her place at the end of the line by the hall-door, had followed and interpreted the whole; had read the rare, shy pleasure in Martha Josselyn's face and movement, the bright, expressive warmth in Sin Saxon's, and the half-surprise of observation upon others; and he thought as I do.

"'Friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.' That girl has even sanctified the German!"

There was only one voice like that, — only one person who would so speak himself out. Leslie Goldthwaite turned quickly, and found herself face to face with Marmaduke Wharne. "I am so glad you have come!" said she.

He regarded her shrewdly. "Then you can do without me," he said. "I did n't know by this time how it might be."

The last two had taken their places below Leslie while these words were exchanged, and now the whole line moved forward to meet their partners, and the waltz began. Frank Scherman had got back to-day, and was dancing with Sin Saxon. Leslie and Dakie Thayne were together, as they had been that first evening at Jefferson, and as they often were. The four stopped, after their merry whirl, in this same corner by the door where Mr. Wharne was standing. Dakie Thayne shook hands with his friend in his glad boy's way. Across their greetings came Sin Saxon's words, spoken to her companion, — "You're to take her, Frank." Frank Scherman was an old childhood's friend, not a mere mountain acquaintance. "I'll bring up plenty of others first, but you're to wait and take *her*. And, wherever she

got her training, you 'll find she's the featest-footed among us." It was among the children — training them — that she had caught the trick of it, but Sin Saxon did not know.

"I'm ready to agree with you, with but just the reservation that *you* could not make," Frank Scherman answered.

"Nonsense," said Sin Saxon. "But stop! here's something better and quicker. They're getting the bouquets. Give her yours. It's your turn. Go."

Sin Saxon's blue eyes sparkled like two stars; the golden mist of her hair was tossed into lighter clouds by exercise; on her cheeks a bright rose-glow burned; and the lips parted with their sweetest, because most unconscious, curve over the tiny gleaming teeth. Her word and her glance sent Frank Scherman straight to do her bidding; and a bunch of wild azalias and scarlet lilies was laid in Martha Josselyn's hand, and she was taken out again into the dance by the best partner there. We may trust her to Sin Saxon and Frank Scherman, and her own "feat-footedness"; everything will not go by her any more, and she but twenty.

Marmaduke Wharne watched it all with that keen glance of his that was like a level line of fire from under the rough, gray brows.

"I am glad you saw that," said Leslie Goldthwaite, watching also, and watching him.

"By the light of your own little text, — 'kind, and bright, and pleasant'? You think it will do me good?"

"I think it *was* good; and I am glad you should really know Sin Saxon — at the first." And at the best; Marmaduke Wharne quite understood her. She gave him, unconsciously, the key to a whole character. It might as easily have been something quite different that he should have first seen in this young girl.

Next morning they all met on the piazza. Leslie Goldthwaite presented Sin Saxon to Mr. Wharne.

"So, my dear," he said, without preface, "you are the belle of the place?"

He looked to see how she would take it. There was not the first twinkle of a simper about eye or lip. Surprised, but quite gravely, she looked up, and met his odd bluntness with as quaint an honesty of her own. "I was pretty sure of it a while ago," she said. "And perhaps I was, in a demoralized sort of a way. But I've come down, Mr. Wharne, — like the coon. I'll tell you presently," she went on, — and she spoke now with warmth, — "who is the real belle, — the beautiful one of this place! There she comes!"

Miss Craydocke, in her nice, plain cambric morning-gown, and her smooth front, was approaching down the side-passage across the wing. Just as she had come one morning, weeks ago; and it was the identical "fresh petticoat" of that morning she wore now. The sudden coincidence and recollection struck Sin Saxon as she spoke. To her surprise, Miss Craydocke and Marmaduke Wharne moved quickly toward each other, and grasped hands like old friends.

"Then you know all about it!" Sin Saxon said, a few minutes after, when she got her chance. "But you *don't* know, sir," she added, with a desperate candor, "the way I took to find it out! I've been tormenting her, Mr. Wharne, all summer. And I'm heartily ashamed of it."

Marmaduke Wharne smiled. There was something about this girl that suited his own vein. "I doubt she *was* tormented," he said, quietly.

At that Sin Saxon smiled too, and looked up out of her hearty shame which she had truly felt upon her at her own reminder. "No, Mr. Wharne, she never was; but that was n't my fault. After all, perhaps,—isn't that what the optimists think?—it was best so. I should never have found her thoroughly out in any other way. It's like"—and there she stopped short of her comparison.

"Like what?" asked Mr. Wharne, waiting.

"I can't tell you now, sir," she answered with a gleam of her old fearless brightness. "It's one end of a grand idea, I believe, that I just touched on. I must think it out, if I can, and see if it all holds together."

"And then I'm to have it?"

"It will take a monstrous deal of thinking, Mr. Wharne."

"If I could only remember the chemicals!" said Sin Saxon. She was down among the outcrops and fragments at the foot of Minster Rock. Close in around the stones grew the short, mossy sward. In a safe hollow between two of them, against a back formed by another that rose higher with a smooth perpendicular, she had chosen her fireplace, and there she had been making the coffee. Quite intent upon the comfort of her friends she was to-day; something really to do she had; "in better business," as Leslie Goldthwaite phrased it to herself once, she found herself, than only to make herself brilliant and enchanting after the manner of the day at Feathercap. And let me assure you, if you have not tried it, that to make the coffee and arrange the feast at a picnic like this is something quite different from being merely an ornamental. There is the fire to coax with chips and twigs, and a good deal of smoke to swallow, and one's dress to disregard. And all the rest are off in scattered groups, not caring in the least to watch the pot boil, but supposing, none the less, that it will. To be sure, Frank Scherman and Dakie Thayne brought her firewood, and the water from the spring, and waited loyally while she seemed to need them; indeed, Frank Scherman, much as he unquestionably was charmed with her gay moods, stayed longest by her in her quiet ones; but she sent them off, herself, at last, to climb with Leslie and the Josselyns again into the Minster, and see thence the wonderful picture that the late sloping light made on the far hills and fields that showed to their sight between framing tree-branches and tall trunk-shafts as they looked from out the dimness of the rock.

She sat there alone, working out a thought; and at last she spoke as I have said,— "If I could only remember the chemicals!"

"My dear! What do you mean? The chemicals? For the coffee?" It was Miss Craydocke who questioned, coming up with Mr. Wharne.

"Not the coffee, — no," said Sin Saxon, laughing rather absently, as too intent to be purely amused. "But the — assaying. There, — I've remembered *that* word, at least!"

Miss Craydocke was more than ever bewildered. "What is it, my dear? An experiment?"

"No; an analogy. Something that's been in my head these three days. I can't make everything quite clear, Mr. Wharne, but I know it's there. I went, I must tell you, a little while ago, to see some Colorado specimens — ores and things — that some friends of ours had, who are interested in the mines; and they talked about the processes; and somebody explained. There were gold and silver and iron and copper and lead and sulphur, that had all been boiled up together some time, and cooled into rock. And the thing was to sort them out. First, they crushed the whole mass into powder, and then did something to it — applied heat I believe — to drive away the sulphur. That fumed off, and left the rest as promiscuous as before. Then they — oxidized the lead, however they managed it, and got that out. You see I'm not quite sure of the order of things, or of the chemical part. But they got it out, and something took it. Then they put in quicksilver, and that took hold of the gold. Then there were silver and copper and iron. So they had to put back the lead again, and that grappled the silver. And what they did with the copper and iron is just what I can't possibly recollect, but they divided them somehow, and there was the great rock-riddle all read out. Now, have n't we been just like that this summer? And I wonder if the world is n't like it somehow? And ourselves, too, all muddled up, and not knowing what we *are* made of, till the right chemicals touch us? There's so much in it, Mr. Wharne, I can't put it in clear order. But it *is* there, — is n't it?"

"Yes, it is there," answered Mr. Wharne, with the briefest gravity. For Miss Craydocke, there were little shining drops standing in her eyes, and she tried not to wink lest they should fall out, pretending they had been really tears. And what was there to cry about, you know?

"Here we have been," Sin Saxon resumed, "all crushed up together, and the characters coming out little by little, with different things. Sulphur's always the first, — heats up and flies off, — it don't take long to find that; and common oxygen gets at common lead; and so on; but, dear Miss Craydocke, do you know what comforts me? That you *must* have the quicksilver to discover the gold!"

Miss Craydocke winked. She had to do it then, and the two little round drops fell. They went down, unseen, into the short pasture-grass, and I wonder what little wild-flowers grew of their watering some day afterward.

It was getting a little too quiet between them now for people on a picnic, perhaps; and so in a minute Sin Saxon said again: "It's good to know there is a way to sort everything out. Perhaps the tares and wheat mean the same thing. Mr. Wharne, why is it that things seem more sure and true as soon as we find out we can make an allegory to them?"

"Because we do *not* make the allegory. It is there as you have said. 'I

will open my mouth in parables. I will utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world.' These things are that speech of God that was in the beginning. The Word made flesh, — it is He that interpreteth."

That was too great to give small answer to. Nobody spoke again till Sin Saxon had to jump up to attend to her coffee, that was boiling over, and then they took up their little cares of the feast, and their chat over it.

Cakes and coffee, fruits and cream, — I do not care to linger over these. I would rather take you to the cool, shadowy, solemn Minster cavern, the deep, wondrous recess in the face of solid rock, whose foundation and whose roof are a mountain; or above, upon the beetling crag that makes but its porch-lintel, and looks forth itself across great air-spaces toward its kindred cliffs, lesser and more mighty, all around, making one listen in one's heart for the awful voices wherein they call to each other forevermore.

The party had scattered again, after the repast, and Leslie and the Josselyns had gone back into the Minster entrance, where they never tired of standing, and out of whose gloom now they looked upon all the flood of splendor, rosy, purple, and gold, which the royal sun flung back — his last and richest largess — upon the heights that looked longest after him. Mr. Wharne and Miss Craydocke climbed the cliff. Sin Saxon, on her way up, stopped short among the broken crags below. There was something very earnest in her gaze, as she lifted her eyes, wide and beautiful with the wonder in them, to the face of granite upreared before her, and then turned slowly to look across and up the valley, where other and yet grander mountain ramparts thrust their great forbiddance on the reaching vision. She sat down, where she was, upon a rock.

"You are very tired?" Frank Scherman said, inquiringly.

"See how they measure themselves against each other," Sin Saxon said, for answer. "Look at them — Leslie and the rest — inside the Minster that arches up so many times their height above their heads, yet what a little bit — a mere mouse-hole — it is out of the cliff itself; and then look at the whole cliff against the Ledges, that, seen from anywhere else, seem to run so low along the river; and compare the Ledges with Feathercap, and Feathercap with Giant's Cairn, and Giant's Cairn with Washington, thirty miles away!"

"It is grand surveying," said Frank Scherman.

"I think we see things from the little best," rejoined Sin Saxon. "Washington is the big end of the telescope."

"Now you have made me look at it," said Frank Scherman, "I don't think I have been in any other spot that has given me such a real idea of the mountains as this. One must have steps to climb by, even in imagination: How impertinent we are, rushing at the tremendousness of Washington in the way we do; scaling it in little pleasure-wagons, and never taking in the thought of it at all!"

Something suddenly brought a flush to Sin Saxon's face, and almost a quiver to her lips. She was sitting with her hands clasped across her knees,

and her head a little bent with a downward look, after that long, wondering mountain gaze, that had filled itself and then withdrawn for thought. She lifted her face suddenly to her companion. The impetuous look was in her eyes. "There's other measuring too, Frank. What a fool I've been!"

Frank Scherman was silent. It was a little awkward for him, scarcely comprehending what she meant. He could by no means agree with Sin Saxon when she called herself a fool; yet he hardly knew what he was to contradict.

"We're well placed at this minute. Leslie Goldthwaite and Dakie Thayne and the Josselyns half-way up above there, in the Minster. Mr. Wharne and Miss Craydocke at the top. And I down here, where I belong. Impertinence? To think of the things I've said in my silliness to that woman, whose greatness I can no more measure! Why didn't somebody stop me? I don't answer for you, Frank, and I won't keep you; but I think I'll just stay where I am, and not spoil the significance!"

"I'm content to rank beside you; we can climb together," said Frank Scherman. "Even Miss Craydocke has not got to the highest, you see," he went on, a little hurriedly.

Sin Saxon broke in as hurriedly as he, with a deeper flush still upon her face. "There's everything beyond. That's part of it. But she helps one to feel what the higher—the Highest—must be. She's like the rock she stands on. She's one of the steps."

"Come, Asenath; let's go up." And he held out his hand to her till she took it and rose. They had known each other from childhood, as I said; but Frank Scherman hardly ever called her by her name. "Miss Saxon" was formal, and her school sobriquet he could not use. It seemed to mean a great deal when he did say "Asenath."

And Sin Saxon took his hand and let him lead her up, notwithstanding the "significance."

They are young, and I am not writing a love-story; but I think they will "climb together"; and that the words that wait to be said are mere words,—they have known and understood each other so long.

"I feel like a camel at a fountain; drinking in what is to last through the dry places," said Martha Josselyn, as they came up. "Miss Saxon, you don't know what you have given us to-day. I shall take home the hills in my heart."

"We might have gone without seeing this," said Susan.

"No, you might n't," said Sin Saxon. "It's my good luck to see you see it, that's all. It could n't be in the order of things, you know, that you should be so near it, and want it, and not have it, somehow."

"So much *is* in the order of things, though!" said Martha. "And there are so many things we want, without knowing them even to *be*!"

"That's the beauty of it, I think," said Leslie Goldthwaite, turning back from where she stood, bright in the sunset glory, on the open rock. Her voice was like that of some young prophet of joy, she was so full of the glad-



FRANK SCHERMAN AND MARTHA JOSSELYN.

DRAWN BY A. HOPPIN.

See *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life*, Chap. XI. page 656.

ness and loveliness of the time. "That's the beauty of it, I think. There is such a worldly, and you never know what you may be coming to next!"

"Well, this is our last — of the mountains. We go on Tuesday."

"It is n't your last of us, though, or of what we want of you," rejoined Sin Saxon. "We must have the tableaux for Monday. We can't do without you in Robin Gray, or Consolation. And about Tuesday, — it's only your own making up of minds. You have n't written, have you? They don't expect you? When a week's broken in upon, like a dollar, the rest is of no account. And there'll be sure to be something doing, so many are going the week after."

"We shall have letters to-night," said Susan. "But I think we must go on Tuesday."

Everybody had letters that night. The mail was in early, and Captain Green came up from the post-office as the Minster party was alighting from the wagons. He gave Dakie Thayne the bag. It was Dakie's delight to distribute, calling out the fortunate names as the expectant group pressed around him, like people waiting the issue of a lottery-venture.

"Mrs. Linceford, Miss Goldthwaite, Mrs. Linceford, Mrs. *Lince*-ford! Master — hm! Thayne," and he pocketed a big one like a despatch. "Captain Jotham Green. Where is he? Here, Captain Green; you and I have got the biggest, if Mrs. Linceford does get the most. I believe she tells her friends to write in bits, and put one letter into three or four envelopes. When I was a *very* little boy, I used to get a dollar changed into a hundred coppers, and feel ever so much richer."

"That boy's forwardness is getting insufferable!" exclaimed Mrs. Thoresby, sitting apart, with two or three others, who had not joined the group about Dakie Thayne. "And why Captain Green should give *him* the bag always, I can't understand. It is growing to be a positive nuisance."

Nobody out of the Thoresby clique thought it so. They had a merry time together, — "you and I and the post," as Dakie said. But then, between you and me and that confidential personage, Mrs. Thoresby and her daughters had n't very many letters.

"That is all," said Dakie, shaking the bag. "They're only for the very good, to-night." He was not saucy: he was only brimming-over glad. He knew "Noll's" square handwriting, and his big envelopes.

There was great news to-night at the Cottage. They were to have a hero — perhaps two or three — among them. General Ingleside and friends were coming, early in the week, the Captain told them with expansive face. There are a great many generals and a great many heroes now. This man had been a hero beside Sheridan, and under Sherman. Colonel Ingleside he was at Stone River and Chattanooga, leading a brave Western regiment in desperate, magnificent charges, whose daring helped to turn that terrible point of the war and made his fame.

But Leslie, though her heart stirred at the thought of a real, great commander fresh from the field, had her own news that half neutralized the ex-

citement of the other. Cousin Delight was coming, to share her room with her for the last fortnight.

The Josselyns got their letters. Aunt Lucy was staying on. Aunt Lucy's husband had gone away to preach for three Sundays for a parish where he had a prospect of a call. Mrs. Josselyn could not leave home immediately, therefore, although the girls should return; and their room was the airiest for Aunt Lucy. There was no reason why they should not prolong their holiday if they chose, and they might hardly ever get away to the mountains again. More than all, Uncle David was off once more for China and Japan, and had given his sister two more fifties, — "for what did a sailor want of greenbacks after he got afloat?" It was a "clover summer" for the Josselyns. Uncle David and his fifties would n't be back among them for two years or more. They must make the most of it.

Sin Saxon sat up late, writing this letter to her mother.

"DARLING MAMMA: —

"I've just begun to find out really what to do here. Cream does n't always rise to the top. You remember the Josselyns, our quiet neighbors in town, that lived in the little house in the old-fashioned block opposite, — Sue Josselyn, Effie's schoolmate? And how they used to tell me stories, and keep me to nursery-tea? Well, they're the cream, — they and Miss Cray-docke. Sue has been in the hospitals, — two years, mamma! — while I've been learning nocturnes, and going to Germans. And Martha has been at home, sewing her face sharp; and they're here now to get rounded out. Well, now, mamma, I want so — a real dish of mountains and cream, if you ever heard of such a thing! I want to take a wagon, and invite a party as I did my little one to Minster Rock, and go through the hills, — be gone as many days as you will send me money for. And I want you to take the money from that particular little corner of your purse where my carpet and wall-paper and curtains, that were to new-furnish my room on my leaving school, are metaphorically rolled up. There's plenty there, you know; for you promised me my choice of everything, and I had fixed on that lovely pearl-gray paper at —'s, with the ivy and holly pattern, and the ivy and scarlet-geranium carpet that was such a match. I'll have something cheaper, or nothing at all, and thank you unutterably, if you'll only let me have my way in this. It will do me so much good, mamma! More than you've the least idea of. People can do without French paper and Brussels carpets, but everybody has a right to mountain and sea and cloud glory, — only they don't half of them get it, and perhaps that's the other half's look-out!

"I know you'll understand me, mamma, particularly when I talk sense; for you always understood my nonsense when nobody else did. And I'm going to do your faith and discrimination credit yet.

"Your bad child, — with just a small, hidden savor of grace in her, *being* your child. ASENATH SAXON."

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."

THE GIRL AND THE GLEANER.



WHAT poor little miserable bird
 art thou?
 Where is thy home? Does some
 old oak-bough,
 Some hole in the wall, some crevice
 narrow,
 Serve as a home for thee, poor spar-
 row?
 I should almost think, indeed, under-
 ground

The likeliest place for thy nest to be found,
 Thou lookest so rumbled, so shabby, and gray.
 And what is thy business here, I pray?
 Ah! now I see; thou 'rt in hopes to be able
 To gather up seed from the rich bird's table;
 I notice thou 'rt eagerly picking up all
 That chance from the cage above to fall.
 Poor little beggar-bird! Dost not thou wish
 Thou couldst have supper served up in a dish,
 Live in a beautiful house, and, at night,
 Be carried in-doors and shut up tight,
 Like those little speckled foreigners there,
 •That are treated with so much kindness and care?
 They never know all the trials and pain
 That arise from hunger, cold, and rain.

I cannot but laugh to see with what pains
Thou 'rt hunting about for those little grains
Which our favored birds of the "upper ten"
Throw aside and never think of again.

"Laugh away in your pride, laugh away;
What do you think I care?
Call me a beggar you may,
But I 'm a bird of the air.
Think you I 'd a prisoner be?
No; liberty is life to me.

"Do you suppose that your foreign birds
Prefer with you to stay?
Open the door, and with very few words
I 'll warrant they 'd fly away.
A gilded cage can never compare
With freedom to sweep through God's pure air.

"A nest, to be sure, in a tree
Is the only home I know;
But the rain can never reach me,
And you would not pity me so
If you could but hear how I sing and shout
When the golden sun from the clouds bursts out.

"And if I do have to fly
The fields and gardens o'er
For the seed that your birds fling by,
I enjoy it all the more.
I eat my food and away I hie.
Who 'd live in a cage? Not I! Not I!"

Maria S. Cummins.





THE TWO HERD-BOYS.

[GERMANY.]

WHEN I was in Germany, four or five years ago, I spent several weeks of the summer-time in a small town among the Thuringian Mountains. This is a range on the borders of Saxony, something like our Green Mountains in height and form, but much darker in color, on account of the thick forests of fir which cover them. I had visited this region several times before, and knew not only all the roads, but most of the foot-paths, and had made some acquaintance with the people: so I felt quite at home among them, and was fond of taking long walks up to the ruins of castles on the peaks, or down into the wild, rocky dells between them.

The people are mostly poor, and very laborious; yet all their labor barely produces enough to keep them from want. There is not much farming land, as you may suppose. The men cut wood, the women spin flax and bleach linen, and the children gather berries, tend cattle on the high mountain pastures, or act as guides to the summer travellers. A great many find employment in the manufacture of toys, of which there are several establishments

in this region, producing annually many thousands of crying and speaking dolls, bleating lambs, barking dogs, and roaring lions.

Behind the town where I lived, there was a spur of the mountains, crowned by the walls of a castle built by one of the Dukes who ruled over that part of Saxony eight or nine hundred years ago. Beyond this ruin, the mountain rose more gradually, until it reached the highest ridge, about three miles distant. In many places the forest had been cut away, leaving open tracts where the sweet mountain grass grew thick and strong, and where there were always masses of heather, harebells, foxgloves, and wild pinks. Every morning all the cattle of the town were driven up to these pastures, each animal with a bell hanging to its neck, and the sound of so many hundred bells tinkling all at once made a chime which could be heard at a long distance.

One of my favorite walks was to mount to the ruined castle, and pass beyond it to the flowery pasture-slopes, from which I had a wide view of the level country to the north, and the mountain-ridges on both sides. Here, it was very pleasant to sit on a rock, in the sunny afternoon, and listen to the continual sound of bells which filled the air. Sometimes one of the herd-boys would sing, or shout to the others across the intervening glens, while the village girls, with baskets of bark, hunted for berries along the edges of the forests. Although so high on the mountain, the landscape was never lonely.

One day, during my ramble, I came upon two smaller herds of cattle, each tended by a single boy. They were near each other, but not on the same pasture, for there was a deep hollow, or dell, between. Nevertheless they could plainly see each other, and even talk whenever they liked, by shouting a little. As I came out of a thicket upon the clearing, on one side of the hollow, the herd-boy tending the cattle nearest to me was sitting among the grass, and singing with all his might the German song, commencing,

"Tra, ri, ro !
The summer 's here, I know !"

His back was towards me, but I noticed that his elbows were moving very rapidly. Curious to learn what he was doing, I slipped quietly around some bushes to a point where I could see him distinctly, and found that he was knitting a woollen stocking. Presently he lifted his head, looked across to the opposite pasture, and cried out, "Hans ! the cows !"

I looked also, and saw another boy of about the same age start up and run after his cattle, the last one of which was entering the forests. Then the boy near me gave a glance at his own cattle, which were quietly grazing on the slope, a little below him, and went on with his knitting. As I approached, he heard my steps and turned towards me, a little startled at first ; but he was probably accustomed to seeing strangers, for I soon prevailed upon him to tell me his name and age. He was called Otto, and was twelve years old ; his father was a wood-cutter, and his mother spun and bleached linen.

"And how much," I asked him, "do you get for taking care of the cattle ?"

"I am to have five thalers," (about four dollars,) he answered, "for the whole summer: but it don't go to me, it's for father. But then I make a good many groschen by knitting, and *that's* for my winter clothes. Last year I could buy a coat, and this year I want to get enough for trousers and new shoes. Since the cattle know me so well, I have only to talk and they mind me; and that, you see, gives me plenty of time to knit."

"I see," I said; "it's a very good arrangement. I suppose the cattle over on the other pasture don't know their boy? He has not got them all out of the woods yet."

"Yes, they know him," said Otto, "and that's the reason they slip away. But then cattle mind some persons better than others; I've seen that much."

Here he stopped talking, and commenced knitting again. I watched him awhile, as he rapidly and evenly rattled off the stitches. He evidently wanted to make the most of his time. Then I again looked across the hollow, where Hans — the other boy — had at last collected his cows. He stood on the top of a rock, flinging stones down the steep slope. When he had no more, he stuck his hands in his pockets and whistled loudly, to draw Otto's attention; but the latter pretended not to hear. Then I left them; for the shadow of the mountain behind me was beginning to creep up the other side of the valley.

A few days afterwards I went up to the pasture again, and came, by chance, to the head of the little dell dividing the two herds. I had been wandering in the fir-forest, and reached the place unexpectedly. There was a pleasant view from the spot, and I seated myself in the shade, to rest and enjoy it. The first object which attracted my attention was Otto, knitting as usual, beside his herd of cows. Then I turned to the other side to discover what Hans was doing. His cattle, this time, were not straying; but neither did he appear to be minding them in the least. He was walking backwards and forwards on the mountain-side, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. Sometimes, where the top of a rock projected from the soil, he would lean over it, and look along it from one end to the other, as if he were trying to measure its size; then he would walk on, pull a blue flower, and then a yellow one, look at them sharply, and throw them away. "What is he after?" I said to myself. "Has he lost something, and is trying to find it? or are his thoughts so busy with something else that he does n't really know what he is about?"

I watched him for nearly half an hour, at the end of which time he seemed to get tired, for he gave up looking about, and sat down in the grass. The cattle were no doubt acquainted with his ways, — (it is astonishing how much intelligence they have!) — and they immediately began to move towards the forest, and would soon have wandered away, if I had not headed them off and driven them back. Then I followed them, much to the surprise of Hans, who had been aroused by the noise of their bells as they ran from me.

"You don't keep a very good watch, my boy!" I said.

As he made no answer, I asked, "Have you lost anything?"

"No," he then said.

"What have you been hunting so long?"

He looked confused, turned away his head, and muttered, "Nothing."

This made me sure he had been hunting something, and I felt a little curiosity to know what it was. But although I asked him again, and offered to help him hunt it, he would tell me nothing. He had a restless and rather unhappy look, quite different from the bright, cheerful eyes and pleasant countenance of Otto.

His father, he said, worked in a mill below the town, and got good wages; so he was allowed half the pay for tending the cattle during the summer.

"What will you do with the money?" I asked.

"O, I'll soon spend it," he said. "I could spend a hundred times that much, if I had it."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "No doubt it's all the better that you have n't it."

He did not seem to like this remark, and was afterwards disinclined to talk; so I left him and went over to Otto, who was as busy and cheerful as ever.

"Otto," said I, "do you know what Hans is hunting, all over the pasture? Has he lost anything?"

"No," Otto answered; "he has not lost anything, and I don't believe he will find anything, either. Because, even if it's all true, they say you never come across it when you look for it, but it just shows itself all at once, when you're not expecting."

"What is it, then?" I asked.

Otto looked at me a moment, and seemed to hesitate. He appeared also to be a little surprised; but probably he reflected that I was a stranger, and could not be expected to know everything; for he finally asked, "Don't you know, sir, what the shepherd found, somewhere about here, a great many hundred years ago?"

"No," I answered.

"Not the key-flower?"

Then I *did* know what he meant, and understood the whole matter in a moment. But I wanted to know what Otto had heard of the story, and therefore said to him, "I wish you would tell me all about it."

"Well," he began, "some say it was true, and some that it was n't. At any rate, it was a long, long while ago, and there's no telling how much to believe. My grandmother told *me*; but then she did n't know the man: she only heard about him from her grandmother. He was a shepherd, and used to tend his sheep on the mountain,—or may be it was cows, I'm not sure,—in some place where there were a great many kobolds and fairies. And so it went on, from year to year. He was a poor man, but very cheerful, and always singing and making merry; but sometimes he would wish to have a little more money, so that he need not be obliged to go up to the pastures in the cold, foggy weather. That was n't much wonder, sir, for it's cold enough up here, some days.

“It was in summer, and the flowers were all in blossom, and he was walking along after his sheep, when all at once he saw a wonderful sky-blue flower, of a kind he had never seen before in all his life. Some people say it was sky-blue, and some that it was golden-yellow: I don’t know which is right. Well, however it was, there was the wonderful flower, as large as your hand, growing in the grass. The shepherd stooped down and broke the stem; but just as he was lifting up the flower to examine it, he saw that there was a door in the side of the mountain. Now he had been over the ground a hundred times before, and had never seen anything of the kind. Yet it was a real door, and it was open, and there was a passage into the earth. He looked into it for a long time, and at last plucked up heart and in he went. After forty or fifty steps, he found himself in a large hall, full of chests of gold and diamonds. There was an old kobold, with a white beard, sitting in a chair beside a large table in the middle of the hall. The shepherd was at first frightened, but the kobold looked at him with a friendly face, and said, ‘Take what you want, and don’t forget the best!’

“So the shepherd laid the flower on the table, and went to work and filled his pockets with the gold and diamonds. When he had as much as he could carry, the kobold said again, ‘Don’t forget the best!’ ‘That I won’t,’ the shepherd thought to himself, and took more gold and the biggest diamonds he could find, and filled his hat, so that he could scarcely stagger under the load. He was leaving the hall, when the kobold cried out, ‘Don’t forget the best!’ But he could n’t carry any more, and went on, never minding. When he reached the door in the mountain-side, he heard the voice again, for the last time, ‘Don’t forget the best!’

“The next minute he was out on the pasture. When he looked around, the door had disappeared: his pockets and hat grew light, all at once, and instead of gold and diamonds he found nothing but dry leaves and pebbles. He was as poor as ever, and all because he had forgotten the best. Now, sir, do you know what the best was? Why, it was the flower, which he had left on the table in the kobold’s hall. *That* was the key-flower. When you find it and pull it, the door is opened to all the treasures under ground. If the shepherd had kept it, the gold and diamonds would have stayed so; and, besides, the door would have been always open to him, and he could then help himself whenever he wanted.’

Otto had told the story very correctly, just as I had heard it told by some of the people before. “Did you ever look for the key-flower?” I asked him.

He grew a little red in the face, then laughed, and answered: “O, that was the first summer I tended the cattle, and I soon got tired of it. But I guess the flower don’t grow any more, now.”

“How long has Hans been looking for it?”

“He looks every day,” said Otto, “when he gets tired of doing nothing. But I should n’t wonder if he was thinking about it all the time, or he’d look after his cattle better than he does.”

As I walked down the mountain that afternoon I thought a great deal about these two herd-boys and the story of the key-flower. Up to this time

the story had only seemed to me to be a curious and beautiful fairy-tale ; but now I began to think it might mean something more. Here was Hans, neglecting his cows, and making himself restless and unhappy, in the hope of some day finding the key-flower ; while Otto, who remembered that it can't be found by hunting for it, was attentive to his task, always earning a little, and always contented.

Therefore, the next time I walked up to the pastures, I went straight to Hans. "Have you found the key-flower yet?" I asked.

There was a curious expression upon his face. He appeared to be partly ashamed of what he must now and then have suspected to be a folly, and partly anxious to know if I could tell him where the flower grew.

"See here, Hans," said I, seating myself upon a rock. "Don't you know that those who hunt for it never find it. Of course you have not found it, and you never will, in this way. But even if you should, you are so anxious for the gold and diamonds that you would be sure to forget the best, just as the shepherd did, and would find nothing but leaves and pebbles in your pockets."

"O, no!" he exclaimed ; "that's just what I would n't do."

"Why, don't you forget your work every day?" I asked. "You are forgetting the best all the time,— I mean the best that you have at present! Now I believe there is a key-flower growing on these very mountains ; and, what is more, Otto has found it!"

He looked at me in astonishment.

"Don't you see," I continued, "how happy and contented he is all the day long? He does not work as hard at his knitting as you do in hunting for the flower ; and although you get half your summer's wages, and he nothing, he will be richer than you in the fall. He will have a small piece of gold, and it won't change into a leaf. Besides, when a boy is contented and happy he has gold and diamonds. Would you rather be rich and miserable, or poor and happy?"

This was a subject upon which Hans had evidently not reflected. He looked puzzled. He was so accustomed to think that money embraced everything else that was desirable, that he could not imagine it possible for a rich man to be miserable. But I told him of some rich men whom I knew, and of others of whom I had heard, and at last bade him think of the prosperous brewer in the town below, who had had so much trouble in his family, and who walked the streets with his head hanging down.

I saw that Hans was not a bad boy : he was simply restless, impatient, and perhaps a little inclined to envy those in better circumstances. This lonely life on the mountains was not good for a boy of his nature, and I knew it would be difficult for him to change his habits of thinking and wishing. But, after a long talk, he promised me he would try, and that was as much as I expected.

Now, you may want to know whether he *did* try ; and I am sorry that I cannot tell you. I left the place soon afterwards, and have never been there since. Let us all hope, however, that he found the real key-flower.

Bayard Taylor.

THANKSGIVING.

“O I declare,” cried little Sam Perkins, as he opened his eyes and threw his arms above the pillow, “this *is* Thanksgiving morning, and no mistake! I’m sure it has been a great while coming, but it’s here at last, and *won’t* we have fine times! Just think of Josey and George and Milly — besides Uncle Ben, and he’s just as good to play with as a boy — all coming to eat Thanksgiving dinner!” And Sam sat up in bed, and was going to give a hurrah; but Jack Frost snapped so savagely at his shoulders that he was glad to lie down and cover himself up again.



“Sam!” said a very mild, soft voice at his door, “it is time to get up, my son! And here are your best clothes all warmed nicely for you,” — and his mother gently opened the door and came in. A sweet-looking lady she was, and the very best mother in the world. At least, so thought Sam; for conscience gave him an uncomfortable twinge when he remembered going to bed “in the sulks” the evening previous, because she did not think it prudent for him to go skating. Sam felt very sorry for this, as he put on the warm clothes, and in the warmth of his honest, blundering little heart he heartily resolved “never to be cross to mother again.”

The cousins came in due time, and before dinner delightful “Uncle Ben” made his appearance. Now this gentleman was rather old, with crow’s-feet at the corners of his eyes, and very suspicious wrinkles on his high forehead;

but his voice was just as cheery as if he had never known what care was, instead of having been an itinerant preacher ever since his youth, and oh! his smile, — everybody affirmed there was nothing like it. It did not content itself with twisting the corners of his mouth, but had to run up his cheeks, and play riot with his eyes, and finally hide itself in the crow's-feet I told you about. A merry man was Uncle Ben, and one who understood children.

After dinner, when the company was all collected in the great family parlor, and the aunts were talking with Sam's mother about their preserves and pickles, and the uncles telling his father about their crops, the children captured Uncle Ben, and forcibly conducted him into a corner, where he found a big red arm-chair ready for him, with a host of little stools round it, and a whole troop of little tongues clamorous for a story.

"Well! well!" cried Uncle Ben, when all were seated, and as many squeezed into his chair as could possibly stay in it, "what shall the story be? What shall I tell you about? Come, tell me, for I want to begin!"

Each had something different to propose, and the noisy little group (Josey and George and Milly were not more than half of them) were getting pretty warm over it, when Uncle Ben said quietly, "As you don't seem to decide, I guess I will tell you about Thanksgiving."

"About Thanksgiving!" cried Sam. "Why, uncle, *that* would n't be any story at all! We know all about Thanksgiving now. I'm sorry they all made such a noise," — and Sam, who prided himself on his great faculty of good behavior — in company, put his little cousin Susie down with a strong hand, as she was piping out something about "a 'tory about kittens."

"Still," resumed Uncle Ben, "I guess you could learn something more about Thanksgiving than you know now. I shall tell you how Thanksgiving first came about. You know, Sam, that you learned about the Mayflower, and the landing of the Pilgrims, in your history last summer, and what privations they were obliged to endure. I suppose you thought that meant that they could n't go to church, or dress as well as they did before, or have as many books to read, or something of that sort. But the truth was, they could n't get bread to eat. Their corn did not grow as they expected, and for months they were obliged to live on acorns and other nuts, or on fish, or a little wild meat."

"Why, uncle," interrupted Sam, "did n't they ever have any pie or cake?"

"Not even a slice of bread, my child, until the corn had ripened," said Uncle Ben, "and Indian bread was the best they could have, even then. But after they had been settled in Plymouth about three years, there came a season when there was no rain. The corn dried up, and so did the beans, and they could not get enough to eat even of nuts or fish. And the men became so very weak from not having enough to eat, that they could not hoe and dig in the fields as hard as they should. So what little struggled through the drought was not properly attended to.

"They could not hire any help, for there were none but Indians around

them ; and they did not know what they should do. But they appointed a day of fasting, to pray to God for rain and provisions ; and while the people were even yet in the church praying, children, the wind came up, and a shower began to fall. The rain kept on for days, until all the corn looked green again. Besides, they heard about that time that some good people in England had sent off a ship with provisions for them, and that she would shortly be in port. So you see how good God was to them, children ! They trusted in Him, and tried to be as good as they could ; and so He was merciful, and gave them rain."

"But what would they have done, if God had n't made it rain ?" asked Cousin George.

"We cannot tell," replied Uncle Ben ; "but they thought they should have starved. And they were so thankful for His help, that they appointed a Thanksgiving day because of His goodness. That was the first Thanksgiving day, my children ! Away off in the wilderness near Boston, two hundred years ago ! They had a Thanksgiving dinner, too ; for provisions came in, so that all had a dinner of bread."

"Was that all ?" cried Sam, who had not forgotten the stuffed turkey he had feasted on an hour before.

"That was all," said his uncle ; "and probably it was a great luxury to them to have at least one full meal."

"But what made them so poor ? What made them come over at all ?" asked George, who had not got into history yet.

"Because," said Sam, with much importance, "a bad king would not let them be Christians, and they came over to America to get to a place where they could think as they wanted to."

"That is very well said, Sammie," said his mother, who, unobserved, had joined the group. "And don't you remember what I read to you from Mrs. Hemans's works, about remembering the Pilgrims ?" And she repeated softly,

"Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod ;
They have left unstained what there they found, —
Freedom to worship God !"

"Ah, yes !" murmured Uncle Ben ; and his pleasant blue eyes suddenly filled with tears. "Let us reverence their memory ! But for those brave men and women, we should have had no quiet homes, no peaceful villages, no blessed New England ! Let us never forget what we owe to the Pilgrims ! And now," — exclaimed he, turning to the serious little faces beside him, — "now Susie shall have her story about the kittens."

Mary F. Miller.



LITTLE PUSSY WILLOW.

III.

I CANNOT make my young folks understand just the value of the gift which the fairies brought to Little Pussy Willow, unless I tell them about another little girl who did not have any such present, but had everything else.

Little Emily Proudie was born in a splendid house, with a white marble front, and a dozen marble steps leading up to the door. Before she was born, there were all sorts of preparations to receive her, — whole drawers full of little dresses with worked waists, and of little caps trimmed with pink and blue rosettes, and cunning little sacks embroidered with silk and silver, and little bonnets, and little socks and little shoes, and sleeve-ties with coral clasps, and little silver and gold rattles, — in short, everything that all the rich aunts and uncles and cousins of a rich little baby could think of.

To be sure no plant-fairies came in at the window to look at her ; but there were the fairies of the milliner's shop, and the jeweller's shop, and of all the shops and stores in New York, and they endowed the baby with no end of bright and beautiful things. She was to be handsome and rich, and always to have elegant clothes, and live in a palace, and have fine horses and carriages, and everything to eat and to drink that she could fancy, — and therefore everybody must think that this little girl would be happy.

But this one plain gift that the poor Little Pussy Willow brought was left out in all Emily's treasures. No good fairy ever gave her the gift of liking everything she had, and seeing the bright side of everything. If she had only had this gift, she might have been as much happier than our Little Pussy Willow as she had more things to be happy with ; but as she did not have it, she grew up, notwithstanding all her treasures, to be a fretful, discontented little girl.

At the time I am speaking of, these two little girls are each of them to be seen in very different circumstances. It is now the seventh birthday of Little Pussy Willow ; and you might think, perhaps, that she was going to have a holiday, or some birthday presents, or a birthday party. But no, it is not so. Pussy's mother is a poor hard-working woman, who never found any time to pet her children, though she loved them as much as any other mother. Besides, where she lived, nobody ever heard of such a thing as celebrating a child's birthday. Pussy never had had a present made to her in all her little life. She never had had a plaything, except the bright yellow dandelions in spring, or the pussies of the willow-bush, or the cat-tails which her brothers sometimes brought home in their pockets ; and to-day, though it is her birthday, Pussy is sitting in a little high-chair, learning to sew on some patchwork, while her mother is kneading up bread in the kitchen beside her. There is a yellow mug standing on the table, with

some pussy-willow sprigs in it, which have blossomed out early this spring, and which her father broke off for her before he went to his work; and Pussy sits pulling her needle through the gay squares of calico, and giving it a push with the little yellow brass thimble. Sometimes she stops a minute to speak to the little pussies, and touch their downy heads to her cheek, and sometimes she puts up her little mouth to kiss her mother, who comes to her with her hands all covered with flour; and then she tugs away again most industriously with her needle, till the small square is finished, and she says, "May I get down and play now?" And mamma says, "Wait a moment till I get my hands out of the bread." And mamma kneads and rolls the great white cushion in the bread-bowl, and turns it over and over, and rubs every bit and morsel of loose white flour into it, and kneads it smoothly in, and then, taking it up once more, throws it down in the bowl, a great, smooth, snowy hill of dough, in the middle of which she leaves one fist-print; and then she rubs her hands from the flour and paste, and washes them clean, and comes and takes up Pussy, and sets her down on the floor; and Pussy forthwith goes to a lower cupboard where are her treasures.

And what are they? There are the fragment of an old milk-pitcher, and the nose and handle of a tea-pot, and ever so many little bits of broken china, and one little old sleigh-bell which her grandfather gave her. There is a rag-doll made up on a clothes-pin, which Pussy every day washes, dresses, puts to bed, takes up, teaches to sew, and, in short, educates to the best of her little ability in the way in which she is herself being brought up. And there are several little strips of bright red and yellow calico which she prizes greatly, besides a handful of choice long, curly shavings, which she got at a carpenter's bench when her mother took her up to the village.

Pussy is perfectly happy in these treasures, and has been sewing very industriously all the morning, that she may get to the dear closet where they are kept. Then for playmates she has only a great, grave, old yellow dog named Bose, who, the minute he sees Pussy get down, comes soberly patting up to her, wagging his tail. And little Pussy gathers all her treasures in her short checked apron, and goes out under the great elm-tree to play with Bose; and she is now perfectly happy.

She makes a little house out of her bits of broken china, arranged in squares on the turf; she ties a limp sun-bonnet on Bose's head, and makes believe that he is mother to the clothes-pin rag-baby, and tells him he must rock it to sleep; and Bose looks very serious and obedient, and sits over the baby while Pussy pretends to yoke up oxen and go off to the fields to work.

By and by Bose thinks this has lasted long enough, and comes scampering after her, with the sun-bonnet very much over one eye; and then he gets talked to, and admonished, and led back to his duty. He gets very tired of it sometimes; and Pussy has to vary the play by letting him have a scamper with her down to the brook, to watch the tiny little fish that whisk and dart among the golden rings of sunlight under the bright brown waters.



Hour after hour passes, and Pussy grows happier every minute; for the sun shines, and the sky is blue, and Bose is capital company, and she has so many pretty playthings!

When Pussy lies down in her little crib at night, she prays God to bless her dear father and mother, and her dear brothers, and Bose, and dolly, and all the dear Little Pussy Willows. The first part of the prayer her mother taught her, — the last part she made up herself, out of her own curly head and happy little heart, and she does not doubt in the least that the good God hears the last as much as the first.

Now this is the picture of what took place on little Pussy's seventh birthday; but you must see what took place on little Emily's seventh birthday, which was to be kept with great pomp and splendor. From early morning the door-bell was kept constantly ringing on account of the presents that were being sent in to Emily. I could not begin to tell you half of them. There was a great doll from Paris, with clothes all made to take off and put on, and a doll's bureau full of petticoats and drawers and aprons and stockings and collars and cuffs and elegant dresses for Miss Dolly; and there were little bandboxes with ever so many little bonnets, and little parasols, and little card-cases, and nobody knows what, — all for Miss Dolly. Then there were bracelets and rings and pins for little Emily herself, and a gold drinking-cup

set with diamonds, and every sort of plaything that any one could think of, till a whole room was filled with Emily's birthday presents.

Nevertheless, Emily was not happy. In fact, she was very unhappy; and the reason was that the pink silk dress she wanted to wear had not come home from the dressmaker's, and no other dress in the world would in the least do for her.

In vain mamma and two nurses talked and persuaded, and showed her her presents; she wanted exactly the only thing that could not be got, and nothing but that seemed of any value in her eyes. The whole house was in commotion about this dress, and messengers were kept running backward and forward to Madame Follet's; but it was almost night before it came, and neither Emily nor any of her friends could have any peace until then.

The fact is, that the little girl had been so industriously petted ever since she was born, and had had so many playthings and presents, that there was not anything that could be given her which seemed half as pretty to her as two or three long clean, curly shavings seemed to Little Pussy Willow; and then, unfortunately, no good fairy had given her the gift of being easily pleased; so that, with everybody working and trying from morning to night to please her, little Emily was always in a fret or a worry about something. Her mother said that the dear child had such a fastidious taste!—that she was *so* sensitive!—but whatever the reason might be, Emily was never very happy. Instead of thinking of the things she *had*, and liking them, she was always fretting about something that she had not or could not get; and when the things she most longed for at last came into her hands, suddenly she found that she had ceased to want them.

Her seventh birthday ended with a children's ball, to which all the little children of her acquaintance were invited, and there was a band of music, and an exquisite supper, and fireworks on the lawn near the house; and Emily appeared in the very pink silk dress she had set her heart on; but alas! she was not happy. For Madame Follet had not put on the flounces, as she promised, and the sash had no silver fringe. This melancholy discovery was made when it was entirely too late to help it, and poor Emily was in low spirits all the evening.

"She is too sensitive for this life," said her mamma,— "the sweet little angel!"

Emily sunk to sleep about midnight, hot, tired, feverish. She cried herself to sleep. Why? She could not tell. Can you?

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



HALF-HOURS WITH FATHER BRIGHTHOPES.

VIII.

HAVING passed Mr. Orley's gate, Emma, at a sign from Father Bright hopes, ran forward with Kate, while he followed with Laura, still holding her hand.

"I saw you that evening at Mr. Thorley's," said Laura, in answer to his questions.

"But you have never yet been to call on me with the other young people. Well, that is very excusable. Young girls like young girls' society, and it is hardly to be expected that they should care much for an old man like me. You are very fond of Kate, I see."

Laura was now sorry that, in a moment of confusion, she had insisted on Kate's accompanying them, for she disliked to confess her attachment to a companion whose parents lived in such a very common house, and could not afford to keep servants. After some hesitation she replied, "My mother says Kate is a very good girl, and she is willing I should play with her sometimes."

"Your mother is quite right. Kate is a very beautiful girl, — beautiful in spirit and disposition, I mean. I don't wonder you like her. You have good times playing with her, don't you?"

"O yes!" cried Laura, quite thrown off her guard by the clergyman's praise of her poor friend. "There is n't a girl on the street I like so well."

"That is saying a great deal. There are a good many girls on the street, — very nice girls too. What a pleasant time you must have had at your party the other night, with such delightful company!"

"O yes! mother says it was a very brilliant party."

"How did Kate like it?" the old clergyman inquired.

"Kate — she — why —" Laura stammered, — "Kate was n't there."

"How happened that?" said Father Bright hopes. "You invited her, of course."

"Yes, — no, — that is, mother said she guessed we 'd better not ask Kate."

"That was very thoughtful; for I suppose, if Kate had been there, you like her so much better than you do the other girls, that perhaps your attentions to her would have made them unhappy."

"O no, that was n't the reason!"

"Or you thought Kate would not come, and you did not wish to send an invitation and have it rejected. You don't imagine Kate feels herself above you, I trust."

"Above *me*? No indeed! We live in that great, buff-colored house over there. We keep two carriages, and three horses, and three house-servants,

and two men, and my father is very rich. Kate feel herself above me, indeed!" exclaimed Laura. "No; but I'll tell you the reason we did n't invite her. Mother says we occupy a very different position in society from the Orleys; and, besides, Kate don't dress well enough for my parties."

"My dear child," then said Father Brighthopes, "which do you think is of the most importance, a good heart and a good disposition, or good clothes?"

"Why, a good heart, of course."

"And have n't you said you like Kate better than you do the other girls on the street? You really like her better in her plain clothes than you do them in their fine dresses. Then don't you see that you pay but a poor compliment to those you invite to your parties? You ask only the beautiful *dresses* to come; — the really beautiful *person*, the one you prefer above all the rest, you do not ask at all. You go over and play with her privately, but you are ashamed to acknowledge her before your well-dressed friends."

"This is my home," said Laura, humiliated and abashed, stopping at her father's gate.

"Well, good by, my child. I want you to come and see me some time. In the mean while, we will think over carefully what we have been talking about, and see if we can find out just the truth of the matter."

Kate stopped too; and Father Brighthopes, taking leave of her and Laura, walked on with Emma.

"Oh!" said Emma, disdainfully, "that Laura Follet is a real stuck-up little creature! Just because her father happens to have money, she thinks she is made; but she don't know half as much, she is n't half as generous and good, as Kate."

"That is generally the way with pride," said Father Brighthopes. "The most worthy people are, I believe, always the most humble."

"O, I know that!" said Emma, enthusiastically, — for was not her old friend the very best of men? and who was so simple and humble as he?

"But Laura has a good little heart, with all her vanity," he went on. "If she prides herself so much on her father's wealth and what it buys for her, it is because she has not been taught any better. Wealth is an excellent thing. Rightly used, what a blessing it is to us! But when I see young folks — and old folks too, who usually set the example — made selfish and vain and worldly by it, I think it is oftener a curse than a blessing. Poor little Laura! she is beginning very early to sacrifice the realities of life for its mere shows. We must get her to come to some of *our* parties, Emma, and teach her that truth and friendship are more precious than fine clothes."

In their very next walk, the old clergyman and his young companion made a call at the buff-colored house. There he saw Laura again, and became acquainted with her mother, with whom he had a long talk, while Laura was showing Emma her new playthings.

He found Mrs. Follet, as he expected, a vain, worldly woman. But, although she placed the highest value upon riches and what she called "position," she had never found any real happiness in them; she was forever

yearning for something better,—she did not know what. And it so happened that a few earnest words he chanced to speak gave her a strange refreshment and satisfaction. She pondered them afterwards, and wondered what it was in them that was so much sweeter than all the fine talk of her genteel friends. The truth is, he had spoken to her heart; he had kindled her faith, her love, her slumbering emotions; he had fed with the bread of life the secret hunger of her soul, which all the riches and honors of the world could never appease.

She was delighted with his sincere and sympathetic manners; and she said afterwards to her husband: "He is really an excellent, extraordinary man; and I have been thinking, what a pity it is he is not a little more genteel!" But she had not thought of this while in the old clergyman's presence. There was something about him which made her forget there was such a thing as gentility in the world.

The result of this visit was, that, when the young folks came next to spend a half-hour with Father Brighthopes, Laura Follet made her appearance with the rest.

"Only think!" whispered Emma Reverdy, in her old friend's ear, "she came with Kate Orley, and did n't seem a bit ashamed of her company!"

It was a pleasant summer evening,—so warm that Father Brighthopes proposed to receive his visitors out of doors. An easy-chair was brought for him to the piazza; and as soon as he was seated they made haste to gather around him, sitting on the steps or on the floor, leaning against the pillars, or on the grassy bank below. The parents of some of the children were present, and they occupied chairs by the door. Emma Reverdy brought a stool, and took her favorite position at the old clergyman's feet. The sky, seen through the trees, was still bright with the long twilight; a star or two twinkled among the leaves, and the moonlight was beginning to whiten the garden.

"Well, my dear young friends," said Father Brighthopes, "what are we to talk about to-night? Ah, if I could only know just what you most need to hear! What is it, Laura?"—for Laura was whispering to Miss Thorley.

"She says she wishes you would talk about etiquette," said the kind schoolmistress.

"Etiquette, my child?" said Father Brighthopes. "What do you mean by etiquette?"

"I mean,"—Laura hesitated, and hid her blushing face behind the honey-suckles,— "I mean, politeness."

"A very important subject," said Father Brighthopes, encouragingly. "I am glad you mean that; for, as to *etiquette*, which has more to do with the mere ceremonies of society, I could not, if I should try, tell you much about that in half an hour. How to behave at table, at church, at parties, at home and abroad,—a little experience will teach you this better than any set of rules. Learn true politeness first, and all the rest will come easy to you. But what is true politeness? Who can tell me? Come, Cary Wilson, you look knowing enough."

“To make bows, take off our hats, pay compliments, and all that,” said Cary.

“And do everything proper in society,” added Laura, gaining confidence.

“Indeed,” said the clergyman, with a smile, “a person who does faithfully all those things may be called polite. But by and by there comes one who perhaps does not make bows or pay compliments, yet who is the most truly polite person of all. His manners are so gentle, he seems always so regardless of the comfort and happiness of those around him, and all his actions are so simple and natural, that, although he should neglect some ordinary rules of etiquette, he is no less esteemed a thorough gentleman.

“The Latin word *politus*, from which our terms *polite* and *polished* are both derived, applies alike to men and things. It is the same with the French *poli*, which may be used in describing either a school-boy or his buttons. Our English word *polite*, however, which was also, a hundred years ago and more, applied to things, is now used chiefly in speaking of men and manners.

“Politeness, as I implied when I spoke of *true* politeness, is of two kinds. Observe the arms of this mahogany chair. It is a very old chair, but the longer it is used the richer and smoother they become. They are mahogany clear through. But a great deal of the furniture we see is made of some inferior kind of wood, covered with thin strips of a finer sort, called veneering.

“My dear children,” the old clergyman went on, “it is just so with ladies and gentlemen. There are persons of genuine refinement, whose characters are beautified still more by social intercourse. Others are coarse timber, poor sticks perhaps, *veneered* with a thin, a very thin covering of fine manners. This veneer, I confess, is sometimes so artistically laid on that the sham mahogany passes for the real with careless observers; but it is sure at last to peel off and betray the shabby interior.

“Ah, my children, what you want is the genuine article, — that which will stand hard knocks, exposure, and long service in this rough world. But true politeness comes only from a true nature, — from gentleness and kindness, from refinement and delicacy of feeling, and a sincere desire to make others happy and to avoid giving them pain. How necessary, then, that you should cultivate these qualities, and practise them constantly in youth, before the days come when it will be so hard to learn new habits or unlearn old ones!

“And now, my little friends, I am going to tell you a very important secret, — when, where, and how to acquire true politeness. It is not to be learned at the dancing-school. It is not to be got out of books. Like charity, it begins *at home*. It is not something that can be put on when you enter society. If you have it not before you go out of your own house, the best you will show to the world will be the veneering I have described. How can you be gentle and kind in society, when you are rude and selfish at home? How can you, without feeling mean and hypocritical, show respect and deference to strangers, who have done nothing for you, while you show none to your own parents, to whom you owe so much?

“I have seen boys tyrannize over their sisters and younger brothers, treating them habitually with haughtiness and brutality, — mere snarling and surly cubs at home, — who, when they put on their best coats for company, fancy that they at the same time can put on good breeding and be gentlemen. But good breeding is as much a part of the person who possesses it as his own flesh and blood. Politeness is a garment which, to fit you naturally and easily, must be worn every day. Be polite, first of all, to your father and mother. O, be very gentle and considerate, my children, in all your behavior towards them! Be generous and affable towards your brothers and sisters and mates. Behave as decorously at your mother’s table as you would at a queen’s. If politeness is good for anything, it is good for family use; and if it is to become a habit of your lives, it must be put in practice at home.

“After it becomes a habit, then you can trust yourselves to appear in any society without fearing to be thought awkward or affected. First be at heart polite, and then act yourselves. Thus you cannot fail to please, or to command respect, wherever you go.”

“But the particular things we are to *do*, — that is what I want to know,” said Laura, behind the honeysuckles.

“There are a thousand things which a right-minded person will think to do, or to avoid doing, but which another, whose civility is only on the surface, will never perceive. These are the tests of true refinement; and in order to observe them you must have the *instinct* of politeness, — you must have the benevolence and delicacy of feeling I have insisted on; for they cannot be named or pointed out until the occasion to practise them arrives. There are, however, a few common tests of good breeding which I may mention.

“It never blusters, or brags, or talks much about itself. It does not talk disagreeably loud to people near, or interrupt them while they are speaking. Some people, you know, take an interest only in conversations which are about themselves or their concerns; and they consider their own opinions of so much more importance than anybody’s else that they break forth with them in the most abrupt manner on all occasions. Such persons, however well dressed they may be, or however gracefully they may smile and bow, are very impolite.

“The gentle person, my children, is not only considerate of the welfare and comfort of others, but he even respects their prejudices to a certain degree. He never treats them with rudeness or scorn, merely because they do not think and act as he would have them. And when he feels it his duty to tell them of their faults, or to censure their conduct, he does so frankly and plainly, but with such sincere kindness of manner as often goes further towards winning a man from his errors than the truth itself.

“He is especially affable to servants and inferiors, never forgetting that they have rights and feelings as sacred as his own. He does not show respect to one because he is rich, or treat another with contempt because he is poor, but prizes each according to his real worth. There is another thing

no gentleman, or gentle-boy, or gentle-hearted woman or little girl, ever does. Friendship is a precious thing, not to be used solely for your own pleasure and convenience ; and to make much of a companion one day, when he is useful to you, and to slight him at other times, when you can do without him, or because you happen to have better-dressed companions, — this is not the part of a generous and true nature, but of a very foolish and selfish pride.

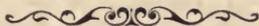
“ In conclusion, I have one warning to give : *be not too polite*. An excessive desire to please often causes weak persons to appear silly and contemptible. Do not think, because civility and regard are due to all, that you must show every chance comer especial attentions, or make companions of people you do not like. And do not suppose that you are to bow and smile on every occasion, and mince your words to suit your company ; for only vulgarity does so. True politeness is simple, natural, and cheerful ; and the best-bred boys and girls may play as heartily and laugh as loud at their sports as they please.”

At the conclusion of the old clergyman’s speech, the boys came to shake hands with him, and the girls to kiss him, — and a very beautiful picture it was, with the moonlight on his venerable white brow and on the bright young faces around him.

“ Ah, my dear children,” said he, “ your kisses are very pure and precious ; but do not suppose that *politeness* requires you to give them. It is perfectly polite, and far more honest, to withhold them, when the heart does not give them freely.”

But they kissed him nevertheless.

J. T. Trowbridge.



AFLOAT IN THE FOREST :

A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS.

CHAPTER XCII.

THE CHASE.

ON swept the *igarité* containing the crew of our adventurers ; on came its kindred craft, manned by savage men, with the little canoe close following, like a tender in the wake of a huge man-of-war. They were not long in doubt as to what would be the upshot of the chase. It had not continued half an hour before it became clear, to pursuers as well as pursued, that the distance between the two large *igarités* was gradually growing less. Gradually, but not rapidly ; for although there were six paddles plying along the sides of the pursuers and only four on the pursued, the rate of speed was not so very unequal.

The eight full-grown savages — no doubt the picked men of their tribe — were more than a fair complement for their craft, that lay with gunwales low down in the water. In size she was somewhat less than that which carried our adventurers; and this, along with the heavier freight, was against her. For all this, she was gaining ground sufficiently fast to make the lessening of the distance perceptible.

The pursued kept perfect silence, for they had no spirit to be noisy. They could not help feeling apprehensive. They knew that the moment the enemy got within arrow's reach of them they would be in danger of death. Well might such a thought account for their silence.

Not so with their savage pursuers. These could be in no danger unless by their own choice. They had the advantage, and could carry on war with perfect security to themselves. It would not be necessary for them to risk an encounter empty-handed so long as their arrows lasted; and they could have no fear of entering into the fight. Daring where there was no danger, and noisy where there was no occasion, they pressed on in the pursuit, their wild yells sent pealing across the water to strike terror into the hearts of the enemy.

Our adventurers felt no craven fear, not a thought of surrender, not an idea of submitting to be taken captives. By the most solemn asseverations the tapuyo had assured them that it would be of no use, and they need expect no mercy from the Muras. He had said so from the first; but now, after having taken one of their number captive and treated him with contempt, after scuttling their fleet of *igarités*, their natural instinct of cruelty would be intensified by a thirst for revenge, and no quarter need be looked for by any one who might fall into their hands.

Remembering the hideous creature who had escaped, seeing him again in his canoe as the pursuers came within distinguishing distance, seeing nine of his comrades quite as hideous as himself, and some of them in appearance far more formidable, the statement of the tapuyo did not fail to have an effect.

The crew of the chased *igarité* gave up all thought of surrender, each declaring his determination to fight to the death. Such was their mood when the savages arrived within bowshot.

The first act of hostility was a flight of arrows, which fell short of the mark. Seeing that the distance was too great for them to do any havoc, the six who had been propelling the *igarité* dropped their bows, and once more took to the paddles.

The other two, however, with the spare man in the little canoe, were free to carry on their arrowy assault; and all three continued to twang their bows, sending shaft after shaft towards the chased *igarité*. Only one of the three appeared to have much skill in his aim, or strength in his arm. The arrows of the other two either fell short or wide of the object aimed at, while his came plump into the *igarité*.

He had already sent three, — the first passing through the broad-spread ear of the negro, — no mean mark; the second scratching up the skin upon

Tom's cheek ; while the third, fired aloft into the air, dropped down upon the skin of the peixe-boi that sheltered little Rosa in the bottom of the boat, penetrating the thick, tough hide, and almost impaling the pretty creature underneath it.

This dangerous marksman was identified. He was the hero of the harpoon, — the captive who had given them the slip ; and certain it is that he took more pains with his aim, and put more strength into his pull, than any of his competitors.

His fourth arrow was looked for with fearful apprehension. It came whistling across the water. It passed through the arm of his greatest enemy, — the man he most desired it to pierce, — the Mundurucú.

The tapuyo started up from his stooping attitude, at the same time dropping his paddle, not upon the water, but into the igarité. The arrow was only through the flesh. It did nothing to disable him, and he had surrendered the oar with an exclamation of anger more than pain. The shaft was still sticking in his left arm. With the right he pulled it out, drawing the feather through the wound, and then flung it away.

In another instant he had taken up the harpoon, with the long cord still attached to it, and which he had already secured to the stern of the igarité. In still another he was seen standing near the stern, balancing the weapon for a throw. One more instant and the barbed javelin was heard passing with a crash through the ribs of the savage archer ! "Pull on ! pull on !" cried he ; and the three paddlers responded to the cry, while the pursuing savages, astounded by what they had seen, involuntarily suspended their stroke, and the harpooner, impaled upon the barbed weapon, was jerked into the water and towed off after the igarité, like one of his own floats in the wake of a cow-fish.

A wild cry was sent forth from the canoe of the savages. Nor was it unanswered from the igarité containing the crew of civilized men. The negro could not restrain his exultation ; while Tom, who had nothing else to do, sprang to his feet, tossed his arms into the air, and gave tongue to the true Donnybrook Challenge.

For a time the pursuers did nothing. Their paddles were in hands that appeared suddenly paralyzed. Astonishment held them stiff as statues.

Stirred at length by the instinct of revenge, they were about to pull on. Some had plunged their oar-blades into the water, when once more the stroke was suspended.

They perceived that they were near enough to the retreating foe. Nearer, and their lives would be in danger. The dead body of their comrade had been hauled up to the stern of the great igarité. The harpoon had been recovered, and was once more in the hands of him who had hurled it with such fatal effect.

Dropping their bladed sticks, they again betook them to their bows. A shower of arrows came around the igarité, but none fell with fatal effect. The body of their best archer had gone to the bottom of the Gapo. Another flight fell short, and the savage bowmen saw the necessity of returning to their paddles.

Failing to do so, they would soon be distanced in the chase. This time they rowed nearer, disregarding the dangerous range of that ponderous projectile to which their comrade had succumbed. Rage and revenge now rendered them reckless; and once more they seized upon their weapons.

They were now less than twenty yards from the *igarité*. They were already adjusting the arrows to their bow-strings. A flight of nine going all together could not fail to bring down one or more of the enemy.

For the first time our adventurers were filled with fear. The bravest could not have been otherwise. They had no defence,—nothing to shield them from the threatening shower. All might be pierced by the barbed shafts, already pointing towards the *igarité*. Each believed that in another moment there might be an arrow through his heart.

It was a moment of terrible suspense, but our adventurers saw the savages suddenly drop their bows, some after sending a careless shot, with a vacillating, pusillanimous aim, and others without shooting at all. They saw them all looking down into the bottom of their boat, as if there, and not elsewhere, was to be seen their most dangerous enemy.

The hole cut by the knife had opened. The calking, careless from the haste in which it had been done, had come away. The canoe containing the pursuers was swamped, in less than a score of seconds after the leak had been discovered. Now there was but one large canoe upon the lagoon, and one small one,—the latter surrounded by eight dark human heads, each spurting and blowing, as if a small school of porpoises was at play upon the spot.

Our adventurers had nothing further to fear from pursuit by the savages, who would have enough to do to save their own lives; for the swim that was before them, ere they could recover footing upon the scaffolds of the malocca, would tax their powers to the utmost extent.

How the castaways meant to dispose of themselves was known to the crew of the *igarité* before the latter had been paddled out of sight. One or two of them were observed clinging to the little canoe, and at length getting into it. These, weak swimmers, no doubt, were left in possession of the craft, while the others, knowing that it could not carry them all, were seen to turn round and swim off towards the malocca, like rats escaping from a scuttled ship.

In twenty minutes' time, both they and the fishing-canoe were out of sight, and the great *igarité* that carried Trevannion and his fortunes was alone upon the lagoon.

CHAPTER XCIII.

CONCLUSION.

A VOLUME might be filled with the various incidents and adventures that befell the ex-miner and his people before they arrived at Gran Pará,—for at Gran Pará did they at length arrive. But as these bore a certain resemblance to those already detailed, the reader is spared the relation of them. A word only as to how they got out of the Gapo.

Provided with the Indian *igarité*, which, though a rude kind of craft, was a great improvement upon the dead-wood, — provided also with four tolerable paddles, and the skin of the cow-fish for a sail, — they felt secure of being able to navigate the flooded forest in any direction where open water might be found.

Their first thought was to get out of the lagoon. So long as they remained within the boundaries of that piece of open water, so long would their solitude be keen and continuous. The savages might again come in search of them. Prompted by their cannibal instincts, or by revenge for the loss of one of their tribe, they would be almost certain to do so. The total destruction of their fleet might cause delay. But then there might be another malocca belonging to a kindred tribe, — another fleet of *igarités* not far off; and this might be made available.

With these probabilities in view, our adventurers gave their whole attention to getting clear of the lagoon. Was it land-locked, or rather “tree-locked,” — hemmed in on all sides by the flooded forest? This was a question that no one could answer, though it was the one that was of first and greatest importance.

After the termination of the chase, however, or as soon as they believed themselves out of sight, not only of their foiled foemen, but their friends at the malocca, they changed their course, steering the *igarité* almost at right angles to the line of pursuit.

By guidance of the hand of God, they steered in the right direction. As soon as they came within sight of the trees, they perceived a wide water-way opening out of the lagoon, and running with a clear line to the horizon beyond. Through this they directed the *igarité*, and, favored by a breeze blowing right upon their stern, they rigged up their rude sail. With this to assist their paddling, they made good speed, and had soon left the lagoon many miles behind them.

They saw no more of the Muras. But though safe, as they supposed themselves, from pursuit, and no longer uneasy about the ape-like Indians, they were still very far from being delivered. They were yet in the *Gapo*, — that wilderness of water-forests, — yet exposed to its thousands of dangers.

They found themselves in a labyrinth of what appeared to be lakes, with land around them, and islands scattered over their surface, communicating with each other by canals or straits, all bordered with a heavy forest. But they knew there was no land, — nothing but tree-tops laced together with *llianas*, and supporting heavy masses of parasitical plants.

For days they wandered through its wild solitudes, here crossing a stretch of open water, there exploring some wide canal or narrow *igarapé*, perhaps to find it terminating in a *cul-de-sac*, or *bolson*, as the Spaniards term it, hemmed in on all sides by an impenetrable thicket of tree-tops, when there was no alternative but to paddle back again. Sometimes these false thoroughfares would lure them on for miles, and several hours — on one occasion a whole day — would be spent in fruitless navigation.

It was a true wilderness through which they were wandering, but fortu-

nately for them it had a character different from that of a desert. So far from this, it more resembled a grand garden, or orchard, laid for a time under inundation.

Many kinds of fruits were met with, — strange kinds that had never been seen by them before ; and upon some of these they subsisted. The Mundurucú alone knew them, — could tell which were to be eaten and which avoided. Birds, too, came in their way, all eaten by the Indians, as also various species of arboreal quadrupeds and quadrumana. The killing and capturing of these, with the gathering of nuts and fruits to supply their simple larder, afforded them frequent opportunities of amusement, that did much to beguile the tediousness of their trackless straying. Otherwise it would have been insupportable ; otherwise they would have starved.

None of them afterwards was ever able to tell how long this Gypsy life continued, — how long they were afloat in the forest. Engrossed with the thought of getting out of it, they took no note of time, nor made registry of the number of suns that rose and set upon their tortuous wanderings. There were days in which they saw not the sun, hidden from their sight by the umbrageous canopy of gigantic trees, amidst the trunks of which, and under their deep shadows, they rowed the *igarité*.

But if not known how long they roamed through this wilderness, much less can it be told how long they might have remained within its mazes, but for a heaven-sent vision that one morning broke upon their eyes as their canoe shot out into a stretch of open water.

They saw a ship, — a ship sailing through the forest !

True, it was not a grand ship of the ocean, — a seventy-four, a frigate, or a trader of a thousand tons ; nevertheless it was a ship, in the general acceptation of the term, with hull, masts, spars, sails, and rigging. It was a two-masted schooner, a trader of the *Solimoës*.

The old *tapuyo* knew it at a glance, and hailed it with a cheer. He knew the character of the craft. In such he had spent some of the best years of his life, himself one of the crew. Its presence was proof that they were once more upon their way, as the schooner was upon hers.

“Going down,” said the *tapuyo*, “going down to Gran Pará. I can tell by the way she is laden. Look yonder. *Sarsaparilla, Vanilla, Cascarilla, Maulega de Tortugos, Sapucoy,* and *Tonka* beans, — all will be found under that *toldo* of palm-leaves. *Galliota* ahoy ! ahoy !”

The schooner was within short hailing distance.

“Lay to, and take passengers aboard ! We want to go to Pará. Our craft is n't suited for such a long voyage.”

The *galliota* answered the hail, and in ten minutes after the crew of the *igarité* was transferred to her decks. The canoe was abandoned, while the schooner continued on to the city of Gran Pará. She was not in the *Solimoës* itself, but one of its parallel branches, though, in two days after having taken the castaways aboard, she sailed out into the main stream, and thence glided merrily downward.

Those aboard of her were not the less gay, — the crew on discovering

that among the passengers that they had picked up were the son and brother of their patron; and the passengers, that the craft that was carrying them to Gran Pará, as well as her cargo, was the property of Trevannion. The young Paraense found himself on board one of his father's traders, while the ex-miner was completing his Amazonian voyage in a "bottom" belonging to his brother.

The tender attention which they received from the *capatoz* of the galliota restored their health and spirits, both sadly shattered in the Gapo; and instead of the robber's garb and savage mien with which they emerged from that sombre abode, fit only for the abiding-place of beasts, birds, and reptiles, they soon recovered the cheerful looks and decent habiliments that befitted them for a return to civilization.

A few words will tell the rest of this story.

The brothers, once more united, — each the owner of a son and daughter, — returned to their native land. Both widowers, they agreed to share the same roof, — that under which they had been born. The legal usurper could no longer keep them out of it. He was dead.

He had left behind him an only son, not a gentleman like himself, but a spendthrift. It ended in the ill-gotten patrimony coming once more into the market and under the hammer, the two Trevannions arriving just in time to arrest its descent upon the desk, and turn the "going, going" into "gone" in their own favor.

Though the estate became afterwards divided into two equal portions, — as nearly equal as the valuer could allot them, — and under separate owners, still was there no change in the name of the property; still was it the Trevannion estate. The owner of each moiety was a Trevannion, and the wife of each owner was a Trevannion, without ever having changed her name. There is no puzzle in this. The young Paraense had a sister, — spoken of, but much neglected, in this eventful narrative, where not even her name has been made known. Only has it been stated that she was one of "several sweet children."

Be it now known that she grew up to be a beautiful woman, fair-haired, like her mother, and that her name was Florence. Much as her brother Richard, also fair-haired, came to love her dark semi-Spanish cousin Rosita, so did her other dark semi-Spanish cousin, Ralph, come to love her; and as both she and Rosita reciprocated these cousinly loves, it ended in a mutual bestowing of sisters, or a sort of cross-hands and change-partners game of cousins, — whichever way you like to have it.

At all events, the Trevannion estates remained, and still remain, in the keeping of Trevannions.

Were you to take a trip to the "Land's End," and visit them, — supposing yourself to be indorsed with an introduction from me, — you would find in the house of young Ralph, firstly, his father, old Ralph, gracefully enacting the rôle of grandfather; secondly, the fair Florence, surrounded by several olive-shoots of the Trevannion stock; and, lastly, — nay, it is most likely

you will meet him first, for he will take your hat from you in the hall, — an individual with a crop of carrot hair, fast changing to the color of turnips. You will know him as Tipperary Tom. “Truth will yez.”

Cross half a dozen fields, climb over a stile, under the shadow of gigantic trees, — oaks and elms; pass along a plank foot-bridge spanning a crystal stream full of carp and trout; go through a wicket-gate into a splendid park, and then follow a gravelled walk that leads up to the walls of a mansion. You can only do this coming from the other house, for the path thus indicated is not a “right of way.”

Enter the dwelling to which it has guided you. Inside you will encounter, first, a well-dressed darkey, who bids you welcome with all the airs of an M. C. This respectable Ethiopian, venerable in look — partly on account of his age, partly from the blanching of his black hair — is an old acquaintance, by name Mosey.

He summons his master to your side. You cannot mistake that handsome gentleman, though he is years older than when you last saw him. The same open countenance, the same well-knit, vigorous frame, which, even as a boy, were the characteristics of the young Paraense.

No more can you have forgotten that elegant lady who stands by his side, and who, following the fashion of her Spanish-American race, frankly and without affectation comes forth to greet you. No longer the little Rosa, the *protégée* of Richard, but now his wife, with other little Rosas and Richards, promising soon to be as big as herself, and as handsome as her husband.

The tableau is almost complete as a still older Richard appears in the background, regarding with a satisfied air his children and grandchildren, while saluting their guest with a graceful gesture of welcome.

Almost complete, but not quite. A figure is absent from the canvas, hitherto prominent in the picture. Why is it not still seen in the foreground? Has death claimed the tapuyo for his own?

Not a bit of it. Still vigorous, still life-like as ever, he may be seen any day upon the Amazon, upon the deck of a galliota, no longer in the humble capacity of a tapuyo, but acting as *capatoz*, — as patron.

His old patron had not been ungrateful; and the gift of a schooner was the reward bestowed upon the guide who had so gallantly conducted our adventurers through the dangers of the Gapo, and shared their perils while they were “AFLOAT IN THE FOREST.”

Mayne Reid.



LESSONS IN MAGIC.

VIII.

THERE is a story in "The Arabian Nights," of a Greek king who cut off his physician's head in order that he might hear it speak when separated from its body. I don't know whether our curiosity would carry us quite so far, in these more civilized days; but I do know that the announcement of "a speaking head" brings together a great crowd. In the latter part of the year 1865, — I don't remember the month, but think it was December, — a conjurer in London, known as Colonel Stodare, announced as in preparation a new wonder. Like all other large cities, London is ever anxious for a sensation, and waited impatiently for the new trick, which was to surprise it as conjuring trick never before had done. At last it was ready, and immense placards posted through the streets announced

"The Sphinx, — A Mystery,"

as on exhibition at Egyptian Hall. Whether the audience which attended on the first night of its exhibition expected to find that the original article from the banks of the Nile — which Mr. Kinglake, the historian, describes as "more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt" — had been bodily transported to that cosy little room, or not, I don't know; but what they did see astonished them quite as much. When the curtain rose, the stage was discovered draped at the back and sides with heavy hangings, and in the centre of it (the stage) stood a small round-topped table, made with a very slight frame, and without a cloth, or anything about it, which might be used for the purpose of concealment. The exhibitor now entered, holding in his hand a green baize box, about two feet and a half square. "In this box, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "is contained the greatest of modern mysteries. What it is, or by what means the phenomena you are about to witness, are effected, you must decide for yourselves. I can assure you, however, that it is not the result of either ventriloquial or mechanical powers. More than this I do not deem it prudent to say, but will at once proceed with the exhibition." Approaching the table, he placed the box on it, and having unlocked it, the sides, back and front, which were held together by the closing of the lid, fell apart, revealing "The Sphinx." This was a human head, decorated with an Egyptian head-dress, and looking as much like a mummy as anything else. The eyes were closed, but at the performer's command of "Sphinx, awake!" they opened and were turned on the audience, first right, then left, in a most startling manner. The performer next left the stage, and went down into the house, in order to prevent the possibility of ventriloquism, and proceeded to ask a number of questions, to all of which the Sphinx gave apt answers.

The most impressive part of the exhibition, however, was when the Sphinx

smiled. One of the morning papers, describing the exhibition, thus commented on it: "There was something so human and yet so devilish in its smile, that it chilled the very marrow in our bones." To conclude the exhibition, the box was gathered round about the head once more, lifted from the table, and, to satisfy the audience that the Sphinx was yet inside, was carried to the foot-lights, and opened; when lo! there remained but a heap of ashes, where the moment before had been this wonderful head.

The curtain fell, but the audience wanted the performance continued, and at last, in answer to their call, Stodare came forward. "Ladies and gentlemen, you desire a repetition of this most wonderful performance. I would most gladly give it to you, if it was in my power to do so. I had, however, but one Sphinx, and that, as you have seen, has crumbled to ashes. If you will come again to-morrow night, I will promise to have another, equal in every respect to the one which has so pleased you to-night." They did come, or at any rate his room was crowded the next and many succeeding nights. The Queen saw it and was pleased to be amused at it, and then, when all London had wondered at it, it was brought to this country, and New York and Boston joined London in expressions of amazement.

Many were the guesses as to the way in which it was done. "The voice is conveyed to it by tubes," said one. "It *is* ventriloquism, let them say what they may," said another. And so on, and so on; but none guessed how it was really done, and, as my readers are probably impatient to know, I will explain it to them without further parley.

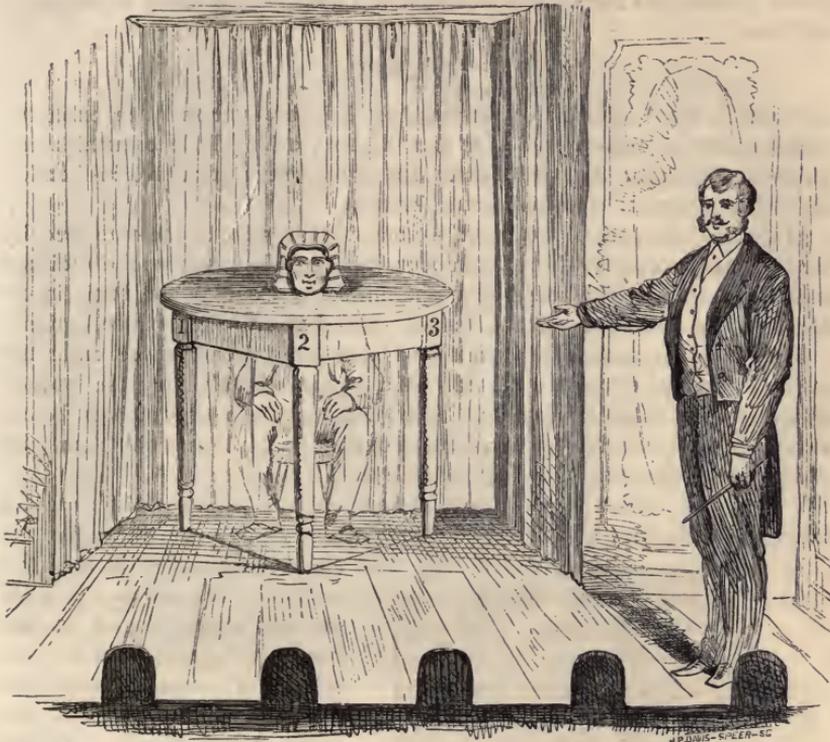
"The Sphinx" is an optical illusion, and is the joint invention and property of Messrs. Pepper, Sylvester, and Tobin, by whom it is patented in Great Britain and the United States.

The whole trick lies in the table. This is made with a square frame and a round top, and in the centre of the top is cut a hole, fitted with a trap, so as to admit of the head being passed up. The head used is not a mere wax or plaster affair, but real flesh and blood, with the body concealed, and in this concealment of the body lies the secret of the trick. The accompanying illustration will give my readers a better idea of it than all the description I could write. In it is seen a table, with only three legs visible, and under this table sits the person who represents the Sphinx, his head coming up through the trap. In the drawing the body is seen, but when exhibiting — and now we come to "the mystery of the Sphinx" — the spaces between the legs of the table are fitted with *mirrors*. The mirrors being in their places, the table is placed exactly in the centre, the leg marked No. 2 facing the audience. My readers must remember that the sides and back of the stage are hung with curtains, and the mirrors, being at angles with the sides, *reflect the curtains with which they are draped*.

The audience, *seeing the reflection of the side curtains, imagine that they are looking directly under the table at the back curtains*, and never for a moment dream that they are only peering into a looking-glass.

This is the whole mystery of the Sphinx.

The performer when addressing the audience is always careful to get out



of the angle of the glass, otherwise he too might be reflected. He generally stands at the "wing," and always, before approaching the table, walks to the foot-lights, (addressing the audience as a pretext for doing so,) until in a direct line with leg No. 2, and then marches *straight* to the table. The box which is placed on the table is merely for the sake of effect, and the fumbling in the pocket for the key with which to unlock it, is to give the person who represents the "Sphinx" time to put his head up through the trap.

Mr. Sylvester, one of the inventors, has exhibited the trick in this country and "worked it up" wonderfully. When the "Sphinx" asks for a drink, he throws some paper-shavings in a cup, which he covers for a moment with a handkerchief, and on being uncovered the cup is full of coffee, which is then given to the "Sphinx" to drink. His "Sphinx" vomits forth flames. In fact, there is no end to the things it does, — several very clever little tricks being combined with it, each one helping to make it more attractive. This same gentleman also introduces a lighted candle under his table, to show the audience that he uses no mirrors; but for looking-glasses he substitutes thick plate glass and a combination of lights. In every other respect his "Sphinx" is the same as that I have described.

"The Sphinx," like many other successes, was an afterthought, but has

so far outstripped the trick from which it sprung, as to leave it almost in oblivion.

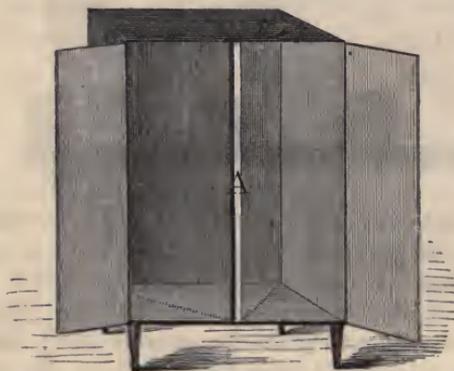
“*Proteus*”

from which the “Sphinx” originated, has, I believe, never been exhibited in this country, but forms the base of a highly pleasing little entertainment, which in Professor Pepper’s hands has proved very attractive in London and other principal cities of Great Britain.

“Proteus” consists of a cabinet, — somewhat similar to the one used by the Davenport brothers, — and stands on four slight legs, so that the audience may see under it. The audience are permitted to examine the back, in order to satisfy themselves that *it* is solid; and then the performance begins.

One of the performer’s assistants, and sometimes two or three, enter the cabinet, and the doors are closed. Almost immediately they are opened again, and the cabinet is empty. The gentlemen, who the moment before were seen to go in, have “vanished into thin air.” Again the doors are closed, and, being once more opened, the assistants step out.

The cabinet, which is a plain box about eight feet high and four and a half wide, made with two doors which meet at a post in the centre, is constructed as shown in the illustration.



The sides are made double, being hinged at the back, and are covered on one side with some light-colored, fancy wall-paper, and on the other with mirrors. If the false sides are closed, so that they are directly against the sides proper, the audience may with safety be allowed to inspect the cabinet. When the assistant steps in, he pulls the

false sides out (the doors being closed, so that the audience do not see this operation) until they meet the post A, and form an angle from it to the back corners of the cabinet, as shown by the *dotted* lines. The doors are now opened, and, the assistant being in the space between the back of the cabinet and the false sides, he is not seen, whilst the back of the false sides, which now face the audience, being covered with mirrors, reflect the true sides of the cabinet, and it appears to the audience as if they saw the whole depth of it, and as if it were empty.

I hope the explanations I have given are sufficiently clear, and that there is no longer any mystery in the “Sphinx.”

P. H. C.





THE DREAM OF THE SANGREAL.

“DEAR mamma, what is the story of the Sangreal?” asked Theodore, as he sat by his mother’s side under the vine-wreathed porch, one bright May morning, while the golden sunbeams stole through the budding leaves, and the birds sang gayly in the tree-tops. “It seems to me that on just such a morning as this a knight of old would have sallied forth in search of some high adventure; and although there are no knights now-days, and no fierce dragons to slay, or captive maidens to set at liberty, I love to read the old legends, and sometimes almost wish myself back in those distant days, that I too might be a knight, riding forth with lance in rest to right the oppressed and achieve great deeds of arms.”

There is no need to go back to the olden time, dear Theodore. There are brave knights all around us to-day, fighting against fiercer dragons, and freeing many a captive from more hopeless bondage than any that the Round Table ever dreamed of; and they who will may as truly seek the Sangreal now as in those days of elder chivalry.

The Sangreal, or Holy Grail, so the old legends tell us, was the cup from which Jesus drank at the last supper that he partook of with his disciples. After his crucifixion, “the gentle knight,” Joseph of Arimathea, brought it with him into Britain, where he founded the Abbey of Glastonbury, and

where he abode many years. After his death it remained long in the custody of his descendants, and by its beneficent presence shed peace and plenty over all the country round. But the guardian of the Sangreal must be pure in thought, in word, and in deed; and at last it befell that a young monk to whose charge it was committed forgot his vow, and it vanished from the sight of men; and then over all the land of Britain came down the iron age of violence and oppression and distress. At last Arthur ruled over the people, and brought back a little of the old order to the country. And one day, when all the Knights of the Round Table were feasting with the King at Camelot, suddenly a soft radiance illumined the hall, and the air was filled with sweet odors, and there entered the room the Holy Grail, veiled in robes of samite, and passed slowly down the apartment. Then up rose in his seat Sir Gawaine, the courteous knight, and vowed a solemn vow to go upon the pilgrimage of the Sangreal, and one after another the rest of the knights followed his example. Then appeared an old man leading by the hand a youthful knight of fair countenance, and the old man said, "Peace be with you, fair sirs! I bring here a young knight of the line of Joseph of Arimathea,"—and the name of the knight was Sir Galahad. Now at the Round Table there were twelve seats, for the twelve disciples, and one for the traitor Judas, and in that seat none had ever ventured to sit, since a bold Saracen who placed himself therein was swallowed up; and it was called the Siege Perilous from that day. But there sat Sir Galahad unharmed, and on the table before him appeared these words: "This is the seat of Sir Galahad, the good knight." And they marvelled greatly, and said, "Surely this is he who shall achieve the adventure of the Sangreal." Then shortly they celebrated a solemn mass, and set forth each upon his own way to seek the Holy Grail. Many a strange adventure had they; but I will tell you only of what befell two of them,—Sir Launcelot du Lac, the bravest and most accomplished of the Round Table, and Sir Galahad, the youngest of them all.

Sir Launcelot du Lac wandered on through pathless forests, and came at last to a stone cross, near which was an old chapel; and, looking through a chink in the wall, Sir Launcelot espied an altar richly decked with silk, and on it a tall branched candlestick of pure silver, bearing lighted tapers. And he would fain have entered, but there was no door, and, sad at heart, he laid him down upon his shield beneath a tree at the foot of the cross. And as he lay between sleeping and waking, there came a sick knight borne in a litter, who lamented and complained, crying, "O sweet Lord, how long shall I suffer thus before the blessed cup shall appear, to ease my pain?"

And then Sir Launcelet saw the candlestick come out before the cross, and the Holy Grail with it, borne on a salver by invisible hands, and the knight was healed of his disease; and then the tapers and the cup returned into the chapel, and all was dark. The knight knelt before the cross, and gave thanks; and as he arose he beheld Sir Launcelet sleeping, and wondered that he could rest thus, while the holy vessel was present near him. "I trow," said his squire, "that this man is guilty of sins of which he repenteth now, and hath not confessed";—and they departed, and Launcelot

awoke, and wept and sorrowed until the birds sang at the daybreak. Then he arose and wandered on until he came to a place where dwelt a saintly hermit, and to him he confessed his sin ; and the hermit absolved him, and ordered him to perform a severe penance ; and Launcelot abode with him for a day, and repented him sorely. And it chanced that one night, when the moon shone clearly, he came to a great castle, guarded by two lions. And as he entered he laid hand upon his sword, and it was smitten out of his grasp, and a voice said, "O man of evil faith, trustest thou more in thine arms than in thy Maker?" And Launcelot crossed himself, and the lions suffered him to pass by unharmed, and he came at last to a chamber where the door was shut, and within a voice sweeter than any mortal's sang, "Joy and honor to the Heavenly Father." And he knelt down and prayed, and the door opened, and all around was a wondrous brightness, and a voice said, "Enter not, Sir Launcelot!" And in the chamber he beheld a table of silver, and on it the Sangreal, veiled in red samite. And about it stood a throng of angels holding a cross, and the tapers and ornaments of the altar. And then, for very joy and amazement, Launcelot forgot the command, and stepped forward to enter the room, and a hot breath smote him to the ground, and he felt himself lifted up, and borne away, and laid upon a bed ; and for twenty-four days he lay there ; and in his sleep he saw many a vision of strange and wondrous things. And when he was awakened and had told those about him of what he had seen, they said to him, "Sir, you have seen all that you shall see, and the quest of the Sangreal is ended for you." Then Sir Launcelot returned thanks unto God for the favors that had been vouchsafed him, and arose, and put on his armor, and betook himself to the court of King Arthur, where he was received with great joy.

Sir Galahad rode forth without a shield upon his journey, and for four days he met with no adventure, and on the fifth he came to a great white abbey, where he met two knights, and they told him that within that place was a shield that none might wear save he who was the one worthy. And on the morrow they heard mass, and then rode to where the shield was hanging ; and one of the knights called King Baydemagus, took it and hung it about his neck. Then came riding a knight clothed in white armor, and tilted with King Baydemagus, and overthrew him, and wounded him sorely, for the shield slipped from his shoulder and refused to cover him. And the next day Sir Galahad put on the shield, and it hung in its place, and he rode to the place of meeting, and asked of the white knight a solution of the mystery. And the latter said, "This is the shield of the gentle knight, Joseph of Arimathea, and when he died he declared that none should ever after safely bear it, save only the good knight, Sir Galahad, the last of his line, who should perform many wondrous deeds" ;—and speaking thus the white knight vanished from sight. Many great deeds did Galahad, and many a lonely heath and many a gloomy forest, many a pleasant countryside and many a town, did he visit in his wanderings, and at last he came unto the borders of the sea, guided by a gentlewoman, the sister of Sir Perceval. And there they found a vessel, in which were Sir Bohort and

Sir Perceval, and they cried out to welcome him. And they passed over the sea to two great rocks, where was a fearful whirlpool; and there lay another ship, by stepping on which they might gain the land. And they entered in, Sir Galahad first. And there they beheld the table of silver and the Holy Grail, veiled in red samite; and they knelt before it, and Sir Galahad prayed unto God, that, whenever he should desire to die, his prayer might be granted, and there was heard a voice saying, "Galahad, thou shalt have thy wish; and when thou desirest the death of thy body, it shall be granted thee, and thou shalt find the life of thy soul."

And the ship drove before the wind, and came to the city of Sarras. And they took the silver table out of the ship, Sir Bohort and Sir Perceval going first, and Sir Galahad behind. And just without the city gates they met a man upon crutches, and Galahad called him to come and help bear the table; and the cripple arose and bare it with Galahad, although it was ten years that he had not walked without aid.

And the king of that city had just died, and in the midst of the council a voice cried out bidding them choose as ruler the youngest of the three strangers. And when Galahad was king, he commanded a chest to be made of gold and jewels, and he placed the Sangreal therein, and every day he and his comrades knelt down and prayed before it. And when it was a year to a day that Galahad had reigned in that country, he and his friends came to do homage to the holy vessel, and behold, there knelt before it a man in shining raiment, surrounded by a multitude of angels; and he rose up, and said unto Galahad, "Come, servant of the Lord, and thou shalt see what thou hast long desired to see." And when the king beheld him, he trembled, and the stranger said, "Knowest thou me?"

"Nay," replied Galahad.

And the man said, "I am Joseph of Arimathea, whom the Lord hath sent to bear thee fellowship."

Then Galahad lifted up his hands to heaven, and said, "Now, blessed Lord, if it pleaseth thee, I would no longer desire to live."

Then he kissed his two companions, and commended them to God, and knelt down before the Sangreal and prayed; and before their eyes a multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, and a hand came from above and took the Sangreal up out of their sight; and no mortal man has ever since beheld it.

That is the Legend of the Sangreal, my dear boy, and it has its significance for us to-day. For to my mind the search for the Holy Grail symbolizes the pursuit of truth and goodness, to which all of us should consecrate our lives. And to win the eternal truth and beauty down to earth, we must be brave and earnest, pure in heart, self-forgetful, striving ever to realize, so far as we may, our ideal of true manhood and true womanhood. So shall we too be pilgrims of the Sangreal, Theodore. Many, alas! there are who, full of courage, may yet fail, like Launcelot, and only see dimly before them

"The vision high,
They may not view with waking eye";

but there shall yet be found many Galahads who shall achieve the adventure, and, triumphant over temptation, win the prize for which they strove. And it is not only when the day is won that the blessing descends; but upon all earnest effort, even though it fail, upon every upward step in the path of duty, the grace of God is shed, and so it is that Launcelot as well as Galahad, the repentant sinner as well as the always pure, is vouchsafed some glimpse of the Sangreal, and may confer some blessings upon home or the world.

That night Theodore fell asleep, thinking of his mother's legend; and as he slept there came to him in a dream three angels robed in white, with shining wings, and they bore with them the Sangreal, veiled in red samite, as Launcelot beheld it. And there was present also a youthful knight, of fair and noble aspect, leaning upon a red-cross shield. He smiled kindly upon Theodore, and said, in a voice that was like the ringing of the trumpet: "Dear boy, this veil covers the Sangreal, that since my death no mortal eye hath e'er beheld. Yet many have sought and gained it, albeit they knew it not while they dwelt upon this earth. If thou wilt turn thine eyes upon the surface of my shield, thou shalt behold many a pilgrim of the Sangreal."

And Theodore looked, and over the polished steel seemed to move a throng of confused figures, that gradually took form and distinctness, until there was visible the semblance of a fierce battle. Mailed knights and turbaned Moors contended in wild strife; back, back was driven the Paynim host,—on rushed a little band of red-cross warriors, far in advance of the main body of their army, their leader sweeping a path before him with his broad claymore. At length they halted to return, when the chief descried in the midst of foes one of his own comrades. "Lo, yonder," he cried, "is the brave St. Clair; I must succor him or perish!" And swinging his battle-axe above his head, he rode boldly into the midst of the Saracens. But it was all in vain; and, seeing that he could not retreat, he took from his neck the Bruce's heart which he was bearing to the Holy Land, and kissing, flung it far before him into the battle, saying, "Pass first, my liege, as thy wont was, and Douglas will follow thee or die!" Then above his head Theodore saw the shining wings of angels and folds of ruddy silk swept down upon the fearless brow and the red-cross shield. And when the still night wrapped the dead and dying in its pitying arms, there lay stretched upon his monarch's heart the Douglas, dead and cold,—his life a sacrifice for a friend.

Again it was a battle-field; but the strife raged at a distance, and near at hand lay a wounded knight, surrounded by sorrowing friends. As Theodore looked, some one approached bringing him a cup of water to lessen his burning thirst. The dying captain took it eagerly; but as he raised it to his lips he beheld at a little distance a wounded man-at-arms, who looked wistfully at the sparkling liquid, and, removing the yet untasted draught from his lips, he said: "Give it to yonder poor man; his need is greater than mine." But it was with living waters that Sidney's thirst was slaked in that dying hour, and angels' hands bore his pure soul above.

Again the scene changed, and over all brooded the long, dreary Polar night. Fiercely waved and danced the flashing Auroras, and the North Star shone steadily overhead. Grim and ghastly in the spectral light loomed the tall, white icebergs,

"That, like giants, stand
To sentinel enchanted land,"

and bleak and dreary into the distance stretched the ice-plains. In the midst of this desolate waste was a vessel, frozen fast to the floe, and in her were sick and dying men, worn with hunger and privation and cold, who had come into this land of horror seeking the lost mariner.

On the deck stood a pale, slender man, the captain of the band. He gazed sadly upon the waste of snow, at the cold, pitiless stars and the imprisoned vessel, and tears, that flowed, not for his own, but others' sufferings, for disappointed hopes, for the memory of the dead, filled his eyes. And in the shifting pictures upon the shield, Theodore saw how through the long winter hours he tended the sick, soothed the pillow of the dying with words of hope and trust, led the rescue or the exploring party, welcomed the returned deserters, made the wild natives friends, worked and toiled, considered nothing too hard, nothing too low, that his hand could find to do, forgetful of himself, and

"Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades' fate."

And through all these ghastly horrors, and on the perilous homeward march, and when the Polar darkness melted into the soft light of Cuban skies, Theodore saw ever upon his path, cheering him on, the soft radiance of the Sangreal, and pitying angels folded him in their wings, while the glory that had lightened his way through the icy solitudes lent an added radiance to his peaceful death-bed.

Again the picture changed, and the boy was looking into a ward in a military hospital. Down the room were ranged long rows of beds, on which lay the wounded and the dying from many a hard-fought fight. A door opened, and a woman entered with a lamp in her hand. She passed slowly and quietly along, stopping almost at every step to perform some little kindly office, to give this man a cooling drink, to bathe the hot brow of another, to give pleasant smiles and words of cheer and sympathy to all. And as she moved, strong men blessed her in weeping, and a tall Highland soldier raised himself upon his cot to kiss her shadow as it fell upon the wall. So pure and good she seemed, that Theodore almost thought her worthy to be a bearer of the mystic cup that gleamed above her head, and seemed to lend its own brightness to the little lamp she held.

And many another picture showed Sir Galahad, the good knight, to Theodore. Noble men, whose names the great world knew not, working patiently and earnestly for truth's sake and the right, — caring for the poor, the slave, the sinner, — forgetful of self, and living but that others might be better and happier for their heroic lives. Women, nursing the sick, teaching the ignorant, raising the fallen, shedding a sweet and holy influence upon all around them.

And Theodore looked with wonder and with awe, as he beheld the long line of pilgrims who sought the Sangreal unawares, and though the old legends were but symbols, yet they brought to men the peace and joy and happiness that, of old, men believed to flow from the holy vessel. And what that night Theodore saw and heard in his dream of the Sangreal, he treasured up in his heart, and it made him strong, and brave, and ready when the time should come to give himself for others and the Right.

Years had passed away, full of mingled joy and sorrow, since Theodore saw in his dreams Sir Galahad and the Holy Grail, and gazed upon the long line of pilgrims of all ages, climes, and stations moving over the surface of his shield. Many changes, many great events, had occurred since then. The country, then so peaceful, was now torn with civil strife; the great sin and curse of the nation had brought down ruin and misery upon the innocent as well as the guilty; and all the air was filled with martial music and waving banners, and the earth shook beneath the heavy tread of marching columns.

Into Theodore's peaceful New England home had come the stern summons, and with a brave heart he responded to his country's call. "I go to be a pilgrim of the Sangreal, dear mother," he said. "Do you remember the



dream I had so long ago? I shall follow now in the path of Galahad and Douglas, of Sidney and Kane. God grant that, if I fail of earthly success, I may seek and find the heavenly glory!"

Time passed away; weary and long it seemed to the sad mother in her lonely home, watching and waiting for news of her absent boy; but busy

and short and hurried to the youthful soldier, working with heart and hand, braving all dangers, welcoming all privations in his country's service.

It was the night before the battle of Antietam, and as Theodore, full of thought of the morrow, closed his eyes in sleep, there came to him Sir Galahad, leaning upon his red-cross shield, and smiling upon him with a brother's greeting. "Thou too shalt join our band, Theodore," he said. "Thou hast ever remembered the lessons that I taught thee, and now, with hosts of others, the latest pilgrims of the Sangreal, thou hast come to sacrifice life for duty, — to give thyself for thy country and for freedom. I welcome thee, pure in heart and life, brave and generous in act, to the fellowship of the blessed dead."

And when another night descended upon the weary earth, and shrouded in its pitying mantle the horrors of the battle-field, they who came, careless of rest, to seek and save the wounded and the dying, found him lying upon a heap of slain, his drawn sword in his hand, and upon his face a smile of heavenly purity and peace.

Surely upon the soil that has thus been watered by the blood of martyrs only freedom shall henceforth flourish. The follower of the Douglas said to the Spanish king, —

"The soil that drank the Douglas' blood
Shall never bear the Moor!"

and the earth that is drenched with the blood of our heroes shall never again endure to be trodden by a slave.

Annie T. Wall.



THE KING OF THE WORLD.

A GREAT king-once had a favorite son, whom he wished to educate in all the virtues and accomplishments which could adorn a prince. Therefore he resolved that his son should not be weakened by indulgence nor spoiled by the flatteries of a court; and to this end the young prince was sent into a distant province of the realm, where he might breathe the fresh air from the mountains, and draw from the soil the strong and vigorous life of the peasant, while he learned by daily contact the nature of the people whom he was to rule.

For the wise king well knew that no boy can become learned by mere instruction, nor strong by the services of others, — that he can have, in fact, no real power but what he acquires for himself; and he desired that his son should be a king not in name only, but in fact, by being stronger and wiser than his subjects. As kingship, therefore, was the trade to which the boy was to be brought up, his good father wished him to serve an apprenticeship at governing; and the province which had been assigned him as a school was also given to him for his own kingdom.

The royal charter was made out nearly in these words : "Have thou dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Beside these three classes of subjects were thousands of well-trained servants, who were also fitted to perform the office of teachers ; but these were not mentioned in the charter ; indeed, they were to remain out of sight for the present, and to serve the prince only so fast as he learned the spell by which they could be summoned, and complied with the conditions which they were instructed to impose. None of the comforts of a royal palace were provided : the prince was to enjoy these whenever he should learn to procure them for himself ; meanwhile, he slept on the ground and shared the common kindly gifts of Nature with the poorest of his subjects.

Three faithful servants, Eyes, Ears, and Hands, stood very near him all the time, and he probably knew the usefulness of these from the first ; but the rest he began to learn only after a severe course of instruction. And this is the way his education began : —

"I am hungry," said the prince.

"Will your Royal Highness be pleased to gather some acorns ?"

"But I shall be hungry to-morrow, and the next day, and after the acorns are gone."

"Perhaps your Royal Highness will have the condescension to dig and plant and reap," was the reply.

"Certainly ; but must I dig with my fingers ?"

"Until you can find something better ; — there is iron underground which you may some time be able to command." But the last was spoken aside, so that the prince did not quite understand it.

Under the teaching of Necessity he began to dig, and ere long the bounteous earth, which is as kind to princes as to beggars' sons, rewarded him with a golden harvest. He found, indeed, that just beneath the surface of the soil were millions of little Forces all ready to supply his wants ; and the dropping of the seed, followed by an occasional visitation of the hoe, by way of reminder, was the only hint they needed of his sovereign will.

The same stern tutor soon hinted to his pupil that a better dwelling might be found than the dismal cave or hollow trunk of a tree which had afforded him shelter. But what to build of ?

"There is wood in the forest," said Eyes ; and the prince found that houses for millions of men were growing all around him, if only the shaping and planing tools were applied.

By this time he was growing wiser, — perhaps prouder.

"This wigwam is no abode for a king," said he.

"There is stone in the quarries," said Eyes again.

True enough, there it was, glittering granite, smooth sandstone, and white marble ; but how to take it out ? Hands tried, but stronger hands were holding it down to the earth ; and here the prince made acquaintance with the great Giant Gravitation, who appeared in those early days somewhat like an enemy, but proved, when better known, his firmest friend and ally. To con-

quer this friendly resistance of Gravitation, another useful servant was found, — a simple creature called “Lever,” but who had a power of using and com-



bining his forces in so great a variety of ways that he did almost all the work that the young sovereign needed of a mechanical kind.

Provided thus with food and a palace, you might think our young monarch in a fair way to possess his kingdom; but this was hardly a beginning. At first, he knew not even enough to keep himself from becoming sick; and though he is considered much wiser to-day, it must be confessed that in this respect he is almost as ignorant as ever he was. Even sickness, however, proved a teacher; for it forced him to search for the gifts of healing through all the borders of his realm. He found at length that under every leaf in the forest, in every fibre of its bark, and at every root, lurked some good spirit, that, if he could only learn its charm, would heal some one of his pains.

It is true that these humble little servants did infinite harm when they received the wrong direction; but that surely was no fault of theirs. It was only as the prince, their master, learned their spell, that he could command them at all; and so stupid a scholar has he been, that to this day he often reads the spell backwards, and is served in a way just opposite to that which he desires.

And this is a curious fact concerning all these servants of our race. Each has a mystic word by which alone he can be summoned, and fixed laws of his being under which only he will act. The monarch, therefore, must serve a little apprenticeship at obeying before he is able to command. Many

claimants to the crown have failed to secure their kingship, only by neglecting or refusing to comply with this rule.

Let us see how these teachers are accustomed to deal with refractory pupils.

"I shall go where I please," says the scholar, "without regard to your strict, tyrannical rules."

"Ah! very well, then, I 'll just swallow you," says Ocean.

"I 'll burn you," says Fire.

"I 'll break your bones," says Gravitation, out of one of his great yawning caverns.

"I won't obey *you*."

"Then you 'll get a blowing up," cries the White Giant, with a great roar.

"I will not spend my time in studying your tiresome roots and leaves."

"Die then in your ignorance. It is all the same to us," reply these plain-dealing subjects.

But at last the man comes who *will* obey, and he is their king. To him the soil gives up its fruits and the mountains their treasures, the sea its wealth and the forests their innumerable virtues; and he, patient and submissive, who learns the rule of all and obeys it, becomes the ruler of all. As the years go on, he finds new forces around him, and, by obeying them, extends his dominion into wider realms. His two hands, that were his first and almost his only servants, are now promoted to do only the finer work. The great forces that he has called from their hiding-places have built his palaces, bridged great rivers, and bound together the remotest corners of his kingdom. They run upon his errands quickly as the lightning; they carry his wealth across the ocean with great wings of steam; they make him the omnipotent ruler of the world, just in the degree that he perfectly obeys their laws. If he infringes their rights but for a moment, any one of them is ready to take his life.

As yet, it must be said, our young prince has only learned to call a few of his servants by their names, and often fails in his efforts to give his commands even to these, and enforce their obedience. But he is improving year by year,—his wealth increasing in exact proportion to his diligence and obedience; and no one can tell how great will be his power, when the whole of his vast kingdom shall be reduced to his control.

Elsie Teller.



Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY
of
CHARADES,
PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

CHARADES.

No. 20.

THE sun had set, but no moon shone ;
Forerunners of the worst,
Gray clouds were flitting o'er the sky,
And thus there fell my *first*.

Under these clouds a tavern stood,
Full of uproarious glee ;
For guests were there who laughed and sang, —
My *second* thus you see.

Darker and darker grew the night,
The howling wind was heard,
Blowing almost a hurricane,
And in it see my *third*.

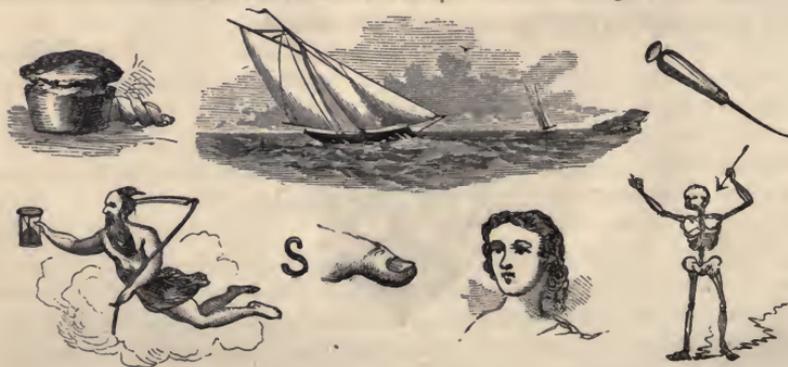
The travellers stopped their noisy laugh
To listen to the storm ;

They feared the litle tavern next
Would from the earth be torn.
But rising o'er the storm they heard
Sweet notes that thrilled the soul ;
Throughout the storm their hearts were
cheered
By the singing of my *whole*.
O. O.

No. 21.

My *first* like a laggard is always behind ;
In the form of one thousand my *second*
you'll find ;
And yet for my *whole*, should you search
the world round,
In the morning or evening 't will never be
found.
T. G.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 30.



P U Z Z L E S.

No. 18.

1 2 3
3 4 2
1 0

4 7 5. 1 4 + 4 5 12 "1776" "1865" 4
a French 1000 !/ 0 10 10 10 10
40 '500.

SPY.

No. 19.

My whole has four letters, with vowels
but one.

You have it, I have it, and each mother's
son.

Behad me, the three letters left will ex-
press

What we all have or had, sir, some more
and some less.

Take my head off again, and my word
never doubt

When I say, if you guess it you'll not find
it out.

T. G.

No. 20.

Whole, I am a spirit.

Behad me, and I am a multitude.

Behad me and transpose me, I am a
drunkard.

Curtail me, I am an adverb.

Behad me again, and I am an exclama-
tion.

Bow.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 31.



A N S W E R S.

CHARADES.

18. Knife-grinder. 19. Sorrow-ful.

ENIGMAS.

22. Take care of the minutes, and the hours will
take care of themselves.
23. The Skeleton in Armour.
24. *Aucun chemin de fleur ne conduit à la gloire.*

P U Z Z L E S.

16. The letter E. 17. Fair.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

28. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* [*Le (jeu) ne (veau) pas la (chandelle).*]
29. Cats purr, dogs bark, cocks crow, a cow lows, a donkey brays, an eagle screams, parrots talk, spiders tick, mankind laugh and cry. [(Cat) (spur) (dogs) (bark) (cocks) (crow) (A C) (owl) (o's) (A D on key) B (re's) an (eagles) (creams) (parrot) (stalk) (spider) (stick) (man) (k in D) (*la fa*) ND c (rye).]



WE have something to tell you, dear Young Folks, which we hope you will find both interesting and important, and so we wish you to be very careful and pay particular attention to everything we say. Our Publishers have decided to offer you some prizes to induce you to help them in getting up some "great big" clubs of new subscribers for the next year, and they have asked us to explain to you what their plan is. They propose to give four prizes for the largest four clubs that are made up before the first of February, 1867, and the only condition is that the clubs shall consist entirely of *new* subscribers.

These prizes are to be given in money, and they are as follows :—

- For the largest club, *Two Hundred Dollars.*
- For the next largest club, *One Hundred and Fifty Dollars.*
- For the next largest club, *One Hundred Dollars.*
- For the next largest club, *Fifty Dollars.*

And, in order that those of you who do not succeed in earning one of these four great premiums shall not go unrewarded for the time and trouble you may take in canvassing, the Publishers will give a prize of *Five Dollars* for each club of *Twenty-five* new names which is not included in one of the four principal lists. That all may have time to send their lists, even from the farthest points, the award of the prizes will not be made until the first day of March, 1867, when the Publishers will bestow upon the successful canvassers their premiums.

Now for some instructions. 1. As soon as you have collected a sufficient number of names, forward the list to MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, 124 Tremont Street, Boston, with a dollar and a half for each name, writing very plainly the name and address of each subscriber, signing your own name and address in full every time, and writing at the head of your sheet of paper "*First* (or second, or fifth, as the case may be) *Prize List from Stephen Brown, or Ellen Mansfield,*" or whatever your name is. 2. In remitting, always send a *Post-Office Order, or a Draft payable in Boston or New York to the order of Ticknor and Fields.* 3. Mail your last list on or before *January 31, 1867,* as no list mailed after that day will be accepted in the competition. 4. Send these lists to the *Publishers* of the Magazine, and *not* to the *Editors,* who have nothing to do with the printing or distributing of copies, with the receipt of subscriptions, with the change of addresses, or with anything except the preparation of the reading and the pictures which are contained in the numbers. 5. If you wish a receipt for your remittance, *say so* in your letter, and enclose an envelope stamped and directed to yourself.

And now, little friends, having repeated to you the whole of our message, we leave you to set about winning the prizes, which seem to us to be very encouraging to effort. On the cover you will find the Prospectus for 1867, which tells all about the plans of our Magazine for the next year, so that you can know just what you are going to work for. You cannot all get the big prizes, but very many of you can earn one or more of the small premiums, and we hope you will.

Your sincere friends,

THE EDITORS.

Minnie V. writes us a nice little letter, and desires us to ask our friends and hers to make a plain sentence by the use of one vowel from the consonants she has arranged here : vnthmrvncdhr.

Frank D. A. Thank you for your letter. You are making progress, certainly.

Squirrel. Don't fear our laughing at your sketches. We are too much pleased with the kind attentions we receive to be critical where there is no pretence.

"*The Reproachful Button*" is a pleasant sketch, but hardly sufficient for us.





OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1866.

No. XII.

THE LITTLE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.



IT was almost dark when Hans came near the Black Glen in the woods; much later, in fact, than Hans liked to be out, especially on this road. For in a deep, black forest, with all sorts of strange shadows and ghostly trees, one can never know what may be lurking out of sight; and the same Hans who with his two stout fists, in broad daylight, would have undertaken to keep any living boy or man from doing serious mischief, felt his teeth set hard and his heart stand still as he came into the shadow of the pines.

It was not much like our American woods, where bright green maples and beeches and birches and the twinkling leaves of the poplar are intermingled with the solemn evergreens. In the thick forests near the foot of the Hartz only pines and hemlocks are found for miles, and deep in the woods are great caverns in the rocks, where one might easily fall and break one's neck. Sometimes, too, you may find the mossy remnants of an old stone altar, where human blood was spilt ages ago.

Through this dismal place Hans kept on, with his knees shaking, but with a brave heart, until he came to the great pine which the boys used to call a "spook," because, ever since the lightning struck it, it had stood up white and tall, lifting its bare arms into the sky, like some spectre giant crying for vengeance. Here there was a little opening in the branches that let the

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light fall upon the ground, and there, right at the root of the pine, on a decaying log, sat a little old man, who was altogether the strangest-looking object that Hans had ever seen. He was about half the size of common men, though the whiteness of his long hair and beard showed plainly that he would never be any taller; and though his body was short and crooked to the last degree, his face was long and pale, but lighted up by the most wonderfully brilliant eyes. These were fixed on Hans from the moment he came in sight; and, piercing through the darkness, it is no wonder that they chilled the poor boy's blood, and did not quicken his pace. Indeed, it is not quite certain that he would have advanced at all, if the greater part of the forest had not been behind him, though there seemed to be a spell in the strange brown eyes that drew the boy on in spite of himself.

"Come along! what are you afraid of?" cried the apparition, in a little, dry voice, that sounded as if it were accustomed to a continual cracking of jokes. In fact, there was nothing terrible about the little man's face; and if Hans had not been blinded by fear, he would have noticed that its expression was kindly and good-natured.

"Come on! come on! little master," he repeated. "Here I have been waiting more than an hour to tell you some good news; and now that you are here, you must hinder me forever, because you are such a coward. Come, come!"

"I don't know you," said Hans.

"Well, well, no matter for that, we won't stand upon ceremony. I know you well enough, though; for I see you pass through here every morning and night."

"Why did I never see you before?" said the boy.

"Because you take such precious good care to be out of the woods before sunset," replied the Little Man with a chuckle; "and daylight, you know, is not good for my constitution."

"It is getting dark now," said Hans. "What have you to tell me?"

"O, you are in haste then. Well, no matter: perhaps you have n't time to hear. There's many a kaiser, though, that would give half his crown to know,—if he could only do it without being out after dark. O, you're a precious set of babies, you that live in houses!"

"Who are you, any way?" said Hans; "for, on the whole, I believe I am not so much afraid of you as you seem to suppose."

"There! that's a man now!" said the little old fellow with an encouraging nod. "We shall get on well enough after a while, you will see. As to my name, we are called Kobolds, Trolls, and various other names, by your own writers; but among ourselves we are simply known as the Little People of the Mountains. You see we do not differ much from the human shape,—less than might be expected, eh? when we live so completely out of society. You do not treat us fairly, you human folk."

"We know very little about you," replied Hans, "except your mischievous, unearthly ways. What harm have we ever done to you that you serve us so many tricks? You upset our milk-pails, or steal the cream; you

bewitch the beer in the brewing, and the butter in the churning ; in short, you play the mischief generally with all our works."

"That is only because you do not know us. You will not learn our charms ; you will not even stay in the woods after dark, where we are waiting to meet you ; you make us your natural enemies. Now, let me tell you, no creature likes to be avoided and distrusted ; so we make you feel our power in ways you don't happen to like. Some day it will all be different. Then the elves and humankind will live together on the best of terms, and all the rocks of the mountains will be open to the eyes of men."

"When will that be ?"

"When you learn to trust yourselves and us. Your human spirits are stronger than ours, if you only knew it ; and we only laugh when we see you turn pale, with chattering teeth and shaking knees, when you happen to catch sight of us. The fact is, we were made to serve you ; though, indeed, we had possession of your world long before humankind were born. It was like a great old castle, you know, stocked with fuel and provisions for thousands of years, and filled with servants dutiful and submissive, ready to do your bidding. But you were up to mischief from the very first ; so you took your servants for jailers and had as little as possible to do with them. Some time you will be wiser and learn to know your friends."

"You talk reasonably enough," said Hans, "and I begin to believe you. But what was the wonderful story you were waiting to tell me ?"

"Ah ! don't be impatient," said the Little Man. "You are growing sensible at last, and you shall know all in good time. But I have kept you a long time already, and you must run home, or papa will be anxious. Come to me to-morrow, just at sunset, and you shall know more."

It seemed a pity that the story could not be told while Hans's courage was at its highest pitch ; but it was of no use to beg, for the Little Man was gone almost before the last word was spoken. At least there was nothing in his place but a brown bush growing over a log, and Hans found himself trudging homeward, at the same rate as before this singular encounter. It is a little strange, but before he had entered the garden gate, at the parsonage, the whole affair had become so dim and misty in his mind that he resolved to say nothing about it, — doubting, indeed, whether he could make anything like a connected story that his parents could understand.

When he passed the spectral pine in the bright morning light, there was no sign of anything out of the common way, not even a foot-print in the wet moss at the foot of the tree ; and all day, in the midst of his lessons, the question continually beset his mind, whether after all he should keep his appointment at sunset. Was it not foolish, or even wicked, for a pastor's son to be holding interviews with this strange, heathenish creature in the woods ? And yet, after all, he must go by the tree, and if he happened there at sunset, and any one else happened there at the same time, surely the Little Man had been right in one thing ; it was unworthy of a reasonable Christian boy to be afraid of anything that was made, since, in fact, one Creator had made all.

And so it happened that just as the last red ray touched the top of the skeleton pine Hans was coming in sight of the tree ; and he had not made up his mind whether or not to look at the log that lay at its feet, when he found himself drawn onward, as before, by the spell of two large bright eyes. When he did look, however, it was not the form of a crooked old man that met his sight, but of a beautiful little maiden, who sat leaning against the trunk of the tree.

“My father sent me,” she said, holding out a tiny brown hand, which Hans must have been a greater coward than he was to have feared to touch, — “My father sent me to show you the way, and he said, if you would know all that he has to tell, you must come to his home.”

Hans felt no great unwillingness to go with such a guide. Indeed, as the little one prattled along by his side in a voice as much like a mountain brook as anything else he could think of, he began to hope that the way might be very long before they should reach the old man’s mysterious abode. Nevertheless he almost lost his breath in trying to keep in sight of his guide ; for her little feet twinkled along the rocky path like humming-birds’ wings, and there was a gleam of mischief in her brown eyes as she turned to offer a hand to help him up some stony staircase after she herself had perched like a bird at the top. The path had an end at last, just before one of those gloomy caverns which Hans had been accustomed to regard with the greatest dread. A great mossy stone guarded the entrance, upon which the guide tapped lightly with the five rosy tips of her little brown fingers, and the rock seemed rather to open than to roll away. Entering from the darkness of the forest, Hans put his hands before his eyes, to enable them slowly to bear the intense light. When he was able to look around him, his pretty guide was gone, but the Little Man of the last evening was by his side, with the same good-natured grin on his curious old face.

“Brave boy,” said he, “you concluded to trust your new friends a little further, eh ? Well, as I have said, you shall lose nothing by it. How do you like my palace ?”

Hans was bewildered by the unusual splendor. The walls, floor, and ceiling were white as snow, and incrustated with crystals and hung with pendants as clear as diamonds. Light from some unknown source was thrown back from a thousand glittering points, and, but for the warmth of the place, Hans might have imagined himself in the famous ice-palace of the frost-king.

“This is our vestibule,” said the Little Man. “There is more within than you will care to see in one evening, but let us take a glance at a room or two.”

They passed into a large and lofty chamber, whose gray walls were filled with glittering grains of gold. Here and there a bright mass of silver gleamed in the light, while rich and curious gems sparkled from the ceiling. Glittering treasures that would have made the wealth of an empire were heaped in distant corners of the floor, or lay scattered under the feet.

“Ah, it is splendid !” cried Hans, at length. “But who built your palace, and whence came all this treasure in this poor, humble little valley ?”

“Is it possible you don't know who built the world?” said the Little Man in a serious tone. “As to the treasure, it is no more mine than yours; and if your valley is poor, it is all your own fault, because you will not take what belongs to you. There is enough more, deep in the heart of the hills, and we don't grudge you what little amounts you will ever have the courage to take. You human creatures make slow progress in getting possession of the world; and you ought to be thankful if we give you a lift now and then.”

“Indeed I am,” replied Hans. “But I would like to know where your light comes from here underground.”

“Ah!” said the Little Man, “that is a secret that I will keep for the present. Better not tell you all at once, or you may squander your fortunes too fast. But this I will tell you. Some day, in a land far over the sea, there will be one of the final battles between Light and Darkness, and at first the dark side will seem to be winning, and will boast itself over the Light. Many of the powers of earth and air will join in the struggle; the very ships shall be armed in coats of mail from these underground treasures that you have seen; and invisible creatures of the air will act as couriers, and keep every part of the great battle-field as it were beneath the eye of the leader-in chief. Then when the scale seems to be turning wrong, new treasures of the rocks shall be thrown into the balance for the right; and so the Little People of the Mountains, working with the men that are working for God, shall gain the day. You see you can afford to wait; you have treasures enough already to quarrel over, and very likely these will do you more harm than good.”

“I must ask you to show me the path through the woods,” said Hans, “for indeed you have entertained me so well that I fear it may be late.”

“The road is not hard to find,” said the Little Man, as he tapped with his crooked old fingers on the wall of the cavern.

Instantly Hans found himself standing at the edge of the pine-wood, and just before him shone a light in the window of the parsonage, which had been set there to guide the truant home.

As the years went on, great changes were seen in the village of Liefenwald. The little brown parsonage grew up into a grand and stately mansion, and its garden with the hollyhocks and poppies gave place to a lawn and park fit for a king's palace. The good old pastor lived beneath his son's roof, and studied his ancient leather-covered books, and attended to the wants of his former flock; but the parish had grown too large for his care, for the great Mining Academy had made a city out of the little village, and students flocked from all parts of the country to hear the lectures of the learned Professor Johann von Felsenhof.

For plain little Hans, the pastor's boy, had studied his lessons so faithfully, that he was the wisest man in Germany in all that pertained to the secrets of the mines; and he had used his knowledge so well that the treasures of the rocks, so far as he could control them, brought good, and not harm, happiness, and not contention, to all the people of the forest valley.

Elsie Teller.

THE FOUR SEASONS,
AND A LITTLE ABOUT THEIR FLORA.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER. — WINTER.



GERMAN writer declares that the botany of children is divided into two classes.

First, the *ornamental*. This includes flowers and blossoms, to be *looked* at and picked. Second, the *useful*. Of the plants belonging to this, two questions are to be asked before anything else: — Are their fruits *eatable*? Can they be put to any use for playthings?

Now, of course, that plant that could combine all the characteristics of both classes, would be the nearest to realizing the childish ideal. And there is none in all the collected world of plants that comes nearer to this ideal than the *nut*-tree, — Chestnuts, Walnuts, Shagbarks, Hazelnuts, Beechnuts, Groundnuts, three-cornered nuts, Pignuts, and Pecan, — the very names, whether tropical or home-bred, make the infant lips to smack. For, as to flowers and blossoms, we have seen how, in the early spring, they lead forth the ranks, — how the Horse-chestnut lifts up its

richly tinted chandelier of blossom, — how in summer the Chestnut hangs out its flowers, “like the golden caterpillars of a general’s epaulette, to muster up its troops”!

And then the nuts! Open prey for the children, nobody hedges them in! No wonder they have invented the adjective “*Nuts-y*,” for everything especially delightful and rich in promise. Even into the November days, when the Indian summer glow lingers among the bared



trees, there are some brave nutting parties out to contest with the squirrels for the last of the chestnuts.

While we sit munching under the trees, let us think how this food has been stored in these little chests, and ask what has brought it there.

Root and leaf, — these have been the workers for this community, tree or shrub. These leaves that the wind is now whirling about us, that gather round the squirrel's winter home, that collect over the roots of the trees and form a sheltering covering for those plants that die down each year to the ground, — think how kindly their life has been, and they cannot give up their cherishing thoughtfulness even now, though they are but *dead* leaves.

Root and leaf have brought in the food. The leaf, with its breathing vessels, has called up the nourishing sap from the roots, — has, too, spread it out on its flat surface to receive the light, and the light has drawn out all that has not been needed for the growth of the plant.

And what has been the food of the plant? Did it find in the earth, all ready for it, this white, milky, sweet food, that we and the squirrels are enjoying just now? What does it have to fill its chests with?

All that the plant wanted was *rain-water*. Its needs are very few. Some simple plants need only air, finding all the moisture they want in the air they breathe. Then, when they die, they leave their decaying stalks and stems to furnish richer food for higher plants.

What it is that the plant wants of the rain-water I will presently tell you. Pure water would not satisfy it, for it contains but two of the three things that the plant *must have*, and the rain-water washes down this third thing out of the air, — out of the air into the ground, — and the ground holds it ready for the plant, ready for that little seed when it opens, — the little seed that has but a little food stored up to nourish it till the root shall appear, — the little root, which sends out delicate branches, just fitted to drink in every drop of moisture it can find, not coming out in regular order like the branches of the stem, but fine, delicate fibres, called *spongioles* or *spongelets* because they drink in so easily all watery matter. If they meet with anything to obstruct them, they follow along its surface till they can find a place to insinuate themselves, their slender threads discovering the favorable soil, and gaining a firm hold, delicate as they are. So long as the plant grows above ground, so long do the roots extend and increase under ground, bringing in fresh moisture to supply the demand created above; the newer the roots are, the more actively they absorb through their delicate walls, in which the highest possible magnifying power is unable to discover any pores or openings. Many rootlets send out still finer tubes, or *root-hairs*, increasing the number of absorbers.

Early in the growth of the plant its cells lengthen, and their walls thicken, forming what is called the *woody fibre* or *wood-cells*. In *Exogenous plants*, or the outside-growers, these woody parts collect to form a layer of wood, a ring, around the central cellular part, the *pith*, which is itself surrounded by the *bark*. *Herbaceous* stems die down to the ground each year. Shrubs and trees form a new growth every year, placing a new layer of wood outside that of the preceding year. It is through this living layer each year that the sap is called up into the *leaves*.

It is the active life of the leaf, its breathing through its open pores, and spreading itself to the light, that helps to call up this nourishing sap.

The leaf, too, like the stem, has a woody and a cellular part. The woody part forms its skeleton of ribs and veins, that support the leaf while they bring up the ascending sap. The cellular part is the green pulp, which is filled with cells, loosely put together, that hold the green matter, the *chlorophyll*, that gives the color to the leaf. There are usually two layers of cells; those in the upper layer are more closely put together, and are covered with a delicate veil, the *epidermis*, to protect them from the direct rays of the sun, that might evaporate the moisture too quickly. For, should the leaves exhale the liquid food faster than it can be furnished by the roots, the plant would die. It is the lower part of the leaf, withdrawn from the sun's rays, that has the pores by which the leaf may breathe at leisure. These are called the *stomata*, or breathing-pores. They are very small, but each leaf has an immense number. In the Apple-tree, each leaf has not far from one hundred thousand of these openings or mouths!

And what is the leaf doing with the food, as it spreads itself to light and heat? It changes *inorganic* into *organic* matter. It turns the mineral matter, on which we animals could not feed, into the vegetable food upon which we can live. With all our cooks, Professor Blot at the head, and with all our chemists, Professor Liebig and the rest, we could never make good eatable matter out of minerals. Think of a flint soup, or an iron porridge, or a sulphur pudding! It sets one's teeth on edge to think of it!

But the plant knows how to do it; not, indeed, as necessary to its own vegetation, though it is so necessary for us. The plant might grow without mineral matter. Indeed, in time, as we have seen, it is these earthy parts that have brought the death of the leaf, that have clogged its pores and prevented its drawing in the necessary moisture. "Alas!" we feel like saying. Yet we see that the tree no longer needs the leaves; for it could not bear to have the winter air and the frosts brought into its community through open pores. In the winter days it could not bear the quick communication with the outer world through its leaves; it is ready now for the quiet time, as we have seen, to form its new flower and leaf buds, which shall be prepared to carry on its new, next summer's life.

The mineral parts, however, have been useful to it; for they have strengthened its woody fibre, making the *heart-wood*, the "heart of oak," giving denseness to it, while around it yearly new layers form of *sap-wood*. It strengthens, too, the stalks of the wheat.

But for us, consider how useful! All the earthy matter of our bones, and the iron and mineral matter that strengthens and colors our blood, comes from the plants on which we feed, or on which the animals feed, whose flesh we eat.

Our tincture of iron, then, *our* essence of flint and flavor of salt, are kindly served up for us by these gentle cooks. All summer long no day is so hot for them but what they set up a little fire in their leaves; for the action that takes place there is more like burning than anything else. The savory soups they make they send out into their flower-buds to help the growth of the seed. Sometimes, as we have seen, this sun-cooked food is stored up

there for another season, and we feed upon it as grain or sugar or chestnuts. The ashes from these fires remain, filling the leaf-fibres. The sheep and cattle feed upon them, and we feed upon the grass-fed beef and mutton.

But this is not nearly all that the leaf has been about. The root has been drawing up water from the soil, and all the vapor it could find. The leaves, too, have absorbed directly vapor from the atmosphere, which holds, as I have said, two of the three *elements* that are necessary for the fabric of the plant.

You have often played the game of Elements, — earth, air, fire, and water. When you all grow up into little chemists, as you will very soon, as it is such very good fun to dabble in its different mixtures, — (it is most as nice as cooking, only you don't have the advantage of eating the good things you make; on the contrary, you get your hands very black, and make large spots all over your clothes, and sometimes burn the end of your nose, if you do not, indeed, have a grand explosion, and break all the windows, and frighten the family generally, — besides that, instead of the nice, appetizing smell of Thanksgiving Day, you are apt to distress your mother and sisters with a variety of quite unexpected, and far from agreeable odors,) — well, in those halcyon days you will find that each of these — earth, fire, air, and water — has its own elements or composing parts, with longer names. For instance, water is composed of *hydrogen* and *oxygen*.

Now the plant needs, I told you, *three* things. Besides hydrogen and oxygen, it wants *carbon*. For these magicians of our days, whom we call chemists, have found out what all the vegetable tissues are formed of. They have not yet been able to put together a lily, but they could take it apart. And learned as you will probably grow, after beginning with these papers, I think you will hardly be able to get further; for the chemist, wise as he is, has not been able to get at the principle of *life*, or find what it is that first stirs the germ, and sends the stem up to seek the air, and the root to look for water in the earth.

Now see how these elements that you were first acquainted with — air, fire, water, earth — have assembled round the little plant to interchange *their* elements for its use. The *air* has blown up a *fire* in the leaf that has drawn up from the *earth* the *water* that is to serve for its food.

For the air contains the *carbon* that the vegetable wants. The *elements* of air are *oxygen* and *nitrogen*, with a very small proportion, however, of *carbonic acid*, which, again, contains the carbon that the plant needs. It is in a *very small* proportion; for not only *we* do not *need* it, but it is very injurious to us. Carbonic acid consists of carbon combined with oxygen. Carbon is the same as pure charcoal. Charcoal is the carbon of a vegetable, — what is left behind, after heating it, out of contact with the air, so that all hydrogen and oxygen may be driven off, and the pure carbon left. But this is in a solid state and cannot be dissolved in water, which the plant likes to absorb, and cannot reach the plant so; for only liquid and air can pass through the walls of its delicate cells.

Now we, that is, all animals, are constantly forming this carbonic acid

gas, the carbon from animal bodies uniting with the oxygen of the air. We breathe in oxygen into our lungs; we breathe it out as carbonic acid gas. With every breath we lessen the quantity of oxygen in the air, — so healthful and necessary for animal life, — while we increase the quantity of the carbonic acid in the air, so injurious. Carbonic acid is very poisonous: to breathe the air produced by burning charcoal in a close room would destroy life directly, as you well know.

Not *vegetable* life, — the plants feed upon it; they take it in through their leaves in every breeze that blows. Then every rain-drop that falls from the clouds and trickles into the ground carries with it a little carbonic acid that it has washed out of the air as it fell. In a rich soil, too, the air contains a larger store of carbonic acid gas than the atmosphere above. Decomposing vegetable matter sends out the carbonic acid that formed a part of its life, to enrich the pores and crevices of the soil, where the rootlets of new plants are to find their food. And the ponds and streams carry the favorite dish to the water-plants. Thus, what is man's poison is meat for the plants. The component parts of this food — water and carbonic acid — are mineral matters; these are the materials with which the plant builds and feeds itself. In the plant the *inorganic* is changed into *organic* matter.

The plants then purify the air for animals. Not only they take in the injurious carbon in the carbonic acid, but they give out its oxygen, taking what is unfit for us, giving us what we need. So long as the herb, shrub, and tree are growing, so long are they busy at this work of purifying the air for us. When the light fades away during the night, this work ceases and the plant is in a passive state. The two kingdoms are thus perfectly adapted to each other, and the atmosphere seems to connect them and make them dependent upon each other.

Do you think this is a dull lesson, and has little to do with the Flora of plants? Are we not bound to consider, you ask, the beauty of leaves, flowers, and fruit, and not tire our heads with thinking of their use?

That little, but very tiresome word *use*, — why did it ever come into the language, except for the purpose of plaguing children! And we elders acknowledge that we are tired of the books that are always trying to instruct children, and pretending that they ought to be useful. A useful child! It calls up the pictures of worn-out children working in factories, — of tired little girls in crowded streets, old before their time, laboring for father and mother and younger brothers and sisters, — of newsboys, never having time to play! No; let a child be a child while it will. Their enjoyments and pleasures are not so wondrous as elder years paint them, out of their fancy or misleading memories of some few gay hours. Do not heap upon them the pains and responsibilities that come with the growth of the reasoning powers.

But as for our joy of the flowers, — it is surely enhanced to think of all the beautiful uses it has. And just at this season, when the year's leaves are floating down the wind, it would seem ungrateful not to think of all the cheerful, unselfish work they have been so gay over all summer long. A child is no less a child when it is cheerful all through a hot day's journey, or

unselfishly gives the largest cocoa-nut cake to a younger brother. So it will do us no harm to think a little of the glad gifts these very leaves have brought us. For all these services we have to thank the plants. Not only do they purify the air for animals; they also produce all the food and fabric of animals. Neither the herbivorous nor the carnivorous animals can originate any organic matter. They destroy and decompose it; they take it ready made from plants.

And we, men, women, and children, — even when we are not Nebuchadnezzars ourselves, and do not directly take in the lettuce and spinach and green peas, — yet accept it in the fabric of the animals we eat. We accept it, as I have said, in our beef and mutton and veal. When you see the cattle, the sheep, and the calves, you little think how they are cropping up *fat* for you. But the fat of these animals is mostly drawn from the oily and waxy matters in the vegetables that make their food. They take what they need, then breathe out, by way of return to the vegetables, the carbonic acid and water that these want. What a different food is ham from acorns! Yet even a pig can bring about the change. What would you do for your sandwiches if he could n't or would n't?



Is it not a happy thing that we do not have to fight with the plants for our food, but that what they want to take we cannot bear, and what we dislike they are willing to feed and flourish upon?

And not only do we enjoy and flourish upon this food, prepared for us by other animals; we too find it stored for us in the many fruits we have been considering. What admirable places are the autumn Agricultural Fairs and Shows to learn this! There you can see the various *Chests*, differing from these in our hand, in which our vegetable food is stored, — wheat and squashes, pears, tomatoes, and watermelons, side by side.

And how gayly and happily have the leaves done all this! Even when they must drop away and die, they have not put on any color of mourning, but the maple, the sumach, — many of the trees, — appear then in their gayest and most gorgeous tints. It is left for some of the little chemists that read this, perhaps, to find out the cause of these bright colors, and why it is that they are more brilliant with us than in other countries. The frost has very little to do with the autumn colors, for often in July or August a single tree among the maples turns scarlet or crimson, while the other trees are still green. The red maple has evidently a fondness for its bright colors,

for early in the spring it puts its seed-vessels into deep red ; and the little, young yearling maples, as we have seen, hurry to show what family they belong to, by putting their few leaves into gay colors.

It may be the transparency of our atmosphere, says Mr. Emerson, and therefore the greater intensity of the light, that gives the greater glow to our autumnal foliage, — “the same cause which renders a much larger number of stars visible by night, and which clothes our flowering plants with more numerous flowers, and those of deeper and richer tints, — giving somewhat of tropical splendor to our really colder parallels of latitude.” *

We have no right to consider our autumn days the “saddest of the year.” Not only maples and sumachs, but the oaks, put on their most brilliant colors. There are scarlet oaks and crimson oaks, — spots of color that shine of a cloudy day, and that glow when the sun is out, — yellow chestnut-leaves, many-colored dogwood, and pale ferns. But in the November days these are of the past.

From root to topmost bough, from potato up to chestnut, there is no part of the plant but what some species of herb, shrub, or tree has somewhere turned it into food for us. A comprehensive botany is then this child’s botany with its two classes. What is there that does not bring us its flowers, or else its fruit to eat, or to make into playthings ? Wands for whistles, switches for riding-whips, — to say nothing of birch for the schoolmasters, — nutshells for baskets and boats, toys as countless as the fruits. From parts of the root, whole roots, seed, stalk, leaves, come sago, turnips, rice, sugar, tea, — can you make a count of all the stores, and not forget some ?

And the kindly shelter of the trees for the summer’s birds, and the soft shelter of ferns and rushes for lizards and water insects ! Stately trees and low grasses are full of their charities. Even low mosses have a great use and purpose. I must copy for you a description of what service the moss is that covers the rocks far up on the mountain-sides. This is what the moss does in Germany, and I can’t think that American moss should do less.

“It is the covering of moss on the forest mountains that gives sustenance to the brooks and torrents that flow from them. And through these streams life flows to the plants in the valley, and so to man and beast. This may sound like an exaggeration ; but you would not consider it so, if you would for once consent to come with me and submit to a shower of rain in a picturesque ravine in the Hartz, or the Schwarz forests. I should like to take you to a steep precipice, where you could look over and listen to a forest stream far down, that murmurs softly to us. Here and there is a single white-pine, or some tall fir thrusts its roots among the loose blocks on the mountain-side. But all is covered with soft moss, — stone-boulders, roots of trees, and the steep sides of the precipice where no stone can lie. Then, let there come a vigorous mountain shower, penetrating, wetting us to the skin, through and through ! Then I would beg you to look round, above, below, and see if, after this drenching shower, there were any marked change. The brook below has scarcely increased. It still rains violently ; but as far as you can

* Emerson’s *Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts*.

see over the precipice up which we have climbed, and opposite us, all is as it was before the rain began.

“Now imagine the precipice bare. You would have then seen large masses of earth whirled down by the swollen brooks. Many a tree would have been carried away, too, and in a few years only a bare wall of rock would be left here where the old pine that has served us as shelter from the storm has been growing a hundred years peacefully, to a beautiful, mighty tree. This the moss has done. Other ground plants gave help, but insignificant in comparison.

“These pretty little plants are mediators between heaven and earth when the rain-torrent comes down, as though, by breaking away the forest trees, it would make room for the encumbered streams. The moss softly hushes it up, crying out, ‘Gently, gently, boisterer,’ and thrusts itself between the heavy rain and the threatened earth, and catches the flood of heaven in its millions of graceful little leaflet hands, and breaks its great power, so that only drop by drop can it come through, and the ground can drink by degrees what it needs; and what is over quietly trickles from stone to stone, under the covering of moss, into the swelling stream.

“And in summer, if the parching sunbeams fall upon this rocky wall, and the pitch in the bark of the old pine turns liquid, then again it is the moss that flings itself between the sunbeams and the ground, and never lets the consuming glow penetrate into the earth.

“And the wind it tempers, too. If there are no mosses, the tempest drives the dry leaves together, and sweeps them down into the valley, and dries up the ground far down. But the mosses catch the needles and whirling leaves as they fall, and hold them fast, and weave themselves up with them to a protecting carpet around the trees.

“Yes, in wooded regions, the mosses are of incalculable worth. And the woods are equally valuable for streams and brooks, and these in turn make life possible. I have seen, in South-



ern Spain, regions of forty miles in extent, where life has become insupportable, because there was no water, and no water, because the countless sierras are bare of trees."*

And there are no trees, because there was no moss to protect them!

And this little moss forms part of the Flora of the winter. It will make for you a charming study to learn its method of flowering and scattering its seed. A study, not a play, but as charming as a play. For I have tried to tell you "a little about the Flora" of the past year, only to show how much yet remains to be learned of these our beautiful companions. We have seen how they have waited for us, and upon us, in winter and autumn, as well as summer and spring. Through the winter they are not even dead or sleeping,—they are always telling us something. And it is better to make a study of all the knowledge they will bring, than to try to make of it a play.

And a *charming* study, too. The boy that has dug over the Latin roots finds in his Virgil and Horace where are the fruits and flowers of his study that at first seemed so tedious. But Gray's "How Plants Grow," "First Lessons," and "Botanical Text-Book," make the very first steps in the study of Botany charming and delightful.

For this study one does not have to wait for elegantly printed or painted diagrams, but each season illustrates itself, bringing branch and bud, blossom, flower, leaf, fruit, seed, and dead leaves, for beautiful pictures of its own progress.

Still linger into November and December the brown leaves of the oak around the trees. The outer world has been growing more and more silent. Even the untimely cricket that chirped among the dry November grass is still. The gay harvest of autumn leaves is scattered. Even the yellow pumpkins that stayed late in the fields, among the corn-stalks, are housed now, and perhaps eaten. We stop a moment to look at the beautiful and differing shapes of the dead leaves, as they lie before us in the road. They might give us another study, to find the names of all the different forms, and what each different tree bears. But the winter wind swept them away.

Winter has come, and December again, and the tree that was the first in the season to welcome us comes to bid us a good-by greeting. Christmas day comes again, and the earth turns once more to the sun. A new year comes, and prospect of new seasons, to wish you all A Happy New Year.

Lucretia P. Hale.

* *Flora in Winterkleide.*



A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE.

XII.

SATURDAY was a day of hammering, basting, draping, dressing, rehearsing, running from room to room. Up stairs, in Mrs. Green's garret, Leslie Goldthwaite and Dakie Thayne, with a third party never before introduced upon the stage, had a private practising; and at tea-time, when the great hall was cleared, they got up there with Sin Saxon and Frank Scherman, locked the doors, and in costume, with regular accompaniment of bell and curtain, the performance was repeated.

Dakie Thayne was stage-manager and curtain-puller; Sin Saxon and Frank Scherman represented audience, with clapping and stamping, and laughter that suspended both,—making as nearly the noise of two hundred as two could,—this being an essential part of the rehearsal in respect to the untried nerves of the *débutant*, which might easily be a little uncertain.

“He stands fire like a Yankee veteran.”

“It's inimitable,” said Sin Saxon, wiping the moist merriment from her eyes. “And your cap, Leslie! And that bonnet! And this unutterable old oddity of a gown! Who did contrive it all? and where did they come from? You'll carry off the glory of the evening. It ought to be the last.”

“No, indeed,” said Leslie. “Barbara Frietchie must be last, of course. But I'm so glad you think it will do. I hope they'll be amused.”

“Amused! If you could only see your own face!”

“I see Sir Charles's, and that makes mine.”

The new performer, you perceive, was an actor with a title.

That night's coach, driving up while the dress-rehearsal of the other tableaux was going on at the hall, brought Cousin Delight to the Green Cottage, and Leslie met her at the door.

Sunday morning was a pause and rest and hush of beauty and joy. They sat—Delight and Leslie—by their open window, where the smell of the lately harvested hay came over from the wide, sunshiny entrance of the great barn, and away beyond stretched the pine woods, and the hills swelled near in dusky evergreen, and indigo shadows, and lessened far down toward Winnipiseogee, to where, faint and tender and blue, the outline of little Ossipee peeped in between great shoulders so modestly,—seen only through the clearest air on days like this. Leslie's little table, with fresh white cover, held a vase of ferns and white convolvulus, and beside this Cousin Delight's two books that came out always from the top of her trunk,—her Bible and her little “Daily Food.” To-day the verses from Old and New Testaments were these:—“The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way.” “Walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time.”

They had a talk about the first,—“The steps,”—the little details,—not

merely the general trend and final issue ; if, indeed, these could be directed without the other.

"You always make me see things, Cousin Delight," Leslie said.

"It is very plain," Delight answered ; "if people only would read the Bible as they read even a careless letter from a friend, counting each word of value, and searching for more meaning and fresh inference to draw out the most. One word often answers great doubts and askings that have troubled the world."

Afterward, they walked round by a still wood-path under the Ledge to the North Village, where there was a service. It was a plain little church, with unpainted pews ; but the windows looked forth upon a green mountain-side, and whispers of oaks and pines and river-music crept in, and the breath of sweet water-lilies, heaped in a great bowl upon the communion-table of common stained cherry-wood, floated up and filled the place. The minister, a quiet, gray-haired man, stayed his foot an instant at that simple altar, before he went up the few steps to the desk. He had a sermon in his pocket from the text, "The hairs of your heads are all numbered." He changed it at the moment in his mind, and, when presently he rose to preach, gave forth, in a tone touched, through the fresh presence of that reminding beauty, with the very spontaneousness of the Master's own saying, — "Consider the lilies." And then he told them of God's momentarily thought and care.

There were scattered strangers, from various houses, among the simple rural congregation. Walking home through the pines again, Delight and Leslie and Dakie Thayne found themselves preceded and followed along the narrow way. Sin Saxon and Frank Scherman came up and joined them when the wider openings permitted.

Two persons just in front were commenting upon the sermon.

"Very fair for a country parson," said a tall, elegant-looking man, whose broad, intellectual brow was touched by dark hair slightly frosted, and whose lip had the curve that betokens self-reliance and strong decision, — "very fair. All the better for not flying too high. Narrow, of course. He seems to think the Almighty has nothing grander to do than to finger every little cog of the tremendous machinery of the universe, — that He measures out the ocean of His purposes as we drop a liquid from a phial. To me it seems belittling the Infinite."

"I don't know whether it is littleness or greatness, Robert, that must escape minutiae," said his companion, apparently his wife. "If we could reach to the particles, perhaps we might move the mountains."

"We never agree upon this, Margie. We won't begin again. To my mind, the grand plan of things was settled ages ago, — the impulses generated that must needs work on. Foreknowledge and intention, doubtless : in that sense the hairs *were* numbered. But that there is a special direction and interference to-day for you and me — well, we won't argue, as I said ; but I never can conceive it so ; and I think a wider look at the world brings a question to all such primitive faith."

The speakers turned down a side-way with this, leaving the ledge path and

their subject to our friends. Only to their thoughts at first ; but presently Cousin Delight said, in a quiet tone, to Leslie, "That does n't account for the steps, does it?"

"I am glad it *can't*," said Leslie.

Dakie Thayne turned a look toward Leslie, as if he would gladly know of what she spoke, — a look in which a kind of gentle reverence was strangely mingled with the open friendliness. I cannot easily indicate to you the sort of feeling with which the boy had come to regard this young girl, just above him in years and thought and in the attitude which true womanhood, young or old, takes toward man. He had no sisters ; he had been intimately associated with no girl-companions ; he had lived with his brother and an uncle and a young aunt, Rose. Leslie Goldthwaite's kindness had drawn him into the sphere of a new and powerful influence, — something different in thought and purpose from the apparent un-thought about her ; and this lifted her up in his regard and enshrined her with a sort of pure sanctity. He was sometimes really timid before her, in the midst of his frank chivalry.

"I wish you 'd tell me," he said suddenly, falling back with her as the path narrowed again. "What are the 'steps'?"

"It was a verse we found this morning, — Cousin Delight and I," Leslie answered ; and as she spoke the color came up full in her cheeks, and her voice was a little shy and tremulous. "'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.' That one word seemed to make one certain. 'Steps,' — not path, nor the end of it ; but all the way." Somehow she was quite out of breath as she finished.

Meantime Sin Saxon and Frank had got with Miss Goldthwaite, and were talking too.

"Set spinning," they heard Sin Saxon say, "and then let go. That was his idea. Well ! Only it seems to me there 's been especial pains taken to show us it can't be done. Or else, why don't they find out perpetual motion ? Everything stops after a while, unless — I can't talk theologically, but I mean all right — you hit it again."

"You 've a way of your own of putting things, Asenath," said Frank Scherman, — with a glance that beamed kindly and admiringly upon her and "her way," — "but you 've put that clear to me as nobody else ever did. A proof set in the very laws themselves, — momentum that must lessen and lose itself with the square of the distance. The machinery cavil won't do."

"Wheels ; but a living spirit within the wheels," said Cousin Delight.

"Every instant a fresh impulse ; to think of it so makes it real, Miss Goldthwaite, — and grand and awful." The young man spoke with a strength in the clear voice that could be so light and gay.

"And tender, too. 'Thou layest Thine hand upon me,'" said Delight Goldthwaite.

Sin Saxon was quiet ; her own thought coming back upon her with a reflective force, and a thrill at her heart at Frank Scherman's words. Had these two only planned tableaux and danced Germans together before ?

Dakie Thayne walked on by Leslie Goldthwaite's side, in his happy con-

tent touched with something higher and brighter through that instant's approach and confidence. If I were to write down his thought as he walked, it would be with phrase and distinction peculiar to himself and to the boy-mind,—"It 's the real thing with her; it don't make a fellow squirm like a pin put out at a caterpillar. She 's *good*; but she is n't *pious*!"

This was the Sunday that lay between the busy Saturday and Monday. "It is always so wherever Cousin Delight is," Leslie Goldthwaite said to herself, comparing it with other Sundays that had gone. Yet she too, for weeks before, by the truth that had come into her own life and gone out from it, had been helping to make these moments possible. She had been shone upon, and had put forth; henceforth she should scarcely know when the fruit was ripening or sowing itself anew, or the good and gladness of it were at human lips.

She was in Mrs. Linceford's room on Monday morning, putting high velvet-covered corks to the heels of her slippers, when Sin Saxon came over hurriedly, and tapped at the door.

"*Could* you be *two* old women?" she asked, the instant Leslie opened. "Ginevra Thoresby has given out. She says it 's her cold,—that she does n't feel equal to it; but the amount of it is, she got her chill with the Shannons going away so suddenly, and the Amy Robsart and Queen Elizabeth picture being dropped. There was nothing else to put her in, and so she won't be Barbara."

"Won't be Barbara Frietchie!" cried Leslie, with an astonishment as if it had been angelhood refused.

"No. Barbara Frietchie is only an old woman in a cap and kerchief, and she just puts her head out of a window: the *flag* is the whole of it, Ginevra Thoresby says."

"*May* I do it? Do you think I can be different enough in the two? Will there be time?" Leslie questioned eagerly.

"We 'll change the programme, and put 'Taking the Oath' between. The caps can be different, and you can powder your hair for one, and—*would* it do to ask Miss Craydocke for a front for the other?" Sin Saxon had grown delicate in her feeling for the dear old friend whose hair had once been golden.

"I 'll tell her about it, and ask her to help me contrive. She 'll be sure to think of anything that can be thought of."

"Only there 's the dance afterward, and you had so much more costume for the other," Sin Saxon said, demurringly.

"Never mind. I shall *be* Barbara; and Barbara would n't dance, I suppose."

"Mother Hubbard would, marvellously."

"Never mind," Leslie answered again, laying down the little slipper, finished.

"She don't care *what* she is, so that she helps along," Sin Saxon said of her, rejoining the others in the hall. "I 'm ashamed of myself and all the rest of you, beside her. Now make yourselves as fine as you please."

We must pass over the hours as only stories and dreams do, and put ourselves, at ten of the clock that night, behind the green curtain and the footlights, in the blaze of the three rows of bright lamps, that, one above another, poured their illumination from the left upon the stage, behind the wide picture-frame.

Susan Josselyn and Frank Scherman were just "posed" for "Consolation." They had given Susan this part, after all, because they wanted Martha for "Taking the Oath," afterward. Leslie Goldthwaite was giving a hasty touch to the tent drapery and the gray blanket; Leonard Brookhouse and Dakie Thayne manned the halyards for raising the curtain; there was the usual scuttling about the stage for hasty clearance; and Sin Saxon's hand was on the bell, when Grahame Lowe sprang hastily in through the dressing-room upon the scene.

"Hold on a minute," he said to Brookhouse. "Miss Saxon, General Ingleside and party are over at Green's,—been there since nine o'clock. Ought n't we to send compliments or something, before we finish up?"

Then there was a pressing forward and an excitement. The wounded soldier sprang from his couch; the nun came nearer, with a quick light in her eye; Leslie Goldthwaite, in her mob cap, quilted petticoat, big-flowered calico train, and high-heeled shoes; two or three supernumeraries, in Rebel gray, with bayonets, coming on in "Barbara Frietchie"; and Sir Charles, bouncing out from somewhere behind, to the great hazard of the frame of lights,—huddled together upon the stage and consulted. Dakie Thayne had dropped his cord and almost made a rush off at the first announcement; but he stood now, with a repressed eagerness that trembled through every fibre, and waited.

"Would he come?" "Is n't it too late?" "Would it be any compliment?" "Won't it be rude not to?" "All the patriotic pieces are just coming!" "Will the audience like to wait?" "Make a speech and tell 'em. You, Brookhouse." "O, he *must* come! Barbara Frietchie and the flag! Just think!" "Is n't it grand?" "O, I'm so frightened!" These were the hurried sentences that made the buzz behind the scenes; while in front "all the world wondered." Meanwhile, lamps trembled, the curtain vibrated, the very framework swayed.

"What is it? Fire?" queried a nervous voice from near the footlights.

"This won't do," said Frank Scherman. "Speak to them, Brookhouse. Dakie Thayne, run over to Green's, and say,—The ladies' compliments to General Ingleside and friends, and beg the honor of their presence at the concluding tableaux."

Dakie was off with a glowing face. Something like an odd, knowing smile twinkling out from the glow also, as he looked up at Scherman and took his orders. All this while he had said nothing.

Leonard Brookhouse made his little speech, received with applause and a cheer. Then they quieted down behind the scenes, and a rustle and buzz began in front,—kept up for five minutes or so, in gentle fashion, till two gentlemen, in plain clothes, walked quietly in at the open door; at sight of

whom, with instinctive certainty, the whole assembly rose. Leslie Goldthwaite, peeping through the folds of the curtain, saw a tall, grand-looking man, in what may be called the youth of middle age, every inch a soldier, bowing as he was ushered forward to a seat vacated for him, and followed by one younger, who modestly ignored the notice intended for his chief. Dakie Thayne was making his way, with eyes alight and excited, down a side passage to his post.

Then the two actors hurried once more into position ; the stage was cleared by a whispered peremptory order ; the bell rung once, the tent trembling with some one whisking further out of sight behind it,—twice, and the curtain rose upon "Consolation."

Lovely as the picture is, it was lovelier in the living tableau. There was something deep and intense in the pale calm of Susan Josselyn's face, which they had not counted on even when they discovered that hers was the very face for the "Sister." Something made you thrill at the thought of what those eyes would show, if the downcast, quiet lids were raised. The earnest gaze of the dying soldier met more, perhaps, in its uplifting ; for Frank Scherman had a look, in this instant of enacting, that he had never got before in all his practisings. The picture was too real for applause,—almost, it suddenly seemed, for representation.

"Don't I know that face, Noll?" General Ingleside asked, in a low tone, of his companion.

Instead of answering at once, the younger man bent further forward toward the stage, and his own very plain, broad, honest face, full over against the downcast one of the Sister of Mercy, took upon itself that force of magnetic expression which makes a look felt even across a crowd of other glances, as if there were but one straight line of vision, and that between such two. The curtain was going slowly down ; the veiling lids trembled, and the paleness replaced itself with a slow-mounting flush of color over the features, still held motionless. They let the cords run more quickly then. She was getting tired, they said ; the curtain had been up too long. Be that as it might, nothing could persuade Susan Josselyn to sit again, and "Consolation" could not be repeated.

So then came "Mother Hubbard and her Dog,"—the slow old lady and the knowing beast that was always getting one step ahead of her. The possibility had occurred to Leslie Goldthwaite as she and Dakie Thayne amused themselves one day with Captain Green's sagacious Sir Charles Grandison, a handsome black spaniel, whose trained accomplishment was to hold himself patiently in any posture in which he might be placed, until the word of release was given. You might stand him on his hind legs, with paws folded on his breast ; you might extend him on his back, with helpless legs in air ; you might put him in any attitude possible to be maintained, and maintain it he would, faithfully, until the signal was made. From this prompting came the Illustration of Mother Hubbard. Also, Leslie Goldthwaite had seized the hidden suggestion of application, and hinted it in certain touches of costume and order of performance. Nobody would think, perhaps, at first, that

the striped scarlet and white petticoat under the tucked-up train, or the common print apron of dark blue, figured with innumerable little white stars, meant anything beyond the ordinary adjuncts of a traditional old woman's dress; but when, in the second scene, the bonnet went on,—an ancient marvel of exasperated front and crown, pitched over the forehead like an enormous helmet, and decorated, upon the side next the audience, with black and white eagle plumes springing straight up from the fastening of an American shield,—above all, when the dog himself appeared, “dressed in his clothes” (a cane, an all-round white collar and a natty little tie, a pair of three-dollar tasselled kid-gloves dangling from his left paw, and a small monitor hat with a big spread-eagle stuck above the brim,—the remaining details of costume being of no consequence),—when he stood “reading the news” from a huge bulletin,—“LATEST BY CABLE FROM EUROPE,”—nobody could mistake the personification of Old and Young America.

It had cost much pains and many dainty morsels, to drill Sir Charles, with all the aid of his excellent fundamental education; and the great fear had been that he might fail them at the last. But the scenes were rapid, in consideration of canine infirmity. If the cupboard was empty, Mother Hubbard's basket behind was not; he got his morsels duly; and the audience was “requested to refrain from applause until the end.” Refrain from laughter they could not, as the idea dawned upon them and developed; but Sir Charles was used to that in the execution of his ordinary tricks; he could hardly have done without it better than any other old actor. A dog knows when he is having his day, to say nothing of doing his duty; and these things are as sustaining to him as to anybody. This state of his mind, manifest in his air, helped also to complete the Young America expression. Mother Hubbard's mingled consternation and pride at each successive achievement of her astonishing puppy were inimitable. Each separate illustration made its point. Patriotism, especially, came in when the undertaker, bearing the pall with red-lettered border,—Rebellion,—finds the dog, with upturned, knowing eye, and parted jaws, suggestive as much of a good grip as of laughter, half risen upon fore-paws, as far from “dead” as ever, mounting guard over the old bone “Constitution.”

The curtain fell at last, amid peals of applause and calls for the actors.

Dakie Thayne had accompanied with the reading of the ballad, slightly transposed and adapted. As Leslie led Sir Charles before the curtain, in response to the continued demand, he added the concluding stanza,—

“The dame made a courtesy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, ‘Your servant,’
The dog said, ‘Bow-wow.’”

Which, with a suppressed “Speak, sir!” from Frank Scherman, was brought properly to pass. Done with cleverness and quickness from beginning to end, and taking the audience utterly by surprise, Leslie's little combination of wit and sagacity had been throughout a signal success. The actors crowded round her. “We 'd no idea of it!” “Capital!” “A great hit!”



they exclaimed. "Mother Hubbard is the star of the evening," said Leonard Brookhouse. "No, indeed," returned Leslie, patting Sir Charles's head,—"this is the dog-star." "Rather a Sirius reflection upon the rest of us," rejoined Brookhouse, shrugging his shoulders, as he walked off to take his place in the "Oath," and Leslie disappeared to make ready for "Barbara Frietchie."

Several persons, before and behind the curtain, were making up their minds, just now, to a fresh opinion. There was nothing so very slow or tame, after all, about Leslie Goldthwaite. Several others had known that long ago.

"Taking the Oath," was piquant and spirited. The touch of restive scorn that could come out on Martha Josselyn's face just suited her part; and Leonard Brookhouse was very cool and courteous, and handsome and gentlemanly-triumphant as the Union officer.

"Barbara Frietchie" was grand. Grahame Lowe played Stonewall Jackson. They had improvised a pretty bit of scenery at the back, with a few sticks, some paint, brown carpet-paper, and a couple of mosquito-bars;—a Dutch gable with a lattice window, vines trained up over it, and bushes

below. It was a moving tableau, enacted to the reading of Whittier's glorious ballad. "Only an old woman in a cap and kerchief, putting her head out at a garret window," — that was all; but the fire was in the young eyes under the painted wrinkles and the snowy hair; the arm stretched itself out quick and bravely at the very instant of the pistol-shot that startled timid ears; one skilful movement detached and seized the staff in its apparent fall, and the liberty-colors flashed full in Rebel faces, as the broken lower fragment went clattering to the stage. All depended on the one instant action and expression. These were perfect. The very spirit of Barbara stirred her representative. The curtain began to descend slowly, and the applause broke forth before the reading ended. But a hand, held up, hushed it till the concluding lines were given in thrilling tones, as the tableau was covered from sight.

"Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

"Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

"Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

"Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

"And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!"

Then one great cheer broke forth, and was prolonged to three.

"Not be Barbara Frietchie!" Leslie would not have missed that thrill for the finest beauty-part of all. For the applause — that was for the flag, of course, as Ginevra Thoresby said.

The benches were slid out at a window upon a lower roof, the curtain was looped up, and the footlights carried away; the "music" came up, and took possession of the stage; and the audience hall resolved itself into a ball-room. Under the chandelier, in the middle, a tableau not set forth in the programme was rehearsed and added a few minutes after.

Mrs. Thoresby, of course, had been introduced to the General; Mrs. Thoresby, with her bright, full, gray curls and her handsome figure, stood holding him in conversation between introductions, graciously waiving her privilege as new-comers claimed their modest word. Mrs. Thoresby took possession; had praised the tableaux, as "quite creditable, really, considering the resources we had," and was following a slight lead into a long talk, of information and advice on her part, about Dixville Notch. The General thought he should go there, after a day or two at Outledge.

Just here came up Dakie Thayne. The actors, in costume, were gradually mingling among the audience, and Barbara Frietchie, in white hair, from which there was not time to remove the powder, plain cap and kerchief, and brown woollen gown, with her silken flag yet in her hand, came with him. This boy, who "was always everywhere," made no hesitation, but walked

straight up to the central group, taking Leslie by the hand. Close to the General, he waited courteously for a long sentence of Mrs. Thoresby's to be ended, and then said, simply, — "Uncle James, this is my friend Miss Leslie Goldthwaite. My brother, Dr. Ingleside — why, where is Noll?"

Dr. Oliver Ingleside had stepped out of the circle in the last half of the long sentence. The Sister of Mercy — no longer in costume, however — had come down the little flight of steps that led from the stage to the floor. At their foot the young army surgeon was shaking hands with Susan Josselyn. These two had had the chess-practice together — and other practice — down there among the Southern hospitals.

Mrs. Thoresby's face was very like some fabric subjected to chemical experiment, from which one color and aspect has been suddenly and utterly discharged to make room for something different and new. Between the first and last there waits a blank. With this blank full upon her, she stood there for one brief, unprecedented instant in her life, a figure without presence or effect. I have seen a daguerreotype in which were cap, hair, and collar, quite correct, — what should have been a face rubbed out. Mrs. Thoresby rubbed herself out, and so performed her involuntary tableau.

"Of course I might have guessed. I wonder it never occurred to me," Mrs. Linceford was replying, presently, to her vacuous inquiry. "The name seemed familiar, too; only he called himself 'Dakie.' I remember perfectly now. Old Jacob Thayne, the Chicago millionaire. He married pretty little Mrs. Ingleside, the Illinois Representative's widow, that first winter I was in Washington. Why, Dakie must be a dollar prince!"

He was just Dakie Thayne, though, for all that. He and Leslie and Cousin Delight, — the Josselyns and the Inglesides, — dear Miss Craydocke, hurrying up to congratulate, — Marmaduke Wharne looking on without a shade of cynicism in the gladness of his face, and Sin Saxon and Frank Scherman fitting up in the pauses of dance and promenade, — well, after all, these were the central group that night. The pivot of the little solar system was changed; but the chief planets made but slight account of that; they just felt that it had grown very warm and bright.

"O Chicken Little!" Mrs. Linceford cried to Leslie Goldthwaite, giving her a small shake with her good-night kiss at her door. "How did you know the sky was going to fall? And how have you led us all this chase to cheat Fox Lox at last?"

But that was n't the way Chicken Little looked at it. She did n't care much for the bit of dramatic *dénouement* that had come about by accident, — like a story, Elinor said, — or the touch of poetic justice that tickled Mrs. Linceford's world-instructed sense of fun. Dakie Thayne was n't a sum that needed proving. It was very nice that this famous general should be his uncle, — but not at all strange: they were just the sort of people he *must* belong to. And it was nicest of all that Dr. Ingleside and Susan Josselyn should have known each other, — "in the glory of their lives," she phrased it to herself, with a little flash of girl-enthusiasm and a vague suggestion of romance.

"Why did n't you tell us?" Mrs. Linceford said to Dakie Thayne next morning. "Everybody would have —" She stopped. She could not tell this boy to his frank face that everybody would have thought more and made more of him because his uncle had got brave stars on his shoulders, and his father had died leaving two millions or so of dollars.

"I know they would have," said Dakie Thayne. "That was just it. What is the use of telling things? I'll wait till I've done something that tells itself."

There was a pretty general break-up at Outledge during the week following. The tableaux were the *finale* of the season's gayety, — of this particular little episode, at least, which grew out of the association together of these personages of our story. There might come a later set, and later doings; but this last week of August sent the mere summer-birds fluttering. Madam Routh must be back in New York, to prepare for the reopening of her school; Mrs. Linceford had letters from her husband, proposing to meet her by the first, in N—, and so the Haddens would be off; the Thoresbys had stayed as long as they cared to in any one place where there seemed no special inducement; General Ingleside was going through the mountains to Dixville Notch. Rose Ingleside, — bright and charming as her name, — just a fit flower to put beside our Ladies' Delight, — finding out, at once, as all girls and women did, her sweetness, and leaning more and more to the rare and delicate sphere of her quiet attraction, — Oliver and Dakie Thayne, — these were his family party; but there came to be question about Leslie and Delight. Would not they make six? And since Mrs. Linceford and her sisters must go, it seemed so exactly the thing for them to fall into; otherwise Miss Goldthwaite's journey hither would hardly seem to have been worth while. Early September was so lovely among the hills; opportunities for a party to Dixville Notch would not come every day; in short, Dakie had set his heart upon it, Rose begged, the General was as pressing as true politeness would allow, and it was settled.

"Only," Sin Saxon said, suddenly, on being told, "I should like if you would tell me, General Ingleside, the precise military expression synonymous with 'taking the wind out of one's sails.' Because that's just what you've done for me."

"My dear Miss Saxon! In what way?"

"Invited my party, — some of them, — and taken my road. That's all. I spoke first, though I did n't speak out loud. See here!" And she produced a letter from her mother, received that morning. "Observe the date, if you please, — August 24. 'Your letter reached me yesterday.' And it had travelled round, as usual, two days in papa's pocket, beside. I always allow for that. 'I quite approve your plan; provided, as you say, the party be properly matronized. I' — h'm — h'm! — That refers to little explanations of my own. Well, all is, I was going to do this very thing, — with enlargements. And now Miss Craydocke and I may collapse."

"Why? when with you and your enlargements we might make the most admirable combination? At least, the Dixville road is open to all."

"Very kind of you to say so, — the first part I mean, — if you could possibly have helped it. But there are insurmountable obstacles on that Dixville road — to us. There's a lion in the way. Don't you see we should be like the little ragged boys running after the soldier-company? We could n't think of putting ourselves in that 'bony light,' especially before the eyes of Mrs. — Grundy." This last, as Mrs. Thoresby swept impressively along the piazza in full dinner costume.

"Unless you go first, and we run after you," suggested the General.

"All the same. You talked Dixville to her the very first evening, you know. No, nobody can have an original Dixville idea any more. And I've been asking them, — the Josselyns, and Mr. Wharne and all, and was just coming to the Goldthwaites; and now I've got them on my hands, and I don't know where in the world to take them. That comes of keeping an inspiration to ripen. Well, it's a lesson of wisdom! Only, as Effie says about her housekeeping, the two dearest things in living are butter and experience!"

Amidst laughter and banter and repartee, they came to it, of course; the most delightful combination and joint arrangement. Two wagons, the General's and Dr. Ingleside's two saddle-horses, Frank Scherman's little mountain mare, that climbed, like a cat, and was sure-footed as a chamois, — these with a side-saddle for the use of a lady sometimes upon the last, made up the general equipment of the expedition. All Mrs. Grundy knew was that they were wonderfully merry and excited together, until this plan came out as the upshot.

The Josselyns had not quite consented at once, though their faces were bright with a most thankful appreciation of the kindness that offered them such a pleasure; nay, that entreated their companionship as a thing so genuinely coveted to make its own pleasure complete. Somehow, when the whole plan developed, there was a little sudden shrinking on Sue's part, perhaps on similar grounds to Sin Saxon's perception of insurmountable obstacles; but she was shyer than Sin of putting forth her objections, and the general zeal and delight, and Martha's longing look, unconscious of cause why not, carried the day.

There had never been a blither setting off from the Giant's Cairn. All the remaining guests were gathered to see them go. There was not a mote in the blue air between Outledge and the crest of Washington. All the subtle strength of the hills — ores and sweet waters and resinous perfumes and breath of healing leaf and root distilled to absolute purity in the clear ether that only sweeps from such bare, thunder-scoured summits — made up the exhilarant draught in which they drank the mountain-joy and received afar off its baptism of delight.

It was beautiful to see the Josselyns so girlish and gay; it was lovely to look at old Miss Craydocke, with her little tremors of pleasure, and the sudden glistenings in her eyes; Sin Saxon's pretty face was clear and noble, with its pure impulse of kindness, and her fun was like a sparkle upon deep waters. Dakie Thyne rushed about in a sort of general satisfaction which

would not let him be quiet anywhere. Outsiders looked with a kind of new, half-jealous respect on these privileged few who had so suddenly become the "General's party." Sin Saxon whispered to Leslie Goldthwaite, — "It's neither his nor mine, honeysuckle; it's yours, — Henny-penny and all the rest of it, as Mrs. Linceford said." Leslie was glad with the crowning gladness of her bright summer.

"That girl has played her cards well," Mrs. Thoresby said of her, a little below her voice, as she saw the General himself making her especially comfortable with Cousin Delight in a back seat.

"Particularly, my dear madam," said Marmaduke Wharne, coming close and speaking with clear emphasis, "as she could not possibly have known that she had a trump in her hand!"

To tell of all that week's journeying, and of Dixville Notch, — the adventure, the brightness, the beauty, and the glory, — the sympathy of abounding enjoyment, the waking of new life that it was to some of them, — the interchange of thought, the cementing of friendships, — would be to begin another story, possibly a yet longer one. Leslie's summer, according to the calendar, is already ended. Much in this world must pause unfinished, or come to abrupt conclusion. People "die suddenly at last," after the most tedious illnesses. "Married and lived happy ever after," is the inclusive summary that winds up many an old tale whose time of action only runs through hours. If in this summer-time with Leslie Goldthwaite your thoughts have broadened somewhat with hers, some questions for you have been partly answered; if it has appeared to you how a life enriches itself by drawing toward and going forth into the life of others through seeing how this began with her, it is no unfinished tale that I leave with you.

A little picture I will give you, farther on, a hint of something farther yet, and say good by.

Some of them came back to Outledge, and stayed far into the still rich September. Delight and Leslie sat before the Green Cottage one morning, in the heart of a golden haze and a gorgeous bloom. All around the feet of the great hills lay the garlands of early-ripened autumn. You see nothing like it in the lowlands; — nothing like the fire of the maples, the carbuncle-splendor of the oaks, the flash of scarlet sumachs and creepers, the illumination of every kind of little leaf, in its own way, upon which the frost-touch comes down from those tremendous heights that stand rimy in each morning's sun, trying on white caps that by and by they shall pull down heavily over their brows, till they cloak all their shoulders also in the like sculptured folds, to stand and wait, blind, awful chrysalides, through the long winter of their death and silence.

Delight and Leslie had got letters from the Josselyns and Dakie Thayne. There was news in them such as thrills always the half-comprehending sympathies of girlhood. Leslie's vague suggestion of romance had become fulfilment. Dakie Thayne was wild with rejoicing that dear old Noll was to marry Sue. "She had always made him think of Noll, and his ways and

likings, ever since that day of the game of chess that by his means came to grief. It was awful slang, but he could not help it: it was just the very jolliest go!"

Susan Josselyn's quiet letter said,—"That kindness which kept us on and made it beautiful for us, strangers, at Outledge, has brought to me, by God's Providence, this great happiness of my life."

After a long pause of trying to take it in, Leslie looked up. "What a summer this has been! So full,—so much has happened! I feel as if I had been living such a great deal!"

"You have been living in others' lives. You have had a great deal to do with what has happened."

"O Cousin Delight! I have only been *among* it! I could not *do*—except such a very little."

"There is a working from us beyond our own. But if our working runs with that—? You have done more than you will ever know, little one." Delight Goldthwaite spoke very tenderly. Her own life, somehow, had been closely touched, through that which had grown and gathered about Leslie. "It depends on that abiding. 'In me, and I in you; so shall ye bear much fruit.'"

She stopped. She would not say more. Leslie thought her talking rather wide of the first suggestion; but this child would never know, as Delight had said, what a centre, in her simple, loving way, she had been for the working of a purpose beyond her thought.

Sin Saxon came across the lawn, crowned with gold and scarlet, trailing creepers twined about her shoulders, and flames of beauty in her full hands. "Miss Craydocke says she praised God with every leaf she took. I'm afraid I forgot to—for the little ones. But I was so greedy and so busy, getting them all for her. Come, Miss Craydocke; we've got no end of pressing to do, to save half of them!"

"She can't do enough for her. O Cousin Delight, the leaves *are* glorified, after all! Asenath never was so charming; and she is more beautiful than ever!"

Delight's glance took in also another face than Asenath's, grown into something in these months that no training or taking thought could have done for it. "Yes," she said, in the same still way in which she had spoken before, "That comes too,—as God wills. All things shall be added."

My hint is of a Western home, just outside the leaping growth and ceaseless stir of a great Western city; a large, low, cosey mansion, with a certain Old-World mellowness and rest in its aspect,—looking forth, even, as it does on one side, upon the illimitable sunset-ward sweep of the magnificent promise of the New; on the other, it catches a glimpse, beyond and beside the town, of the calm blue of a fresh-water ocean.

The place is "Ingleside"; the General will call it by no other than the family name,—the sweet Scottish synonyme for Home-corner. And here, while I have been writing and you reading these pages, he has had them all

with him ; Oliver and Susan, on their bridal journey, which waited for summer-time to come again, though they have been six months married ; Rose, of course, and Dakie Thayne, home in vacation from a great school where he is studying hard, hoping for West Point by and by ; Leslie Goldthwaite, who is Dakie's inspiration still ; and our Flower, our Pansie, our Delight, — golden-eyed Lady of innumerable sweet names.

The sweetest and truest of all, says the brave soldier and high-souled gentleman, is that which he has persuaded her to wear for life, — Delight Ingleside.

Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."



WILLY ELY'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

WILLY and Susy Ely had gone to bed one night, but it was only a week before Christmas, and they had so much to talk about that they could not go to sleep. Their pretty little white-covered beds stood side by side, and by reaching out they could touch each other's hands. Susy would often go to sleep with her plump cushiony little fingers closely clasped by Willy's slender brown ones, because, as she would say, "I does feel a little lonely, when it is all so hushy and dark." She was only five years old, and felt great confidence in Willy, who was a boy, and almost eight, and often said, "Don't be afraid, Sue, — I 'll take care of you," — in a very courageous manner. But on this night I am telling you of, she quite forgot the darkness in talking over Christmas plans with her brother, deciding how they should spend their own money, and guessing what they would find in their stockings and on the tree, when the glorious, long-expected day should arrive.

"Now, I 'll tell you what, Willy," said Susy, eagerly ; "I 'm goin' to buy a gold-headed cane for pa. Won't that be splendid ?"

"Ho, Sue ! I don't think so. It's only *real old* men that walk with canes, — like our minister, you know, or gran'pa. Why, our pa 's only thirty, I b'lieve."

"Well, but Willy, you know how slippery it is, and a cane might keep him from falling. How you 'd feel, Willy Ely, if your poor, dear father should fall and get his *knee-pail* broke, like Sam Usher did !"

"Knee-*pan* you mean," said her brother, with instant scorn. "Ho ! I ain't afraid. Pa is n't such a goose ; but I tell you, — you buy him a handkerchief with horses and dogs in the corner, all worked in red. I saw one at the store to-day ; and I 'll get him a silk umbrella, 'cause he 's lost his. I guess I can get a beauty for two dollars. And let 's *club* and get a big photograph book for ma, — she 's got *jew-ler-y* enough now, I think ; and O don't you wish you knew what I 'm goin' to give you, Sue ?"

Susy sighed. "But I 've got a secret too, sir, and you won't know a word of it, till you see it on the tree, a shining beautifully!"

"O, ho! it 'll shine, will it? Then I bet it 's a sword."

"No, it is n't, and I sha'n't tell you another word. Let 's go to sleep. I 'm awfully sleepy, ain't you?"

"No, not a bit. Pull your hair a little, and keep awake, 'cause I 've thought of another plan. Let 's not buy any presents for pa and ma: they have got about everything now. Let 's give it all to poor folks; let 's buy my cart full of turkeys, and go down that lane by the depot, and give all the poor people one; and mittens for the children, and potatoes, and — and lots of things."

Here Willy grew so eager he sat up in bed, and Susy could almost see his black eyes sparkle.

"O, yes," she added, sitting up also, and forgetting her sleepiness, "and candy too, and dolls for the little girls. O, won't those poor, ragged things be pleased? Don't you wish they could have a Christmas-tree, Willy? Could n't they come to ours?"

"O no; just think how many of them there 'd be, and how dirty they are. They 'd be scared in this house; and what a state Nancy 'd be in about the carpets! O, I know; we could have a tree out-doors, and have the turkeys on it, and all the things! Our big pine-tree by the barn! Would n't it look gay all strung over with goodies, and the poor things all so glad, and we helping pa take off the presents for them; that would be glorious!"

"But do you believe we 've got money enough, Willy? I 've only got two dollars."

"I 've got three; but, O dear, I 'm afraid that is n't enough, things *are so high now*," he added despairingly, sinking back on his pillow.

Susy dropped down too, and both were silent a moment; but brave Willy was never discouraged long. "Pa can afford it, if we can't," he cried. "Let 's ask him the first thing to-morrow, and ask him if he cares if we don't give him and mamma anything this year. Won't we, Susy?"

"Children," called the mother's voice from below, "it is too late for you to be talking. Say good night directly, and go to sleep."

"All right!" shouted Willy. "Good night, Sue. Be sure and remind me to ask papa first thing."

"Yes. Good night."

"Good night."

In five minutes the little schemers were fast asleep; and then papa, who had been lying on the sofa, with a headache, in his dressing-room close by, crept down stairs and told mamma, with happy tears in his eyes, of the children's loving, generous plans.

Sure enough, in the morning Willy's brown face was all aglow with his project. He took his father into the library and told him all about it, and gave him his long-treasured three dollars and Susy's two.

"But, my son," said Mr. Ely, wishing to try his generosity, "do you think I can afford two trees, — one for you and Susy, and one for the poor people?"

"Then we can go without ours, papa," said the boy, with a little gasp of regret. "We've always had one, and I s'pose *they* have n't."

"Every turkey will cost several dollars," continued the father, gravely.

Willy hesitated; his cheeks grew very red, and he twisted his hands in his belt, and seemed to be struggling. At last, with a mighty effort, he exclaimed, "Perhaps you need n't get me that soldier-cap and drum I asked for, sir."

"Well, well, I'll see about it, my son," said Mr. Ely, very quietly, though he could hardly keep from hugging the boy to his heart.

"But you must get Susy candy and a big doll; won't you, sir?—for she's a little girl, and *cares*, you know."

"Yes, yes; Sue shall have her presents as usual, and the poor people's tree shall be instead of yours, Will, hey?"

"Yes, sir; thank you." And now poor Willy ran away, after giving his father's hand one grateful squeeze; for he had such a bright picture in his mind, just then, of the cap and drum, that he felt the big tears coming, and his throat seemed very choky. Away he ran, ashamed to be seen, and had a good race with terrier Guy, all around the garden. Then he felt better, and before he went to school he told Susy that it was "all right,—pa was going to see about it," and she must "keep dark."

Mr. Ely kept his word; and many happy hours did the children spend, during the following week, going to all the stores in the village, with papa and mamma, and returning with Willy's cart piled up with bundles of every shape and size. They felt as pleased with every article as if it had been their own; and the parents experienced a true joy in such a right use of the riches God had given them. Formerly, more from thoughtlessness and habit than from unkindness, their Christmas gifts had been chiefly to each other, to their children, and wealthy relatives. Hundreds of dollars had been yearly spent on jewelry, costly statuettes, plate, pictures, or rare books, for those already luxuriously supplied; while a dress to each of the servants, and a bank-note to each clerk, had been the extent of their charity. But Willy's fresh, loving little heart had suggested a new and nobler way. The pleasure of selecting and buying the gifts was only the first part. Hours were spent in deciding how they should be distributed, and in attaching names to the packages. Then a bright afternoon was passed in the wood on the hill, choosing and cutting down a big pine, on which the children rode home in triumph. In the barn it was firmly propped up with stones and earth, which the children overspread with moss, evergreen, and sprays of pigeon-berries with their pretty round leaves. Next came the happy task of hanging on the gifts. Turkeys and chickens, rosy apples, festoons of onions, bags of candy, packages of tea, china dolls, picture-books, warm mittens, scarfs and hoods of scarlet and blue, orange, purple, and white, rolls of red flannel, stockings and shoes, and many other nice and comfortable things. A gay sight it was, and a happy group around it then; but how much gayer—how much more joyfully surrounded—on Christmas Eve, when the barn was lit up by lanterns hung on all the beams,—when the candles



on the tree were lighted, and a throng of delighted, astonished men, women, and children were there, gazing with grateful eyes on the wonders of the tree, hardly able to believe in their good fortune! Who so happy as Willy and Susy, distributing the generous gifts, listening to the grateful words, watching the happy faces, helping the children try on their new hoods and shoes, and seeing that each family carried home a fat turkey for the next day's dinner! O, how Willy's black eyes shone and Susy's plump cheeks dimpled! How happy and grateful were their parents as they watched them! That was indeed a Christmas to be long remembered. And on New-Year's day Willy received his cap and drum, and Susy her doll and candy.

L. D. Nichols.





THE BIRTHDAY BOX.

A PARLOR DRAMA.

WRITTEN FOR, AND ACTED, ON THE OCCASION OF A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Persons represented: — FREDERIC WATSON, on his *fifteenth birthday*; and LUCY WATSON, his sister, a year and a half older; their Uncle; MR. MOLSON, a farmer from Maine.

SCENE I.

FRED. (*discovering a box conspicuously placed on the centre-table.*)
 Hallo! I really believe this is for me! It is just like my good uncle! He never does anything like other people. He delights in agreeable surprises. On my last birthday he so arranged it that I should meet for the first time in two years my sister Lu. Dear darling sister Lu! He knew nothing in the world would please me so much. Then those shells that so fascinated me at Captain Wentworth's last summer; a few days after, I found them all neatly arranged in a little case in my room, with this request

written on a slip of paper and attached to one of the shells: "Give me the names of the original inhabitants of these handsome houses." And did n't I have to work for it! But this box,—how do I know it is for me? And yet the arrangement looks very much like a birthday celebration. A little pomp,—a little mystery? There should be an inscription of some kind upon it. (*Taking it up and examining it.*) Ah! I have found it, good uncle. Here on the bottom, the last place one would expect to find it, reads this plain English sentence,—short but conclusive: "For Frederic Watson." As the house produces but one Fred, and this is doubtless a birthday present, I forthwith proceed to open. Delightful task, my dear, good uncle! (*Opens and takes out a watch-case containing a plain silver watch.*) Here I believe is my brightest dream realized! Ever since Ned Waters wore a watch, I have felt that I was behind the age in not having a similar article. But stop; what is this? (*Finds in the bottom of the watch-case a slip of paper which reads thus:* "To him who has seen, during the past year, the sun rise three hundred and sixty-five times upon a certain little globe called the earth.") Seen the sun rise three hundred and sixty-five times! Of course I have not,—and who has? or has been in a condition to do so, had this most glorious spectacle of nature been made manifest? Provoking! vexatious! How I hate riddles and dark sayings of all kinds! My uncle is the strangest man! Of course the watch can't be mine, and he knows very well that I am not up to breakfast more than two thirds of the time. How tantalizing! The very thing I wanted more than anything else snatched from me at the very moment of possession. My uncle knows very well that I *can't* get up in the morning! (*Enter LUCY.*)

Lu. Knows that you *won't* get up in the morning.

Fred. O Lu! I am so glad that you have come to help me out of this predicament. Here is a watch that ought to belong to me, and does n't.

Lu. A predicament indeed! (*Reads the slip of paper.*) Say good by to the watch, Fred. It is no more yours than mine. But never mind; don't look so crestfallen. It is only one of uncle's jokes. Let us proceed to further investigation. A penknife, a beautiful penknife!

Fred. Quite a timely presentation. I have not had a penknife for a month. You know I lost mine the day I went chestnutting. But stop, let us see what this says. (*Picks up a slip of paper which had fallen upon the floor.*) "To him who has one penknife to show for the three with which he has been furnished during the past year." Well, I can't stand this much longer! I should like to toss the box out of the window!

Lu. It is too bad, Fred, but don't be discouraged till we get to the bottom of the box. These two parcels lay on the top, and Uncle likes to tease us a little.

Fred. But this is more than teasing; it is insulting. I can't endure it.

Lu. Hush! hush! Fred, you know he is the best uncle in the world. You know he does not spare time or money on us poor orphans. We have everything to be grateful for. This is only a way of his.

Fred. (*sullenly.*) But I don't like his way.

Lu. But never mind now. Let us see what this is. (*Presents to view a handsome gold pencil-case.*) What a beauty! (*Reads on the paper attached to it:*) "To him who can give in exchange for this a silver pencil-case presented two years since."

Fred. The silver pencil is up stairs in my writing-desk, is it not, Lu? I have not seen it very lately; but I will pocket this in the hope of finding its humble relative.

Lu. O, that will never do. You know uncle's idea of honor. But perhaps I can help you in this emergency. (*Slowly draws from her pocket the silver pencil, and gives it to Fred.*)

Fred. O dearest, kindest, best of Lu's!
Of all the things I have to choose,
I'd one and all of them refuse,
Before this sister I would lose." (*Kisses her heartily.*)

Lu. Thank you, Fred. You shall compose an ode for my birthday, and I will crown you with laurel.

Fred. Agreed. But while fortune smiles, let us see what this may be. (*Taking another package from the box.*) A book, — unquestionably a book.

Lu. Or a brick. (*Taking it in her hand.*) You know our uncle's genius for rare combinations is unrivalled. Don't be surprised at anything this box may produce. (*Opens and reads:*) "To him who wishes to be master of the language in which Virgil sung, and Cicero thundered." A Latin Grammar! What do you say, Fred?

Fred. I accept unhesitatingly, — profiting by my cousin Frank's example, whom, when he refused to study Latin, my uncle set to digging potatoes. Now I would rather learn the twenty-six prepositions that are followed by an accusative, than hoe potatoes.

Lu. Your decision has my unqualified approval, and in six years from this time I hope to hail you valedictorian of your class. But, Fred, here is something worth more than all that has gone before. A miniature of your father. (*Reads:*) "To him who would emulate the good name and fair fame of an honored father."

Fred. (*taking it eagerly from her.*) Mine by every right and title that can give claim to a possession that I prize above rubies. "No blot on the escutcheon," Lu. Let this be our motto. The blessing of a good father still rests upon us; and uncle loves us because we are his good brother's children.

Lu. O, don't talk in this way, Fred, or you'll make me cry, and that you know would be very improper on your birthday.

Fred. True, true, sister Lu, —
So fly away sorrow!
No trouble we'll borrow,
But again to the box
Which, sly as a fox,
Never calls any names,
Yet a moral contains.

Lu. (*laughing.*)

O Fred, these silly rhymes!

Fred.

O Lu, of love they are signs!

Lu.

Signs of nonsense I should say!

Fred.

Not on this auspicious day!

Lu. Incorrigible! But have you exhausted the box?

Fred. They say there is an end to all things under the sun, and here I believe is the last article in the box. (*Holds up a purse.*)

Yes, here is a purse,
And now for the verse
Which preaches a sermon
As clear as a firman
From Omar Pacha.

(*Opens and reads from a slip of paper:*) "To him who can wisely appropriate the contents." A very easy and pleasant task, good uncle. (*Pockets a five-dollar gold-piece.*)

Lu. But where is your appropriation? I suppose you are expected to conform to the letter of the direction, which I think your *metrical mood* has led you too easily to overlook.

Fred.

True, my blooming sister Lu,
I see that this will never do;
Only tell me what to buy,
And in an instant off I fly,
To lay it at your feet.

Lu. Thank you. (*Makes a very low courtesy.*)

Fred. O, I will buy you a ring just like Mary Nelson's.

Lu. (*Tea-bell rings.*) Thank you, Fred; but I am afraid Uncle would hardly call that a *wise* appropriation.

Fred. Then what *shall* I do with it. I can spend it, or, as Uncle would say, throw it away, fast enough. I suppose he remembers that chattering parrot I was so lucky as to get off my hands after a week's trial. If he had only left out that troublesome adverb, *wisely*, which interferes with the next very pleasant and agreeable word, *appropriate*. (*Tea-bell rings again.*)

Lu. Well, well; we must not wait longer now, or we may not be able to *appropriate* to ourselves a cup of tea.

SCENE II.

Uncle. Here is my nephew, of whom you have heard me speak. Mr. Molson, Fred. We think here, he is quite a promising specimen of humanity, but I don't know how he would figure down East.

Mr. M. Wal, — I dunno, — I've seen worse-looking chaps in my day. But I ain't no great judge of the article. My boys are men now, — off to Califoony.

Uncle. We want to make a man of this boy, — fit him for California or Australia; and, as a preliminary step, I have thought of sending him to your school next summer. I know you have ample accommodations.

Lu. (aside to Fred.) What does Uncle mean? I believe he is losing his senses!

Mr. M. Wal, — yes. We 've got plenty of room. I can stan' at my door and see the country all round for forty mile or more. I suppose it is one of the pootiest places in the world; but then you know city people have different notions about these things.

Uncle. It is exactly these different notions with which I wish Master Fred to become acquainted. I want him to know the difference between a birch and a beech, a pine and a hemlock, a mouse and a moose.

Fred. (with interest.) Are there any moose in your neighborhood, sir?

Mr. M. Wal, — yes. They ain't so plenty now as they used to be. I s'pose ye never camped out, did ye?

Fred. No, sir, but it must be great fun. I know I should like to.

Mr. M. Wal, — perhaps ye would, and perhaps ye would n't. It ain't always fancy work.

Lu. I hope the bears will keep at a respectful distance from your camp.

Mr. M. We don't fear the bears none in summer. It is only when the winter is long, and they get very hungry, that they come down to the settlements and carry off a sheep or two for breakfast. Did ye ever see a young bear, Miss? It is as harmless a critter as breathes. I brought one to Boston once, and sold it to a man as a curiosity.

Lu. (aside to Fred.) I must say I should not care to put it among my curiosities.

Uncle. Partridges, quails, and woodchucks are no strangers, I suppose, in your neighborhood, Mr. Molson?

Mr. M. Plenty on 'em. Plenty on 'em. Our woods are full of game, and our rivers full of fish. Let the young man bring with him keen eyes, strong legs, and a pair of hands that he ain't afraid to use, and I 'll engage that he shall know a thing or two before he comes back. But I suppose I must be going. (*Rises.*) I don't want to be late to the Museum, for they say there 's considerable many things to be seen there. (*Takes up the box which Lucy has just brought in.*) I s'pose this is the box ye were talking about to-night?

Fred. Yes, sir.

Mr. M. It cost something, I expect?

Fred. Yes, sir, it cost me a handsome watch, and a good penknife.

Mr. M. So I heerd your sister say. We don't have any such gim-cracks down our way. (*Looks at his watch again, and, turning to Uncle,*) Wal, — good by. Just send the boy along, and we 'll see what can be done with him. (*Exit Mr. Molson.*)

Uncle (turning to Lu. and Fred. who were laughing at Mr. Molson's 'bad grammar and awkward manners.) You may laugh at my friend as much as you like, but, take my word for it, he is good of heart and sound of head.

Lu. (laughing.) But he is so funny, Uncle! Did you notice how he ate with his knife, and turned out his tea in the saucer, and tilted back in his chair so far that I thought he would go over?

Fred. And it is quite certain that he has never made the acquaintance of Mr. Worcester or Mr. Murray.

Uncle. True. He has cultivated corn and potatoes, rather than grammars and dictionaries; but, as I said before, he is a good man, and well maintains the heroic virtues of his ancestors. Let me tell you a story.

Fred. O yes, a story, — a story. (*Fred. and Lu. seat themselves near their uncle.*)

Uncle. Less than a hundred years ago, two youths, Hugh and Hermann, lived on the borders of a dense wood in the northern part of Maine. They were friends. They went to school together, and were seldom separated in their amusements. They were both very fond of hunting, and one morning in the early spring they asked leave of their parents to go into the adjoining wilderness for a few days, to hunt the moose, which were then numerous and easily taken. Permission was given, and they provided themselves with blankets, guns, hatchets, snow-shoes, and provisions.

Fred. What fun!

Uncle. Thus equipped, they plunged into the gloomy forests of pines and hemlocks, which were so thick as almost to shut out the light of the sun. The snow was still more than a foot deep, but with their snow-shoes they easily pursued their way through the woods till afternoon, when they prepared for the night's encampment. This was done by clearing away the snow, building a fire, and constructing from the boughs of trees a kind of booth or wigwam.

Lu. All very well for daylight and fine weather. But supposing a storm comes up?

Fred. O, never mind, Lu. You know you'll never camp out. So don't interrupt the story.

Uncle. Three days passed pleasantly enough, but without their seeing any moose. Not liking to fail in their enterprise, they pushed still farther into the wilderness. The next day, to their great delight, they espied a large moose endeavoring to escape from them; but it could not run as fast as Hugh could on his snow-shoes, and it was soon overtaken and despatched. Elated by success, they incautiously continued their march till they came to a stream of water, across which lay a log. They attempted to cross, but the log proved rotten, and precipitated them both into the water. What was the agony of Hugh, and the horror of Hermann, when they found that the knife which Hugh had carried in his belt had pierced his side, and that the life-blood was oozing from the dreadful wound.

Lu. Poor fellows! what could they do in that terrible wilderness?

Uncle. Not much in the way of comfort, — Hugh burning with fever, and frantic with pain, Hermann replenishing the fire, listening to the distant howling of the wolves, and holding the gun ready for the fierce catamount, whose glaring eyeballs he had more than once seen through the darkness of the night.

Lu. Horrible!

Fred. Rather serious, I should say.

Uncle. For four weeks they lived in this hut, subsisting on the stock of moose-meat, which Hermann took good care should never fail.

Lu. And what did poor Hugh do?

Uncle. Hugh's wound began to heal, but he still suffered much pain, and was too weak to walk. Their clothes were in tatters, and their provisions beginning to grow scarce. The generous-hearted Hermann, seeing nothing but destruction before them if they remained longer in these dreary wilds, told Hugh that he must commence the journey home, and carry him on his back. To this the poor invalid was obliged to consent. For four days Hermann was enabled to sustain his burden, till at length, utterly exhausted, he told Hugh, at the foot of a high hill, that he could carry him no longer. Hugh, in an agony of grief, rather than be left behind, began to climb the hill on his hands and knees, and actually accomplished the ascent; when, to their great joy, from the summit they espied a smoke.

Lu. How thankful I am! I could not believe that Hermann would leave poor Hugh to die.

Fred. No, indeed! Hermann's plan was to go forward and get help.

Uncle. Yes, doubtless. But now they pursued their journey with renewed courage, and that evening had the unspeakable joy of entering a log cabin, about five miles from their home. The next morning, the good man of the house provided them with horses, and set them forward on their journey. Reduced almost to skeletons, and with clothes all in tatters, they were at first scarcely recognized by their friends. But their story was soon told, and the fond parents embraced the children whom they had mourned as dead. These boys grew to be men. Hermann cleared the forests, and planted cornfields and orchards; and these fields and orchards are now the property of his grandson, Mr. Molson.

Fred. How I wish I had known all this before! I should so have liked to talk with Mr. Molson!

Lu. Remember you are going to his school next summer, and you can talk it all over then.

Uncle. Well, my young friends, good night. I must go to work now. (*Takes down his portfolio.*) Fred, we'll try to have the birthday box more satisfactory next year. I hope that watch will find an owner.

Lu. (rising to go.) And that penknife. And it is also to be hoped that that Latin Grammar will see hard service.

Fred. (drawing his sister away with him.)

O, never you fear, my sister dear,
But that penknife and watch are mine *next* year;
And as to the birthday box, I know,
That, as uncle would say, I must reap what I sow.'

A. Hartlie.



LITTLE PUSSY WILLOW.

IV.

AND now some of my little friends perhaps have a question to ask me. Is not a little girl more likely to be happy who is brought up in the simple and natural way in which Pussy Willow has grown up, than one who has had all that has been given to Emily Proudie?

I began by telling you that the *gift of being easily pleased* was what made the difference between the two little girls, — that it was a gift worth more than beauty, or riches, or anything else that could be thought of.

But I do think that a way of “bringing-up” like that in which poor little Emily was educated is the surest way to destroy this gift, even if a girl’s birth fairies had given it to her. You know very well, that when you have been taking a lonely scramble among the rocks until long after your dinner-time, a plain crust of bread tastes so sweet to you that you wonder you ever have wanted cake or gingerbread; and that sometimes, in like manner, when you have walked till you are hot and thirsty, you have dipped up the water out of some wild-wood spring, and drank it with an enjoyment such as the very best tea or coffee or lemonade never gave. That was because you were really hungry or really thirsty; and the pleasure you get from food and drink can never be known unless you become really hungry and thirsty.

But many poor little children are brought up in such a way that they never know what it is to have a real desire for anything. They are like a child stuffed with cake and sweetmeats from morning till night. Every wish is anticipated, and pleasures are crowded upon them so fast, that they have none of the enjoyments of wishing, planning, and contriving which come to those who are left to seek their own pleasures and make their own way. The good God has so made us that the enjoyments which come to us through the use of our own faculties are a great deal more satisfactory than those which are brought to us by others. Many a little girl enjoys making a sand-pie out in the road far more than she would the most expensive playthings, because she trots about in making it, runs, laughs, works, gets herself into a healthy glow, and feels that she is doing something.

Poor little Emily Proudie never had that pleasure. From the time she was a baby, she has had constantly one, two, or three attendants, whose sole business it is to play with her and to contrive playthings and amusements for her, — and a very wearisome time they all have had of it. Yes, I do believe that if little Emily, without any more of a gift of being pleased than falls to the lot of all children, had been brought up exactly as Pussy Willow was, she would have been far happier than she is now.

There is another reason why Pussy Willow was growing up happy, and that is, that she was every day doing something that she felt was of some use. When she was so little that her head scarcely came above the table, she used to stand propped on a small stool and wash the breakfast cups and

spoons,—and very proud she was of doing it. How she admired the bright bubbles which she could make in the clean, soapy water, and how proud she was of seeing the cups and spoons look so clear and bright as she rubbed them with her towel!—and then, getting down, she would trip across the kitchen with them, one or two at a time, and, rising on her little toes, by great good luck she could just get them on to the cupboard shelf; and then she would hang her towel on its nail, and empty her dish-pan, and wipe off the table, and feel quite like a large woman in doing it.

When Pussy was ten years old, her mother one day hurt her arm by a fall, so that she had to wear it in a sling. This would not be an agreeable thing to happen to anybody's mamma; but Pussy's mother had no servants, and everything that was to be eaten in the house had to be made up by her one pair of hands, and she therefore felt quite troubled, as the house was far from neighbors, and there were a husband and four hungry young men to be fed.

In a city you can send out to a bakery; but in the country what is to be done?

"I really think you 'll have to harness and drive the old mare over to Aunt Judy's, and get her to come over," said Pussy's mother.

"That 's a trouble," said her father. "The hay is all ready to get in, and there will certainly be rain by afternoon. The horse cannot possibly be spared."

"Now, mother, just let me make bread," said Pussy, feeling very large. "I've seen you do it, time and time again, and I know I could do it."

"Hurrah for Pussy!" said her brothers;—"she 's a trump. You let her try,—she 'll do it."

"Yes, yes," said her father. "I'd rather have my little Pussy than a dozen Aunt Judy's."

Pussy was wonderfully elated by this praise, and got one of her mother's aprons and tied it round her,—which, to say the truth, came quite down to her ankles and made her feel very old and wise.

Her mother now told her that she might go into the buttery and sift eight quarts of flour into the bread-tray, and bring it out, and she would show her just how to wet it.

So away went Pussy; and right pleased was she to get her little rosy hands into the flour. It was far more amusing than making believe make bread with sand, as she had often done when she and Bose were out playing together. So she patted and sifted, and soon came out lifting the bread-tray, and set it beside her mother.

"Now scatter in a handful of salt," said her mother.

Pussy did so.

"Now make a little hole in the middle, and measure three gills of yeast, and put that in the hole."

Pussy found this quite easy, because their tin quart-measure was marked around with rings for the gills; and so, when her yeast was up to the third ring, she poured it into the hole in the middle of the flour, and began stirring it with a spoon, till she had made a nice little foamy lake in the middle of her mountain of puffy white flour.

"And now for your wetting, Pussy," said her mother. "You want about a quart of hot water and a quart of good milk to begin with, and we'll see how you go on. But I'm a little afraid you're not strong enough to knead such a big batch."

"O mother, I'm a large girl now," said Pussy, "and you've no idea how strong I am! I want to knead a real batch, just such as you do, and not a little play batch, — a baby's batch."

"Well, well, we'll try it," said her mother; "and I'll pour in your wetting." So she begun to pour in, and Pussy plumped in both hands, and went



at her work with a relish. The flour stuck to her fingers; but she stirred about with vigor, and made her little hands fly so fast that her mother said they did the work of bigger ones. By and by the flour was all stiffly mixed, and now Pussy put out all her little strength, and bent over the tray, kneading and kneading, and turning and turning, till the paste began to look white and smooth.

"O mother, I like this! — it's the best fun I ever had," said Pussy. "How soft and smooth I am getting it! It's beginning to rise, I do believe, this very minute; I can feel it rising under my hands. I shall be so proud to show it to father and the boys! Mother, you'll always let me make the bread, won't you?"

"We'll see," said her mother. "Mind you knead in every bit of the flour. Don't leave any on the sides of the pan. Rub all those ragged patches together, and knead them in. You are getting it quite smooth."

In fine, Pussy, elated, took up the whole white round cushion of dough,

and turned it over in the tray, as she had seen her mother do, and left one very little fist-mark in the centre. "There now, Mrs. Bread, there you are," she said; "now I shall tuck you up warm and put you to sleep, till it's time to take you up and bake you." So Pussy covered her bread up warm with an old piece of quilt which her mother kept for this special purpose; then she washed her hands, and put away all the dishes she had been using, and swept up the flour she had dropped on her mother's clean, shining floor.

"And now, mother, shall I put on the dinner pot?" said Pussy, who felt herself growing in importance.

"Yes, you may put it on; and then you may go down cellar, and get a piece of beef and a piece of pork, and bring them up for dinner."

And away tripped Pussy down cellar, and soon appeared again with her pan full of provisions. After that she washed the potatoes and turnips, and very soon the dinner was on the stove, boiling.

"Now, Pussy," said her mother, "you can go and play down by the brook for an hour and a half."

"Mother," said Pussy, "I like working better than play."

"It is play to you now," said her mother; "but if you had to do these things every day, you might get tired."

Pussy thought not,—she was quite sure not. Nevertheless, she took her Dolly and Bose, and went down to the brook, and had a good time among the sweet-flags. But her mind kept running on her bread, and every once in a while she came running back to peep under the little quilt.

Yes, sure enough, there it was, rising as light and as nice as any Pussy's heart could desire. And how proud and important she felt!

"It was real lively yeast," said her mother. "I knew it would rise quickly."

Well, I need not tell my little readers the whole history of this wonderful batch of bread,—how in time Pussy got down the moulding-board, all herself, and put it on the kitchen-table; and how she cut her loaves off, and rolled, and kneaded, and patted, and so coaxed them into the very nicest little white cushions that ever were put into buttered bake-pans. One small portion Pussy left to be divided into round delicate little biscuits; and it was good fun for her to cut and roll and shape these into the prettiest little pincushions, and put them in white, even rows into the pans, and prick two small holes in the top of each.

When all these evolutions had been performed, then came the baking; and very busy was Pussy putting in her pans, watching and turning and shifting them, so that each might get its proper portion of nice, sweet, golden-brown crust.

She burnt her fingers once or twice, but she did n't mind that, when she drew her great beautiful loaves from the oven, and her mother tapped on them with her thimble and pronounced them done. Such a row of nice, beautiful loaves,—all her own making! Pussy danced around the table where she had ranged them, and then, in the pride of her heart, called Bose to look at them.

Bose licked his chops, and looked as appreciative as a dog could, and, seeing that something was expected of him, barked aloud for joy.

That night Pussy's biscuits were served for supper, with the cold beef and pork, and Pussy was loudly praised on all sides.

"Wife, you'll take your ease now," said her father, "since you have such a little housekeeper sent to you."

Pussy was happier that night than if three servants had been busy dressing dolls for her all day.

"Mother," she said, soberly, when she lay down in her little bed that night, "I'm going to ask God to keep me humble."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because I feel tempted to be proud, — I can make such good bread!"

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



LAWRENCE'S LESSON.

IT was June when Lawrence came to the pond-side to live. His uncle's house stood on a high green bank; and his aunt gave him an attic room with a window that looked out upon the water. The winding shores were fringed with flags and willows, or overhung by shady groves; and all around were orchards and gardens and meadows.

A happy boy was Lawrence, for he was passionately fond of the water, and he had never lived so near a pond before. The scene from his window was never twice the same. Sometimes the pond was like glass, mirroring the sky and the still trees. Sometimes light breezes swept over it, and sail-boats rode the dancing waves. Then there were the evenings, when clouds of the loveliest colors floated over it, and the moon rose and silvered it; and the mornings, when all the splendors of the new-risen sun were reflected into Lawrence's chamber.

Whenever he had a leisure hour, — for he went to school, and worked in the garden, — he was to be seen rambling by the shore, or rowing away in his uncle's boat; and he found that the faithful performance of his tasks made his sports all the sweeter to him.

As children who play about the water are always in more or less danger of falling into it, Lawrence's uncle had lost no time in teaching him to swim. "The first thing for you to learn," said the doctor, — for his uncle was a physician, — "is confidence. Plunge your head under water."

Lawrence did so, and came up with dripping hair and face, gasping. The doctor made him repeat the exercise until he neither gasped nor choked.

"That does not hurt you, does it? No. Neither will it hurt you if you sink to the bottom, for you can hold your breath; the water is shallow, and, besides, I am here to help you. Now try to take a single stroke, just as

the frogs do. Throw yourself boldly off your feet, and don't be afraid of sinking."

Lawrence, after considerable hesitation, tried the experiment, and found that he could swim a single stroke, and come down upon his feet again without drowning. He tried it again and again, delighted at his success.

"That will do for this lesson," said his uncle. "You have been long enough in the water. Swimming is a fine exercise for boys, and the bathing is good for them; but they often make the mistake of staying too long in the water. Especially at first you must be careful: after you get used to it, you can stay in longer. Never go in when you are heated; or if you do, come out again immediately, and continue exercising, so as to keep the pores of your skin open."

Lawrence learned, in his next lesson, to swim two strokes, and in a few days he could swim a rod. His uncle then taught him how to dive.

"You must avoid falling flat on the water; for if you do so, from any great height, it will beat the breath out of your body almost as suddenly as if you struck a board. Learn to keep your eyes open under the water. Some people's nostrils are so large that the water gets into their heads when they dive; if that is the case with yours, it will be well to stuff a little cotton into them."

Lawrence found no trouble of that kind. He was soon able to dive, and pick up pebbles, and to swim beneath the surface. His uncle then taught him how to save a drowning person.

"If he is still struggling, you must not let him get hold of you, or he will very likely cause you to drown with him. The safest and readiest method is to pull him up by his hair. Be sure and keep behind him as you bring him to the surface. Do not try to do more than to lift his face out of water, as you swim with him to the shore. The human body is so light in the water that it may be supported at the surface by a very slight effort; but it is hard to keep any portion of it much above the surface."

"But what shall I do after I get him to the shore?" asked Lawrence.

"That is something very important to learn, which you will very likely find useful some day, if you live near this pond. Three young people have been drowned in it within five years, two of whom at least might have been saved from death, had the persons with them known how to get them out of the water, or what to do with them after they had got them out."

"I wish you would teach me that," said the boy.

"Very well; I'll give you a practical lesson before long."

Accordingly, a few days afterwards, the doctor met Lawrence and his companions as they were coming up from the water, and, seizing his nephew, exclaimed, "You have been drowned, have you?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Lawrence laughing.

"Yes; you fell from the boat just now, getting water-lilies. You know how to swim, but you got tangled among the weeds, and were three minutes under water. You have just been fished out, and brought to shore. Lie down, sir, for a drowned boy has no business on his feet."

Lawrence, who understood very well what his uncle meant, dropped down on the grass, and tried to play the part of a drowned person seriously ; but he could n't help laughing, and all the while he watched closely to see what was done for him.

"What shall we do, boys ?" cried the doctor. "For not a minute is to be lost."

"Carry him home, the first thing," said Tim Hooper.

"No, we have n't time for that,—so many precious minutes would be wasted."

"Put him in a warm bath," said Jake Thomes.

"We could n't do that without carrying him home, or bringing the warm water to him. Besides, the warm bath is hurtful under such circumstances. A person will drown quicker in warm than in cold water. The reason seems to be, that cold water strikes a chill into the blood, so that its circulation is impeded, and less air is required for it in the lungs. The blood goes to the lungs to throw off carbon, and to get oxygen, which is breathed in with the air, of which you know it is a part. When a person drowns, the supply of oxygen is cut off, and the carbonic acid, retained in the blood, poisons it. A person in a swoon may live half an hour under water ; for his blood moves so slowly that very little oxygen is required for it, and there is but little carbon to be thrown off. Now if we stimulate the circulation before we manage to get fresh air into the lungs,—as we should if we put him into a warm bath,—you see we should increase the difficulty."

"The first thing I should do would be to go for the doctor," said Lawrence.

"No, you would n't, for you are drowned, and have no voice in the matter. Besides, I am five miles away, attending to a boy who broke his leg falling from a beam in a barn. But fortunately a boy comes up who has been told what to do in such cases,—fortunately indeed, for already too much time has been lost while we were considering what to do, instead of doing it. This boy knows that the first thing necessary is *fresh air in the lungs*. To make sure that the passage to the lungs is open, he turns the patient on his face, in which position any water that may have lodged in his mouth and throat, or anything that may have risen from his stomach and choked him, drops out."

The doctor at the same time turned Lawrence on his face, to illustrate his method.

"In this position, the tongue also falls forward, and opens a passage to the windpipe. But sometimes the tongue is so much swollen that it is necessary to put your finger on the roots of it and press it forward. This should be looked to, and where there is a hand to spare it will be well to keep the tongue in place in that way. Act promptly, and don't be afraid of hurting him. In this case, however, the tongue will take care of itself. All this must be quickly done ; and the new-comer hastens to make the patient gasp. He places him on his side,—thus. He rubs his forehead smartly, to bring warmth and sensitiveness to the skin, then dashes cold

water upon it. If he has any snuff about him, or hartshorn, or spirits of any kind, he applies them freely to the nostrils. But the drowned boy does not gasp. Then what?"

"Blow in my lungs," said Lawrence.

"But my own breath is exhausted of oxygen, and charged with carbonic acid; and what we want is fresh air. While one of these boys runs for the doctor, and another for dry blankets, this is what the boy who knows does. He loosens your clothes; then turns you down again upon your face,—completely upon your breast,—with one wrist under your forehead, thus, and passes his other hand with a gentle pressure down your back. That compresses the lungs, and drives the bad air out of them. Then he turns you again on your side, and partly upon your back, in which position the lungs open again of themselves, and draw in fresh air. Repeat this process six or eight times a minute,—not too often, for the low circulation requires but little air, and too much cools the body. What we want now is to keep the body warm, and to excite circulation. As soon as we have got the artificial breathing started, we strip off all the wet clothes; wrap the body in the blankets which have been brought; let the fresh air blow on the face and chest; rub and slap the body till it is dry and sensitive, and dash cold water upon it; then rub and slap again. If the blankets do not come, throw off your own coats to wrap the body in."

"How long will it take to bring me to?" Lawrence anxiously inquired.

"That depends upon how thoroughly drowned you were. I should not give you up for an hour; but I should not have much hope of you, if I could perceive no movement of the heart, by putting my ear to it, after a quarter of an hour. In five or ten minutes I should expect you to make a little gasp; and after that I should consider you safe.

"Now, boys," the doctor continued, "remember that, as long as nothing is done to put fresh air into the lungs of a drowned person, it is just the same for him as if he remained all that while in the water. So you must be prepared to do all these things with the utmost promptitude."

He then made them take little Tim Hooper and go through with all the movements with him, as he had done with Lawrence, and repeat the process until they were perfect in it.

"If this was taught in every school, the children of which live or play near a pond or river," he said, "more than half the cases of actual death from drowning might be prevented."

The boys laughed, and thought the lesson more a good joke than anything else. They little expected ever to have to practise it. But now see how useful a little knowledge sometimes proves.

December came, and the pond froze over. So thin, however, was the coating of ice that but few boys ventured to go upon it.

"Wait, my boy, a day or two, until the ice is stronger," said the doctor. "Nothing will be lost by waiting; but much will be risked by attempting to skate to-day."

So Lawrence, not without some mutterings of discontent, I am sorry to

say, restrained his eagerness to strap on the new skates his uncle had given him, and remained on the shore, watching those who did skate.

Suddenly a boy fell, and, in falling, he broke the ice and went in; and, in struggling to get out, he slipped under the ice. It was Jake Thomes, one of the boys who had learned the lesson with Lawrence. How little did he imagine, when he laughed at it, that the time would so soon come for it to be practised on him!

"Boy drowned! Boy drowned!" was the cry; and the skaters flew to the rescue.

Lawrence knew that, under such circumstances, his uncle would approve of his going upon the ice, and he started to run to Jake's assistance. But he had scarcely left the shore when he saw the ice give way again, under the weight of two skaters who approached the broken place. There were now three boys in the water.

"This won't do," thought he; and he ran back to the shore. There was a man at work, preparing some hot-beds, in a garden near by. He had already heard the alarm. "Bring planks! a rake!" cried Lawrence.

He seized one of the broad board coverings of the beds, and shoved it out before him on the ice. The man followed with another hot-bed cover, and a long-handled garden-rake. Nothing had yet been done for Jake, who had not been seen since he went down. Other skaters had arrived; but they were engaged in trying to rescue the two boys who had fallen in after him. It was perilous business. The ice was bending and cracking under them, and they could not reach the edge of it without breaking in, like the others. Fortunately, both boys could swim, and they were sustaining themselves by holding on to coats thrown to them over the edge of the ice. Thus far, at every attempt to get out, they had only broken the ice still more.

Lawrence pushed his board close up to the broken place, and, lying flat on his breast upon it, looked down into the clear cold water. He could have seen the bottom, but for the floating fragments of thin ice, and the ripples formed by the two boys trying to get out.

"Keep still! keep still!" he cried; but that was not easy for two boys in their position to do. As long as the light reflected from the waves danced in his sight, he could see nothing under them. So he plunged his face into the water, with his eyes open. *Beneath* the surface, they could see very well. And there, lying on the bottom, in about ten feet of water, clinging fast to some weeds, with his red tippet on his neck and his skates on his feet, was Jake Thomes.

He was directly under the ice Lawrence was on. The plunged face came dripping out of the cold water. "The rake!" The man handed it to Lawrence, who thrust it into the water, and hooked one of the teeth into Jake's tippet, and drew him quickly and steadily up.

The broad board distributed the pressure of his weight over so large a surface of the ice that it did not break, even when he pulled the drenched and lifeless body out.

The situation on the ice being unsafe and awkward, the body was quickly



CHILDREN AT PLAY.

DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.

From the new illustrated edition of "Maud Muller," by John G. Whittier.



SIR LAUNFAL'S VISION.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.

From the new illustrated edition of "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by J. R. Lowell.



FATHER FELICIEN, THE GOOD PRIEST.

DRAWN BY F. O. C. DARLEY.

From the new illustrated edition of "Evangeline," by H. W. Longfellow.



THE FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

DRAWN BY H. FENN.

From "Flower-de-Luce," a new illustrated volume of Poems, by H. W. Longfellow.

slid ashore on the board, and taken to the gardener's house, which was close by the pond. With the other board that had been brought, the other two skaters were speedily rescued ; and Lawrence had nothing to do but to think of Jake and his uncle's lesson.

"I should n't have stopped to bring him to the house," he said afterwards, "but Peter insisted on it."

Arrived at the house, however, Peter, who was ignorant as an owl of what should be done in the case, left all to the boy.

"O yes ! roll him !" said he, "I 've heard that was good, — to get the water out of him."

Lawrence did not stop to explain that the rolling process was not to get the water out, for none could enter the lungs, but to get the air in. He worked vigorously, according to his uncle's directions. Meantime his uncle was sent for ; but he was not at home.



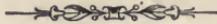
Laid out on Peter's kitchen-table, his wet clothes removed, his limbs wrapped in warm blankets, and several persons smartly slapping and rubbing them, according to Lawrence's directions, while Lawrence himself, with Peter's assistance, rolled him from his breast to his side, and over again upon his breast, — this was the situation in which the drowned boy's mother found him, when, having heard the terrible news, she came running to Peter's house.

But the peril was now nearly over. Jake had gasped slightly once or twice. Then came the agony of recovering consciousness, in the midst of which the doctor arrived. It was then half an hour from the time when Jake broke through the ice, and it was evident to all, that, if nothing had been done for him all that while, his recovery would have been impossible.

"Well done! well done!" cried the doctor. "You have made good use of my lesson, boy! Woman, your child is saved."

The hearty praise of his uncle, the joy of the mother, and his own consciousness of having done a good action, made this the happiest day of Lawrence's life.

J. T. Trowbridge.



BIRDIE'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

WHEN the days began to grow short and cold, Birdie could not play in the garden as much as in summer-time, but he spent many happy hours in the house, playing with his toys, and talking to his dear mamma. As Christmas drew near, he had many questions to ask about it; for it was the first Christmas Day he could remember, and he wanted to know whether Kriss Kringle would "*surely* come in a little sleigh and fill his '*tocking*.'" One day he trotted over the house, up stairs and down, looking at all the chimney-places, to see if they were large enough for Kriss Kringle to come down. He was afraid they were all too small, and told his mother so, with a very sad face; but she sent him to look at the kitchen chimney, which was so wide and high that he was delighted, and ran to his mother, saying, "O mamma, Kriss *can* come down the kitchen chimney, and bring a great *big* pack of toys."

That evening little Birdie climbed up on his mother's knee, and begged for a story before he went to bed. "Don't you know *somesin'* about fairies who come at Christmas, mamma?" he said.

His mother kissed his red lips, and said she would tell him a short story, because he had been a very good boy all day; so she began: — "Once upon a time, all the children in the world had been so good that Kriss Kringle had more work to do than he could well manage. He had lots of toys to buy, and a great many trees to dress, and then he had to go to every house the night before Christmas and fill all the stockings; so the dear old man thought he would be quite tired out, unless he could get some help. But one cold day, about a week before Christmas, as he was working away at some trees, he heard a little knock, low down, on his door; and when he opened it, who do you think he saw?"

"I don't know," said Birdie. "Who was it?"

“Why, it was a little man, dressed all in brown, and only a foot high; and behind him were a great troop of little fellows just like him. Kriss Kringle was greatly surprised at this sight, and stared at his strange visitor without saying a word. But the little man did not mind that in the least; off came his pointed cap, and, with a low bow, he said: ‘How do you do, Mr. Kriss Kringle? we have come to help you do the work this Christmas.’ ‘O, indeed!’ said Kriss Kringle; ‘you are very kind, my friends. Come in, and let us have a talk about it.’ Then he led the little people into his house; but there was such a troop of them that he had not chairs for all, and was going to bring in some more seats, when they said, ‘Don’t trouble yourself, Mr. Kriss, we can easily find room’; and then some sat on the backs of the chairs, and some climbed up and sat on the trees that Kriss Kringle had been fixing for Christmas; while a few spread their brown cloaks, and seemed to fly up to the high mantel-shelf, where they sat in a row, laughing and nodding, and looking very comical. When they were all quiet, and Kriss Kringle had seated himself in his arm-chair, and taken his pipe, the leader of the fairies, who was on the mantel-shelf, said: ‘Now, Mr. Kriss, tell us what we can do for you. We have put the flowers to sleep for the winter, and wrapped up the leaves in warm coats until spring; and we are tired of living under ground, and counting gold-dust, or playing pitch-and-toss with diamonds; so we want to go with you and see the world’; — and the funny little fellow made a very droll face, and danced a few steps of the Highland Fling. Kriss Kringle laughed aloud at his antics, and said, ‘Well, friend, I shall be glad of help, if you will promise to obey me.’ He then told them all there was to be done, and said if they would be industrious, and help him dress all the trees, and tie up toys and sugar-plums, he would take them out in his sleigh the night before Christmas, and they could help him fill the stockings. When the fairies heard this, they were very much pleased, and tossed up their caps, and shouted, ‘Hurrah for Kriss Kringle! he’s a jolly old elf!’ and all agreed to work hard to get ready for Christmas. And so they did; and I have heard that the trees were very beautiful that year, and the stockings very well filled. It was really wonderful, too, how many good children found a bright gold piece in the toe of their stockings; and what do you suppose the naughty ones found? A hard turnip, or a big potato, just when they thought they had found an orange or an apple. The fairies are very wise, you know, my child,” said Birdie’s mamma; and the little boy nodded, and answered, “Yes, indeed, they are so; but I will try to be good, and then they won’t put *metatoes* in my ‘tockin’.” Then our little friend gave his kind mamma a good-night kiss, and trotted off to bed, talking all the way about fairies.

The next day was the one before Christmas, and Birdie tried to be a very good boy; his goodness was to obey his mother quickly, to be kind to the cat, and not to get angry if his blocks or toys fell down. Well, on this day he tried very hard to be good, and succeeded so well that at dusk his mamma said she would have to tell Kriss Kringle about it. So she took Birdie’s hand, led him out to the kitchen, and called up the chimney, “Kriss Krin-

gle ! Birdie has been very good. Please bring him some pretty toys in your sleigh."

"And a tree !" said Birdie as loud as he could.

Soon they heard a gruff voice saying, "Yes ma'am ! Yes sir ! I'll remember Birdie !" — and then there was a sound of sleigh-bells, as if Kriss had been listening to Birdie, and was going on again.

This rather surprised the little boy ; but the cook told him Kriss Kringle often went to different houses, to see if the children there had been good, before he came with the toys.

Then Birdie and his mother went back to the parlor ; and, as he climbed up to his favorite seat on his dear mamma's knee, she said, "Now we can have a nice talk until bedtime."

"O yes," said the child, "let's talk about Christmas."

"Very well, dear," answered his mamma ; "I will tell you why we have a Christmas day. Many years ago, there was no such day. The little children did not hang up their stockings, or find pretty trees by their beds when they awoke."

"How funny !" exclaimed Birdie. "I'm glad I was not here then. How did they find out about it, mamma ?"

"Listen, and you shall hear about the first Christmas. It was in a country across the sea, far away from here, that some shepherds were watching their flocks one night ; the sheep were resting on the grass, the little lambs were fast asleep beside their mothers, but the kind shepherds were not asleep, but were watching that no harm should happen to the sheep. Perhaps they were looking at the stars, and talking of the 'Happy Land' above them, when suddenly there appeared a wonderful light in the sky, brighter than moon or stars, as if the sky had opened, and they saw the glory within. While the shepherds looked up, wondering what was the cause of that strange light, a beautiful shining angel came near them, and said : 'Fear not ; I bring you good tidings,' (or good news,) 'which shall be to all people. This day is born a Saviour, and ye shall find the babe lying in a manger.' And suddenly the angel was joined by a multitude of the heavenly host, singing praises to God. This was their song : —

'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
Peace, good-will toward men.'

When the angels were gone back to heaven, the shepherds said they would go to Bethlehem, and see this Saviour of whom the angels sang. They went with haste, and found him, — a little babe, in a stable, with no cradle to lie in, only a manger for his bed. That little babe was Jesus, the Son of God, who left his beautiful heavenly home, and the praises of angels, and became a child, to bless and save little children, and make all men good and happy, so that at last they might be in heaven with him. His birthday was the first Christmas day, and ever since that time we keep that day as a joyful and happy one, and send gifts to one another to remind us of the great and precious gift of Jesus. When his mother had finished this true story, little Birdie sat still for a while thinking ; but soon he looked up, and asked if Jesus had any Christmas gifts.

"No, my child," said his mamma; "Jesus came as a poor babe. His mother loved him, but she was very poor, and had nothing to give him."

"I would give him some of *my* Christmas gifts," said Birdie, "if he was here now."

"Well, dear, you can still do that, and I wish you would," said his mother.

"Why, how, mamma?" exclaimed the little boy, looking very much puzzled. "I can't get up to the sky to take them. Even if I stood on the top of a big, high tree, I don't think I could touch the sky."

"No, darling, I don't think you could," answered his mamma, smiling kindly; "but when our Saviour went back to heaven, he left the poor on earth for us to take care of, and said any kindness done to them was the same as doing it for him; so if you will give some of your Christmas gifts to the poor children at the Lodge, it will please Jesus as much as if you gave him something."

"Well, I will," said Birdie. "Let's tell the *childens* to come here to-morrow, and not tell them what for, and when they see the tree, and I give them all some toys to keep, won't they be *disprised*?" And the happy child laughed, as he thought of the poor children's surprise.

Then his mother sang him some beautiful hymns for Christmas, which I hope are well known to all my little friends. They were, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," and "We three kings of Orient are." By that time Birdie was so sleepy that he could not wait any longer to see his papa, but took a bowl of bread and milk by the parlor-fire, and went off to bed early, "to give Kriss Kringle plenty of time to fill his stocking very full, up to the top," he said.

Christmas morning came very soon to the little boy, for he slept soundly, and was ready to awake at the first peep of day. What do you think was the first thing he did? "Why, he looked for his stocking, *I* think," says each little reader. Yes, to be sure he did, and soon found it at the foot of his bed; but it had grown so long and was so heavy he could hardly lift it. At last he dragged it up to his pillow, set himself down, and began pulling out the toys with which it was filled. First a whip, then a ball; a *doll* too, for he liked dolls, though he was a boy; after that two or three books, with bright-colored pictures, which Birdie stopped to look at with delight; then a "horn" of sugar-plums; and, down in the foot of the stocking, a rosy apple, an orange, and — a little silk purse with a "gold penny" in it. By this time, his shouts of joy had awakened his mother, who looked at all of his treasures with him, and said she thought Kriss Kringle had been very kind to her dear little boy.

"And the fairies too," said Birdie. "Look at this!" and he held up the little purse with the gold piece shining in it. Then his mother dressed him in a new, warm dress of red merino, "her Christmas gift to Birdie," she said, and they all went to breakfast, the stocking dragging along with its load of toys, and going bump, bump, down stairs, as it hung from Birdie's hand. After breakfast they all went into the parlor, and there on the table stood the prettiest little Christmas-tree! Its branches were hung with beautiful little toys,

and cakes, and sugar-plums. It was just as pretty as the one you will have, little reader, if you are a good child.

When Birdie saw it, he danced for joy, and ran all around the tree looking at everything, and saying, "O, I am *so* glad Kriss Kringle brought me a tree; I was 'fraid he'd forget it!" As he looked at it, he found many wonders; at the foot of the tree he saw a large Noah's ark, a strong wooden cart, some more picture-books, and a tin horse; and presently he discovered a doll, with a box of furniture beside her. His blue eyes grew larger than ever, and he said, "*All* these pretty things for *me*, mamma? I think Kriss Kringle must have upset his sleigh down our big chimney!"

"He has brought you a great many toys, my pet," answered his mamma; "but perhaps he thinks you will not keep them all yourself. Don't you remember what you said last night, about giving some toys to the children at the Lodge?"

"O, surely enough!" exclaimed Birdie, "I wish those childens would come!"

Just then there was a knock at the door. Birdie ran to open it, and there stood three little children. They had clean red and white faces, and clean blue and white aprons, and they began to say, "Merry Christmas, ma'am!" but were so pleased at the sight of the beautiful tree, that they could not finish their speeches, — they could only look, and smile with pleasure. Birdie led the children up to the tree, and took them all around it, showing them the pretty things on it, and talking as fast as he could. Then he showed them everything in his stocking, and asked them if Kriss Kringle had filled theirs. Mary, the oldest girl, said they had hung up their stockings and found candy and apples in them, but their mother said the chimney was too little for the pack of toys to come down. Then Birdie went to his mamma and whispered, "You tell 'em Kriss brought *somesin* here for 'em."

"Very well, darling," said his mamma; and, going to the tree, she took the doll and gave it to Mary, and put the box of furniture into Susan's hand, saying, "Kriss Kringle brought these for you, and left them here; our chimney is so large, he had plenty of room."

The little girls smiled, and said, "Thank ye, ma'am; they're mighty pretty."

But Birdie said, "Now give Johnny a present, mamma," pulling the shy little boy towards the tree.

"Shall I give him this cart, Birdie?" said his father, lifting up the strong wooden one.

Now, our little friend had long wanted just such a cart, and would rather have given away anything else; so he did not answer right away, but looked at Johnny, whose dark eyes were fixed eagerly on the handsome toy; then Birdie looked at the tree, so full of pretty things, and thought of the little chimney at the Lodge, and just then his mother whispered, "It is the same as giving to Jesus, my child"; so he said, "Yes, papa, give it to Johnny."

His father handed it to the little boy, who was too much delighted to say, "Thank you," and who began pulling the cart and playing horse.

Birdie gave a little sigh, but felt happy to see Johnny's pleasure, and was taking his new whip to play driver, when his father said, "Where is that gold piece of yours, my boy?"

"Here it is, papa," said Birdie, pulling the purse out of his pocket.

"Now," said his father, "you are such a generous little boy, you would like to give these poor children a piece of this gold penny, would you not?"

"Why, yes, I would," answered the child, "if I could only break it. My little hammer is strong. I'll just run and get it";—and he turned to go for his hammer.

But his father called him back, and said, "See here, I've broken it for you";—and when Birdie looked on the table, he saw a row of four shining silver pieces where he had left his gold one.

"There is a piece of it for each of you," said his mother.

But Birdie was very much puzzled, and could not think how a gold piece could be broken into four larger pieces of silver. "I guess you must be a grown-up fairy, papa," said he, after thinking it over for some time. Then he gave a silver penny to each of the children, and put one into his own little purse, and felt very rich and happy.

The children stayed to dinner, and had a grand play with the toys, both new and old, and a great treat of turkey, mince-pie, and sugar-plums, and then went home with a basket full of treasures; a funny basket it was, for it had a mince-pie for a lid!

One more wonderful thing happened on Birdie's Christmas Day. When they went into the parlor after dinner, there under the tree stood another strong wooden cart, exactly like the one given to Johnny. In it was a paper, on which was written, "Kris Kringle sends this to a generous little boy."

Birdie was both surprised and delighted, and said, "Kris was the goodest man in the world";—and then he ran to the kitchen chimney and shouted up, "Thank you, Mr. Kris, for all my toys."

"You're kindly welcome; I like good boys," said a gruff voice.

So you see, my little readers, good, generous Birdie had a *Merry Christmas*.

Margaret T. Canby.



PICTURES AND POETS.

WITH the present number of this Magazine go four pictures, bearing each the name of a book from which it has been borrowed. These books are all "grown-up" books, as Grace Greenwood calls the volumes which are meant for adult readers; but still the editors of "Our Young Folks" have obtained the permission of the publishers of these books—who are also the publishers of their Magazine—to select and include these engravings, because they so beautifully illustrate poems which are among the best known writings of three great authors, about whom the readers of the Magazine already know something, but of whom they have yet much to learn before they can understand and appreciate them as they ought.

The first picture represents a scene from John G. Whittier's poem, "Maud Muller." Mr. Whittier is not a stranger to these pages, and his little friends have probably already guessed some of his characteristics from the stories he has told them. He lives in the pleasant country town of Amesbury, Massachusetts, and the sweet influences of that rural region may be easily felt in his writings. He is simple and sincere, fond of the works of God in nature, and a faithful lover of the equality and freedom which God ever teaches through the elements of the world as well as in the pages of his holy book; he writes earnestly and strongly, and tells his story so that the plainest may understand it. This poem of "Maud Muller" is a little sketch of a rich judge and a farmer's daughter, who met once by the roadside and were much interested in each other, but who never met again; very often they used to think of each other, and feel dissatisfied that Providence had caused their lots in life to lie so far apart,—so that their short, sad history is a lesson to us to be patient, and to make the best of the circumstances in which we are placed, not wishing discontentedly for what we have not, because the Lord knows what is best for us, after all. The picture shows Maud's children playing; you see they are poor children,—for she was poor, and had to work for her living,—but for all that they seem to be getting on very nicely in their own way.

The next picture illustrates a poem by James Russell Lowell, who lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is the Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard College, which is located in that city. He has never yet written anything for "Our Young Folks," but perhaps some day, when he is not very busy with his learned books, he will do so, and then you will be greatly pleased; for although he is generally very thoughtful, and writes principally for pretty wise people, yet he greatly likes children and flowers, the rivers and great forests, and can sing charming songs about them; he is very witty, too, and when sometimes he writes articles to correct wrong-doers, he makes little sentences which are wonderfully sarcastic,—that is, severe and funny at the same time. When you grow older, you will like him very much, and even now you would enjoy much of his "Vision of Sir Launfal," from which

the picture is taken. That poem is about a knight who went in search of the "San Greal," — the legend of which was repeated in the last number of the Magazine, — and who at last, after many experiences and hardships, learned that to be good and charitable was to be most knightly, and would receive the richest reward. So, when he humbled his pride and shared his last crust with a wretched leper, behold, in a vision the Saviour appeared to him, and offered him the cup of the communion for the Christian spirit which he now had. Can you not see the meaning of the story?

The other two pictures are chosen from two books by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, something of whose poetry must be known to every one of you. He too lives in Cambridge, and he used to teach the collegians the same foreign languages which Professor Lowell now teaches; for he has a learned head as well as a kindly heart, and is much respected for his scholarship and taste by literary people. His poems are full of tenderness and affection, and he loves to dwell upon gentle subjects, and weave songs of such good, true sentiment as make people feel better and braver-hearted when they read them. The first of the two pictures belongs to the long poem "Evangeline," which tells how — many, many years ago — the English drove out a happy French colony from their settlement in Acadia, and carried them away to other places, often separating families and friends forever. Poor Evangeline, for whom the poem is named, lost her beloved Gabriel in this bitter way, and went searching for him all over America, only to find him a dying old man at last. But her life was full of hope, and love, and trust in her Heavenly Father, and she was as a blessing to all around her, so sanctifying her affliction, and setting a beautiful example of patience and resignation. Her old friend, Father Felicien, who was very fond of children, and who taught her in her youth to be pious and good, is shown in the engraving with a group of young people about him. The second picture is that of the "Flower-de-Luce," which gives its name to another volume by Mr. Longfellow, and may give you a hint of the enjoyment he has in observing the features of out-door life and scenery, as well as in studying the finer fancies and feelings of people, while perhaps you may see in it the likeness of a plant which old-fashioned people still are pleased to keep in their gardens and about their doorways.

So you can study over these pleasant pictures, which really illustrate or illuminate the passages of poetry with which they are connected, thinking meantime, to yourselves, that they also signify the kind of subjects which these authors prefer, and symbolize in some measure the manner and disposition with which they in their turn touch the themes of their choice, — for when the work has been well done there is a harmony between the subject or the story, the writer, and the artist or illustrator, which you can feel, even though you cannot fully understand and explain it. And by and by, when you happen to see these pretty books themselves, and read the beautiful poems they contain, you will perhaps feel better acquainted with them and their authors by reason of this little introduction.



Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Music by H. M. T.

Moderately Quick.

The roofs of the village are sparkling and white, The vane on the steeple is gleaming; The

icicles glitter like spears in the light, As the last level sunbeams are streaming. We

Slower.

wait till the shadows are dusky and long, Till the moon o'er the forest is stooping; Then

In Time.

off to the meadow, with laughter and song, We skaters go merrily trooping.

Life throbs in swift pulses, joy thrills in each vein ;
 Who cares how the winter is blowing ?
 We sweep like the wind o'er the glittering plain,
 Our cheeks like the summer are glowing.
 So on till the moon sinks away from the west,
 And planets shine coldly to greet us ;
 Then home to the dear ones that love us the best,
 Who wait by the firelight to greet us !

Round the Evening Lamp

A TREASURY of CHARADES, PUZZLES, PROBLEMS and FUNNY THINGS.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

No. 7.

A man has a piece of ground 25 rods square, and lays out a drive-way 5 rods wide all around it. How many square rods are left within the drive?

WILLIE.

No. 8.

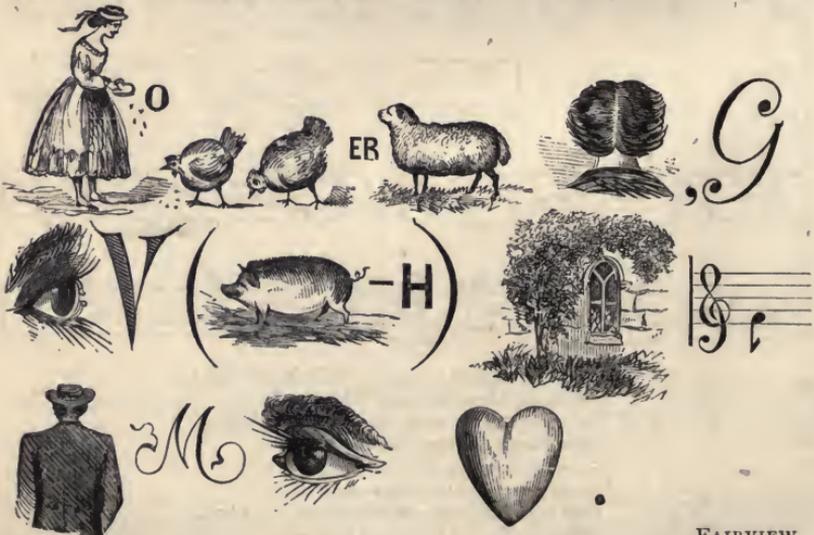
A number is composed of three figures,

the sum of which is 18. The difference of the first and second is equal to the third divided by 4. The sum of the first and third is equal to the second multiplied by 3 and that product increased by 2.

What is the number?

JULIE M. P.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 32.



FAIRVIEW.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 33.



WILLY WISP.

ENIGMAS.

No. 25.

FOR STUDENTS OF MYTHOLOGY.

I am composed of 48 letters.

My 46, 22, 18, 4, 21, presided over houses and families.

My 7, 28, 35, 11, 48, was a Roman goddess.

My 1, 8, 35, 11, 5, instructed Hercules in music.

My 47, 29, 10, 2, 39, 6, was the mother of Apollo.

My 16, 12, 18, 36, was a priestess of Venus.

My 22, 9, 26, 38, was a famous musician.

My 14, 18, 33, 23, 31, 17, 20, was the son of Agamemnon.

My 35, 41, 34, 21, 11, 5, was a king of Megara.

My 3, 22, 1, 40, 6, 47, 1, 6, was the great hall of Odin.

My 42, 15, 45, 13, 13, 41, 39, was a winged monster.

My 19, 9, 26, 14, 35, was a son of Neptune.

My 27, 44, 2, 18, was the son of Odin.

My 3, 8, 34, 32, 38, 11, was a Hindoo deity.

My 43, 20, 46, 1, 20, was the daughter of Athamas.

My 24, 37, are not to be found in the Latin alphabet.

My whole is an extract from one of Mrs. Browning's poems.

C. E. B.

No. 26.

FOR HUNGRY BOYS.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 14, 9, 11, 13, 16, is what a horse is sometimes called by Vermont boys.

My 11, 4, 12, 15, 16, 8, 18, is what Joab used for raiment.

My 6, 4, 3, 2, would be improper for gentlemen, and singular for ladies in these days.

My 14, 5, 13, a smart boy is always apt to say is his.

My 15, 4, 11, 7, was the name given to Bloody Mary in her girlhood.

My 11, 9, 1, 4, 17, 13, were with the Romans in the Punic wars.

My 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, is yours as long as you live.

My 17, 9, 18, 13, 9, is not so always.

My whole is my daily nourishment.

GINGERBREAD.



WE dare say that you hardly need to be reminded, little friends, of the offers which we made known to you on behalf of our Publishers, a month ago; but as this number will undoubtedly fall into the hands of some who did not see the previous one, we take just this little paragraph to direct your attention once more to the advertisement upon the fourth page of the cover, where you will find the Prospectus for 1867, and all particulars about the premiums. We believe that these premiums are the most generous which ever were offered for subscribers, because it is customary in most similar cases to require the *full subscription price* for each new name, while the Publishers of **OUR YOUNG FOLKS**, on the contrary, accept the *smallest club rate*. We hope that their liberality will receive in return many great lists of names, and that you, on your part, will have a claim upon them for a host of prizes. Whatever you do for the Magazine, you really do for yourselves; for the more subscribers it has, the stronger it will be for good entertainment, and the more able shall we be to carry out the plans which we are constantly making for your pleasure and advantage.

With our love to you all, and innumerable good wishes,

Your faithful friends,

THE EDITORS.

May Day wishes us to give her some rules for polite behavior. We fancy that true politeness usually suggests its own rules. Kind feelings will mould your actions to gracefulness much sooner than the study of set forms.

There is no particular thing to be said when you are "introduced to a boy or girl of your own age." The most natural subject—anything near at hand, flowers, a book, or music—is the best.

It would sound too stiff for little girls to be always calling each other "Miss"; but it may be considered necessary in ceremonious visits and at great parties.

As a rule, keep yourself a little girl,—with the manners of a well-behaved little girl, of course,—as long as you can. The simplest manners are the most attractive, in old and young. Politeness is thoughtful kindness and sympathy passing into action. This alone makes the "real lady."

Emma H. Your friend Lillie's stories are perhaps as good as you think them; but it is scarcely possible that we should find them suitable for "Our Young Folks." Something more than "a splendid style" is required to please and instruct our juvenile public. Let "Lillie" study the works of wise and mature writers a few years longer, and she may then be able to write what any magazine will be glad to accept.

Lambda. "Begone dull care" is what you mean.

Emma F. C. says:—

"I want to ask you what I shall do, as I see you gave advice to some other girls. I go to school, and I have a very particular friend who sits next to me; and sometimes she does not know a question which I know. Now I know that she will get promoted if she does not miss a lesson for a week, and I cannot, as I was absent a good deal in the spring. Now, *is it wrong for me to prompt her?*—for her rival hides her book in her lap, and reads the answers."

Yes, it is wrong,—all wrong. Consider the question thus, and you will see it for yourself. The "rival," as you understand the case, is guilty of an imposition upon her teacher by pretending to recite, when she only reads her answers, so deceives by professing a knowledge which she does not possess. Just so your friend deceives when she obtains her answers from you, instead of from her memory,—using you as her competitor uses a book. And the wrong in this case is the greater, because it involves two persons in it instead of one. Be sure that no position, however desirable in itself, is worth anything, if obtained by dishonesty or deception. It is better to stand at the foot of a class, knowing a few things accurately, than to stand at its head making believe to know a great deal: for if you have been faithful in study, your conscience will reward you with its approval.

Rye Field, Jr. has talent; the incident is well sketched, but there are many infelicities of language in the narration.

Fire-Fly. We should need half the pages in the Magazine to record all those particulars you speak of.

Mary A. A. D. Thank you heartily for your pleasant letter. But the rebus is a little too intricate.

Billy Barlow. The question is not new.

Eva C. S. K. Do you really think that Santa Claus is the children's "dearest friend"?

O. O. O, O! what a misquotation! The charades are good; we shall print one.

Kittie C. Too long.

Fidius Comes, commenting pleasantly on an extract from a letter which we printed recently, says:—

"I sometimes wish I could have some *life-work* given me like hers seems to be, — not that I wish to be an *invalid*, exactly. I have enough to teach me patience without that, but something by which I could be of some use in the world. It does not seem as if I did *any one* any good.

"I sometimes think if I could die, and be at rest forever from all these troubles and temptations and *failures*, that that would be all I would ask. But then comes the thought, Our Father knoweth of what things we have need, *before* we ask him, and I try to be patient and wait."

Ah, dear child, many older and stronger than you have felt the same doubt, and turned to the same true source for comfort. But remember also this, — "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," — and your *life-work* will take care of itself.

Sue & Bessie. Let us see how much better you can do. We do not expect perfection from our little contributors, nor should you. We only wonder that their mistakes are so few.

Esg. In England.

Carrie. You may "jump for joy" now, if you like. Aunt Fanny has written us some stories, — charming ones, we think, — which will be published soon.

R. I. Moorhead. We laid the puzzle aside, because the sentence was too common and too easily read.

M. The subject is far too serious for such treatment.

Linet. The enigma is nice, but we don't like to hold up such a tempting suggestion to our household of little folks. Suppose they should all act upon it?

H. They would guess the answer as soon as they read the question.

J. A. A. 1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. We.

H. D. 67 South 5th St., Williamsburg, L. I.

H. D. H. We cannot tell. You know that we receive hundreds of such things, and therefore, after they have once been examined, it is impossible to keep account of them. The best of the "real good" ones are saved to be printed, and the others go into the waste basket.

O. Y. F. A pretty good beginning.

Minnie V. We do not remember about it. We cannot acknowledge every letter, because the important questions occupy all our space with their answers.

U. P. Declined with thanks.

W. A. T. The proverb is too familiar.

G. T. H. The list would undoubtedly be, as you say, a great curiosity, but we could not spare the room it would occupy.

Big Ingun. Not all spelled rightly.

May Minton. Thank you, but the proverbs are old, and one of them has been used by us already.

F. O. T. A. P. We do not approve of practical jokes. Most of them involve deception, and injury to the feelings of others.







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